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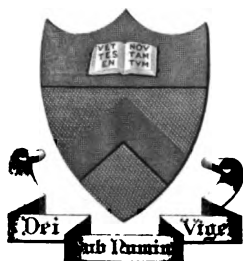


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# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LXVII.

### LAWS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

COMPARATIVELY little can be learned of the ordinary life of a people from their legendary and poetic remains read even as a gloss upon their history. Taking Keating as our guide to the romantic annals of the Irish Gael, and the Ossianic and other legendary remains as to their manners, and customs, and character, we should be tempted to say that the ancient jurisprudence of Ireland must have consisted of very few and simple rules, and that these were executed by the armed retainers of the kings or chiefs. With these guides we should arrive at the following simple system of political and legal economy. The Ard-Righ (High King) had Meath, or a portion taken from each of the four provinces, for his private property, and eked out his income by tributes received from the four provincial kings. He had but a small standing army, and if any of his four crowned vassals proved contumacious, he called on one or more of the others to help in bringing the stubborn chief to a sense of his duty. These campaigns were generally short. If the monarch was defeated, he generally lost life and crown together—and all was decided in one hand-to-hand fight. The supreme king at Tara might, through his brehons, settle disputes between his Meath farmers and graziers, and receive the tribute collected at the great fairs held in his own territory; but he never interfered in the private provincial concerns.

The King of Leinster kept matters quiet if he could among his own chieftains, and if one of them acted unjustly toward his bordering neighbour, and would not make condign satisfaction, his dun (palatial fortress) was beset by his insulted king, assisted by the wronged chief, and as many others as could be induced to afford a few days campaigning. The provincial king had his own district of arable and grazing land like the Ard-Righ, and his chiefs yearly contributed certain offerings in the guise of rich cloaks, offensive arms, coats of mail, and helmets—the only defensive arms in use, cattle, and male and female slaves.

He settled all civil matters between his farmers and graziers through the medium of a lawyer, who also acted as judge. Each chief superintended the internal concerns of his estate or chieftaincy in the same way. Such is the vague outline derivable from the sources we have described.

There is some general correctness in this sketch, but there must be taken along with it a complex network of laws by which social order was maintained as effectually as the incursive character of chiefs and kings would suffer. The king had his chief brehon (judge), assisted by poets (*fileads*) and lawyers (*ollamhs*), who settled all matters within the central province, and decided on the mutual obligations of the four provincial kings toward each



other, as also on their respective obligations to the Ard-Righ. Every king had his chief brehon and assistants, similar to those of the Court at Tara, and these regulated the general affairs of the province, deciding matters of dispute between the chiefs, or between a chief and the farmers or graziers of a neighbouring chief. Every chief's rath had one lawyer at least to settle matters between the dependants or the *duine uasals* (gentlemen) of the family.

Any near relative of the chief was eligible for succession, on the death of the living ruler. If there was a son in the case, of full age and approved wisdom and valour, he was generally selected. The chief's brother would have the next claim, and after him the most capable relative in war and council. The election being made during the life of the chieftain, the change at his death was generally unattended with any disturbance. There was, indeed, some trouble in adjusting the property, and making a new division of the lands when a mere relative assumed the toparchy, but the brehon and his brothers were at hand, with a full command of precedents to make an equitable division.

Now, these brehons, from the highest at Tara to the simple adviser of a chief, devoted their whole lives to the study of the law. When the sons of Milidh gained possession of the country, Amergin, the poet and lawyer, issued the general body of these political and social regulations in verse; having, probably, himself received the principles of the code in the same shape. These verse summaries of the laws were received with the greatest respect; and succeeding lawyers made it their business to commit them to memory, or to such writing as they possessed. There was no such system extant as that of yearly meetings for the abrogation of obsolete laws or the enacting of new ones. Nearly the same principles of government and the same frame-work of society lasted for probably twelve hundred years. The kings and brehons met, indeed, once in three years, but not to tamper with the body of the common law, and the brehons continued to repeat the old formulas, and to cite

precedents; and as the regulations observed in the different provinces had a common origin, all were pervaded by one general spirit, slightly modified by local circumstances. Those of the body acting as judges received the eleventh part of the property in litigation, as fee.

Superficial or prejudiced readers of ancient Irish history judge from the many battles that were fought, and the general rule of so many succeeding to the kings whom their own hands had slain, that there was no such thing as a settled state of peaceful society. However, by dividing the number of years over which these violences are spread, by the number of battles recorded in them, they will find many years' quiet for every few days' trouble. The greater number of the conflicts were between one or other of the provincial kings and the Ard-Righ for the sovereignty of the island, and the warfare was ended by one decisive battle. All the forces that could be collected by the two adverse kings stood then and there in face of each other, and whichever saw the day decided—by going against him, rather than live captive or vassal to his opponent, rushed into the thick of his foemen, and sold his life as dearly as he could. No more blood was shed; the victor resumed or assumed the sceptre at Tara, and peace prevailed till some other aspirant took it into his head to strike a bold stroke for supreme mastery.

Meanwhile there was no change in the policy or jurisprudence of the country. The brehons preserved the body of the laws as they had received them, at first in a poetic shape, and later, in a mixed vehicle of prose and poetry, even as the Ossianic legends of latter times, which, passing through the minds of degenerate story-tellers, lost their poetic form, with the exceptions of some quatrains here and there, which, from some peculiar excellence, fastened themselves strongly on the memory.

The body of ancient laws, slightly modified and abridged in the fifth century of our era, and remaining in full force in parts of Ireland till the close of the sixteenth century, was constructed with the utmost care, and adapted to the needs of a people highly civilized, and apparently satisfied with their rulers and with the

regulations of their social state. Under the graziers and farmers we find the class of free labourers, and also of those of conquered lands, who in that case became serfs. The laws took cognizance of the relations of all these ranks—chiefs, gentlemen of the chiefs' families, renters of lands, peasants, and serfs—and made such distinctions in the circumstances of every injury or offence, that an indifferent examiner of the code would say it was better adapted to the requirements of a highly civilized people, thickly scattered over the country, rather captious, and vigilant against trespass or imposition, than of a warlike people, all of whom that did not profess arms tilled the ground, fed herds and flocks, worked in metals, and wove fabrics.

Great care was taken to preserve the distinction of the different grades. The laws even condescended to set out what should compose the furniture of a chieftain's work-box in the way of silk threads, bodkins, needles, &c., and to prescribe the fewer and less costly articles permitted to the farmer's or grazier's wife. Above all it was careful to mark every individual's "honour price," that is, the value of his ransom if taken prisoner, or of the "eric," or compensation, which his slayer should pay his family—unless his death occurred in open warfare. The laws were even so bold as to indicate the crimes or defects which would incapacitate a king from reigning, or (when Christianity was established) what should degrade a bishop.

The modification in the statutes effected at the advent of Christianity was thus brought about, and is here given from the introduction to the great body of the laws which then christianized, as it were, continued in full force in all parts of the country not under the control of Danes or Normans for twelve hundred years. This we are enabled to do by the

publication, Irish and English, of the first volume of the complete issue of the Ancient Gaelic Code.\*

"The *Senchus* was composed in the time of *Laeghaire* (pr. *Laéré*) son of *Niall*, King of Erin; and *Theodosius* was monarch of the world at that time. . . . The cause of the *Senchus* having been composed was this. *Patrick* came to Ireland to baptize, and to disseminate religion among the *Gaoidhil*, i.e., in the ninth year of *Theodosius*, and in the fourth year of the reign of *Laeghaire*, son of *Niall*, King of Erin.

"*Laeghaire* ordered his people to kill a man of *Patrick's* people, and agreed to give his own award to the person who should kill the man, that he might discover whether he (*Patrick*) would grant forgiveness for it.† And *Nuada Derg*, brother of *Laeghaire*, then in captivity in the hands of *Laeghaire*, said that if he were released, and got other rewards he would kill one of *Patrick's* people. . . . He was released from captivity, and he took his lance at once and went towards the clerics, and hurled the lance at them, and slew *Odhran*, *Patrick's* charioteer.

"The Lord ordered *Patrick* to obtain judgment for his servant who had been killed, and told him that he should get his choice of the *Brehons* of Erin (for judge, to wit). And the choice he made was to go according to the judgment of the royal poet of the island of Erin, viz., *Dubhthach Mac Ua Lugair*, who was a vessel full of the grace of the Holy Ghost. . . . And this thing was grievous to *Dubhthach*, and he said, 'It is severe in thee, O cleric, to say this to me. It is irksome to me to be in this cause between God and man. . . . If I say that eric fine is to be paid, and that it is to be avenged, it will not be good, for what thou hast brought with thee into Erin is the judgment of the Gospel, i.e., perfect forgiveness of every evil by each neighbour to the other. What was in Erin before thee was the judgment of the law, i.e., retaliation: a foot for a foot, an eye for an eye, and life for life.' 'Well then,' said *Patrick*, 'what God will give for utterance, say it.'"

*Patrick* praying for *Dubhthach*, and blessing his mouth, he uttered a long poetical discourse in which

\* Ancient Laws of Ireland—*Senchur Mór*. Introduction to *SENCUS MOR* and *Uchgabart* or Law of Distress, as contained in the Harleian manuscripts. Published under the direction of the Commissioners for publishing the Antient Laws and Institutes of Ireland. Dublin: Alexander Thom; Hodges and Smith. London: Longman and Co.

† *Laéré* was not well affected to the new religion, and as he supposed that the saint would naturally seek justice on the murderer, he hoped thus to affix a brand of severity to his character, and render his preaching of no effect.

occurs the equivalent of the motto to the *Edinburgh Review*.

"Index damnatur cum nocens absol vitur."

The literal translation of the Irish is—

"He who lets a criminal escape is himself a culprit."

He decreed that Nuadh should be put to death, prophesying at the same time that he would die in a spirit of true repentance, and should obtain salvation. A conference was then held, and Laeghaire said—

"It is necessary for you, O men of Erin, that every other law should be settled as well as this.' 'It is better to do so,' said Patrick. It was then that all the professors of the sciences in Erin were assembled, and each of them exhibited his art before Patrick in the presence of every chief in Erin.

"It was then that Dubhthach was ordered to exhibit the judgments, and all the poetry of Erin, and every law which prevailed among the men of Erin through the law of nature, and the law of the Seers, and of the poets. . . . It was the Holy Spirit that spoke through the mouths of the just men, who were formerly in the island of Erin. . . . for the law of nature had prevailed where the written law did not reach. . . .

"What did not clash with the Word of God in the Written Law, and in the New Testament, and with the consciences of the believers, was confirmed in the laws of the Brehons by Patrick, and by the ecclesiastics, and by the chieftains of Erin. . . . And this is the *Senchus Mor*.

"Nine persons were appointed to arrange this book, viz., Patrick, and Benin, and Cairnech, three bishops; Laeghaire, and Corc, and Daire, three kings; Rossa, i.e., MacTrechim, and Dubhthach, i.e., a doctor of the *Berla Feine*,\* and Fergus, i.e., a poet.

"*NOFIF* (*Nofis*) therefore is the name of this book which they arranged, i.e., 'the knowledge of nine persons,' and we have the proof of this above.

"This is the *Cais Patraic*,† and no human Brehon of the *Gaél* is able to abrogate any thing that is found in the *Senchus Mor*."

It will be recollected that the above quotations are from the introduction

to the body of laws. This introduction is not so old (though very ancient) as the compilation itself, but is more interesting to the general reader, as it is intelligible, which is more than can be said of some portions of the "Law of Distress" for debt or damage, the chief subject of the volume.

The author of this part of the work, tells us that before the coming of Patrick, only three classes of persons were allowed to speak in public in Erin, viz., a chronicler to relate events and tell stories, a poet to eulogize and satirize, and a Brehon to pass sentence from the precedents and commentaries. From the time of Amergin mentioned above, the poets were the deciders of cases till a certain contention arose at Emania,‡ between Feirchertne and Neidhe for the sage's gown of Neidhe's father, whose office had become vacant by his death. So transcendental was the language used on that occasion by the poetic arbiters that the chieftains were not certain what award they had made.

"These men," said the chieftains, 'have their judgments and their knowledge to themselves. We do not in the first place understand what they say.' 'It is evidently the case,' said Conchobar (King Connor). 'All shall partake in it from this day forth, but the part of it which is fit for these poets shall not be taken from them; each shall have his share of it.'"

Besides reducing the poets' privileges within proper limits, King Connor's parliament (say in the first years of the Christian era) settled on the just number of breathings (about eighteen to the minute) that should be allowed to each pleader at a time. The ancients were not without some mother wit of their own.

As there was no absolute necessity for paid advocates, and as there seems to have been no appeal from the Brehon's decision, bribery to the judge might have been more than a suspicion in some cases. However, those Brehons, not naturally upright, were kept in wholesome awe of doing injustice by a few traditional examples

\* The most ancient form of Irish.

† Patrick's Law.

‡ The fortress of the King of Ulster. Some traces of it are still visible. Armagh was built in its neighbourhood.

of their predecessors being condignly punished for selling justice.

Sen Mac Aige was afflicted with blotches on his cheeks when he betrayed his trust, and there they remained till he undid his evil work. When Fachtna passed a hasty or wrong judgment the fruit fell off the trees, and the cows refused milk to their calves. Sencha Mac Aillila had a wholesome fear of passing a false judgment for the first fixed three permanent blotches on his countenance. Moran possessed a very useful collar, for if he began to wander from the true record it tightened in a very disagreeable manner round his neck. It was preserved carefully at Tara, and when later Brehons had a suspected witness under examination there needed only a hint of adorning his neck with the *Joradh Morain* to keep him in the way of true evidence.

The writer of the introduction did not neglect the privileges and obligation of the various grades even of the story-tellers. The Ollamh's memory was enriched with his seven times fifty stories; the Anruth's with thrice fifty and half fifty; the Oli remembered eighty, the Cana sixty, the Dos fifty, the Mac Fuirmidh forty, the Fochluc thirty, and the Drisac twenty. The poor Taman could only tell ten, and the Ollaire of still worse memory soon wearied his hearers; he had only seven.

The Gaél, though not so devoted to triads as their distant relatives, the Cymry, did not entirely neglect them. Among them were the three periods at which the world dies,—the period of a plague, of a general war, and of the dissolution of verbal contracts.

With respect to the "honor price" of the classes the Senchus was elaborately minute. The law adjudged the same ransom or eric for the king, the bishop, the poet possessed of the power of improvisation, and the hospitable farmer who owned the everfull caldron.\*

Those contracts which were not judged binding in their nature were five, viz., that of a labourer without his chief, of a monk without his

abbot, of the son without his father, of a woman without her husband, and the contract of a silly or mad person under any circumstances.

The dignities of a territory liable to degradation were four,—a false judging king, a stumbling bishop, a fraudulent poet, and an unworthy chieftain. Worthiness and property entitled an individual to his full honor price; worthiness without the property claimed half honor price, property without the worthiness provided the good was done, ranked the same; worthiness and property were only entitled to a screpal (smallest silver coin) if no good were done.

False judgment, false witness, fraudulence, calumny, lying, refusing to give food, wounding, theft, satirizing, plundering, law breaking—any instance of these lost half his honor price to the culprit. Any one committing such offences three times lost the privileges of his grade altogether. So did the poet, who claimed more than his due in any one instance.

Stealing food in the house, treachery, fratricide, secret murder, adultery, totally disqualified the guilty person. A poet or a man in holy orders would be thoroughly disqualified by one of those lighter offences, of which three would be required to disgrace a layman who was not a poet. The king was dealt more leniently with than the poet or cleric.

Any person by paying eric fine, and doing penance, was reinstated in his pristine consideration, a bishop excepted. He became a mere solitary or hermit.

The student of Irish history and policy, and jurisprudence, soon perceives that revenge for slain relatives was seldom carried to excess; that there was little tyranny, and that the authority of kings and chiefs was surrounded with many and well-defined restrictions, and that the body of the people showed much respect for the laws. There were seven ranks of gentlemen and chiefs, the highest being the king. The gentleman-farmer was allowed so many tenants, the next above him one tenant more, and

\* How the worthy Bruighe kept his pot boiling is not very easy of comprehension. It should contain a steak for the queen, haunch for the king, the bishop, or the literary doctor, the leg for the young chief, heads for the charioteers, and none of these visitors should be disappointed of finding his dish ready at whatever time he called.



so on; the *Bo-Aireach* (gentleman cow-keeper) ranking above the farmer, the king having seven tenants more than the gentleman of lowest rank, and only one above the Tiernach ranking next to royalty.

On a peculiarity of the Brehon code or *Cain Patraic*, as it is sometimes termed, the observation of the learned editor of this first volume merits attention.

"It has been thought that *Cain Patraic* meant statute law; but the Irish law in early times appears to have rested on the decisions of Brehons or judges rather than on legislation, and the *Senchus Mor* itself is an authorized collection of approved judicial decisions like the pandects of the Roman law, and is not statute law, like the decrees of the Roman senate or people, or the constitutions of the emperors, or like our modern acts of parliament."

The term "*Urradhus law*" from *Urradh*, native, applies to those "modifications of the general laws consequent on the division of Ireland into separate kingdoms and territories," the provinces "being partly independent, but partly also subordinate to the general laws." The term *Cairde* is applied to the inter-territorial regulations, by which they were mutually bound to each other.

When will our law-makers cease to discover new varieties of offence or new relations of classes or individuals to each other, and when may we expect changes of old regulations or creations of new ones to cease? Never, while the constitution holds together. It was not so in old Ireland. We cannot tell what new regulations were made by successive generations of Brehons from the days of Amergin; but this is beyond doubt, that once the three spiritual, and three temporal, and three juridical authorities, had rejected all the portions essentially pagan, and adopted the rest with but little modification, no one afterwards, bishop, king, or brehon, ever attempted to modify the great body of the *Senchus Mor*.\*

We now make our approaches to that section of the laws treated in this first volume—the law of distress. An ordinary reader taking up any

portion of it without some previous study will certainly find much that is unintelligible. Much of the difficulty is, however, removed for him by Dr. Handcock, in the preface, these being his explanations:—

"The plaintiff or creditor having first given the proper notice, proceeded in the case of a defendant or debtor, not of the chieftain grade, to distrain. If, however, the defendant or debtor were a person of chieftain grade, it was necessary not only to give notice, but also to fast upon him. This fasting upon him consisted in going to his residence, and waiting there a certain time without food. If the plaintiff did not, within a certain time, receive satisfaction for his claim, or a pledge therefor, he forthwith, accompanied by a law agent, witnesses, and others, seized his distress. The distress was in certain cases liable to a stay (*anadh*), which was a period varying according to fixed rules, during which the debtor received back the distress and retained it, the creditor having a lien on it. Such a distress is *Athgabhair ar Fuá*, a distress with time; but in certain circumstances and in particular cases, an immediate distress, *Tuá Athgabhair*, was made, the peculiarity of which was, that during the fixed period of the stay the distress was not allowed to remain in the debtor's possession, but in that of the creditor, or in one of the recognised greens or pounds.

"If the debt was not paid by the end of the stay, the creditor took it away, and put it into a pound. He then served notice of the distress on the debtor whom he had distrained, letting him know where it was impounded. The distress remained in pound a certain time according to its nature, (*Díchim*, delay in pound is the name given to this period,) and the expense of tending and feeding ran against the distress, and was payable out of it for this period. At the end of the delay in pound, the forfeiting time (*Lobadh*) began to run, during which the distress became forfeited at the rate of three *Seds*† per day until entirely forfeited. If the entire value of the distress thus forfeited was exactly equal to the original debt and the subsequent expenses, the debt was liquidated; if it was less than this a second distress was taken for the difference; and if more, the overplus was returned. All this was managed by the party himself or his law agent, with the several witnesses of the various steps, and other necessary parties."

If the debtor contested the creditor's claim, he pledged his son or

\* *Sen Chai Fia*, ancient way to knowledge.

† A *sed* (*seoit*) was in value two-fifths of a cow. What the thing itself was has not been ascertained by our living scholars.

some article of value that he would plead before the Brehon at a certain time. In case he made no appearance, the pledge became forfeited for the original debt.

The debtor had it in his power to redeem his cattle up to the end of the *dithim* by paying the original debt and the expense incurred in pound. Once the *lobadh* (forfeiting period) commenced, he could only redeem the unforfeited portion of his cattle.

The "stays" were of different lengths varying according to the less or more urgency and the equity of the creditor's claim. The debtor who had the best excuse to offer, was allowed the longest stay, and *vice versa*.

Dr. Hancock's observations on the preliminary fasting process, when a chieftain was called on to acquit a debt, deserve quotation.

"For this peculiar custom the only precedent I have met with is in the Hindu law. The laws of Menu comprised a process called *Acharitan*, sometimes translated 'distress,' which was one of the processes by which a creditor might obtain the property lent.

"*Acharitan* is explained by the sitting (*Dharma*) at the door of the debtor, abstaining from food till by fear of the creditor dying at his door compliance on the part of the debtor is exacted—an alarming species of importunity, prohibited in the Bengal provinces.

"The Brahmins prevent their debtors eating by an appeal to his honour, and by stopping the supplies, and they fast themselves the whole time they compel their debtors to do so. This sort of compulsion is even used against princes, and must not be resisted by force. It is a very common mode employed by troops to procure payment of arrears, and is then directed against the paymaster, the prime minister, or the sovereign himself."

Celtic nature in its excellencies and defects, was instinctively and intimately understood by the framer of this law. Well he knew that the spectacle of the poor man at his door, suffering from hunger, would be the strongest inducement to the hospitable, though careless Irish gentleman, of the olden time, to discharge a disagreeable duty, and pay a vulgar debt. Some of our readers may not have heard of the country gentleman of Munster or Connaught, of last century, who would not, or probably

could not, pay a commonplace debt to a creditor who happened to be an unincumbered bachelor, and who, understanding the character of his man much better than an English state councillor pretending to make laws for him, paid his debtor a visit, never alluding to bond or mortgage, but living on the best fare which his host could place before him, and to which he was heartily welcome. When he considered his claim fully discharged by good board and lodging, he took an affectionate leave, and kept up most friendly relations with his friend to the day of his death, with the trifling exception of never lending him any more money. That hospitable debtor was probably the sixtieth descendant in right line of one of the fasted-on Tiernacha. May we introduce another modern illustration of the old law-maker's wisdom. A clergyman celebrated for his charity sermons, and who would have given (to use a homely phrase) the shirt off his back to relieve his poor, owed an equally charitable but more prudent Dublin citizen, ten pounds, and prospect of payment there was none. He wrote to his Rev. Debtor—"Dear Rev. Sir, I am in a terrible strait for thirty pounds on Thursday next; lend me so much or I do not know what will become of me." He received this reply: "Dear Sir, I have not a pound in my possession, but come and drink tea with me on Wednesday evening, and who knows what God may do!" He went to tea, got the thirty pounds, begged and borrowed in the interim, was profuse in acknowledgments, and returned twenty pounds next morning to his reverend and astonished friend.

An old Ollamh making laws for a Teutonic people, or a Teuton sage doing the same office for a Celtic people, might as profitably be employed at the task assigned by Michael Scott to the devil—making ropes out of sand.

The compensation for murder or manslaughter, for which Spenser censured the Brehon law, was not peculiar to the Gael. It formed one of the social regulations of many ancient nations. It was in force among the Anglo-Saxons who brought it with them from Germany. Tacitus looked on it more complacently than

**Spenser.** Here are his words as quoted by the editor.

"In their (the Germans') resentments, however, they are not implacable: injuries are adjusted by a settled measure of compensation. Atonement is made for homicide by a certain number of cattle, and by that satisfaction the whole family is appeased—a happy regulation than which nothing can be more conducive to the public interest, since it serves to curb that spirit of revenge, which is the natural result of liberty in the excess."<sup>\*</sup>

It may be gathered from hints here and there given, that if the relatives of a person deliberately murdered, preferred his punishment to the receiving of the blood-eric, the murderer was put to death.

Very differently did the statement of the Brehon law of distress begin, from the preamble of a modern act of parliament. Suitable precedents were ever before the eyes of the old Ollamh—

"Three white cows were taken by Asal from Moch, son of Nuadhat, by an immediate seizure, and they lay down a night at Ferta on the Boyne. They escaped from him: they had lost their calves, and their white milk flowed upon the ground. He went in pursuit of them, and seized six milch cows at the house at daybreak. Pledges were given for them afterwards by Coirpre Gnathechoir, for the seizure, for the distress, for acknowledgment, for triple acknowledgment, for acknowledgment by one chief, for double acknowledgment."

A long explanation follows of this passage; but in truth the commentary is rather more difficult in parts than the text, and many will come from the perusal with surprise that the captors should be rewarded for their negligence by being allowed to take away at next dawn, six cattle instead of three, their apparent due. The reader will have an idea of this curious commentary from the following extract, the portion in brackets being printed in closer type in the original:—

"Had left their calves (i.e., with Mogh, son of Nuadhat, i.e., this was the reason of their straying). Their white milk upon the ground (i.e., the milk of the cows upon the

earth. In the bright beautiful day, upon the face of the ground, or on the bright surface of the earth. '*Talamh*,' i.e., from the word *tellus*, earth). He went in pursuit of them (i.e., Asal went after them quickly or in haste, or people were sent by him to seek them). And seized six milch cows at the house (i.e., from the door of Nuadhat's house, i.e.; and they brought six similar cows with them from the house at the dawn of morning, or at the red streaking of the morning, i.e., six milch cows, i.e., three cows and three cows more, as the second seizure at the house of Mogh's father). At daybreak, (i.e., the separation of the day and night, or the first dawn of light)."

The parties in this apparently paltry affair were no less than the steward-bailiff of the King at Tara and the steward-bailiff of Coirpre Gnathechoir, King of Ulster.

Property brought respect with it even in the chivalric ages. If a man not having a cowshed and milking-yard in his possession, made a seizure in another chieftaincy, he might be resisted unless accompanied by a native (resident in the territory).

We find the Cain (general) law and the Urradhus (inter-territorial) law in conflict on one point. By the Urradhus, if a man of a neighbouring territory, whether possessed of a cowshed and milking-yard or not, attempted to make a seizure unaccompanied by a territorial resident, it was not unlawful to resist a seizure. By the Cain law the stranger's claim could not be legally resisted even if unattended by a native, provided he could prove the possession of the much valued cow-house and milking-yard.

The man that fasted on a chieftain, and could not make his claim good, was liable to an eric. Even giving notice to fast was punished when the obstinate faster had not right on his side.

The wanderer, and the outlaw, and the bard, and the half-poet, and the satirist, and the chief professor, the king, the prince, the son of a living father, might be resisted in their claims unless they could induce a native to accompany them, gratis or for a fee.

\* Mention of blood fines occurs in more than one passage in Homer. They were an institution among Greeks, Germans, Franks, and Anglo Saxons. So, in the words of the editor, "the principle of eric, however objectionable, cannot be represented as repugnant to all human laws, or as really peculiar to the ancient laws of Ireland."

An unlawful seizure, *i. e.*, one where there was no debt, or where the debt had been discharged, was punished by a fine of five seds or two cows. Seizure, even if for a just debt, when made without notice, or in the case of a chief, effected before fasting, subjected the creditor to the loss of half the debt, if that did not exceed five cows. If a churchman or religious community committed such offence, they forfeited all the debt if not exceeding ten cows. For as the commentary remarks, "To evade justice renders the church perfectly unworthy, and it is right that there should be nothing coming to it."

The king, the bard, the chief professor, the prince, the stranger, the son in the house of his father, were not eligible as securities, as there would be a difficulty in bringing actions against them. These, nor the stranger, the lunatic, the infant, the *fuidhir* (bond-labourer), the man that had lost his rank, could bring actions without the aid of a responsible native. If a person of inferior grade presumed to fast on one of chieftain grade without being backed by another of chieftain grade also, he was fined five seds (two cows), and not allowed to sue again. If he merely gave notice of the fasting he underwent the same fine, but could renew his suit. The person fasted on in due legal form, and not paying, was obliged to pay double the amount of the debt proved; but if the faster was offered proper security for his claim, and yet persisted in the disagreeable process, he forfeited all.\*

If a gentlewoman brought an action she gave two days' notice with fasting. The woman of inferior grade gave the same notice without the fast. A person suing a woman of chieftain rank was obliged to give a notice of ten days, and fast into the bargain. If the sued woman was of lower rank, he only gave a notice of five days, and neither fasted nor

prayed. Why the suing chieftainness was treated with less consideration than the sued one, we have not been able to discover.

The Ollamh Sen gets praise in this part of the code for adjudging that one day should not be extended beyond two days. We join in the commendation without distinctly understanding how he could have committed the fault, which it seems he avoided.

The Brehons were governed by the general laws of hospitality.

"If any one should take thy fatted hog, or thy wether, or something similar, and if a respectable company should arrive, and that it bring a blush to thy face not to have food for them, he should pay it back on that same day or on the morrow. It shall not go beyond it."

The creditors under-named were not obliged to give their debtors more than one day's delay after seizure, being considered to have the strongest claims for prompt payment; those who furnished rayment for a festival, weapons for the battle, a horse for the race, an ox for ploughing, the furniture for a church, the requisites for music, the requisites for cooking, carpenters' or smiths' or other tradesmen's tools, the seven valuable articles for a chief's house, knives, reflectors, mirrors, toys for children,† the hook of a widow's house (the widow being, we suppose, the bait), the essential requisites for a mill, the chess board of the chieftain, the salt for the Bruighe's house, a griddle, the blower of a chieftain's house, and every kind of dog. The parties detaining these articles from their respective owners, after application for their return, were restricted also to the one day's stay.

These acts also entitled their doers to insist on the shortest notice; the cleansing of roads, of greens, showing hospitality to visitors by sea, providing a physician for the sick, and keeping away injurious things from him,

\* The reader will bear in mind that the suitable subjects for securities were the great farmers or the great graziers. Kings, councillors, bards, strangers, wanderers, or sons in their fathers' houses were unqualified.

† The Brehon who bethought him of these precious articles deserved well of his own and future generations. The commentary runs thus:—"For the toys of children, *i. e.*, they must be restored in one day, *i. e.*, these goodly things which remove dulness from little boys, viz. :—hurletta, balls, and hoops, except little dogs and cats, for it is in three days the cats, &c., are to be restored." Poetry and kind considerate feelings dwelt along with equity in the souls of the Celtic law makers.



such as gabbling women, erecting a bridge, distributing the bones of a whale, maintaining fools, or mad-women (this latter in chief), protecting the *fuidhir* (bond labourer) against injustice, taking care of a child from a mad woman, a diseased woman, a lepross, a dim-sighted woman, a lunatic, &c., when their nurses came to be thus afflicted.

Among the above duties the sick-attendant should see that the house of his patient had four doors, and that a stream ran through it, and that dogs, fools, or female scolds, should not be allowed access.

Among the folk subject to a short stay were workmen, who on delivering up the finished article to their employer, omitted to give it their blessing. The seven requisites for the chief's house above-mentioned, are thus detailed:—

“The seven valuables of the chief of noble bounty,

Who exercises hospitality in various ways—

A caldron, vat, goblet, mug,

Reins, horse-bridle, and pin.”

The whalebone was used for making sieves, and the backs of saddle trees, and hoops, where wood was scarce. The visits of the cetacea to our bays and river-mouths have much diminished since the Brehon era.

Among the debtors severely dealt with, were the tribes, who, when the king of the province was on a campaign on the borders of their land, neglected to furnish, each tribe a cow—a moderate war-tax surely. Some of the offences for which fines were inflicted, and shorter and longer stays allowed for payment, sound rather strange in modern ears. A man was liable to a fine for a visible blemish, a concealed blemish, for scaring the timid, for allowing a boy to be hurt while you carried him on your back through a door, for bed witchcraft, carrying love charms, refusing a pregnant woman some morsel of food longed for, not erecting the tomb of the chief, satirizing man or woman after death, taking the cloth cover off a sick sheep, causing a tree to wither, breaking bones in a church-yard for the marrow,\* &c. Our Saxon neighbours, to whom this elaborate code

is new, have always looked on the ancient Irish as a lawless people; with how small warrant in historic evidence they will frankly acknowledge so soon as they shall have examined the profoundly interesting volume on which we are commenting.

If a debtor or offender possessed no live stock, his person was seized, and if he was of the rank of bond-labourer, herd-boy, or cart-boy, a chain was put round his neck, or fetters on his legs. While in confinement his food was half a cake and a vessel of milk, equivalent to the capacity of twelve egg-shells.

These circumstances exempted a person from arrest; his house being attacked, pursuit of cattle or of an offender, going on a pilgrimage or other religious duty, visiting the sick (if by a physician), going for a mid-wife, struggling with an epileptic, securing a madman, preparing medicine for the sick, supplying the brogues with fresh wisps of straw.

The pounds were under the jurisdiction of the Brehons, the Ollamhs, and the chiefs of the seven ranks. They were to be kept in good order, and no animals confined together, any of which would be liable to injury from the others.

In the crowded statement of fines, and stays, and forfeits, the commentator gave himself breathing time to relate a little romance, *apropos* of the five days' suspension of process.

“Why is the distress of five days always more usual than any other distress? On account of the combat between two fought in Magh Inis. When they had all things ready for plying their arms, except a witness alone, they met a woman at the place of combat, and she requested of them to delay, saying, ‘if it were my husband that were there I would compel you to delay.’ ‘I would delay,’ said one of them, ‘but it would be prejudicial to the man who sees me; it is his cause that would be delayed.’ ‘I will delay,’ said the other. The combat was then put off, but they did not know to what time it was put off, until Conchubar and Sencha passed judgment respecting it, and Sencha asked, ‘What is the name of this woman?’ ‘Cuicthi,’ said she, ‘is my name.’ ‘Let the combat be delayed,’ said Sencha, ‘in the name of the woman for five days?’ From this is derived—‘The truth of the men of the Feini would

\* The marrow obtained was used in the composition of magic drugs.

have perished, had it not been for Cuicthi.'  
It is Brigh that is here called Cuicthi."

These champions were the celebrated Conal Cernach and Laeghaire Buach, and the lady who stayed the fight was Brighi, daughter of the Ollamh Senchan, and wife of the renowned Cuchullain. However eager the knight may have been for the combat, the spirit of the time obliged them to obey the "Geasa" uttered by a woman of chieftain rank. Another Brighi, called Bruighe, as being of the farmer class, was a female Brehon, and author of the tract of the "True mode of taking lawful possession." Her residence was at Magh Deisitin in Ulster.

#### THE BREHON MANUSCRIPTS.

The language of the laws exhibited to St. Patrick was even at that early time antiquated, and so Roosa, who was a professor of the "Bearla Feine" was associated with the commissioners, as they would now be called. In the present condition of the MSS. the body of the work is in an ancient and obsolete dialect; the introduction is somewhat less antiquated, and the commentary is still less difficult, but sufficiently so to task the resources of the most accomplished Gaelic scholar. Some of the words in it have been left untranslated by the lamented Dr. O'Donovan.

Our late and our living Irish scholars are of opinion that the body of the text is in the dialect spoken in Ireland about the era of its alleged composition, A.D. 438, and that the text of no part, allowing for some alterations, exhibits a variety spoken later than the ninth or tenth century.

Traces of the original poetic form are still evident in such passages as this :

"Etach fri lith;  
Arm fri nith,  
Ech fri aigé,  
Dam fri h—ar,  
Bo fri blicht,  
Mucc co nur,  
Caura co li;  
Toichned ri,  
Biathad airech,  
Esbuid fied," &c.

(In it were included distresses for)

"Rayment for the festival,  
Weapons for the battle,  
A horse (*ech*) for the race,  
An ox for ploughing (*h—ar*),  
A cow (*bo*) for milk,  
A pig (*mucc*) with fatness,  
A sheep (*caura*) with its fleece;  
Food tribute (withheld from) the king (*ri*)  
Food tribute of a chief,\*  
The deficiency of a feast (*fied*)"

On the subject of the difficulties presented by the antiquity of the text to modern scholars, Charles O'Connor, of Balanagar, wrote in last century—

"I have had an opportunity of conversing with some of the most learned scholars in our island, and they have freely confessed to me that to them the text and gloss were equally unintelligible. The key for expounding both was, so late as the reign of Charles I., possessed by the MacEgans, who kept their law-school in Tipperary, and I dread that since that time it has been lost."

Dr. Ledwich remarked that Roderic O'Flaherty, though a pupil of the last of the Ollamhs, Duaid M'Firbis, could scarcely explain one page of them. The late profound scholar, Edward O'Reilly, said—"Both text and gloss are obsolete, and must be unintelligible to a person who is only acquainted with the vulgar dialect of the modern Irish."

Dr. O'Donovan and Professor O'Curry were made fully sensible of the truth of these remarks in the preliminary translation made of the work for the commissioners; they left several words and phrases untranslated. The succeeding operations are given in the words of the editor, Dr. Hancock.

"The entire translation in this state was read over by my assistant, Mr. Busted, and myself, and the difficult passages carefully noted. For the translation of such passages, glosses were studied, and different parts of the laws compared, and suggestions made to Dr. O'Donovan; and upon consultation with him the entire translation was revised, and meanings assigned to the greater part of the unexplained words and phrases.

"When the translation had been amen-

\* A considerable part of the rent paid to chiefs by their farm tenants was delivered in cattle and corn. Royal tributes (in part) took the same shape. The king's standing forces, the chief's men at arms should be supported. Are duty fowl, and duty eggs, and duty labour, so dear to the hearts of late Irish landlords, traditions of the old "food tributes?"

ded, a portion was set up, and revised in first and second proofs by Dr. O'Donovan himself; but at the time of his death, a few sheets only had reached this stage.

"The entire volume had however been amended in MS. as the result of the consultations with him, which I have referred to, and had the benefit of his latest views of the interpretation and translation of the law terms.

"On a few of the sheets observations were made by the Rev. James H. Todd, D.D., one of the commissioners, and the entire translation was read in proof by the Very Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., another of the commissioners, and has had the benefit of his many valuable suggestions.

"The proof sheets have all been considered and revised by Professor O'Mahony and by myself, with such aid as could be derived from reference to other portions of the Brehon laws, translated by Dr. O'Donovan and Professor O'Curry.

"After the death of Dr. O'Donovan, the commissioners proposed to submit the proof sheets to Professor O'Curry, in order to have the benefit of his suggestions also, but his sudden death prevented this being carried out."

There is a comparatively full copy of the Brehon laws in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, marked H 3, 17. It is a thick vellum MS. consisting of 874 columns, numbered with modern Arabic figures, and appears to have been in the possession of Duall M'Firbis in 1666. It was afterwards purchased by the learned Edward Lhwyd, whose name is on the fly-leaf.

An extensive fragment of the first part of the Brehon laws is preserved in the Harleian MSS., British Museum. Dr. O'Donovan supposed it to have been transcribed in the middle of the sixteenth century. It dated from Desert Labrais, and mentioned the death (during the copying) of a celebrated Irish scholar, John Clancy, chief Brehon of the Earl of Desmond. This MS. contains, in large characters, the poem of Dubhthach Mac Ua Lugair, alluded to already, and has been selected as the text of the present volume.

MSS. in Trinity College, marked H 3, 18, contain portions of the *Senchus Mor*. They are in the handwriting of Carbre O'Maolchonaire, and dated Moycullen, Galway, 1511.

The fourth MS. to be mentioned contains only a portion of the work, but is the most ancient of all. It dates A.D. 1350, and in a note the

scribe mentions his name, the date, and circumstances attending the writing.

"One thousand, three hundred, ten, and forty years from the birth of Christ till this night; and this is the second year of the coming of the plague into Ireland. I have written this in the twentieth year of my age. I am Hugh, son of Conor Mac Egan, and let him who reads it offer a prayer for mercy on my soul! This is Christmas night, and on this night I place myself under the protection of the King of Heaven and Earth, beseeching that He will bring me and my friends safe through this plague, &c. Hugh (son of Conor, son of Gilla na Naeve (servant of the Holy Ghost), son of Dunslavey) Mac Egan, who wrote this in his father's own book in the year of the great plague."

Confirming the genuineness of this document, the "Four Masters" record the entry of a plague into Ireland in 1349. The learned scribe outlived the pestilence, his death being recorded, 1359.

These MacEgans or M'Keigans were hereditary Brehons of the province of Conacht. The O'Dorans were the Brehons of South Leinster; O'Breaslains and MacTholles were also distinguished as learned law professors. It must have been an exciting scene when in the centre of a large crowd of chiefs and their dependants, two Brehons of two bordering territories maintained the privileges of their respective chiefs against each other. Who decided the cause at issue? We know of no competent authority except the Chief Brehon at Tara. Probably the final appeal in many instances was to the spear and glaive.

The first, third, and fourth of these manuscripts, were purchased by the estimable Welsh archæologist, Edward Lhwyd in Ireland in the beginning of last century—one from Cornán O'Corrin in Sligo in 1700, another from John Agnew of Larne in the same year. He secured upwards of a score of MSS. in that visit to Ireland.

Lhwyd's MSS. afterwards came into the possession of Sir John Seabright, who was induced by Edmund Burke to intrust them to the care of Trinity College, Dublin, about the year 1782. The intention of the great statesman was, that they should be published with an English or Latin translation, and so become "proper

subjects of criticism and comparison." The authorities have taken eighty years\* to carry out his patriotic intentions.

In 1852 Dr. Todd and Dr. Graves submitted to the Irish Government a proposal for the transcription, translation, and publication of the Brehon Laws, and in consequence a commission was appointed to carry out this national object. Dr. O'Donovan and Professor O'Curry transcribed such portions of the laws in MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the British Museum, and in the libraries of Trinity College, and the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, as were judged suitable for publication, and afterwards translated them. Dr. O'Donovan's transcriptions fill nine volumes and his translations twelve. Professor O'Curry's transcriptions are contained in eight volumes, and his translations in thirteen. The after progress interrupted by the deaths of the two learned and amiable scholars, has been already detailed.

"The publication of the *Senchus Mor* with such a translation as will lead to its being studied, appreciated, and understood, forms a fitting commencement of the contributions to the materials of Irish history."

(*Remark by the Editor.*)

And such appropriate use was made of them by the late Eugene O'Curry for his lectures on Gaelic Archæology and his great work, "*Materials for Irish History*," the second volume of which is shortly to appear. The importance of a knowledge of the laws of a people to the archæologist and

the historian has been already insisted on. We are as yet but imperfectly acquainted with the polity, and the social usages, and the mythology of the ancient Celts, and it is the duty of every scholar anxious for information on these subjects, to encourage the editing and translating of the most suitable of the various Irish MSS. in our libraries and those of the Continent. Meanwhile, as our Government has taken the trouble and incurred the expense of publishing this first volume of a most valuable work, it is desirable that its existence should be known. We have not as yet seen any notice of it among our literary reviews or magazines, and as the subject interests the learned of England, and Scotland, and the Continent as well as those of Ireland, there is a grave omission somewhere.

Knowing the consideration in which the eminent German scholars hold the remains of ancient Celtic literature, it is not unreasonable to expect that something on the subject may soon be heard from them, and that our own archæologists may be roused by the echo, to the importance of a work illustrating the political and social condition of a European people at an era of which scarcely any literary records have been left by their western contemporaries, insular or continental.

It is only justice to commend the editor Dr. Hancock for the evident zeal and care and learning which he has evidenced in the production of this first instalment of the "*Ancient Laws of Ireland*."

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\* This neglect in high quarters seems to have undergone but slight improvement. Applications were made to the London publishers for a copy of the "*Senchus Mor*" for the purpose of notice in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE but without success. The copy which furnished the subject-matter of this paper was obligingly furnished by Dr. Hancock. This apathy on a literary subject of national importance is not commendable.

## NUMBER FIVE BROOKE-STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

## BOOK THE FIRST.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE VALLEY.

THEY had to drive several miles—further, indeed, than had been announced. The intelligent Duncan, who stood up behind, looking out, as from a watch-tower, soon made out lights. "There they are, sir," he said. "We must leave the mare and carriage at the next turn, and shall have to climb up the cutting, sir." So they had to do. They had to scramble down again, a very high hill and cutting, to get on the line, and there they found the scene of the accident.

No time had been lost. They had met a stray passenger or two hopelessly trying to scale the sides of any gorge, and filled with terror and confusion. Below, they saw the red light of the engine, who was blowing and dripping steam and vapour like a dying steeple-chaser. Lights, lanterns, were dancing about spasmodically below, and to the gentlemen now hastily descending, that little amphitheatre—at perhaps the loneliest part of the line—seemed to be crowded with dark figures, and heavy buildings as dark, which were the carriages. Confused voices and a murmuring rose up and met their ears as they came down.

After all, it was not a very serious accident. It was after the usual formula—a long, long luggage-train, winding and bending round the curves, like an enormous snake, to whom life—and the lives of all that have to do with it—must be a burden, having to skulk and creep along the roads like an escaped felon—haunted by the fear of pursuing express trains—and one unlucky one, half overtaken—feeling itself all but run down, panting to get forward, for the bare life, had at last been run down by the fiery racer that had so long been at its heels. It was not a *very* violent collision, but one first-class carriage had been shattered, the passengers

sadly shaken, and some hurt. But the unhappy coal waggons were "smashed" into firewood, twisted, chopped, bent into a shape that no known human process could purposely reduce them to.

The young men were welcomed like saviours. Agitated women came fluttering round them begging aid. *They* were the first signs of human assistance. The local doctor put them all aside. "Come, now," he said, "who is hurt? Show me the way. Where are they? Any serious fractures—limbs to be set, eh?" The guards came running to him. "You a doctor, sir?" they said. "Then come this way. There is a gentleman here, and a lady, and a child," and the doctor, much relieved in his mind—for all the way he had thought that "a job" would be the only thing that would compensate for the pleasant joys he had left behind—bustled away after them with much alacrity.

The two young men did all they could to reassure the others. There were very few passengers, at least of the first class. There were some commercial gentlemen who were very noisy, and troublesome on their wrongs. "Always this way," said one, "as sure as my name is Cox, I'll have my action-at-law. This is the third time this infernal company has served me in this way. I was due to-morrow at Stamford by six thirty, A.M. Confound 'em, I'll have damages for this, or my name's not Cox." But this gentleman was quietly and promptly rebuked by Mr. Selby, who told him to "hold that noise, and that it was a shame for him not to be grateful for standing there in a whole skin, and no broken bones—instead of grumbling, as he did." This blunt correction tranquillized him at once.

Young Severne was a true Samaritan—so friendly—so useful—so

kindly in tranquillizing fears. He was much relieved when he had found that those whom he had expected were not in the train. Another train was due in about half an hour, and a man had been sent down the line with a lantern to stop it. It would take on all the present passengers.

A bright lady—as well as he made out—in a velvet hat, and seal-skin cloak, had passed Severne two or three times wringing her hands. He went after her. “You are looking for something?” he said. “You are not hurt, I hope?” Severne was in a rough Irish frieze coat. In the darkness she took him for a sort of countryman.

“O,” she said, “what shall I do; there, it is gone! Some one has stolen it—do try and find it for me.”

“What?” said he.

“O, my dressing-case, my little dressing-case, with everything I have in the world in it—jewels, everything. I would not lose it for *any* money. Try, exert yourself, and find it.”

“O, is that all,” said he. “No doubt it is quite safe; but there are other things to be considered first—human life and human sufferings before dressing-cases.”

“O! of course, of course,” she said, now seeing that it was no countryman, “quite right, indeed. My head seems to go round; I don’t know what I am saying or doing, and my husband—you have not seen him, sir? Do tell me, quick. I am sure he is hurt.”

Severne was about to laugh, but checked himself.

“We must try and find him for you,” he said.

“Find him—find him quickly,” she said. “O, where is he? Lead me to him!”

“Come,” said Severne, “this way then.” He saw the doctor at the end of the bank, with a lantern beside him, bending over some one.

“Ah, there he is,” said the lady in an agony of grief, and cast herself down beside him.

It was the figure of a tall gentleman with eyes closed, and a grizzly grey beard and hair. He seemed half insensible, and now and again gave a groan.

“There is something damaged internally,” said the doctor to Severne. “I can’t make it out here; no con-

veniences, you know. No arm or leg broken, however. Now, my *good* madam, please. You can give no assistance with *that* sort of thing—so please.”

“A dressing-case has been found,” Selby said. “The guard has got it. So you need have no anxiety.”

The lady did not hear this speech. “What are we to do?” she said, as if to herself, “he will not speak to me. He does not know me.”

“He is coming round,” said the doctor. “Give him a little time, you know. Something about the ribs, I suspect. Often happens in these cases.”

“But there is nothing serious?” the lady said, now down on her knees in an agony of suspense. “He is not hurt? He will recover?”

Selby came up again at this moment. “Here,” he said, “I have got it. Here is your dressing-case, quite safe.”

Severne, fond of a little sarcasm at all in appropriate times, even said, “It is not hurt; it *will* recover.”

“What is to be done, though,” said Selby, hastily, “with this poor gentleman? Where can he be taken to? We can’t have him lying here.”

“There’s no house nearer than the ‘all, sir,” said Duncan, touching his hat.

“Look here, Harry,” said Selby, taking him by the arm, “just a word. I think you must offer these people some shelter. The poor man is seriously damaged, I can see—too much so to go on by the next train, and I think Sir John would not—”

“I think he would,” said Severne, a little shortly. “You see, there is the woman—perhaps maids, friends, and what not. It’s exactly the thing he *would* object to.”

“Good gracious! Harry,” answered the other warmly, “and so you mean to say you would let a poor soul lie in the snow there—die in the snow, perhaps.”

“You old enthusiast,” said Severne, laughing, “how you take up things; no one is going to die. Well, you must have everything your own way.” He turned round, and went back to the group. The gentleman was half sitting up—his eyes were open. “I think,” said Severne, “it would be better if he was taken away out of this. (At this moment the sound of

Nelly's bells came faintly through the frosty air). We have a carriage waiting that will take us home in ten minutes, and if this gentleman, and this lady—your husband, I presume?—” He looked at her interrogatively.

“Yes, yes,” she said, eagerly. “But he will recover. I know he will—see, he opens his eyes.”

“I suppose it would be the best course?” he said still, coldly, and turning to the doctor.

“Well,” said that gentleman, “I would recommend it, as there is no other place near.”

“Very well,” said Severne, shortly, “let us lose no time then. We can carry him up readily. Perhaps this lady—perhaps you would explain to him—he seems conscious now.”

The lady was down on her knees again in the snow. “Dearest,” she said, her face close to his, “how are you now? Would you like to be moved to the house and shelter this gentleman so kindly offers?”

As his full eyes met hers, a sort of shudder passed over him.

“Do you hear that,” said Severne, starting. “There it is at last!”

Far off through the night came a succession of short screams and interrogative whistlings. This was the coming train snorting indignantly and expostulating at being obliged to stop short, and demanding explanation. Lanterns were seen waving and fluttering violently far away, as if blown by the wind; and the glowing, crimson light of the engine, came gliding on, and at last stopped short in a white cloud of its own steam.

The commercial gentleman, still indignant, said it was all fine enough—and it was well they weren't run into again; it was no fault of the company if they weren't. But the point was where would he be by six-twenty-to-morrow morning? Others of the passengers, still much fluttered by their escape, shrank away from exposing themselves to this second risk, after such an escape; and some ladies and children were crying. But the guards came up with their old business-like cry, “Now, then, take your seats, please!” and it seemed better to be taken away at all risks than left in a defile like that. Besides, as the commercial gentleman remarked, “They'd hardly do the thing over again—at least on *that* night, though

he wouldn't put it past 'em, mind.” Finally they were all got in—to the surly expostulation of the newly-arrived passengers, who were much crowded in consequence—and also hinted at some sort of punishment to be inflicted on the company—the programme of which was arranged between them and the commercial gentleman all the way up to town.

The cutting was now deserted. Hodge and a friend or two, who had come up too late for profit, were gaping down from the top of the hill, and could make nothing of the business. But they saw the little party coming up, the injured gentleman a little restored by this time—leaving on two gentlemen: and Hodge, as though he were a stage rustic, said to his friend, “Eh, laws! but that be young Squire.”

“And young Squire's friend,” added the companion, “he wi' the lang legs!”

Squire's friend was helping up a lady. Indeed the sides of the cutting were as steep as a wiss hill, and it was very hard work. Nelly was still shaking her bells, having lost all patience, and with head turned round, was taking a wicked and suspicious side-look at the increased party. Young Severne was in command, as it were, and issued orders authoritatively.

“Carefully now,” he said, “some one must sit on each side of him. Duncan, you must get back, as you can, or stand on the steps, if you like. Selby, you and this lady go inside, and, doctor, you with me on the box. How do you feel now, sir?”

The iron-grey head—it was a little stooped between the shoulders—gave a sort of courteous bow. “Much better,” he said, faintly. “Only something here,” he said, putting his hand on his chest. His wife was looking from side to side with a sort of glance of half despair. “Oh, you *are* better,” she said. “Tell me so.”

“Your dressing-case is *quite* safe,” said young Severne, with the reins now in his hand. “I saw it put in myself. All right behind there? Go, Nelly.” And immediately the bells began to jangle, and the wheels to “thrum” monotonously along the white frost-bound roads, furnishing to the bell music what seemed to be the drone of a bagpipe.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was past ten o'clock when they came cantering up towards the glowing red lights of Digby. Severne on his box heard the lady behind him murmuring her astonishment and wonder at the pile of building now approaching. She was literally confounded—as, indeed, were many tourists who saw it for the first time—at its grandeur and imposing character.

They all got down; the servants came out. Behind them was the long figure of Sir John, who from the drawing-room had heard Nelly's bells.

Severne ran to meet him with a hasty whisper. "All right, quite right," said Sir John, "where are they?"

Then he went forward to meet them with a warm hospitality.

"So sorry," he said. "Hope, sir, you are not hurt seriously? These new-fangled railways will kill us all one day. And you, madam, glad to see you, too."

"Oh, sir," said the lady humbly, "your goodness overpowers us quite."

"You are too kind," said the gentleman, still in evident pain. "I am afraid I am hurt seriously."

"Look here, Harry," said Sir John, "we can put them in the Palmers' room for to-night—fire burning and all ready. Just the thing. Lean on me, sir. There. We'll take care of you and make you snug. And, doctor, you may as well come too."

Then this hospitable old gentleman bestowed his new guests, and presently the gentleman was in bed, in the snuggest apartment in the world, and the doctor was busy making what he called an "official examination."

"Just what I suspected," he said—"coming home in the carriage—a rib gone—touching the lung. Can be raised very favourably though. Do it at once—judicious bandaging and splints."

The faithful wife alone was present, waiting eagerly for this verdict. She gave a half scream.

"There's no danger, ma'am," said the doctor, roughly; "more inconvenience than danger. Take my advice, and go down to the ladies. Get them to give you a glass of Sir John's old particular green wax. Say I ordered

it, if you like. These things give an imperceptible shock, you know."

"Do, my dear," said the husband, faintly, "go down, please." She yielded. She glided lightly into the room that had been laid out for Mrs. Palmer, took off her bonnet, smoothed her hair, bathed her face hastily, gave some hasty touches to her dress here and there, re-tied a ribbon or two, and choosing a flower out of a bouquet fresh pulled, that was on the table, contrived somehow to work it into her system. Then she backed a little before the glass, advanced, retreated, and advanced again—touching and retouching. She was at last satisfied, and went down.

That room was in one of the towers. At the bottom of the stair, which wound a little, then came a long oak corridor, with many doors. It was natural that a mere stranger should be bewildered; and Selby, who had run to his room to fetch something to amuse the ladies, and, scampering back, singing and whistling like a schoolboy, came suddenly upon the new lady, helpless in their windings of a strange—

"My goodness," he said, a little confused. "Of course, we should have thought of this, and sent some one. I am very sorry—it was so stupid."

"Stupid! no," said the lady. "But I am so glad I met you. It is all so awkward—so wretchedly awkwardly. Entering, meeting a crowd of strange faces in this painful way. I dread it. I shrink from it. What *shall* I do?"

"Don't mind," he said, hastily, "you are a guest, you know. Why, they are all so glad. I am sure they are."

"A guest! No," she said, sadly. "We have no business to be here. We are intruders on your delightful party. I at this moment," and she stopped undecidedly, "ought to be at his bed-side. Naturally it looks unfeeling. Indeed I ought to go back. You must let me."

It then occurred to Selby that he ought *not* to let her go back.

"You must not go," he said, with gentle firmness. "The doctor will



look to everything. Women, you know, are always in the way. I mean—confound it; no, I mean, in that place. Come in with me; we can go in together. This is the way.”

The door was only a short way off; they heard the merry voices; the more cheerful and polite din; the ringing of ladies’ laughter. She held back a moment, with her hand pressing her waist.

“How *can* I face them all,” she said, “and he lying there!”

Selby opened the door, and said, gently,

“Courage!”

There was a huge fire-place, like a great archway, where a log fire was burning noisily. The company was gathered round it, the ladies seated, the gentlemen flitting about among them, perhaps, and the tall, gaunt Sir John standing up in the centre, like a colossal statue. The dean in one of the tall-backed arm-chairs, lay placidly with his hands before him, and in the full and encouraging blaze, which lit up his face like a glory, and, at the same time, induced a perceptible drowsiness, while the baronet, standing up over him, still dwelt on the “awful” signs of the times. Mrs. Severne always tranquil and “sweet,” was busy with some work. But the two Fentons untiring and untired, whether it was the work or play of life, as fresh now as they were at breakfast time, as eager now to work out their earthly salvation as at the inspiring hours of morning, still sent forth the merry peal of appreciation, and by an amazing assiduity were actually making some impression on that worldly and selfish Canby, who was their idol.

“O tell—tell that again, Mr. Canby,” said Isabella; “indeed you shall, and you must! I never heard *anything* so funny and passive; and Mrs. Severne, too, must come over and hear it. The best thing you *ever* heard in your life, Mrs. Severne! You *must* come over!”

That lady rose at once, for the engaging young girl had gambolled over to her side.

“I must not lose an opportunity that may never occur again,” said Mrs. Severne to her neighbour, without any malice, “of hearing the best thing I may ever hear!”

“O! I declare, ’pon my word,” said

Mr. Canby, in some confusion at this publicity, “it aint fair.”

At this moment the lady entered.

Sir John stalked forward good naturedly to meet her. “I hear everything is going on well,” he said. “You must sit down here, and warm yourself, and make yourself quite at home; we shall have supper very soon now.”

There was a general disarrangement and movement. All faces were turned towards that one face. It looked very different now from what it had done down at the “cutting,” in the shadow, or under the lantern-light. It was a round, brilliant, full, and well coloured face; with good hair, fine eyes, and a sort of delicate *en bon point* about the figure. “In a vulgar creature, my dear” (looking at her, from an old lady point of view)—these would have been the elements for brazen effrontery; but she had such an air of modesty and retirement that they became a fresh charm. The Fentons interrupted at a critical moment when they had their sickles in the corn, as it were, looked at her with the instinct of hostility—and the dean, bestirring himself with a sort of shiver, for he had been awakened from a sweet dream, in which he had the good Lord Buryshaft’s hand upon his cuff, and the good lord’s voice in his ear, “My dear Burnaby, Loughborough is failing every day, and when Chester is vacant——” saw the new arrival, very indistinctly. Mr. Canby had his glass in his eye, for the new lady’s attractions were of the effective music-hall pattern—only refined—and half rose to get nearer.

The lady was presently seated among them, and rather astonished Severne and his friend by her quiet composure. She was soon telling the whole story of her sufferings, in a very low voice, and, certainly, without any sensational heightening. “We were coming home from the Continent,” she said, “and the passage had been exquisite, not a ripple on the water. Every one was so happy; I sat on the deck, and saw that gay, lively Boulogne grow indistinct in the distance. One always feels regret at leaving a place where one has had happy days.”

(Everyone present accepted this as a truth, which had an air of novelty

from the plaintive tone with which it was spoken ; though, indeed, it would seem obvious enough.)

"I beg your pardon," said Severne, eagerly. "So you came from Boulogne by to-day's packet?"

"Yes," said the lady, gently—"I think so."

"Dear me," said Severne, eagerly. "Then you must have met them, the Palmers. Did you remark a lady and her daughter—a very striking looking girl—tallish, brilliant colour?"

"What ; a sort of widow lady?"

"Exactly ; rather French."

"A vision—a vision"! said the lady, with an enthusiasm that became quite dazzling. "I never saw such a magnificent creature. She sat on the deck the whole time. Indeed a feast to the eye—indeed she was. I never saw any one to compare to her. Even my husband, who from his affection has his own foolish standard—even he—ah, I little thought then—"

There was a silence of respect for a moment. Even the dean, though the glow of the fire was wooing him back to sweet dreams again, was listening, and at the first convenient opening had a parallel passage ready from his own life ; as when Lord Edward Somersault came over with him in the Calais packet—let him see—in the disastrous year '29, the year when the landmarks of the Constitution were "swept away."

"And you spoke to them?" said Severne eagerly ; "you sat near them?"

"Oh ! dear, yes," said the lady, "charming people they were."

"I am so glad of this," said Severne. "It turns out quite fortunate. They will be here to-morrow. You will renew your acquaintance."

The lady gave a little start : "Acquaintance," she said sorrowfully. "Oh no, no ! they will not recollect *that*. We know what a packet-acquaintance is—faces pass by, and we forget, and never see them again. No : there was a French gentleman who was very, very kind to the young girl. So devoted, and kind, and considerate—not at all like a Frenchman."

"Infernal monkeys," said Sir John. "An Englishman would thrash a roomfull. Eat them up as dog Toby did the rats."

But Severne was a little uneasy, and

said no more. The sisters Fenton looked at each other with a little enjoyment ; but Canby was evidently interested. "Most curious," he said, "and so you were all on board the packet?"

The lady turned to him gratefully, as if this help had made her statement more lucid.

"Yes, we were in the packet. Then came the railway—the carriage—oh ! the *dreadful carriage*!"—and she shut out the view with her hands. "Sprrs, of course," said Mr. Canby, encouraged.

"Oh, yes," said she, grateful for the correction, "you are quite right. It *was* the express we came on, up through the charming English country—the grand fields lying out under the sun—the grand English oaks—some way," she added with a sort of *naïveté*, "it looked so bright and sound, and flourishing *after the French country*."

"Ah ha !" broke in Sir John, "old England still ; you can't compare 'em ; their mean, mangy patches, at which they go fiddling, fiddling with bodkins—wretched pack !"

"It was such a bright encouraging day," went on the lady, "and we all felt so happy at getting home again ; and then it began to grow dark, and he—my dear husband—was talking fondly of our expected fireside, the hearth swept up—our *own* home, never *yet* seen, for we have been married but a short time."

Gradually a perfect silence had been established, and every one, even the reluctant Fentons, had been drawn in to listen to this natural story. It was impossible not to be interested. Mr. Monkhouse and Captain Philips, the two epicureans of the house, coming in with good spirits from the billiard-room, were awed into decorum by reproachful glances.

"We were talking," went on the lady, "of what days of happiness were before us—what quiet joys and innocent pleasures. He had said to me in his kind way, 'You must enjoy yourself ; see what there is of life for my sake. I have long ceased to care for things of that kind.' But what am I talking of?" And in great confusion she stopped. Severne smiled.

"By the way," he said—"excuse me for interrupting you—you got the

dressing-case safe ; Selby had charge of it, you know."

"It was taken to the room," she said, "and I am so much obliged to Mr. Selby for the trouble he took, and you too."

"Not at all," said Severne, "we saw that you were so exceedingly anxious about it."

"Indeed I was," she said, with her eyes on the oaken floor ; "it contained two little pictures that I would not have lost for the world, and some letters—some dear letters——"

"And jewels, I think you said ?"

"Harold," said Sir John, a little gruffly, "see and push on supper, will you ? we are all getting hungry. Well, you were talking you say, ma'am."

"Oh yes," she said, "and we had just caught a glimpse of red lights glittering afar off. Oh, it *must* have been *this* house."

"Was it where there was a break in the hills, and the pond ?" asked Sir John, eagerly.

"Yes, yes," said she eagerly, "a pond, exactly."

"I knew it," said Sir John ; "the best view of the place ; you shall see it in the morning. I made that myself, and these rascals came with their infernal line and cut it all up."

"The very place," said the lady. "Then as we were speaking came a crash,—and oh !"—She covered up her face. There was a silence. The two Fenton girls looked at each other, and rustled their dresses with impatience. One tried to catch Canby's eye, but that gentleman was absorbed by the new Scherazade, and the labours of a hard day—the ascent up the tower, &c., had all been spent in vain.

"Don't think if it," said Sir John. "It will all come right again ; we'll make him well ; only I hope in God," said the baronet, with infinite energy, "you'll have your action against them. I'll speak to him to-morrow."

"Lord Campbell's Act," said the barrister, who practised at country houses, "sure to get damages ; jury always find against the company."

"Glad to hear it," growled Sir John, "hope they'll salt 'em. Look at these pictures, ma'am," he went on, lighting a candle. "No mushrooms here ; every one of 'em true blue and

gentlemen to the backbone ; no cotton-spinners on my walls, ma'am ; look at that—and that—you won't find a Digby here, ma'am, that soiled his finger with infernal ledgers and figures,—no, no."

The lady was charmed with these fine old portraits, and every fresh one to which she was introduced brought new surprise. They had, indeed, all the grim wooden-look of idle ancestry—with polite scowl, and stony contempt, and seeming also too heavily encumbered with fine clothes to do any work.

"Pon my word, you *had* a narrow escape," said Sir John, as they went down the room a little. "Look at that, now. Bishop Digby. That's Digby's Short Method with Dissenters' in his hands. I'll show it you in the library—a fine work. He kept your mean, unmannerly pot-house Dissenters in their places. None of your fiddle-faddle complaints, and scrape me, scrape your ideas. They weren't gentlemen, ma'am," said Sir John, angrily, as if *she* had said they were, "and he didn't want to know 'em, or see 'em, or be conscious of his existence."

"It is dreadful," the lady said, reflectively.

"It is, ma'am," said Sir John, "you are perfectly right, and I tell you what, we have not seen the end of it yet." By the way, he added, changing his tone, "What er name, ma'am ? They told me below ; but I have the worst head for names."

"Lepell !" said the lady, softly, "Mr. and Mrs. Lepell."

"Lepell !" said he, almost joyfully, "no—very good, very good indeed. There's the true ring in that, ma'am. There's Lepells in Yorkshire, and I knew a Lepell in Warwickshire—a real gentleman, was in the House with me, and walked into the lobby with me against Peel's *infamous* measure of '29."

The lady started—something like delight came into her eyes, "why that was *his* brother, sir,—a noble-hearted man. I have often heard him speak of him."

"My dear madam, I am so glad," he said in real enjoyment, "let me welcome you to Digby. I hope you will stay with us some time. He's dead, I know, poor Jack Lepell. Between you and me he took that

vile selling the pass of Peel's to heart; a low swindle, ma'am, and served the gentleman right for sitting down to table with a fellow of *that* kind. You know the reeking kind of effluvia in those cotton places. It makes me sick. Faugh! And now, who has the place after Jack—your husband?"

"No," said she softly, as if this were a trial too; "the General: he is out in India, they say has embarrassed the property."

"Ah! that was poor Jack's doing—a true gentleman, above your low accounts and ledgerings, and so they swindled him? And you, my dear madam? Forgive me if I am inquisitive."

"I was Miss Bell, Jenny Bell," she said, as it were in terror; "of a good family too, sir—indeed yes, but not rich."

"What harm in that," said Sir John, "nothing to be ashamed of. Some cotton blackguard, I dare say, has been too much for them, eh?"

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Lepell starting, "how did you know—who told—"

"It's the old story, my dear," he said; "I hear of these things. Bell is a good name—egad, now that I think of it, the bishop there married a Bell. By the way, ask me to show you his book to-morrow—as fine a work as ever you read."

They were still opposite the bishop, a grim prelate—with an enormous wig that seemed like two down pillows, with huge white sleeves, that seemed like two more—with his right hand resting on a great quarto, and sloped at an angle—just as the General, a short way down, had his bâton sloped at an angle. This massive volume was labelled, "Short Method," &c.

Sir John put out his candle and led her back. "My dear Mrs. Severne here's a discovery. Our friend up stairs brother to an old friend. This is Mrs. Lepell; no one knew Jack Lepell better than I did. I am so glad. Let me introduce to you his brother's wife."

Mrs. Severne got up with alacrity, and with a beaming face, "I am so glad," she said, taking her hand, "it has turned out in this way."

(Mrs. Severne always did the right

thing, and with true breeding would be almost rustic in her welcome when an occasion required).

"Jack Lepell was one of the Old Guard—a true man, until Peel and his gang broke his heart, I do believe. Mrs. Lepell here knows it well. By Jove, I must go up and see Lepell and talk to him."

"He's asleep, guardian," said Severne, "and supper's coming up."

"That's not at all a bad notion," said Captain Philips. "I was just thinking of something hot and comfortable. We're all getting so proper and decent, people'll be ashamed to be seen eating a cutlet by-and-by."

"Not in this house, sir," said Sir John; "nor to sit down to it either."

"Ah! that's a *very* good notion, too," said an officer, coolly. "One gets hungry so soon in these airy houses. Then to be huddled in to a sideboard, to pick a bit here and a bit there."

"Ah! that's the new school," said Sir John. "Ah! there it is at last. Take my arm, Mrs. Lepell. I am *very glad* to have you here—I am, indeed. You must be hungry; and if you don't take your glass of Burgundy, and two wings of the roast wild-duck, we shall quarrel. I warn you—"

"You are so kind, Sir John," she said, "I almost feel getting into spirits again."

They passed out of the drawing-room into a "snug" little octagon room, where there was a fire and a round table. It was reached by no draughty passages, infinitely to the satisfaction of Captain Philips, who had not to put up his coat collar. "Our friend has his sensible points; and really I don't object to this bit of Old Times. Something very savoury," added the captain, sniffing; "seems like game—eh, Monkhouse? Ther'll not be room for us. Come quick to the side-table—out of the way, you see, and room for your arms; and I am sick of talking to the women." And there was presently a cheerful and noisy party about the large, round table; and precisely as he had arranged, Captain Philips, with apparent self-sacrifice, was bestowed at the side-table, where he received greater attention than any one in the room.

## GLASTONBURY ABBEY, PAST AND PRESENT. THE RISK AND INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH MONACHISM.

## THE RISE OF THE BENEDICTINES.\*

As Glastonbury Abbey was one of the chief ornaments of the Benedictine Order, as that order was one of the greatest influences, next to Christianity itself, ever brought to bear upon humanity, as the founder of that order and sole compiler of the rule upon which it was based must have been a legislator, a leader, a great, wise, and good man, such as the world seldom sees, one who, unaided, without example or precedent, compiled a code which has ruled millions of beings and made them a motive power in the history of humanity; as the work done by that order has left traces in every country in Europe—lives and acts now in the literature, arts, sciences, and social life of nearly every civilized community—it becomes imperatively necessary that we should at this point investigate these three matters—the man, the rule, and the work. The man, St. Benedict, from whose brain issued the idea of monastic organization, the rule by which it was worked, which contains a system of legislation as comprehensive as the gradually compiled laws of centuries of growth; and the work done by those who were subject to its power, followed out its spirit; lived under its influence, and carried it into every country where the Gospel was preached.

Far away in olden times, at the close of the fifth century, when the gorgeous splendour of the Roman day was waning and the shades of that long, dark night of the middle ages were closing in upon the earth; just at that period when, as if impelled by some instinct or led by some mysterious hand, there came pouring down from the wilds of Scandinavia hordes of ferocious barbarians who threatened, as they rolled on like a dark flood, to obliterate all traces of civilization in Europe—when the martial spirit of the Roman was

rapidly degenerating into the venal valour of the mercenary—when the Western Empire had fallen, after being the tragic theatre of scenes to which there is no parallel in the history of mankind—when men, aghast at human crime and writhing under the persecutions of those whom history has branded as the “Scourge of God,” sought in vain for some shelter against their kind—when human nature, after that struggle between refined corruption and barbarian ruthlessness, lay awaiting the night of troubles which was to fall upon it as a long penance for human crime—just at this critical period in the world’s history appeared the man who was destined to rescue from the general destruction of Roman life the elements of a future civilization; to provide an asylum to which art might flee with her choicest treasures, where science might labour in safety, where learning might perpetuate and multiply its stores, where the oracles of religion might rest secure, and where man might retire from the woe and wickedness of a world given up to destruction, live out his life in quiet, and make his peace with his God.

That man was St. Benedict, who was born of noble parents about the year 480, at Norcia, a town in the Duchy of Spoleto; his father’s name was Eutropius, his grandfather’s Justinian. Although the glory of Rome was on the decline, her schools were still crowded with young disciples of all nations, and to Rome the future Saint was sent to study literature and science. The poets of this declining age have left behind them a graphic picture of the profligacy and dissipation of Roman life—the nobles had given themselves up to voluptuous and enervating pleasures, the martial spirit which had once found vent in deeds, with whose fame the world has

\* Authorities.—Acta Sanctorum; Butler’s Lives of the Saints; Gregory’s Dialogues; Mabillon Acta Sancti Ordinis Benedicti; Zeigelbauer’s Hist. Rei Literariæ; Fosbrooke and Dugdale.

ever since rung, had degenerated into the softer bravery which dares the milder dangers of a love intrigue, or into the tipsy valour loudest in the midnight brawl. The sons of those heroes who in their youth had gone out into the world, subdued kingdoms and had been drawn by captive monarchs through the streets of Rome in triumph, now squandered the wealth and disgraced the name of their fathers over the dice-box and the drinking cup. Roman society was corrupt to its core, the leaders were sinking into the imbecility of licentiousness, the people were following their steps with that impetuosity so characteristic of a demoralized populace, whilst far up in the rude, bleak North the barbarian with the keen instinct of the wild beast, sat watching from his lonely wilds the tottering towers of Roman glory—the decaying energies of the emaculated giant—until the moment came when he sallied forth and with one hardy blow shattered the mighty fabric, and laid the victors of the world in abject slavery at his feet. Into this society came the youthful Benedict with all the fresh innocence of rustic purity, and a soul already yearning after the great mysteries of religion; admitted into the wild revelry of student life, that prototype of modern Bohemianism, he was at once disgusted with the general profligacy around him. The instincts of his youthful purity sickened at the fetid life of Rome, but in his case time, instead of reconciling him to the ways of his fellows, and transforming, as it so often does, the trembling horror of natural innocence into the wild intrepidity of reckless licence, only strengthened his disgust for what he saw, and the timid, thoughtful, pensive student shrunk from the noisy revelry, and sought shelter amongst his books.

About this time too, the idea of penitential seclusion was prevalent in the West, stimulated by the writings and opinions of St. Augustine and St. Jerome. It has been suggested that the doctrine of Asceticism was founded upon the words of Christ, "If any man will come after me let

him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."\* Upon the words "deny himself" they built the whole fabric of penitential laceration. St. Gregory himself dwells with peculiar emphasis upon this passage, which he expounds thus, "Let us listen to what is said in this passage—let him who will follow me deny himself; in another place it is said that we should forego our possessions, here it is said that we should deny *ourselves*, and perhaps it is not laborious to a man to relinquish his possessions, but it is very laborious to relinquish *himself*. For it is a light thing to abandon what one has, but a much greater thing to abandon what *one is*."† Fired by the notion of self-mortification imparted to these words of Christ by their own material interpretation, these men forsook the world and retired to caves, rocks, forests, anywhere out of sight of their fellow mortals—lived on bitter herbs and putrid water—exposed themselves to the inclemency of the winter, and the burning heats of summer, lacerated their persons by mutilation and scourging, braved the maddening gloom of darkness and the wasting depression of solitude, until the brain wandered, and they mistook the simplest, natural objects, and the slightest sounds for impersonations of the evil one, sent for their especial temptation.

Such was the rise and working of Asceticism, which brought out so many anchorites and hermits. Few things in the history of human suffering can parallel the lives of these men, and when we reflect that it was voluntarily chosen, and chosen out of a pure, if mistaken notion, of the demands of religion—an ardent, though ill-conceived love of Christ; the error in the foundation of the system is lost in the unbounded faith and patience, the martyr-like tenacity manifested in the careers of those men, who, detracting from the power of the sacrifice of Christ, fancied that in the suffering of the body lay the salvation of the soul.

As regards conventual life, that is the assemblage of those who ministered in the Church under one roof,

\* Matt. xvi. 24.

† St. Greg. Hom. 32 in Evangel.

sharing all things in common that may be traced back to the apostles and their disciples, who were constrained to live in this way, and, therefore, we find that wherever they established a church, there they also established a sort of college, or common residence, for the priests of that church. This is evident from the Epistles of Ignatius, nearly all of which conclude with a salutation addressed to this congregation of disciples, dwelling together, and styled a "Collegium." His epistle to the Church at Antioch, concludes thus, "I salute the sacred College of Presbyters" (*Saluto Sanctum Presbyterorum Collegium*). The Epistle ad Philippenses, "*Saluto S. Episcopum et sacrum Presbyterorum Collegium*"—so also the Epistles to the Philadelphians, the Church at Smyrna, to the Ephesians, and to the Trallians.

But when Saint Benedict was sent as a lad to Rome, the inclination towards the severer form of ascetic life, that of anchorites and hermits, had received an impulse by the works of the great Fathers of the Church, already alluded to; and the pensive student buried in these more congenial studies, became imbued with their spirit, and was soon fired with a romantic longing for a hermit life. At the tender age of fifteen, unable to endure any longer the dissonance between his desires and his surroundings, he fled from Rome, and took refuge in a wild cavernous spot in the neighbouring country. As he left the city he was followed by a faithful nurse, Cyrilla by name, who had brought him up from childhood, had tended him in his sojourn at Rome, and now, though lamenting his mental derangement, as she regarded it, resolved not to leave her youthful charge to himself, but to watch over him and wait upon him in his chosen seclusion. For some time this life went on, St. Benedict becoming more and more attached to his hermitage, and the nurse, despairing of any change, begged his food from day to day, prepared it for him, and watched over him with a mother's tenderness. A change then came over the young enthusiast, and he began to feel uneasy under her loving care. It was not the true hermit life, not the realization of

that grand idea of solitude with which his soul was filled; and under the impulse of this new emotion he secretly fled from the protection of his foster-mother, and without leaving behind him the slightest clue to his pursuit, hid himself amongst the rocks of Subiaco, or, as it was then called, Sublaqueum, about forty miles distant from Rome. At this spot, which was a range of bleak rocky mountains with a river and lake below in the valley, he fell in with one Romanus, a monk, who gave him a monastic dress, with a hair shirt, led him to a part on the mountains where there was a deep narrow cavern into which the sun never penetrated, and here the young anchorite took up his abode, subsisting upon bread and water, or the scanty provisions which Romanus could spare him from his own frugal repasts; these provisions the monk used to let down to him by a rope, ringing a bell first to call his attention. For three years he pursued this life, unknown to his friends and cut off from all communication with the world; but neither the darkness of his cavern nor the scantiness of his fare could preserve him from troubles: he was assailed by many sore temptations, one of which especially deserves narration, inasmuch as it has formed the subject of many Benedictine pictures which grace the churches and galleries of Europe, and is one of the three artistic badges by which his figure may be recognized both in sculpture and painting. In the midst of this solitude, according to the monkish records, there started up in the imagination of the young enthusiast the figure of a lovely woman he had seen at Rome, and this beautiful phantom haunted him day by day, wherever he went and whatever he did; it stole in upon the abstraction of his midnight prayers and it flitted through the phantasmagoria of his dreams; then a soft insidious longing sprung up in his soul to retrace his steps to Rome for the purpose of seeking out this fair temptress, and in spite of prayers, and tears, and penance, that longing grew into a burning desire, until one day, when on the very point of yielding to its power, he rushed out of his cave, threw himself into a thicket of briars and nettles, and rolled in them till the blood flowed from every part of

his lacerated body. The physical pain he endured seems to have broken the charm and dispelled the image from his fancy, for we are told that he was never more tempted by the alluring apparition of this phantom maiden; and that incident of his rolling in the thicket is embodied in the background of nearly all the specimens of mediæval art which have St. Benedict as their subject—just as we may recognize a Wouvermann by a white horse, so we may recognize St. Benedict by the nude figure in the background rolling in the briers. St. Gregory tells us in his dialogues, and we may accept it as an evidence of the result of this severe seclusion upon the mind of the young anchorite, that he was also sorely tempted by the devil, who appeared to him in the shape of a blackbird, but upon his making the sign of the cross it disappeared and troubled him no further. However, incidents occurred which perhaps preserved to the world the mental equilibrium of this great man, broke the solitude in which he was living, and subjected him to the humanizing influence of contact with his kind. One day that solitude was disturbed by the appearance of a man in the garb of a priest, who approached his cave and began to address him; but Benedict would hold no conversation with the stranger until they had prayed together, after which they discoursed for a long time upon sacred subjects, when the priest told him of the cause of his coming. The day happened to be Easter Sunday, and as the priest was preparing his dinner, he heard a voice saying, "You are preparing a banquet for yourself, whilst my servant Benedict is starving;" that he thereupon set out upon his journey, found the anchorite's cave, and then producing the dinner, begged St. Benedict to share it with him, after which they parted. A number of shepherds, too, saw him near his cave, and as he was dressed in goat-skins, took him at first for some strange animal; but when they found he was a hermit, they paid their respects to him humbly, brought him food, and implored his blessing in return.

The fame of the recluse of Subiaco spread itself abroad from that time through the neighbouring country; many left the world and followed his example; the peasantry brought their

sick to him to be healed, emulated each other in their contributions to his personal necessities, and undertook long journeys simply to gaze upon his countenance and receive his benediction. Not far from his cave were gathered together in a sort of association a number of hermits, and when the fame of this youthful saint reached them they sent a deputation to ask him to come among them and take up his position as their superior. It appears that this brotherhood had become rather loose in their morals, and, knowing this, St. Benedict at first refused, but subsequently, either from some presentiment of his future destiny, or actuated simply by the hope of reforming them, he consented, left his lonely cell, and took up his abode with them as their Head.

In a very short time, however, the hermits began to tire of his discipline and to envy him for his superior godliness. An event then occurred which forms the second cognizance by which the figure of St. Benedict may be recognized in the Fine Arts. Endeavours had been made to induce him to relax his discipline, but to no purpose; therefore they resolved upon getting rid of him, and on a certain day, when the Saint called out for some wine to refresh himself after a long journey, one of the brethren offered him a poisoned goblet. St. Benedict took the wine, and, as was his custom before eating or drinking anything, blessed it, when the glass suddenly fell from his hands and broke in pieces. This incident is immortalized in stained-glass windows, in paintings, and frescoes, where the saint is either made to carry a broken goblet, or it is to be seen lying at his feet. Disgusted with their obstinacy and wantonness he left them, voluntarily returned to his cavern at Subiaco, and dwelt there alone. But the fates conspired against his solitude, and a change came gradually over the scene. Numbers were drawn towards the spot by the fame of his sanctity, and by-and-by huts sprung up around him; the desert was no longer a desert, but a colony, waiting only to be organized to form a strong community. Yielding at length to repeated entreaties, he divided this scattered settlement into twelve establishments, with twelve monks and a superior in each, and the monasteries



were soon after recognized, talked about, and proved a sufficient attraction to draw men from all quarters, even from the riotous gaieties of declining Rome.

As a specimen of the miraculous element which beclouds the biography of the saints, we will mention one or two incidents related of St. Benedict, which claim attention, more especially as being the key to the artistic mysteries of Benedictine pictures. It was one of the customs in this early Benedictine community for the brethren not to leave the church immediately after the Divine office was concluded, but to remain for some time in silent mental prayer. One of the brethren, however, took no delight in this holy exercise, and to the scandal of the whole community used to walk coolly out of the church as soon as the psalmody was over. The Superior remonstrated, threatened, but to no purpose; the unruly brother persisted in his conduct. St. Benedict was appealed to, and when he heard the circumstances of the case, said he would see the brother himself. Accordingly, he attended the church, and at the conclusion of the Divine Office, not only saw the brother walk out, but saw also what was invisible to every one else—a *black boy* leading him by the hand. The saint then struck at the phantom with his staff, and from that time the monk was no longer troubled, but remained after the service with the rest.

St. Gregory also relates an incident to the effect that one day as a Gothic monk was engaged on the border of the lake cutting down thistles, he let the iron part of his sickle, which was loose, fall into the water. St. Maur, one of Benedict's disciples—of whom we shall presently speak—happened to be standing by, and taking the wooden handle from the man, he held it to the water, when the iron swam to it in miraculous obedience.

But to return to the historical narrative from out of this wilderness of wonders. As we have said, the monasteries grew daily in number of members and reputation; people came from far and near, some belonging to the highest classes, and left their children at the monastery to be trained up under St. Benedict's protection. Amongst this number, in

the year 522, came two wealthy Roman senators, Equitius and Tertullus, bringing with them their sons, Maurus, then twelve years of age, and Placidus only five. They begged earnestly that St. Benedict would take charge of them, which he did, treated them as if they had been his own sons, and ultimately they became monks under his rule, lived with him all his life, and after his death became the first missionaries of his order in foreign countries, where Placidus won the crown of martyrdom. Again, St. Benedict nearly fell a victim to jealousy. A priest named Florentius, envying his fame, endeavoured to poison him with a loaf of bread, but failed; then, foiled in his design upon the life of the Superior, this wicked priest tried to seduce the young monks by introducing seven loose women into the monastery, when St. Benedict once more left his charge in disgust; but Florentius, being killed by the sudden fall of a gallery, Maurus sent a messenger after him to beg him to return, which he did, and not only wept over the fate of his fallen enemy, but imposed a severe penance upon Maurus for testifying joy at the judgment which had befallen him. The incident of the poisoned loaf is the third artistic badge by which St. Benedict is to be known in art, being generally painted as a loaf with a serpent coiled round it. These artistic attributes form a very important feature in monastic painting, and in some instances become the only guide to the recognition of the subject. St. Benedict is represented sometimes with all these accompaniments—the broken goblet, the loaf with the serpent, and in the back ground the figure rolling in the briers. St. Bernard, who wrote much, and powerfully against heresy, is represented with the accompanying incident in the background of demons chained to a rock, or being led away captive, to indicate his triumphs over heretics for the faith. Demons placed at the feet indicate Satan and the world overcome. Great preachers generally carry the crucifix, or if a renowned missionary, the standard and cross. Martyrs carry the palm. A king who has resigned his dignity and entered a monastery has a crown lying at his feet. A book held in the hand represents the Gospel, unless it be ac-

accompanied by pen and inkhorn, when it implies that the subject was an author, as in the case of Anselm, who is represented as holding in his hands his work on the Incarnation, with the title inscribed "Cur Deus Homo," or it may relate to an incident in the life, as the blood-stained book, which St. Boniface holds, entitled "De Bono Mortis," a work he was devotedly fond of, always carried about with him, and which was found after his murder in the folds of his dress stained with his blood. But the highest honour was the stigmata or wounds of Christ impressed upon the hands, feet, and side. This artistic pre-eminence is accorded to St. Francis, the founder of the Order which bears his name, and to St. Catherine, of Siena. A whole world of history lies wrapped up in these artistic symbols as they appear in the marvellous paintings illustrative of the hagiology of the monastic orders which are cherished in half the picture galleries and sacred edifices of Europe, and form as it were a living testimony and a splendid confirmation of the written history and traditions of the Church.

Although, at the period when we left St. Benedict reinstalled in his office as Superior, Christianity was rapidly being established in the country, yet there were still lurking about in remote districts of Italy the remains of her ancient paganism. Near the spot now called Monte Cassino, was a consecrated grove in which stood a temple dedicated to Apollo. St. Benedict resolved upon clearing away this relic of heathendom, and, fired with holy zeal, went amongst the people, preached the Gospel of Christ to them, persuaded them at length to break the statue of the god, and pull down the altar; he then burned the grove and built two chapels there—the one dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and the other to St. Martin. Higher up upon the mountain he laid the foundation of his celebrated monastery, which still bears his name, and here he not only gathered together a powerful brotherhood, but elaborated that system which, although, it in turn became corrupt, still at that time infused new vigour into the monastic life, cleared it of its impurities, established it upon a firm and healthy

basis, and elevated it as regards his own order, into a mighty power, which was to exert an influence over the destinies of humanity, inferior only to that of Christianity itself. St. Benedict, with the keen perception of genius, saw in the monasticism of his time, crude and corrupt as it was, the elements of a great system. For five centuries it had existed, and vainly endeavoured to develop itself into something like an institution, but the grand idea had never yet been struck out—that idea which was to give it permanence and strength. Hitherto the monk had retired from the world to work out his own salvation, caring little about anything else, subsisting on what the devotion of the wealthy offered him from motives of charity, or the superstition of the ignorant from terror of his supposed powers—then, as time advanced, they acquired possessions and wealth, which tended only to make them more idle and selfish. St. Benedict detected in all this the signs of decay, and resolved on revivifying its languishing existence by starting a new system, based upon a rule of life more in accordance with the dictates of reason. He was one of those who held as a belief, that to live in this world a man must do something—that, life which consumes, but produces not, is a morbid life, in fact, an impossible life, a life that must decay, and therefore imbued with the importance of this fact, he made labour, continuous and daily labour, the great foundation of his rule. His vows were like those of other institutions—poverty, chastity, and obedience, but he added labour, and in that addition, as we shall endeavour presently to show, lay the whole secret of the wondrous success of the Benedictine Order. To every applicant for admission, these conditions were read, and the following words added, which were subsequently adopted as a formula:—"This is the law under which thou art to live and to strive for salvation, if thou canst observe it, enter: if not, go in peace, thou art free." No sooner was his monastery established than it was filled by men who, attracted by his fame and the charm of the new mode of life, came and eagerly implored permission to submit themselves to his rule. Maurus

and Placidus, his favourite disciples, still remained with him, and the tenor of his life flowed on evenly.

After Belisarius, the Emperor's general, had been recalled, a number of men totally incapacitated for their duties were sent in his place. Totila, who had recently ascended the Gothic throne, at once invaded and plundered Italy; and in the year 542, when on his triumphant march, after defeating the Byzantine army, he was seized with a strong desire to pay a visit to the renowned Abbot Benedict, who was known amongst them as a great prophet. He therefore sent word to Monte Cassino to announce his intended visit, to which St. Benedict replied that he would be happy to receive him. On receiving the answer he resolved to employ a stratagem to test the real prophetic powers of the Abbot, and accordingly, instead of going himself he caused the captain of the guard to dress himself in the imperial robes, and, accompanied by three lords of the court and a numerous retinue to present himself to the Abbot as the kingly visitor. However, as soon as they entered into his presence, the Abbot detected the fraud, and addressing the counterfeit king, bid him put off a dress which did not belong to him. In the utmost alarm they all fled back to Totila, and related the result of their interview: the unbelieving Goth, now thoroughly convinced, went in proper person to Monte Cassino, and on perceiving the Abbot seated waiting to receive him, he was overcome with terror, could go no further, and prostrated himself to the ground.\* St. Benedict bid him rise, but as he seemed unable, assisted him himself. A long conversation ensued, during which St. Benedict reproved him for his many acts of violence, and concluded with this prophetic declaration—"You have done much evil, and continue to do so; you will enter Rome; you will cross the sea; you will reign nine years longer, but death will overtake you on the 10th, when you will be arraigned before a just God to give an account of your deeds."

Totila trembled at this sentence; besought the prayers of the Abbot, and took his leave. If such prediction were really made, it was marvelously fulfilled; in any case the interview wrought a change in the manner of this Gothic warrior, little short of miraculous, for from that time he treated those whom he had conquered with gentleness. At his own peril he executed one of his officers for violating the daughter of an Italian, and silenced the murmurs of his army by telling them that justice was necessary to insure the success of their arms. When he took Rome, as St. Benedict had predicted he should, he forbade all carnage, and insisted on protecting women from insult; stranger still, in the year 552, only a little beyond the time allotted him by the prediction, he fell in a battle which he fought against Narses, the eunuch general of the Greco-Roman army. Towards the end of his career, in the year 543, his sister, Scholastica, who had become a nun, discovered the whereabouts of her lost brother, came to Monte Cassino, took up her residence near him, and founded a convent upon the principles of his rule. She was, therefore, the first Benedictine nun, and is often represented in paintings, prominent in that well-known group composed of herself, St. Benedict, and the two disciples, Maurus and Placidus.

It appears that her brother was in the habit of paying her a visit every year, and upon one occasion staid until late in the evening, so late that Scholastica pressed him not to leave; but he persisting, she offered a prayer that heaven might interpose and prevent his going, when suddenly a tempest came on so fierce and furious that he was compelled to remain until it was over, when he returned to his monastery. Two days after this occurrence, as he was praying in his cell, he beheld the soul of his beloved sister ascending to heaven in the form of a dove, and the same day intelligence was brought him of her death. This vision forms the subject of many of the pictures in Benedictine Nunneries. One short month after

\* "Quem cum a longe sedentem cerneret, non ausus accedere sese in terram dedit."—St. Greg. Dial lib ii., c. 14.

the decease of this affectionate sister, St. Benedict, through visiting and attending to the sick and poor in his neighbourhood, contracted a fever which prostrated him: he immediately foretold his death, and ordered the tomb in which his sister lay in the church to be opened. On the sixth day of his illness he asked to be carried to it, where he remained for some time in silent prayerful contemplation, he then begged to be removed to the steps of the high altar, where having received the holy viaticum, he suddenly stretched out his arms to heaven and fell back dead. This event took place on Saturday, the 21st March, 543, in the 63rd year of his age. He was buried by the side of his sister Scholastica, on the very spot, it is said, where he threw down the altar of Apollo. In the seventh century, however, some of his remains were dug up, brought to France, and placed in the abbey of Fleury, from which circumstance it took the name of St. Benoit, on the Loire. After his death his disciples spread themselves abroad over the continent and founded monasteries of his name and rule. Placidus became a martyr, and was canonized; Maurus founded a monastery in France, was also introduced to England, and from his canonized name, St. Maurus, springs one of the oldest English names St. Maur, Seymaur, or Seymour.

Divesting this narrative of its legendary accompaniments, and judging of St. Benedict—the man by the subsequent success of his work, and the influence of his genius upon the whole mechanism of European monasticism, and even upon the destinies of a later civilization, we are compelled to admit that he must have been a man whose intellect and character were far in advance of his age. By instituting the vow of labour, that peculiarity in his rule which we shall presently examine more fully, he struck at the root of the evils attending the monasticism of his times, an evil which would have ruined it as an institution in the fifth century, had he not interposed, and an evil which in the sixteenth century alone caused its downfall in England, where monasticism, blinded by its wealth, and infatuated with its power, reverted to the very order of things which

greeted the advent of its great reformer; and in spite of the uprising of the mendicant orders, who, threatened by their simplicity to imperil its existence, but ultimately fell into the same snare, in spite of the terrible warning of a Lollard insurrection, never thoroughly suppressed, sunk into imbecility under the weight of its own wealth, and fell an easy victim to the first political necessity.

Before proceeding to examine the rule upon which all the greatness of the Benedictine order was based, it will be necessary to mention the two earliest mission efforts of the order. The first was conducted under the immediate direction of St. Benedict himself, who in the year 534 sent Placidus, with two others, Gordian and Donatus, into Sicily, to erect a monastery upon land which Tertullus, the father of Placidus had given to St. Benedict. Shortly after the death of the saint, Innocent, bishop of Mans, in France, sent Flodegarde, his archdeacon, and Hardegarde, his steward, to ask for the assistance of some monks of St. Benedict's monastery, for the purpose of introducing the order into France. St. Maurus was selected for the mission, and, accompanied by Simplicius, Constantinian, Antony, and Faustus, he set out from Monte Cassino, and arrived in France the latter end of the year 543; but to their great consternation, upon reaching Orleans, they were told that the bishop of Mans was dead, and another hostile to their intentions had succeeded him. They then bent their steps towards Anjou, where they founded the monastery of Glanfeuil, from whose cloisters issued the founders of nearly all the Benedictine institutions in France. From these two centres radiated that mighty influence which we shall now proceed to examine.

As we have in a former paper sketched the internal structure of the monastery, we will before going further fill each compartment with its proper officers, people the whole monastery with its subjects, and then examine the law which kept them together.

The Abbot was of course the head and ruler of the little kingdom, and when that officer died the interval between his death and the installation of his successor was beautifully called

the "widowhood of the monastery." The appointment was considered to rest with the king, though the Benedictine rule enjoined a previous election by the monks and then the royal sanction. This election was conducted in the chapter-house: the prior who acted as abbot during the time the mitre was vacant summoned the monks at a certain hour, the licence to elect was then read, the hymn of the Holy Ghost sung, all who were present and had no vote were ordered to leave, the licence was repeated—three scrutators took the votes separately, and the chanter declared the result—the monks then lifted up the elect on their shoulders, and, chanting the *Te Deum*, carried him to the high altar in the church where he lay whilst certain prayers were said over him; they then carried him to the vacant apartments of the late abbot which were thrown open, and where he remained in strict seclusion until the formal and magnificent ceremony of installation was gone through. In the meantime the aspect of the monastery was changed, the signs of mourning were laid aside, the bells which had been silent were once more heard, the poor were again admitted and received relief, and preparations were at once commenced for the installation. Outside also there was a commotion for the peasantry, and in fact all the neighbourhood joined in the rejoicings.

The immense resources of the refectory were taxed to their utmost, for the installation of the Lord Abbot was a feast, and to it were invited all the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood. On the day of the ceremony the gate of the great church was thrown open, to admit all who were to witness the solemn ceremony; and as soon as the bells had ceased, the procession began to move from the cloisters, headed by the Prior, who was immediately followed by the priests of the divine office, clad in their gorgeous ceremonial robes—then followed the monks, in scapulary and cowed tunic, and last of all the lay brethren and servants—the newly elect and two others who were to officiate in his installation remained behind, as they were not to appear until later. The Prior then proceeded to say Mass, and just before the Gospel was read there was a pause,

during which the organ broke out into strains of triumphant music, and the newly chosen Abbot with his companions were seen to enter the church, and walk slowly up the aisle towards the altar. As they approached they were met by the Prior (or the Bishop, if the abbey were in the jurisdiction of one), who then read the solemn profession, to which the future Abbot responded: the Prior and the elect then prostrated themselves before the high altar, in which position they remained, whilst litanies and prayers were chanted; after the Litany the Prior arose, stood on the highest step of the altar, and whilst all were kneeling in silence, pronounced the words of the benediction: then all arose, and the Abbot received from the hands of the Prior the rule of the order and the pastoral staff; a hymn was sung, and after the Gospel the Abbot communicated, and retired with his two attendants, to appear again in the formal ceremony of introduction. During his absence the procession was re-formed by the cantor, and, at a given signal, proceeded down the choir to meet the new Abbot, who re-appeared at the opposite end barefooted, in token of humility, and clad no longer in the simple habit of a monk, but with the Abbot's rich dalmatic, the ring on his finger, and a glittering mitre of silver, ornamented with gold, on his brow. As soon as he had entered he knelt for a few moments in prayer upon a carpet, spread on the upper step of the choir; when he arose he was formally introduced as the Lord High Abbot, led to his stall, and seated there with the pastoral staff in his hand. The monks then advanced, according to seniority, and kneeling before him, gave him the kiss of peace, first upon the hand, and afterwards when rising, upon the mouth. When this ceremony was over, amid the strains of the organ and the uplifted voices of the choir, the newly proclaimed arose, marched through the choir in full robes, and carrying the pastoral staff, entered the vestiary, and then proceeded to divest himself of the emblems of his office. The service was concluded, the Abbot returned to his apartments, the convent to the cloisters, the guests to prepare for the feast, and the widowhood of the abbey was over. The sway of the

Abbot was unlimited—they were all sworn to obey him implicitly, and he had it in his power to punish delinquents with penances, excommunication, imprisonment, and in extreme cases with corporal punishment—he ranked as a peer, was styled “My Lord Abbot,” and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries kept an equal state, and lived as well as the king on the throne: some of them had the power of conferring the honour of knighthood, and the monarch himself could not enter the monastery without permission. The next man in office to the Abbot was the Prior,\* who, in the absence of his superior, was invested with full powers; but on other occasions his jurisdiction was limited—in some monasteries he was assisted by sub-priors, in proportion to the size of the institution and number of its inmates. After the Prior in rank came the precentor or chantor, an office only given to a monk who had been brought up in the monastery from a child. He had the supervision of the choral service, the writing out the tables of divine service for the monks, the correction of mistake in chaunting, which he led off from his place in the centre of the choir; he distributed the robes at festivals, and arranged processions. The cellarer was intrusted with the food, drink, &c., of the monastery, also with the mazers or drinking cups of the monks, and all other vessels used in the cellar, kitchen, and refectory; he had to attend at the refectory table, and collect the spoons after dinner. The treasurer had charge of the documents, deeds, and moneys belonging to the monastery; he received the rents, paid all the wages and expenses, and kept the accounts. The sacristan’s duties were connected with the church; he had to attend to the altar, to carry a lantern before the priest, as he went from the altar to the lecturn, to cause the bell to be rung; he took charge of all the sacred vessels in use, prepared the host, the

wine, and the wafers. The almoner’s duty was to provide the monks with mats or hassocks† for their feet in the church, also matting in the chapter-house, cloisters, and dormitory stairs; he was to attend to the poor, and distribute alms amongst them, and in the winter warm clothes and shoes. After the monks had retired from the refectory, it was his duty to go round and collect any drink left in the mazers to be given away to the poor. The kitchener was filled by a different monk every week in turn, and he had to arrange what food was to be cooked, go round to the infirmary, visit the sick, and provide for them, and superintend the labours of his assistants. The infirmarer had care of the sick; it was his office to administer to their wants, to give them their meals, to sprinkle holy water on their beds every night, after the service of compline. A person was generally appointed to this duty, who, in case of emergency, was competent to receive the confession of a sick man. The porter was generally a grave monk of mature age; he had an assistant to keep the gate when he delivered messages, or was compelled to leave his post. The chamberlain’s business was to look after the beds, bedding, and shaving-room, to attend to the dormitory windows, and to have the chambers swept, and the straw of the beds changed once every year, and under his supervision was the tailory where clothes, &c., were made and repaired. There were other offices connected with the monastery, but these were the principal, and next to these came the monks who formed the convent with the lay brethren and novices. If a child were dedicated to God, by being sent to a monastery, his parents were required to swear that he would receive no portion of fortune, directly or indirectly; if a mature man presented himself, he was required to abandon all his possessions, either to his family or to

\* Heads of priories were priors also, but they were equally subject to their respective abbeyes.

† It is worthy of remark, just at this point, that Tischendorf, after many weary wanderings and fruitless searches for the codex Sinaiticus of the N. Test., found it recently in an eastern monastery, not cherished up in the library, nor the scriptorium, but in use by these precious monks, for hassocks in the church, and it was only after vigorous negotiation; and let us hope a supply of the softest British manufacture, that this valuable authority upon the sacred text was parted with.

the monastery itself, and then to enter as a novitiate. In order to make this as trying as possible, the Benedictine rule enjoined that no attention should be at first paid to an applicant, that the door should not be even opened to him for four or five days, to test his perseverance. If he continued to knock, then he was to be admitted to the guests' house, and after more delay to the novitiate, where he was submitted to instruction and examination. Two months were allowed for this test, and if satisfactory, the applicant had the rule read to him, which reading was concluded with the words used by St. Benedict himself, and already quoted:—"This is the law under which thou art to live, and to strive for salvation. If thou canst observe it, enter; if not, go in peace, thou art free." The novitiate lasted one year, and during this time the rule was read and the question put thrice. If at the end of that time the novice remained firm, he was introduced to the community in the church, made a declaration of his vows in writing, placed it on the altar, threw himself at the feet of the brethren, and from that moment was a monk. The rule which swayed this mass of life, wherever it existed, in a Benedictine monastery, and indirectly the monasteries of other orders, which are only modifications of the Benedictine system, was sketched out by that solitary hermit of Subiaco. It consists of seventy-three chapters, which contain a code of laws regulating the duties between the Abbot and his monks, the mode of conducting the divine services, the administration of penalties and discipline, the duties of monks to each other, and the internal economy of the monastery, the duties of the institution towards the world outside, the distribution of charity, the kindly reception of strangers, the laws to regulate the actions of those who were compelled to be absent or to travel; in fine, everything which could pertain to the administration of an institution composed of an infinite variety of characters subjected to one absolute ruler. It has elicited the admiration of the learned and good of all subsequent ages, though it reads like a sad reproach to the monasticism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It begins with the simple sentence:—

"Listen, O son, to the precepts of the master! Do not fear to receive the counsel of a good father, and to fulfil it fully, that thy laborious obedience may lead thee back to Him from whom disobedience and weakness have alienated thee. To thee, whoever thou art, who renoucest thine own will to fight under the true King, the Lord Jesus Christ, and takest in hand the valiant and glorious weapons of obedience, are my words at this moment addressed." The first words, "Ausculta, O fili!" are often to be seen inscribed on a book placed in the hands of St. Benedict, in paintings and stained glass. The preamble contains the injunction of the two leading principles of the rule; all the rest is detail, marvelously thorough and comprehensive. These two grand principles were obedience and labour—the former became absorbed in the latter, for he speaks of that also as a species of labour—"Obedientiæ laborem;" but the latter was the genius, the master-spirit of the whole code. There was to be labour, not only of contemplation, in the shape of prayer, worship, and self-discipline, to nurture the soul, but labour of action, vigorous, healthy, bodily labour, with the pen in the scriptorium, with the spade in the fields, with the hatchet in the forest, or with the trowel on the walls. Labour of some sort there must be daily, but no idleness: that was branded as "the enemy of the soul"—"*Otiositas inimica est animæ.*" It was enjoined with all the earnestness of one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the great Master, who said, "Work whilst it is yet day, for the night cometh, when no man shall work;" who would not allow the man he had restored to come and remain with him, that is, to lead the life of religious contemplation, but told him to "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee?" That is the life of religious activity. The error of the early monasticism was the making it solely a life of contemplation. Religious contemplation and religious activity must go together. In the contemplation the Christian acquires strength, in the activity he uses that strength for others; in the activity he is made to feel his weak-

ness, and driven to seek for aid in contemplation and prayer. Nowhere does our Saviour enjoin a life of mere contemplation; but in the instance quoted, the refusal of this man's prayer directly discountenances it. His own life was a blending of the two; it was occasionally contemplative, but mostly active. Though he did sometimes retire from a noisy, hostile world, which reviled and persecuted him, to the mountain top, the desert, the wilderness for contemplation and prayer, yet how small a proportion does it bear to that active life of benevolence, preaching, reasoning, and wandering along the wearying roads, scattering the blessings of health and peace as he went, by the wayside, in the villages, and through the wholelength and breadth of Palestine.

But, besides being based upon Divine authority and example, this injunction of labour was formed upon a clear insight into, and full appreciation of one of the most subtle elements of our constitution. It is this, that without labour no man can live; exist he may, but not live. This is one of the great mysteries of life—its greatest mystery; and its most emphatic lesson, which, if men would only learn it would be one great step towards happiness, or at least towards that highest measure of happiness attainable below. If we can only realize this fact in the profundity of its truth, we shall have at once the key to half the miseries and anomalies which beset humanity. Passed upon man, in the first instance, by the Almighty as a curse, yet it carried in it the germ of a blessing, pronounced upon him as a sentence of punishment, yet there lurked in the chastisement the Father's love. Turn where we may, to the pages of bygone history or to the unwritten page of everyday life, from the gilded saloons of the noble to the hut of the peasant, we shall find this mysterious law working out its results with the unerring precision of a fundamental principle of nature. Where men obey that injunction of labour, no matter what their station, there is in the act the element of happiness, and wherever men avoid that injunction there is always the shadow of the unfulfilled curse darkening their path. This is the great clue to the balance of com-

pensation between the rich and the poor. The rich man has no urgent need to labour; his wealth provides him with the means of escape from the injunction, and there is to be found in that man's life, unless he, in some way, with his head or with his hands, works out his measure of the universal task, a dissonance and a discord, a something which, in spite of all his wealth and all his luxury, corrupts and poisons his whole existence. It is a truth which cannot be ignored—no man who has studied life closely has failed to notice it, and no merely rich man lives who has not felt it and would not confess to its truth, if the question were pressed upon him. But in the case of the man who works, there is in his daily life the element of happiness, cares flee before him, and all the little caprices and longings of the imagination—those gad-flies which torment the idle—are to him unknown. He fulfils the measure of life; and whatever his condition, even if destitute in worldly wealth, we may be assured that the poor man has great compensations, and if he sat down with the rich man to count up grievances would check off a less number than his wealthier brother. Whatever his position man should labour diligently, if poor he should labour and he may become rich, and if rich he should labour still, that all the evils attendant upon riches may disappear. Pure health steals over the body, the mind becomes clear, and the little miseries of life, the petty grievances, the fantastic wants, the morbid jealousies, the wasting weariness, and the terrible sense of vacuity which haunt the life of one-half of the rich in the world, all flee before the talisman of active labour; nor should we be discouraged by failure, for it is better to fail in action than to do nothing. After all, what is commonly called failure we shall find to be not altogether such if we examine more closely. We set out upon some action or engagement, and after infinite toil we miss the object of that action or engagement, and they say we have failed, but there is consolation in this incontrovertible fact, that although we may have missed the particular object towards which our efforts have been directed, yet we have not altogether failed. There are many colla-



teral advantages attendant upon exertion which may even be of greater importance than the attainment of the immediate object of that exertion, so that it is quite possible to fail wholly in achieving a certain object and yet make a glorious success. Half the achievements of life are built up on failures, and the greater the achievement the greater evidence it is of persistent combat with failure. The student devotes his days and nights to some intellectual investigation, and though he may utterly fail in attaining to the actual object of that search, yet he may be drawn into some narrow diverging path in the wilderness of thought which may lead him gradually away from his beaten track on to the broad open light of discovery. The navigator goes out on the broad ocean in search of unknown tracts of land, and though he may return, after long and fruitless wanderings, yet in the voyages he has made he has acquired experience, and may, perchance, have learned some fact or thing which will prove the means of saving him in the hour of danger. Those great luminaries of the intellectual firmament—men who devoted their whole lives to investigate—search, study, and think for the elevation and good of their fellows, have only succeeded after a long discipline of failure, but by that discipline their powers have been developed, their capacity of thought expanded, and the experience gradually acquired which at length brought success. There is, then, no total failure to honest exertion, for he who diligently labours must in some way reap. It is a lesson often reiterated in Apostolic teaching that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth;" and the truth of that lesson may be more fully appreciated by a closer contemplation of life, more especially this phenomenon of life in which we see the Father's love following close upon the heels of his chastisement. The man who works lives, but he who works not lives but a dying and a hopeless life.

That vow of labour infused new vitality into the inert mass of monkhood, and instead of living as they had hitherto done upon the charity of the public, of peasants overawed by the tale of some miraculous vision, or the exhibition of some saintly

relic—the mere pensioners of superstitution, they soon began, not only to support themselves, but to take the poor of their neighbourhood under their own especial protection. Whenever the Benedictines resolved on building a monastery, they chose the most barren, deserted spot they could find, often a piece of land long regarded as useless, and therefore frequently given without a price, then they set to work, cleared a space for their buildings, laid their foundations deep in the earth, and by gradual but unceasing toil, often with their own hands, alternating their labour with their prayers, they reared up those stately abbeys which still defy the ravages of age. In process of time the desert spot upon which they had settled underwent a complete transformation—a little world populous with busy life, sprung up in its midst, and far and near in its vicinity, the briers were cleared away—the hard soil broken up—gardens and fields laid out, and soon the land, cast aside by its owners as useless, bore upon its fertile bosom flowers, fruit, corn in all the rich exuberance of heaven's blessing upon man's toil—plenty and peace smiled upon the whole scene—its halls were vocal with the voice of praise and the incense of charity arose to heaven from its altars. They came upon the scene poor and friendless—they made themselves rich enough to become the guardians of the poor and friendless; and the whole secret of their success, the magic by which they worked these miracles was none other than that golden rule of labour instituted by the penetrating intellect of their great Founder: simple and only secret of all success in this world, now and ever—work—absolute necessity to real life, and united with faith, one of the elements of salvation.

Before we advance to the consideration of the achievements of the Benedictine Order, we wish to call attention to a circumstance which has seldom, if ever, been dwelt upon by historians, and which will assist us in estimating the influence of monachism upon the embryo civilization of Europe.

It is a remarkable fact that two great and renowned phases of life existed in the world parallel to each

other, and went out by natural decay, just at the same period; chivalry and monasticism. The latter was of elder birth, but, as in the reign of Henry VIII., England saw the last of monasticism, so amid some laughter, mingled with a little forced seriousness, did she see the man who was overturning that old system, vainly endeavouring to revive the worn-out paraphernalia of chivalry. The jousts and tournaments of Henry's time were the sudden flashing up of that once brilliant life, before its utter extinction. Both had been great things in the world—both had done great things, and both have left traces of their influence upon modern society and modern refinement which have not yet been obliterated, and perhaps never will be. It may then be interesting and instructive, if we were to endeavour to compare the value of each by the work it did in the world. The origin of monasticism we have already traced; that of chivalry requires a few comments. Those who go to novels and romances for their history, have a notion that chivalry existed only in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, the periods chosen for the incidents of those very highly-coloured romances which belong to that order of writing. There is also a notion that it sprung out of the Crusades, which, instead of being its origin, were rather the result of the system itself. The real origin of chivalry may be fairly traced to that period when the great empire of the West was broken up and subdivided by the barbarians of the North. Upon the ruins of that empire chivalry arose naturally. The feudal system was introduced, each petty state had a certain number of vassals, commanded by different chiefs, on whose estates they lived, and to whom they swore fealty in return for their subsistence; these again looked up to the king as head.

By-and-by, as the new form of life fell into working order, it became evident that these chiefs, with their vassals, were a power in themselves, and by combination might interfere with, if not overthrow, the authority of the king himself. Their continued quarrels amongst themselves was the only protection the king had against them, but gradually that ceased, and

a time came when there was no occupation for the superfluous valour of the country; retainers lay about castle-yards in all the mischief of idleness, drunken and clamorous; the kings not yet firmly seated on their thrones looked about for some current into which they might divert this dangerous spirit. The condition of things in the states themselves was bad enough, the laws were feebly administered; it was vain for injured innocence to appeal against the violence of power; the sword was the only lawgiver, and strength the only opinion. Women were violated with impunity, houses burned, herds stolen, and even blood shed without any possibility of redress for the injured. This state of things was the foundation of chivalry. Instinctively led, or insidiously directed to it, strong men began to take upon themselves the honour of redressing grievances, the injured woman found an armed liberator springing up in her defence, captives were rescued by superior force, injuries avenged, and the whole system—by the encouragement of the petty kings who saw in this rising feeling a vent for the idle valour they so much dreaded—soon consolidated itself, was embellished and made attractive by the charm of gallantry, and the rewards accorded to the successful by the fair ladies who graced the courts. Things went on well, and that dangerous spirit which threatened to overturn royalty now became its greatest ornament. In process of time it again outgrew its work, and with all the advantages of organization and flatteries of success, it once more became the terror of the crowned heads of Europe. At this crisis, however, an event occurred which, in all probability, though it drained Europe of half her manhood, saved her from centuries of bloodshed and anarchy; that event was the banishment of the Christians and the taking of Jerusalem by the Saracens. Here was a grand field for the display of chivalry. Priestly influence was brought to bear upon the impetuous spirits of these chevaliers, religious fervour was aroused, and the element of religious enthusiasm infused into the whole organization; fair ladies bound the cross upon the breasts of their champions, and bid them go and fight

under the banners of the Mother of God. The whole Continent fired up under the preaching of Peter the Hermit; all the rampant floating chivalry of Europe was aroused, flocked to the standards of the Church, and banded themselves together in favour of this Holy War; whilst the Goth, the Vandal, and the Lombard, sitting on their tottering thrones, encouraged by every means in their power this diversion of the prowess they had so much dreaded, and began to see in the troubles of Eastern Christianity a fitting point upon which to concentrate the fighting material of Europe out of their way until their own position was more thoroughly consolidated. The Crusades, however, came to an end in time, and Europe was once more deluged with bands of warriors who came trooping home from eastern climes charged with new ideas, new traditions, and filled with martial ardour. But now the Goth, the Vandal and the Lombard had made their position secure, and the knights and chieftains fell back naturally upon their old pursuit of chivalry, took up arms once more in defence of the weak and injured against the strong and oppressive. That valour which had fought foot to foot with the swarthy Saracen, had braved the pestilence of eastern climes and the horrors of eastern dungeons, soon enlisted itself in the more peaceable lists of the joust and tournament, and went forth under the inspiration of a mistress's love-knot to do that work which we material moderns consign to the office of a magistrate and the arena of a quarter sessions.

It was in this later age of chivalry when the religious element had blended with it, and it was dignified with the traditions of religious championship, that the deeds were supposed to be done which form the subject of those wonderful romances;—that was more properly the perfection of the institution; its origin lay, as we have seen, much further back.

As regards the difference between the work and influence of chivalry and monasticism, it is the same which always must exist between the physical and the moral—the one was a material and the other was a spiritual force. The orders of chivalry included all the physical strength of the coun-

try, its active material; but the monastery included all its spiritual power and thinking material. Chivalry was the instrument by which mighty deeds were done, but the intellect which guided, directed, and in fact used that instrument was developed and matured in the seclusion of the cloister. By the adoption of a stringent code of honour as regards the plighted word, and a gallant consideration towards the vanquished and weak, chivalry did much towards the refinement of social intercommunication and assuaging the atrocities of warfare. By the adoption, also, of a gentle bearing and respectful demeanour towards the opposite sex, it elevated woman from the obscurity in which she lay, and placed her in a position where she could exercise her softening influence upon the rude customs of a half-formed society; but we must not forget that the gallantry of chivalry was, after all, but a glossing over with the splendours of heroism the excrescences of a gross licentiousness—a licentiousness which mounted to its crisis in the polished gallantry of the Court of Louis XIV. Monasticism did more for woman than chivalry. It was all very well for *preux chevaliers* to go out and fight for the honour of a woman's name whom they had never seen: but we find that when they were brought into contact with woman they behaved with like ruthless violence to her whatever her station may have been, no matter whether she was the pretty daughter of the herdsman, or the wife of some neighbouring baron, she was seized by violence, carried off to some remote fortress, violated and abandoned. Monasticism did something better: it provided her when she was no longer safe, either in the house of her father or her husband, with an impregnable shelter against the licentious pursuit of these *preux chevaliers*; it gave her a position in the Church equal to their own; she might become the Prioress or the Lady Abbess of her convent; she was no longer the sport and victim of chivalrous licentiousness, but a pure and spotless handmaiden of the Most High—a fellow-servant in the Church, where she was honoured with equal position, and rewarded with equal dignities—a far better thing this than chivalry, which broke skulls in honour of her name,

whilst it openly violated the sanctity of her person. It may be summed up in a sentence. Monasticism worked long and silently at the foundation and superstructure of society, whilst chivalry laboured at its decoration.

When we mention the fact that the history of the mere literary achievements of the Benedictine Order fills four large quarto volumes, printed in double columns, it will be readily understood how impossible it is to give anything like an idea of its general work in the world in the space of a short summary. That book, written by Zeigelbauer, and called "*Historia Rei Literariæ Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*," contains a short biography of every monk belonging to that order who had distinguished himself in the realms of literature, science, and art. Then comes Don Johannes Mabillon, with his ponderous work, "*Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*." These two authorities give a minute history of that marvellous institution, of whose glories we can only offer a faint outline.

The Benedictines, after the death of their founder, steadily prospered, and as they prospered, sent out missionaries to preach the truth amongst the nations then plunged in the depths of paganism. It has been estimated that they were the means of converting upwards of thirty countries and provinces to the Christian faith. They were the first to overturn the altars of the heathen deities in the north of Europe; they carried the Cross into Gaul, into Saxony and Belgium; they placed that Cross between the abject misery of serfdom and the cruelty of feudal violation; between the beasts of burden and the beasts of prey—they proclaimed the common kinship of humanity in Christ the Elder Brother.

Strange to say, some of its most distinguished missionaries were natives of our own country. It was a Scottish monk, St. Ribanus, who first preached the Gospel in Franconia—it was an English monk, St. Wilfred, who did the same in Friesland and Holland in the year 683, but with little success—it was an Englishman, St. Swibert, who carried the Cross to Saxony, and it was from the lips of another Englishman, St. Ulfred, that Sweden first heard the Gospel—it was an Englishman and a Devonshire

man, St. Boniface, who laid aside his mitre, put on his monk's dress, converted Germany to the truth, and then fell a victim to the fury of the heathen Frieslanders, who slaughtered him in cold blood. Four Benedictine monks carried the light of truth into Denmark, Sweden, and Gothland, sent there in the ninth century by the Emperor Ludovicus Pius. Gascony, Hungary, Lithuania, Russia, Pomerania, are all emblazoned on their banners as victories won by them in the fight of faith; and it was to the devotion of five martyr monks, who fell in the work, that Poland traces the foundation of her Church.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of Christianity, that in its earliest stage—the first phase of its existence—its tendency was to elevate peasants to the dignity of Apostles, but in its second stage it reversed its operations and brought kings from their thrones to the seclusion of the cloister—humbled the great ones of the earth to the dust of penitential humility. Up to the fourth century Christianity was a terrible struggle against principalities and powers: then a time came when principalities and powers humbled themselves at the foot of that cross whose followers they had so cruelly persecuted. The innumerable martyrdoms of the first four centuries of its career were followed by a long succession of royal humiliations, for, during the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, in addition to what took place as regards other orders, no less than ten emperors and twenty kings resigned their crowns and became monks of the Benedictine Order alone. Amongst this band of great ones the most conspicuous are the Emperors Anastasius, Theodosius, Michael, Theophilus, and Ludovicus Pius. Amongst the kings are Sigismund of Burgundy, Cassimir of Poland, Bamba of Spain, Childeric and Theodoric of France, Sigisbert of Northumberland, Ina of the West Saxons, Veremunde of Castille, Pepin of Italy, and Pipin of Aquitaine. Adding to these, their subsequent acquisitions, the Benedictines claim up to the 14th century the honour of enrolling amongst their number twenty emperors and forty-seven kings: twenty sons of emperors and forty-eight sons of kings—amongst whom were

Drogus, Pipin, and Hugh, sons of Charlemagne; Lothair and Carlomen, sons of Charles; and Fredericq, son of Louis III. of France. As nuns of their order they have had no less than ten empresses and fifty queens, including the Empresses Zoë Euphrosyne, St. Cunegunda, Agnes, Augusta, and Constantina; the Queens Batilda of France, Elfreda of Northumberland, Sexburga of Kent, Ethelberga of the West Saxons, Ethelreda of Mercia, Ferasia of Toledo, Maud of England. In the year 1290 the Empress Elizabeth took the veil with her daughters Agnes, Queen of Hungary, and the Countess Cueba; also, Anne, Queen of Poland, and Cecily, her daughter. In the wake of these crowned heads follow more than one hundred princesses, daughters of kings and emperors. Five Benedictine nuns have attained literary distinction—Rosinda, St. Elizabeth, St. Hildegardis, whose works were approved of by the Council of Treves, St. Hiltrudis, and St. Metilda.

For the space of 239 years 1 month and 26 days the Benedictines governed the Church in the shape of 48 popes chosen from their order, most prominent among whom was Gregory the Great, through whose means the rule was introduced into England. Four of these pontiffs came from the original monastery of Monte Cassino, and three of them quitted the throne and resumed the monastic life—Constantin II., Christopher I., and Gregory XII. Two hundred cardinals had been monks in their cloisters—they produced seven thousand archbishops, 15,000 bishops, fifteen of whom took off their mitres, resumed their monks' frock, and died in seclusion; 15,000 abbots, 4,000 saints. They established in different countries altogether 37,000 monasteries, which sent out into the world upwards of 15,700 monks, all of whom attained distinction as authors of books or scientific inventors. Rabanus established the first school in Germany. Alcuin founded the University of Paris, where 30,000 students were educated at one time, and whence issued to the honour of England, St. Thomas à Becket, Robert of Melun, Robert White, made cardinal by Celestine II., Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman ever made Pope, who filled the chair under the title of

Adrian IV., and John of Salisbury, whose writings give us the best description of the learning both of the university and the times. Theodore and Adrian, two Benedictine monks, revived the University of Oxford, which Bede, another of the order, considerably advanced. It was in the obscurity of a Benedictine monastery that the musical scale or gamut—the very alphabet of the greatest refinement of modern life—was invented, and Guido D'Arezzo, who wrested this secret from the realms of sound, was the first to found a school of music. Sylvester invented the organ, and Dionysius Exiguus perfected the Ecclesiastical Computation.

England in the early periods of her history contributed upwards of a hundred sons to this band of immortals, the most distinguished of whom we will just enumerate—St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, whose life Bede has written, and whose "Ordinationes" and "De Vita Monastica," have reached to our times. St. Benedict Biscop, the founder of the monasteries of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Wearmouth and Jarrow, a nobleman by birth, and a man of extraordinary learning and ability, to whom England owes the training of the father of her ecclesiastical history, the Venerable Bede. St. Aldhelm, nephew of King Ina, St. Wilfrid, St. Brithwald, a monk of Glastonbury, elevated to the dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury, which he held over thirty-seven years. His works which have come down to us are a "Life of St. Egwin, Bishop of Worcester," and the "Origin of the Monastery of Evesham." Tatwin who succeeded him in the archbishopric. Bede the Venerable, who was skilled in all the learning of the times, and in addition to Latin and Greek, was versed in Hebrew; he wrote an immense number of works, many of which are lost, but the best known are the greater portion of the "Saxon Chronicle," which was continued after his death as a national record; and his "Ecclesiastical History," which gives to England a more compendious and valuable account of her early Church than has fallen to the lot of any other nation. He was also one of the earliest translators of the Scriptures, and even on his death-bed dictated to a scribe

almost up to the final moment ; when the last struggle came upon him he had reached as far as the words, "But what are they among so many," in the vi. chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the 9th verse. St. Boniface, already alluded to as the Apostle of Germany, was a native of Devonshire. He was made Archbishop of Mentz, but being possessed with an earnest longing to convert the heathen Frieslanders, he retired from his archbishopric, and putting on his monk's dress took with him no other treasure than a book he was very fond of reading, called "*De Bono Mortis*," went amongst these people, who cruelly beat him to death in the year 755 ; and the book stained with his blood was cherished as a sacred relic long after. Alcuin, whom we have already mentioned as the founder of the University of Paris, was a Yorkshireman, and was educated under Bede. He lived to become the friend of Charlemagne, and next to his venerable master was the greatest scholar and divine in Europe ; he died about the year 790. John Asser, a native of Pembrokeshire, is another of these worthies. It is supposed that Alfred endowed Oxford with professors, and settled stipends upon them, under his influence, he being invited to the court of that monarch for his great learning. He wrote a "*Commentary*" upon Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ, the "*Life of King Alfred*," and the "*Annals of Great Britain*." St. Dunstan, a monk of Glastonbury, the best known of all these great Englishmen, died Archbishop of Canterbury ; but as we shall have much to say of him hereafter we pass on to St. Ethelwold, his pupil, also a monk at Glastonbury, distinguished for his learning and piety, for which he was made Abbot of the Monastery of Abingdon, where he died in the year 984. Ingulphus, a native of London, was made Abbot of Croyland, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1075. A history of the abbey over which he presided has been attributed to him, but its authenticity has been gravely disputed. Alfric, a noted grammarian. Florence of Worcester, was another great annalist, who in his "*Chronicon ex Chronicis*," brings the history down to the year 1119, that in which he died ; his book is chiefly valuable as a key to the Saxon Chro-

nicle. William, the renowned monk of Malmesbury, the most elegant of all the monastic Latinists, was born about the time of the Norman Conquest. His history consists of two parts, the "*Gesta Regum Anglorum*," in five books, include the period between the arrival of the Saxons and the year 1120. The "*Historia Novella*," in three books, brings it down to the year 1142. He ranks next to Bede as an historic writer, most of the others being mere compilers and selectors from extant chronicles. He also wrote a work on the history of the English bishops, called "*De Gestis Pontificum Anglorum*," in which he speaks out fearlessly and without sparing : also a treatise on the antiquity of Glastonbury Abbey, "*De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesiæ* ;" his style is most interesting, and he is supposed to have written impartially, separating the improbable from the real, and though given to the general belief prevalent in his time in prodigies and miracles, still gives us what can readily be appreciated as a fair and real picture of the state of things, more especially of the influence and policy of the Norman Court, and the opening of the struggle between the two races. Eadmer was another contemporaneous celebrity with William of Malmesbury ; he was the author of a history of his own times, called "*Historia Novorum sive Sui Seculi*," which is spoken of very highly by William of Malmesbury ; it contains the reigns of William the Conqueror and Rufus, and a portion of that of Henry I., embracing a period extending from 1066 to 1122. Matthew Paris, another historian who lived about the year 1259, closes our selection from the long list of British worthies who were members of the Benedictine Order.

When we reflect that all the other monastic systems, not only of the past, but even of the present day, are but modifications of this same rule, and that it emanated from the brain, and is the embodiment of the genius of the solitary hermit of Monte Cassino, we are lost in astonishment at the magnitude of the results which have sprung from so simple an origin. That St. Benedict had any presentiment of the future glory of his order, there is no sign in his rule or his life. He was a great and good man, and

he produced that comprehensive rule simply for the guidance of his own immediate followers, without a thought beyond. But it was blessed, and grew and prospered mightily in the world. He has been called by devotees the Moses of a favoured people; and the comparison is not inapt, for he led his Order on up to the very borders of the promised country, and after his death, which, like that of Moses, took place within sight of their goal, they fought their way through the hostile wilds of barbarianism, until those men who had conquered the ancient civilizations of Europe lay at their feet, bound in the fetters of spiritual subjection to the Cross of Christ. The wild races of Scandinavia came pouring down upon Southern Europe in one vast march of extermination, slaying and destroying as they advanced, sending before them the terror of that doom which might be seen in the desolation which lay behind them; but they fell, vanquished by the power of the army of God, who sallied forth in turn to reconquer the world, and fighting, not with the weapons of fire and sword, but, like Christian soldiers, girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, they subdued these wild races, who had crushed the conquerors of the earth, and rested not until they had stormed the stronghold, and planted the cross triumphantly upon the citadel of an ancient paganism. Time rolled on, and the gloom of a long age of darkness fell upon a world whose glory lay buried under Roman ruins. Science had gone, literature had vanished, art had flown, and men groped about in vain in that dense darkness for one ray of hope to cheer them in their sorrow. The castle of the powerful baron rose gloomily above them, and with spacious moat, dense walls, and battlemented towers, frowned ominously upon the world which lay abject at its feet. In slavery men were born, and in slavery they lived. They pandered to the licentiousness and violence of him who held their lives in his hands, and fed them only to fight and fall at his bidding. But far away from the castle there arose another building, massive, solid, and strong, not frowning with battlemented towers, nor isolated by broad moats,

but with open gates and a hearty welcome to all comers stood the monastery, where lay the hope of humanity, as in a safe asylum. Behind its walls was the church, and clustered around it the dwelling-places of those who had left the world, and devoted their lives to the service of that Church, and the salvation of their souls. Far and near in its vicinity the land bore witness to assiduous culture and diligent care, bearing on its fertile bosom the harvest hope of those who had laboured, which the heavens watered, the sun smiled upon, and the winds played over, until the heart of man rejoiced, and all nature was big with the promise of increase. This was the refuge to which religion and art had fled. In the quiet seclusion of its cloisters, science laboured at its problems and perpetuated its results, uncheered by applause, and stimulated only by the pure love of the pursuit. Art toiled in the Church, and whole generations of busy fingers worked patiently at the decoration of the temple of the Most High. The pale, thoughtful monk, upon whose brow genius had set her mark, wandered into the calm retirement of the library, threw back his cowl, buried himself in the study of philosophy, history, or divinity, and transferred his thoughts to vellum, which was to moulder and waste in darkness and obscurity, like himself in his lonely monk's grave, and be read only when the spot where he laboured should be a heap of ruins, and his very name a controversy amongst scholars.

We should never lose sight of this truth, that in this building, when the world was given up to violence and darkness, was garnered up the hope of humanity; and these men who dwelt there in contemplation and obscurity were its faithful guardians; and this was more particularly the case with that great Order whose foundation we have been examining. The Benedictines were the depositaries of learning and the arts; they gathered books together, and reproduced them in the silence of their cells, and they preserved in this way not only the volumes of sacred writ, but many of the works of classic lore. They started Gothic architecture—that matchless union of nature with art—they alone had the secrets of

chemistry and medical science ; they invented many colours ; they were the first architects, artists, glass-stainers, carvers, and mosaic workers in mediæval times. They were the original illuminators of manuscripts, and the first transcribers of books ; in fine they were the writers, thinkers, and workers of a dark age, who wrote for no applause, thought with no encouragement, and worked for no reward. Their power, too, waxed mighty ; kings trembled before their denunciations of tyranny, and in the hour of danger fled to their altars for safety ; and it was an English king who made a pilgrimage to their shrines, and prostrate at the feet of five Benedictine monks, bared his back, and submitted himself to be scourged as a penance for his crimes. It was a mighty system, and did good work in the world, as we have endeavoured to show ; but it went the way of all human things and human institutions ; it became intoxicated with its power, blinded with its own splendour, and corrupted by its own wealth ; its abbots grew avaricious, its monks voluptuous ; they lost their noble simplicity, the golden rule of their founder existed no longer in the activity of their husbandmen, their scholars, and their artists, but was to be found only in the words of the sentences mechanically read in the Chapter-House where they assembled together to debate upon the best means of aggrandizing their power and filling their coffers ; they forgot their glorious traditions, they lost sight of their heavenly commission, they became of the earth, earthy, and its native corruption fastened on them and consumed them ; from being the glory of the world and the triumph of the Church, they sunk into a mockery and a by-word ; a mockery on the

lips of the profane, and a by-word for licentiousness ; they had sold the truth and become a lie, and human nature rose against them, as it always will against a lie ; men grew sick of falsity, and pined after truth ; they pointed with indignant looks at priestly splendour, and spoke with indignant voice of priestly vice ; the storm was long brewing, but it gathered and grew ; daily and hourly the rumble of the distant thunder was heard, but they heeded it not ; the faint flashes of lightning were seen, but they regarded them not, until at length, in one mighty burst, its full and terrible power fell upon them, consumed them as they were, red in their sins and rioting in their wantonness — hurled the stately edifice to the earth, scattered their treasures to the winds, and drove them forth, the degenerate children of a mighty race, fleeing in abject terror before the fury of the tempest. It was not the Reformation which destroyed monasticism—it was not the covetousness of a powerful monarch, nor the fury of a lawless insurrection—but it fell from natural causes and by the operation of natural laws ; it was healthy, active, and vigorous ; it became idle, listless, and extravagant ; it engendered its own corruption, and out of that corruption came Death !

Nearly fourteen hundred years have rolled by since the great man who founded this noble Order died ; and he who in after years compiled the Saxon chronicle, has recorded it in a simple sentence, which, amongst the many doubtful records of that document, we may at least believe, and with which we will conclude the chapter—"This year St. Benedict the Abbot, Father of all Monks, went to Heaven."



## "NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

## CHAPTER XX.—continued.

How disgusted Kate grew with herself, and with the mothers and children; her sole gleam of comfort arising from the fact that a few old women had complained, with feeble senility, of the length of time that had passed since she had been seen by their arm-chairs; had remarked, incidentally, that they had not had a pinch of snuff they did not know when. At about the twenty-first door, a little variety—something that promised a slight difference—a small opening for being benevolent and helpful. When the knuckles gave their customary rap, a grim man came this time to the door, a man in a dirty slop, with hair cut suspiciously short, and a face which seemed from constant companionship, to have become assimilated in expression to the countenance of the bull-dog, which peeped between his legs, frowning with all the wrinkled might of its tawny forehead at the intruder. There was a grim woman belonging to this house too; but she was not trudging about any longer on tired, slatternly feet, in the dreary round of heartless, unrewarded daily work, or the still more dreary soulless pleasures. She was lying prone instead, close to the door, on what, in Bootle-court, they were in the habit of calling, with unconscious irony, a bed. Such a thing, so filthy, so thin-clothed, it seemed a mockery to suppose that weary, aching limbs could get any rest thereon. But she who lay on it was past caring, knowing whether it were filthy or clean, whether it were straw or down; past almost everything: one look told one that, struck down with so sore a sickness, that off that bed would she get up never more at all—never move off it, save to go, feet foremost, in her narrow, thin-walled, deal house, over the threshold, to the corner of the dank town church-yard, where paupers lay rotting so thick together.

"May I come in?" asked Kate, very softly, almost under her breath; for she caught a glimpse beyond the man in the slop, and his bull-dog, into the inside of the poor house.

"I suppose so," returned the man, indifferently; and then he turned his back upon her, and left her.

Kate stepped in, very reverently, over the door-sill; for she felt there was a visitor there before whom we must all needs bow our heads, and hold our breaths. Why was it; from what subtle connexion of thought with thought, of the ideas suggested by the present scene, with some other idea or memory latent in the brain, that when Kate stood by that low bed, looking down earnestly on its occupant—that occupant that was now a person, and would soon be—oh, fearful metamorphosis!—but a thing; why was it that the recollection of her own mother flashed so arrow-swift, so lightning bright, across her? What possible resemblance could there be found between this poor plebeian, with the swollen, debased features, with the coarse, weather-stained, care-wrinkled skin, and her mother, with her patient, saintly face and spirit eyes? What resemblance indeed? Why this, just this one, which struck Kate through and through. She had seen on both the stamp of the valley of the shadow of death. There is that much resemblance between us all. We acknowledge it in words; but we do not often feel it to our heart's core; do not realize how near of kin that ineradicable stain of mortality makes us all.

The wind blew in coldly through a good many chinks, in, over, at the sides of, and under the bottom of the ill-fitting door; blew in, as a winter wind does, and swayed and flapped the coverlet of rags and tatters; but what matter? The woman felt nothing of it, did not shiver or stir at all, she was so occupied with that great business that comes, thank God, but once to us all; that business we shall all have to transact, shudder and kick at it as we may, the business of dying. For forty lagging summers and forty hoar winters she had toiled and laboured; had been kicked, and cuffed, and sworn at; had borne children, and lost them,

and felt too lifeless to cry; had dwelt, and fed, and slept amongst the scum of the people, and had grown scum, too; had done evil, because no one had shown her much how to do good; and now she had come to the end—yes, the very end—the end of the world to her; the few last grains of sand were dribbling out slowly, one by one; the man on the pale horse was drawing very, very near, though no eye could see him, coming to take away this woman with him to her account. Poor, poor, darkened, desolate creature! Surely she shall be beaten with few stripes. Kate did not care a halfpenny about this sick woman; of course she had never set eyes on her before; there was no grief in her heart; but she felt inexpressibly awed and grave. Young people always do; they seem to be so many miles away, at such a safe distance from the great precipice, that they come and peer over the edge of the abyss, with curious inquisitive eyes. Elder people either will not look at all, because it makes them dizzy and sick, or else, in better case, gaze down into its depths, with eyes that faith has made very clear and fearless. If Kate felt awed, she was the only person in the room that did. None of the men who were present, and there were two or three besides the one who had admitted her, seemed to have a scrap of that feeling; they were drinking gin and water, and talking in voices not much lowered from their usual rough pitch. They did not see anything to be awed at, and would have been surprised if they had known it was expected of them. They had seen heaps of people die before now; human lives very often went out, like the snuff of a candle in Bootle-court; they did not see anything out of the way in it; there was nothing very odd or awful in a person "going off the hooks." Everybody did it; they should do it themselves some day; they did not much care how soon. Kate looked round once or twice at them, very indignantly, when their voices rose to a pitch she thought most unseemly, in that chamber; but they were perfectly unaware of her disapprobation; they did not take the smallest notice of her; she would have been very much alarmed if they had. At last, to her great relief, having finished

their gin, they got up, and clumped and stumped out, banging the door behind them. Kate seemed to breathe freer when she was alone; she sat down on the bed and touched one of the hands lying there so useless, nerveless, so utterly, eternally idle. She could do no good there; that was certain—not the least tittle. This sick woman was totally unconscious of her presence; wanted nothing at her hands; no sound could reach those dull ears; no sight could affront those glazing eyes that were closed, and yet not closed. But still Kate sat on there, and the idea of going away never entered her head—sat, with her cloak falling round her, in its warm, scarlet folds, the only bit of colour in that room, where neutral tints held their dingy sway. It seemed so cruel, so heartless, to leave this poor, unknown creature to die all by herself here; it would not be cruel, really; but she could not divest herself of the notion that it was. Folks have an odd idea that it is somehow snugger, more sociable, to die in company, with a fit complement of tear-stained faces round you, than to give your last sigh as a present to solitude. So the odd, deep eyes gleamed softly from under their bright lashes, very solemn and speculative upon the dying face. The passionate southern lips parted one from the other, and trembled as a great many moving thoughts stirred the brain they were the mouthpiece of; and Kate fell into a long pondering, if she was able to do no good to this expiring woman, the woman did some good to her. She furnished a text from which Kate preached herself a very wholesome sermon. What Yorick's skull said to Hamlet, this woman said to Kate. "So she should be just like that some day, lying back like a log, only a log would not pant, and heave, and breathe so loud and stertorously: pant like that! How dreadful! It made her out of breath now to think of it. She would have those awful colours on her face, green, and yellow, and ashy; who would care to kiss her then? And this all would happen, must happen; not possibly, not perhaps, but certainly, undoubtedly. There's one single combat we must all engage in, though we know for a surety that we shall be beaten;

we cannot shirk it, and give Death the game; he will wrestle it out with us. She, too, should some day have the clammy sweat of that appalling duel on her brow; she passed her hand over the low, smooth, forehead as she mused on this, and pitied herself very much, and the poor, pretty face that would have to grow so unsightly. But it must come; it *must*, it *must*. Oh, the desolation of that thought! And what if God should not send her the gift of the dense cloak of insensibility he had sent this woman? What if she should be able to watch her own dissolution, to see the steps of the divorce between the clinging body and the terrified soul? What if she should be able to gaze with horrified despairing eyes down into the gulf she was being forced into so utterly, so fearfully against her will? Life certainly was not so jocund a thing to her as to most young women. She had had one or two very hard blows, blows that had knocked her down so much that she could not hope ever to stand up again quite so upright and firm as she had done before; and though no one was giving her blows now, yet the days somehow lagged, and she did not seem to care much whether it were even or morning, noon or night. But still, however chill and drear life might be, was not it immeasurably bitter than this last dread tussle? How coming into the presence of this tremendous personage, this "spectre with the bony head," did render insignificant all other personages and things whatever! She was not having an interview with him herself either. She was only in the ante-room hearing him hold converse with another; and yet all the sorrows and the interests that had seemed giants exceeding the stature of Goliath of Gath, when she entered that door, had changed all of a sudden into pigmies. Oh God! what did it matter whether one cried or laughed, whether one had fair weather or foul? What mattered any aggregation of evils that could be possibly crowded into one's narrow space? What did anything matter? Of what consequence (she could ever say) was it that on a certain moon dowered June night, while the waves were plashing their caressing lullaby, that dark man with the rough hewn,

strong features, and the lurid, agonized eye, had kissed her, heart brokenly, and bid her go away quickly from him out of his sight? Of what consequence was it that she had lain all along on the yellow sand, and stretched out desolate white arms, and called upon Death to come and take her from a world where there could never be any joy for her any more? It was all grasping at shadows she saw now, neglecting the substance. Looked back on from the high mountain tops of eternity, all life in its length and breadth would seem but a speck, a pin's point. How was it that the tiny bagatelles of time present, from being held so close to the eye, obscured and shut out the huge bulk of things future? Why could not one always feel like this? Why could not one always stay in that state of mind? It was the only right state, the only wholesome state, the only sane state: all other states of mind were nothing but disease and madness. Why was one always like the dog in the fable, dropping the good solid piece of meat into the water, to snatch greedily at the reflection? Why would not things always look the same as they did on a Sunday evening, when one is reading Jeremy Taylor, or some other good book? Why is it so hard to distinguish between what will grow bigger and bigger every day, and will last for ever; and what will each day wax smaller and smaller, and in a few to-morrows will be gone as if it had never been? Why do things not keep their shapes, but are always mazing and puzzling one by their shiftings and windings? Why, why, why? All those questions that people ask themselves, and ask other people, so often, and so seldom get answers to them. Kate went on, sitting there, at the foot of the low bed, not shrinking from the contact with the poor chilling rags, motionless; and the only sound in the room was the heavy stertorous breathing that was going to stop so soon. There she sat, and fell a pondering on life and immortality, or the wonderfulness and inexplicability of the very fact of existence; pondering on a great many deep things, that no pondering on can make very clear to men and women's dim eyes. She might have

gone on sitting there to this day for aught I know, in her complete absorption ; but after a long while she was roused by the door being unlatched and opened by a rough, uncared hand ; and the man who had first received her, the man with hair dressed *à la hulk*, with the countenance that made one think of the ring, the man to whom this "*domus et placens uxor*" appertained, came in and stamped across the bricked floor, heavy footed, not much caring whether he made a noise or not. He did not look particularly pleased at finding Kate there still, and the bulldog apparently also considered her "*de trop*," for he growled in a not very conciliatory manner, and appeared to have his thoughts filled with pinning in general. Kate rose up with great dignity off her low seat as brave as a lion, and faced both dog and man ; she felt boiling with indignation against the latter.

"I'm going," she said, fronting him ; "I see you think I have been here quite long enough ; but I had not the heart to leave your poor wife all by herself here. Are not you ashamed of yourself, letting her die all alone here, and not caring a

bit about it? I wonder how you'll like to be served so yourself."

There she stopped short, and wondered much, and trembled a little at her own boldness. The man shifted uneasily from one leg to the other, knocked one dirty hobnail against the other, and looked uncommonly sheepish. He was not any great monster of iniquity, only an ignorant, big, hulking fellow, who had lived with bad men, and heard bad words, and done bad things, from his earliest youth, and there did not seem to be much natural affection, or any other good thing left in him now. He did look very sheepish now, however, and rather ashamed of himself. So Kate thought ; and with her usual impetuosity, repented of having given him such a large piece of her mind. She fumbled again for the small lean purse, took out the very last shilling, and said, hurriedly—

"Here, I'm afraid, nothing will do her any good now, poor thing! I wish to goodness I had come here before ; but I'll come again to-morrow, and—and—here, take this ;" and she pokes the shilling into his dirty hand, and goes quickly out.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"HELL is paved with good intentions," said some one once, says everybody now ; but I suppose that means intentions that never come to be anything but intentions, that remain fruitless to their last days. Kate certainly did not intend that hers should serve the purpose of macadamizing Hades. And what good resolutions she did make that winter's day in that little squalid court. She would spend a great deal of her time with these poor, wretched people ; would go among them five days a week at least, and they would have to get more civil to her before long ; there could be no doubt of that. She would do such an immense deal of good ; people always did when they put their shoulder really with a will to the wheel. It was evidently the course chalked out for her, now in life, and she would follow it. After all, it was less "flat, stale, and unprofitable" than any other course. She would practise such self-denials. That copy

of "Cowper's Letters" that she had coveted for the last month, lying there in the bookseller's window, in its green cloth covering, might lie there for the next ten years, and get sun-faded, and fly-flecked, for all she would do to rescue it. How valiant she felt, too. Being in the presence of the great King and Lord of all terrors, had made any minor fear or alarm utterly despicable. She did not think anything could frighten her to-day. She would confront all the ticket-of-leave men in London, and not flinch. And then it occurred to her that, at all events, for to-day she had done her duty ; she was getting very tired and cold ; she might go home and enjoy luncheon with a clear conscience ; and that arm-chair by the fire, which she knew would woo her open-armed ; and the old small printed Shakespeare that opened so easily at a good many places. So she turned about, and set her face in the direction of home.

She thought she knew her way perfectly, and remembered every twist and turning of the way she had come; so she took small heed to her steps, but let her feet lead her pretty much where they would, feeling confident they would guide her all right. So she passed along, wrapped up in her own thoughts, in the serious thoughts her day's unwonted labours had suggested. But then, after a while, she caught her foot on a sharp stone and hurt herself, with difficulty saving herself from falling on her face; and that brought her out of her meditations very effectually. She looked round her, and began to reflect that she seemed to have come through more courts, and streets, and back places than she had done before; this place she was in now looked unfamiliar. She had never seen before, she was sure, that dingy red brick building, with J. E. Frickner, Timber Merchant, in big black letters, stuck up upon it. She was perfectly sure she had never seen that before, or she should have remarked that the E was turned the wrong way. How stupid of her to have lost her way; got into the dangerous bad parts of Queenstown, perhaps. Heaven forbid! Another look round; rather an uneasy look, despite the newborn valour. Oh, thank Goodness, that is a comfort. She must be right after all, for there, at the bottom of that lane, runs the street she first diverged from in the morning. So she goes on with a good courage down the lane and into the street; but when she gets there she is rather discomfited by the discovery that it is not the same street after all. It runs parallel to it, and has the same variety of gabled and ungabled, tall and short houses; but it is not the same. It is narrower, darker, dirtier, altogether rather a villanous looking street. Shall she go up or down? Which? A few moments' consideration, and then she sets off down. That direction must bring one to the river, and the river must bring one home in time. She is not frightened, for what harm can happen to her, for it is still broad day; but she is glad that there seem but few people about, and she has no inclination to fall back into her musings. She looks about, indeed, with very wide awake, anxious eyes. Some way on, down

the street, there is a low public-house, standing a little forwards from the other buildings, displaying an effigy which a person of lively imagination and great ingenuity might discover to be intended to represent a pair of keys hanging up across one another. A public-house, with a dingy bow window, and a barmaid with a great many flowers about her head, standing, arms akimbo, at the door. A good many men of a very low class—coal-heavers, bargees, etc., were loafing about, hands in breeches pockets, pipes in mouths, and on their heads those singular coiffures appropriated to their profession, and which are distinguished by the care with which they shade and protect the napes of their delicate necks. Kate had a mortal fear of men of the lower orders generally; it was a standing joke against her; perhaps her great and exaggerated timidity on this score, arose from the fact that a year or two ago a drunken sailor had met her in a lone country road, had stopped her, and made some not over polished joke at her expense, which combined actions had frightened her almost out of her wits. Being stared at, she did not mind a bit; she was quite used to it; every man who met her, from a king to a tinker, would be sure to look twice at her; she did not dislike that; perhaps she would have missed it, if they had not; but of tramps, beggars, common men, generally; she had an absurd and unreasonable horror and fear. She crossed the street now, that she might get further from this idle loafing knot, and marched along with rather a quaking heart, very firm and solemn, looking neither to the right nor the left, trusting then to escape notice. But some star, unfavourable to Kate, was in the ascendant to-day. As I have said, there were but few people in the street, consequently, those men had, unfortunately, not much to look at besides Kate: add to which, that a person of her cut, was a sight not very often beheld in this part of the town. She was sadly noticeable in her enveloping scarlet cloak, full short petticoat, that would sway so as she walked, and little neat-shod tripping feet. Before she gets opposite to the Cross-keys they stop talking, they stare unpleasantly at her; one bargee,

a youngish one, takes his pipe out of his mouth, and prepares to speak. Kate does not look, but somehow knows it, and her heart begins to beat very fast. And then, this delicately facetious remark comes in a great strong loud voice across the road, distinct on the frosty air, to her ears :

"I'll gi'e you a ha'penny for your crinoline, miss." She pretends not to hear ; she takes no notice, and tries to walk faster, without seeming to run. Then there comes a coarse approving *guffaw* from the other men, and the barmaid with the bad brazen face applauds, shrill voiced also. The young bargee's head is turned by the success of his wit, he had not calculated on such approbation ; he does not see now, why he should not pursue it further. So he strides across the road, and quick as the terrified little feet go, he is almost too quick for them. Oh horror ! she sees that in a second he will be before her ; will be standing in front of her, barring the road. In that one terrified moment, she had time for a flash of intense longing for Dare by her side, to knock him down, floor him ; but as no Dare was there, Kate did the best she could for herself. Ridiculous little coward ! on the instant all her fortitude and dignity fled : she thought, for a certainty, that all the dreadful things she had ever heard or read of in books, were going to happen to her. Now the bargee was not a particularly bad sort of fellow in his way. Foul-mouthed certainly, after his kind, and perhaps a shade tipsy ; but for all that, his sole object and intention in the present case was to be funny ! But people's ideas of wit are so exceedingly different, it is a thing that nobody has yet been able to define ; any more than anybody has yet been able to see the wind. Kate's notions of wit were so totally different from his, that she did not even believe that his end and aim was to be witty, and nothing more nor less. Down went the basket of tracts : "Little sinners Breeches" grovelled on its face in the gutter ; "Crumbs for the Pantry" was borne on a light breeze to the shrill-voiced barmaid's feet. Kate gave one short, small species of shriek, took to her heels, and fled for the bare life, as if ten thousand devils were behind her ;

goaded on by the nightmare idea of the big, grimy bargee, following hard upon her tracks. Down one street, up another, along a dark alley, across a court, round a corner, bang up against a woman with a baby in her arms ; down another street, between two startled policemen, whom she did not see, on and on and on, till she was brought up at last ; stopped in her Mazeppan course by very nearly tumbling right over a harmless little gentleman in black clothes, walking orderly along, looking at a book in his hand, and who consequently had not seen the imminent danger that threatened him, and who, by the impetus of her rush, had been sent spinning into the middle of the road.

"Hullo," exclaims the little gentleman, picking himself up, and a good deal surprised, naturally, at the vicissitudes of this life. "Hullo, Kate !" he adds, in accents of vast astonishment, as he discovers the individual who has made him describe this parabolic curve.

"James !" exclaims Kate, in equal surprise, but quite under her breath, for she is completely spent now, with her violent exertions, and she leans against a lamp-post and pants, and the rich carmine that that mad, wild run had brought into her cheeks, ebbed away quicker than it came, leaving her pale, even to the lips ; a fair marble image of fear.

"What on earth has come to you, Kate ? What's frightened you ? Has anything happened ?" asks James, rapidly, in an anxious, concerned voice ; and he goes up to the lamp-post, and takes a small hand that is trembling and shaking like a leaf.

"*Happened !*" repeats Kate, in almost a whisper, still panting hard ; "I should think so indeed. I have been running away, for my life, from a dreadful man. Oh dear, oh dear ! I thought he was close behind me : he's somewhere near, now, I'm sure," and she shuddered, and cast a frightened look around her.

James looked up the street and down the street ; gazed in search of this man, this *bug-a-boo* ; but could see nothing but an old orange woman, at her stall, haggling with a very little boy, and two or three highly respectable personages, evidently occupied entirely and wholly

in their own concerns. Then he brings back his eyes to Kate's face.

"Dreadful man!" he says, in a surprised tone; "what do you mean, Kate? There's no dreadful man in sight, that I can find out, unless I am one myself. Are you quite sure you have not been dreaming?"

"Dreaming!" repeats Kate, with indignation, and she stops, leaning against the lamp-post, and speaks out of breath still, decidedly, but rapid and excited. "Do you mean to say that I dreamt that the great big brute tried to stop me in the road, and said something to me; oh, I do not know what—something horrible. Dreaming, indeed! I don't admire such dreams."

James listens attentively, and is convinced. Then Kate comes quite to herself again; picks up her courage now that there is nothing to test it, and the ludicrous side of the adventure striking her, she begins to laugh.

"Well, I've left them one token of affection; they've got the tract basket to amuse themselves with; all those little good books you covered so nicely. I forgot all about the basket and it slipped, of course, off my arm, and tumbled down—oh dear, what fun—with such a flop on the ground. I should have split laughing, I'm sure, if I had not been in such an awful fright."

"I'm exceedingly vexed that you should have met with such a disagreeable adventure. I should not have thought it the least likely, in broad daylight; it is most annoying—most," says James.

And it seems to be so to him; for his pale white face looks graver and sterner than she had ever seen it before; graver and sterner than one could have imagined such a face could look; but even the great Jewish lawgiver's brows curved into a frown sometimes—the brows of him who was the meekest man upon earth.

"Oh, what does it matter now?" answers Kate, lightly; "something to put in my journal; that's all. You see I'm very well able to take care of myself, by the swiftness of my movements; and I daresay the man only meant to be facetious; only bargee's wit is of the most cumbrous. I was not afraid of anything the moment I saw you," and she smooths her fuzzy

hair, and laughs again at the thought of the scattered tracts.

James felt such a thrill of pleasure when she said that, and immediately felt excessively angry with himself, for what he called his puerile vanity; the cause was so much disproportioned to the effect. He must stop this girl from poisoning him with her sweet, unconscious flattery. He speaks sternly to her, unpleasantly the reverse as he feels.

"Your flattery is too broad, Kate; even I cannot swallow it. Much protection I should have been to you, should not I? Much chance I should have against any bargee that ever was born. You must know that it would be more than ridiculous for any one to come to me for physical help," and he feels, for a moment, a sharp smarting scorn and loathing for his own *puny-ness* of outward make.

"Is it part of your code of religion," asks Kate, gaily, "to snub everybody who is so impertinent as to have a good opinion of you; because, if so, I shall do my best to frustrate your intentions by paying you a series of the prettiest of pretty speeches."

"Don't talk nonsense, Kate," goes on James, not able quite to resist the incense of that pleasant voice, "but tell me what on earth brought you into this bad part of the town; you have been in amongst all these roughs?"

"What brought me?" says Kate, drawing herself up with much assumed dignity; "why, duty, of course, what else? I've been ministering to my sheep, as the Evangelicals would say. There—respect and admire me as much as you please."

"Have you, indeed," asks James; and he allows himself to feel very pleased now. It is a legitimate subject for clerical rejoicing, he thinks. "And how did you get on with them?" he asks, with eager interest. "Oh, very well," answers Kate, without thinking; "at least pretty well; at least middling; they did not seem particularly rejoiced to see me; your people are not very polished, I cannot say. They are of the most boorish; I must say that for them. I don't think they can have any of them paid the extra twopence for manners." "They've not been rude to you, any of them?" asks James,

hastily, feeling a momentary movement of most un-Christian rage and hatred, vaguely, against some one of his remarkably rough flock; showing that, after all, he was a man with blood in his veins, and not a god, with cool, passionless ichor. "Oh, dear no," answers Kate; "nothing but their innate incivility; nothing peculiar to me. I was only joking when I said they had not paid the twopence." "Oh, but I know they haven't," says James; "not paid the twopence, as you express it; I know it to my cost;" and then he goes on speaking almost to himself as it were. "After all, I'm sure that doing things that go against the grain is wholesome diet for our sluggish, self-indulgent souls; for men, I know it is; but for all that, I'm half sorry I put you upon this plan, Kate. I'm beginning to be afraid that you are too young, and delicate, and beautiful, to come into contact with such a set of boors and ruffians." He has the immense reverence and veneration for woman in the abstract, of a man who has never had much to say to them; he looks upon them as infinitely tender and brittle; he does not know what tough things they are. Kate covered him with confusion now, by opening her mouth and bursting out laughing in his face. "Well done!" she says; "thank you a thousand times. I'd take off my hat only it would not look well in the street. That's the very first compliment you ever paid me, James, and it is fit that it should be a good big one." And then she repents of having made him blush so, and goes on quickly, "But I assure you you're quite mistaken in thinking me delicate. I am as strong as six horses; self-indulgent I am I know; but what I have been seeing to-day has made me feel as if I never could be so again. Oh, James," she says, her thoughts going back to that late scene—"oh, you know I've been sitting by a woman, watching her die. Just think of that. I cannot say how awed and grave and solemn it made me feel. I declare it seemed as if I never could be frivolous and flirting, and donkeyish again, as long as I lived. It made me think—oh, I don't know what it made me think;" and she broke off, ashamed of showing so much of her inner self. "It made you think, Kate," says James, with the high

glad look ennobling his face as it sometimes did, "that since death is the end and crown of all life, it would be but prudent and wise so to walk that that dark crown may not press down your brows with an intolerable weight, when you come to wear it at last." "Yes, that's pretty much what I meant, I suppose," says Kate, looking down, "I should not have put it so poetically. But really," she went on, "you have no notion how good, and steady, and practical I'm going to turn. I intend to set up a serge gown, with a rope round the waist, and a poke bonnet, through which my friends may catch transient glimpses of my face as through a tunnel. Won't it be becoming?" "I'll tell you when I see," responds James, laughing, "not before. My imagination is not lively enough to conceive such a metamorphosis." "Seriously," says Kate, "I've got half a hundred plans in my head, that I want to unfold to you; but I don't see why we should stand stockstill here, catching our deaths of cold. I'm sure my nose'll drop off soon. Come and walk home with me, and we can talk as we go along. Come." He would like hugely to walk home with her, and there's no reason why he should not; he is not particularly busy to-day; but that over-strained notion of duty will not let him. "No indeed, Kate, I cannot," he says, reluctantly; "it is very bad manners to refuse to escort a young lady; I'm aware of that; but I'll engage that you shall come to no grief between this and your own door." "Well, it's very uncivil of you, I must say," answers Kate, rather vexed, biting her lips; not accustomed to have anything she asked of men denied her. "Oh come, there's a dear fellow," she adds, softly, laying a small, beseeching hand on his arm. He feels what he never felt before to-day, that those eyes and those tones are making him drunk. He shakes her off, and speaks very harshly again to her. "Kate, Kate, why will you always be a hindrance to me instead of a help? Have not you learned to-day what a lot of work there is to do, and how little time to do it in." "Don't come, then," says Kate, vexed still; "you're a nasty, disagreeable old thing. I'll do you that justice; good-bye:" and she shakes



hands, nods her small head, and walks off down the street, with her light springy step, pondering on the marvellous circumstance of James having spoken crossly to her twice within ten minutes. And poor James walked off in the other direction out of the broad streets, with the shops and the frequent gas-lamps, down into the dreary slums, out of which Kate had just emerged; past the Cross-keys, where the brazen-faced barmaid was still standing, arms akimbo, where the men were yet laughing, coarse voiced, at the excellent joke they had played upon the young 'ooman in the red cloak; passed on and on, with his head bent, abased in his own eyes. He was finding out fast that he loved this girl; this girl who had sent him spinning off the trottoir; loved her, not in a pastoral, brotherly way, for he would not keep that flimsy veil before his eyes; loved her with infinite purity and reverence indeed, as it was his way to love; but for all that, as man loves woman. He who had said to himself rejoicingly a hundred times, that his bride was the Church, and none other, now found himself hankering after an earthly bride. He who had been dowered with high ecstasies, with lofty communings with the skies; he who had, over and over again, longed to be rid of the shackles of the body, that he might feel the airs of heaven blowing at last, freshly, on a free brow, was now being bound tighter and tighter by the manacles and fetters of the flesh. That heart which had been wont to throb with a oneness of longing for the service of his Lord, now beat as quick and tumultuously as any other man's at seeing a little coquettish figure coming tripping along, to meet him; at seeing rare green eyes smiling frankly upon him under the black shadow of a little hat. He to think of loving any woman—the utter ludicrousness of the idea! He whose face and figure could pro-

voke nothing but either laughter or pity in any woman's breast. Only very great genius could counteract the effect of such an outward man, he told himself scornfully; and if he possessed great genius, it had been all these years hid under a bushel, and remained latent still to all appearance. The admirable presumption, too, of loving Kate Chester: a girl before whom men went down like ninepins; a girl, moreover, whose eyes glanced and melted so, only yesterday, with untamed, boundless passion for another man ("a great hulking butcher of a fellow"); he felt inclined to call him to his own soul, but he checked the impulse; a man certainly as much his superior in all external gifts as, in all probability, he was in all mental ones. Of this girl, whom he had so foolishly, rashly hoped to be of use to, to make good and happy. Of this girl, Satan was making a gin and a trap to snare his own soul. It was the bitterest, sharpest temptation he had ever had to go through; but he should be enabled to pull through yet; he knew that confidently. He would work harder than ever: ceaselessly, and eat less—starve out this earthly demon. He should kill himself, most likely. Kate had said so; there, *Kate* again. Well, what matter? It would only be opening the prison door and letting the captive out; for what, after all, is life but a prison-house? So he toiled on that day with a will, going in and out at many a low door, praying, comforting, exhorting, spending, and being spent; and when he came home late at night toil-worn and faint, he rejected the mutton bone his landlady offered to his notice, supped off a crust of bread, and went to bed, and dreamed all night that he was engaged to Kate Chester, and that she was looking up into his face, with her hand resting light and warm on his arm, as she had done under the lamp-post, in the frosty street to-day.

## CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT a nice thing cousinhood is. After over twenty years' experience, I say still, what a nice thing! I said that before, once; but after all, there's no great harm in saying

a thing just twice; dreary reiterations and self-repeatings are, as a general rule, only permissible to the old and toothless (by-the-by, nobody is toothless, now-a-days); but I

think that even a person who is some way off thirty, may be allowed to state a fact twice, when they wish to impress that fact on their hearers. Cousinhood then, let it be affirmed, for "positively the last time," is a nice thing; nice, both in what it presents, and in what it does away with. Half one's life is taken up, in breaking the ice; in thawing new acquaintances into warmth and good fellowship. Perhaps, after all, when one has succeeded at last in hammering a little hole in the ice, one finds nothing but a stinking puddle underneath. It is so nice to be able to skip altogether, over the long twilight of formality, to jump at once into the broad daylight of intimacy. Add to which, the chances are that cousins will have something of the same sort of tastes—will amalgamate well; leaving the same quality of blood running in their veins. The prologue is over; now for the play. The four Chester girls' ideas of this ticklish relationship were much what I have been writing down. All their lives they had been in the habit of being kissed, *ad lib.* by about half a hundred male cousins—soldiers, sailors, lawyers, parsons; of telling home truths too, and generally fraternizing with about the same number of female ditto; and they had now no wish to exclude new-found Kate and Maggie, from the menagerie, or Happy Family. Enlarged views those four virgins held, on this theme, *certainly*—they went beyond me. The claims indeed of friendship and kinship seemed to be verged into one, and each augmented the other, in this case. To be running continually, in and out of each others houses, like tame cats; to have no privacy as regarded each other—to borrow each others gowns, and copy each others head gears—to tell each other everything that could be brought under the head of a love affair; not forgetting, indeed, minor passages of arms—to stand up for, and battle boldly, each behind the others back, when attacked—to squabble a little now and then—to keep the river of their loves from stagnating into a currentless pool. These were in full their ideas and notions of the whole duty of cousins to each other; and these ideas and notions they honestly tried to put into action—not letting them rest in

theory. Any one very short of a job, may listen a bit, and hear a few words of talk at Grave House, after breakfast.

One cold, frosty morning, Jane comes bustling into the room, neat, dapper, sleek-haired, with an armful of garments to mend for the family, in her fat arms.

"Any of you girls going down to Cadogan Place, to-day?" she asks, "I suppose, of course, somebody is."

Now, Cadogan Place was the blest spot which harboured the prettiest girls in Queenstown; at least, so Queenstown said; having only tantalizing glimpses of them as they passed along the road, in speckled black veils that foiled curiosity, Margaret and Kate Chester.

"I think most likely I shall run down there some time after twelve," replies Emily, in the intervals of reading a long, crossed, young lady-friendish looking letter. "'Ma bothers so about one's complexion, if one does not take a walk in the morning, and it's as well to go there as anywhere else.'"

"I never take any notice of ma's bother about complexion," answered the calm Jane, dutifully. "What's the good? Walking in the morning or at dead of night either, will not change tallow into roses and lilies, but do go, all the same, and get Kate to show you how she does her hair; rolled, you know, and stay luncheon, and get the receipt of that pudding they had the other day; pa liked it so much; perhaps they will not give it to you. Some people won't I know, but you can but try; and I'll come and join you there afterwards if I can possibly make time, for I have oceans of things to do."

"I wonder you girls aren't ashamed of yourselves, the way you have taken to living upon these unfortunate creatures at Cadogan Place; you're always wearing their clothes, or eating their dinners, or sponging upon them somehow."

All this George growls, looking up from the *Field* which he is perusing, apparently, the fights and other instructive things he finds there are not very interesting or enchainning to the attention.

"I don't know what you mean by sponging," replies Jane, rather nettled (and it is an obnoxious word).

"If we wear their clothes and eat their dinners, they wear our clothes and eat our dinners. You might have seen my black tiara on Maggie's head at the concert the other night, if you had had any eyes for anything but her face. It is quite a case of mutual accommodation, is not it, girls?"

"Well, anyhow," resumes George, with more ingenuousness than politeness, "you know there can be no doubt that they must get mortally tired of you; popping in and out, as you are doing every hour of the day and night. It must be a deuce of a bore never to have two seconds that you can call your own; that you can feel free from an invasion of Goths and Vandals, or women, which is worse. They don't tell you so, of course—they are too civil to do that; but take my word for it, they are wishing you away a good deal oftener than you think."

"George, did it ever occur to you to mind your own business," answered his sister, with reddened cheeks and an angry irritation. "It is not the least consequence to anybody what you think; but allow me to say that I am certain, perfectly certain, as certain as you're sitting there, that it is a great charity going to see those poor girls, and that they think so; it must be dreadfully dull for them not knowing a soul to speak to in all the place, except us."

"It's their own fault and nobody else's, that they don't know a soul," replies George, rustling his paper, and looking up and down the columns vaguely: "they might know any one there is to know, such as they are," he interposed, with slight contempt for the Queenstown aborigines: "if they chose. It was only yesterday that young Gresham was asking me to introduce him 'to my cousin, the tall one,' he said. I suppose he meant Maggie. I think he is rather gone in that quarter, poor little beggar." None of George's womankind are convinced by all this cogent reasoning—not even silenced.

"I don't see why you should suspect them of telling lies," begins his second sister's pertinacious voice, "just because you would not care to see us yourself. Margaret always tells us she is charmed to see us, and I'm sure she looks it; so I don't know what else you would have."

"Margaret, perhaps," answers the warrior, dubiously, putting down the *Field*, "but how about Kate?"

"Oh, poor Kate," replies the young lady, lightly, "she sits on the rug, and gazes out of the window with those great melancholy green eyes of hers, and does not say much one way or the other, except when you are there."

"She looks awfully stupid sometimes," puts in Mary, from the other end of the room, where she is doing up accounts: "Six and five, eleven, and seven eighteen,"—as if she had been crying her eyes out—"and four, twenty-two."

"About that man whose photograph you caught her kissing, no doubt; whoever he was. Silly little cat! Fancy saluting a photograph! Poorish fun, eh, girls? Got a nasty taste from those dirty chemicals, I should say. I wish to goodness I could find out who it was. I should die happy then."

"I should not think your chatter would be likely to make her much better," mumbles George, crossly, standing with his back to the fire: "rather worse; at least if she is anything like me, it would."

Let us now see in what light the same subject was regarded in the much-talked-of Cadogan Place.

"Dear, dear," exclaims Maggie, on the very same morning, at the very same hour, looking in a bored way out of the window, whence there was nothing to be seen but the river flowing broadly on, fatiguing the senses with the thought of how many centuries it had been rolling along there in its monotonous brownness between its low banks. "How awfully dull it is, to be sure. It's the dullest place I ever was in, without any exception. I declare I wish I was back in the sheepfold, with old Daddy Piggott; it was a shade less deadly lively. I wish to goodness Blount would come home to enliven one a bit. I wish almost anything would happen to me; except, of course, breaking my legs, or dying. It is such a bore not knowing a soul to speak to, except the Chesters. I declare I don't know what we should do without them."

Kate shrugged her shoulders after the French fashion De Quincy inveighs against so bitterly. "I'm

beginning to come to the conclusion," she said, turning down the corners of that undulating mouth of hers in a rather disgusted way, "that it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing. I sometimes have the incivility to fancy that I should not at all mind trying to live without them, a bit, for a change. They're too kind, don't you know?"

"Not for me," says sociable Maggie stoutly, "I agree with Alexander Selkirk :

"Oh, Solitude, where are thy charms?"

"Now, yesterday," pursues Kate, trying meanwhile cruelly to induce Tip to growl by pulling his elementary tail, "I could have cursed them, circumstantially, with pleasure, if it had not been wicked. When I had just established myself so comfortably by the fire, with my book, and then to hear that unfailing rat-at-tat-tat, that comes as regularly as the baker's and the butcher's ring. I knew that peace had fled to the realms above, then."

"Ah," said Maggie, with the shadow of a mild sneer, "I'm not such a superior creature as you, you know. I like to see my fellow-creatures now and then. I confess, indeed, I can hardly see too much of them to please my own taste."

"Well, tastes differ," replies Kate. "That's all very lucky and right, you know. I'd rather never see a human face, all the year round, except my own, of course; it's always pleasant to see that looking at one, in the glass; always except when one's nose gets red."

Young ladies are proverbial for not meaning exactly what they say, in any case. I don't think Kate exactly hated the "human face divine," as she protested she did. Habit is second nature, too, as everybody knows. One gets, almost always, rather to like what comes into one's day's work every day for a good long time together. I think even Kate (little as she thought it) would have missed her snub-faced cousins, if they had ceased to come bustling in, cheery and laughing, with their vast animal spirits and their four black hats, with their frequent black feathers, to provide which many a Gallinacean fowl must have gone tailless. Anyhow, like them or not, Kate had to swallow

a good dose of them in these sharp winter days. As their remonstrating brother had said, they were always dropping in, either together or severally, to learn a new stitch, to borrow the last number of somebody's new novel, or with some other such Lilliputian excuse. Now, the Chesters, as I have before stated, were wonderful hands at scraps of news, quite wonderful. I never knew their equal; one girl used to come rather near them, but not up to them, and she died young; they had a knack of retailing a small thing, so as to make it seem good-sized, by dint of pleasant little well-salted additions and comments. Now, however high-souled and fine and above sublunary matters we may be, or fancy ourselves, I think myself that there are few of us, whether old or young, man or maid, who do not care a little bit to hear whether Mr. Smith is going to marry Miss Brown, or whether Mr. Robinson does really bully that poor starved-looking wife of his, as they say, or whether (best of all this) that odd story about young Snooks and the Irish girl can have any truth in it, or whether it is only slander. Man is so entirely dependent on man; so much a part, so little a whole, that I do not believe he is intended to be so self-sufficing and self-contained, so like a snail in his portable house, as some folks say. I think he is intended to take a little interest in his neighbours' concerns; not a spiteful Paul Pry interest, but a genuine, well-wishing, hearty one. Maggie was honest, at least on this score. She owned that news in the abstract, news as news, was dear to her; it was a pleasant sauce to the every-day solids of household and sensible business talk. She did not see why a slight appetite for gossip need, of necessity, abase the female mind, which was made for small things, which had to be uncomfortably stretched to take in big ones; why it need unfit one to enjoy the high and the good and the beautiful that one meets with in books. They need not clash these two things—this iron and this pottery vessel. But, then, Maggie was a benighted creature, who did not set up to be anything but a fairly intelligent woman, who thought the world not at all a bad sort of place, and liked to suck as much

pleasure out of it as her innocent woman lips could get. Kate, I am ashamed to say, for I liked Kate a great deal the best in most things, was in this a small humbug. She affected to be lifted up many miles in air above her cousins' matrimonial and erotic (not erratic) talk. She would get a book, and pretend to read it, finding the conversation below her intellect; but before long the book would drop out of the white fingers, the eyes would shine with very unfeigned interest, and the lips would frame some question that showed she had been listening all the time, despite the book, and the high-souled contempt for "such rubbish." Young women are such unconscious hypocrites. George Chester, though he rebuked his sisters pretty smartly for their proneness to frequent the little house standing back from the road, with the laurestine bushes before it, was not, by any means, free from the same weakness himself; he somehow found himself turning in at that white gate very often, in the gloaming of those short December days. He would drop in to afternoon tea; that was mostly the excuse. Now George had been wont to turn up his massive square nose in a manner not intended by nature at the mere mention of this illegitimate interloper between luncheon and dinner, had given it as his opinion, and that of the —th generally, that any man must be a muff who, as a habit, indulged in it; but I suppose George had altered his mind now, or else was content to be a muff, which, by-the-by, is a thing that no man that ever yet lived thought himself to be. Yes, George sauntered down that little sheltered drive very often. The maid got to know his face, with the tawny moustache, and the wide mouth that was mostly laughing under it, almost as well as she did her own. Up the little narrow stairs, into the warm scented room, almost every day of his life; and, moreover, did not get a cold shoulder turned to him by any means when he got there; got, on the contrary, a very frank, hearty welcome, though he did come so often. A chair by the fire, in which nobody else ever sat when he was present, and which was fast getting the pleasant home-sounding name of

"George's chair;" Tip, wagging and fawning and wriggling his body into the shape of a comma about his feet, as soon as his face shows itself inside the door; Maggie looks up from her work, and smiles, and says, "How d'y'e do, George," and looks down again—blushes mostly. She's not exactly in love with this young man; I'll tell any one who is curious upon this point that much. He is such a slippery fish that she fears it would be rather a losing bargain to think of loving him; so she holds her heart back with the small strings of prudence and caution, which may go snap any moment. It is just a chance whether she fall head over ears into this dangerous pond, or wisely skirt the edge, and walk away. She may do one; she may do the other. Time will show. Kate does not care twopence about this man—not half, nor a quarter twopence; of course not. She does not care, never again will care for anybody in such a shape, but that big dark blackguard in the Coldstreams, with the rings of brown hair, and the teeth that gleam so white in the wicked curving smile; the big blackguard, who has unfortunately got a wife already, and would like so much to ignore her. But for all that, Kate also blushes when George comes up and shakes hands with her, and asks how she is getting on—stupid, meaningless blushes, that signify just nothing, that there is no accounting for; blushes that inspire their perpetrator with a desire to tear off her lying cheeks, and lead George and his sisters to false conclusions. She blushes, and sparkles too, up at him. The blushes are involuntary; the sparkles are not; runs down, sometimes very unnecessarily, and opens the hall-door for him, when she sees him coming; stands talking a few minutes in the passage, her grey draperies hanging ghostly round her in the dim, uncertain light; does not seem in any hurry to return to the warm-peopled drawing-room. She practises several other little wiles; I forget now exactly what they were. Wiles they were, however, indubitably—nefarious little flirt as she is.

This is the sort of scene that any disembodied spirit (for no one hampered with a body could without a ladder well have got up to the win-

dow to look in) might have beheld towards five o'clock, on one of these brief winter days, when the sun hardly got up before he went in his laziness to bed again : a smallish room, with a pleasant odour of tea in it, an odour not very hard to be accounted for, seeing that all the paraphernalia for tea was standing on the round table, with the shabby-coated books, and the work-boxes ; no candles or gas, nothing that made one feel any oppressive obligation to do something ; nothing but firelight ; two or three girl shapes indistinctly seen looming in different comfortable attitudes about the room ; girls with hats in their laps, that showed them to be but strangers, and birds of passage ; Maggie standing up by the table, pouring out tea, that steams after its kind, fragrantly, standing up with the outline of her slight bending figure neatly cut out against the uncertain blaze ; George in his own chair, leaning his head on his hand, gazing with a very contented aspect, first at one of his cousins, then at the other, out of a pair of eyes that had a good deal more brightness and twinkle in them than softness or profundity. Now for Kate. I always keep her to the last, because it is so sweet to me to talk of her, because I loved her. She never sits decorously on her chair like other people, when she can possibly help, nor is she doing so now ; all along on the rug she is lying, at George's feet, with her hands under her head, which head is resting on a cushion that she has tugged down off the sofa, with a view to making herself as comfortable as circumstances will permit. A very free-and-easy sort of way to be reposing in, no doubt ; but then George was nothing but a cousin, so what did it matter ? Perhaps Miss Kate was aware, or half aware, of how well this recumbent attitude displayed how utterly becoming it was to that lithe waning little figure, with its easy curvings and roundings. What a sin it seemed that that (as man called it) flawless form should ever have to grow skinny and bowed, or shapeless and unwieldy, in unsightly old age. We might have spared our silly apprehensions and regrets on that score. It was never given time to do either. Maggie finishes pouring out the tea, casts a reproachful look (unseen in the

semi-darkness) at the inattentive hero who does not offer to help her in handing the beverage sacred to washerwomen ; snares the unhappy Tip into supporting himself unsteadily on his woolly hind quarters ; further beguiles the accomplished quadruped into walking for about half a second on a pair of tottering hind legs in a manner feebly imitative of the human gait ; listens with interest to some rather dull anecdotes narrated by George of the prowess of various dogs of his acquaintance, and more especially of the "tall doings" of a certain unparalleled bull terrier owned by Grattan of "ours ;" interrupts at last the flow of his eloquence to say—

"Blount has made up his mind to exchange into the —th. I forgot to tell you before."

"Him," says George, patronizingly, "those young fellows are always for chopping and changing. I wonder you let him pitch upon the —th though ; it was rather weak of you, was not it ?"

"Why ?" asks Maggie, her eyes growing round with surprise, and a misty vision of all the very naughty snares, dimly imagined by her to be lying in wait for all Her Majesty's servants, as soon as they donned the fatal red coat, flashing across her ignorant, innocent mind.

"Oh, nothing particular," replied George, carelessly thrusting his hands deep into his coat pocket, "only they're popularly supposed to be rather a rapid lot, that's all."

"Popularly supposed," repeats Maggie, scornfully ; "is that all. I never yet knew anything or anybody to be the least like what it was 'popularly supposed' to be."

"I know one fellow in the —th," pursues George, "and a rattling good fellow he is, too. Always getting into hot water about some thing or other. Hampton is his name ; one of the Hamptons of —shire. Mad as a hatter ; always was, his governor had to take him away from Eton for getting into some row or other with a bargee."

"Ah ! what a rattling good fellow," says a mildly ironical voice from beneath him.

"Well, Kate, you may laugh," replies George, who is not fond of irony, not being good at it himself,

"but he is a rattling good fellow, for all that. What I was going to say about him now was, that a short time ago his tailor became so unpleasantly unremitting in his attentions, that he had to ask for three months' leave, and go to gaol. Poor old devil, he's in quod now."

"In what?"

"In quod, in gaol, you know. I did not know it till a day or two ago, when I had a letter from him, dated, — Gaol. However, he seems pretty jolly; says he has met a fellow he knows there, and that they manage between to kill time pretty tidily."

"You speak very coolly of it, as if it was a regular phase of military life. May I ask were you ever in quod, as you call it yourself?"

"No," said George, pensively gazing into the fire, "but I had a near squeak for it once, very near. I say, Maggie," he continues, "what are the odds against that young hopeful you are so proud of, seeing the inside of one of those mansions, where Her Majesty entertains her subjects free of expense within the year?"

"Oh, George, don't say such cruel things," cries Maggie, distressed, and tears filled her simple eyes. "The idea of Blount Chester in prison, like a murderer or a felon!"

Her notions of debtors' prisons are hazy; she imagines each insolvent gentleman solitary in his cell, and his walking exercise confined to the dreary promenade of the treadmill.

"What a pair of ravens you are," calls out Kate, lazily, from her lair running in her head, perhaps she had some recollection of a picture she had once seen of *Cleopatra*, in the posture she had chosen now. Certainly, even the Egyptian queen, "brow-bound with burning gold," could never, even under the purple canopy of her soft floating barge, lulled by the river breeze, blowing freshly from off old Nile, have looked more completely,

bewitchingly restful, than did this young person I am talking about.

"Maggie, dear, never mind what he says. Blount will not go to the dogs any quicker for George's kind prognostications. George, bring me my tea."

"That I will," says George, with alacrity, and he jumps up suddenly, tumbles over Tip, and addresses to that injured animal one short, rude word, beginning with the letter d. Tip howls a little, as was expected of him, and is then soothed with bread and butter, and gradually calmed. Then George carries over Kate's tea with infinite care and solemnity; carries it over, and stands patiently by while she gazes up at him, too lazy for the slight exertion of taking it, laughing in the fire-light from under her half-closed, drowsy lids.

"Don't be so silly, Kate," says Maggie, rather tartly. "You are getting too old for those infantine airs."

So Kate draws herself slowly into a sitting posture, and says, resuming the former topic of conversation—

"Poor old Blount, I hope he'll be a good boy; not too good a boy though, I don't like very good boys, they're mostly very dull ones. Sowing wild oats is a disagreeable expression, but I don't think there is generally much to be liked in those who never had any to sow. They are mostly negative sort of characters. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said George, bluntly, looking rather shocked, "but I don't think that's a very nice sentiment for a young woman, Kate."

"Isn't it?" said Kate, languidly, "well, I never was strong at nice sentiments. Wicked men are the pleasantest, you must own," she said, thinking of one wicked man, and so thinking a tender light came into her eyes, and George thought the tender light was for him, and was more misguided than ever.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

LIEUTENANT George Chester, of Her Majesty's —th Regiment, was, in these aforementioned winter months, something of the same mind as the gentleman in the "Beggars' Opera," who affirmed, "How happy could I

be with either, were t'other dear charmer away."

"It is 'l'embarras des richesses,' isn't it, George?" Louisa had said to him that very morning, laughing, "isn't it? It's such a shame that people

aren't allowed to have harems in England, don't you think so?"

It is a great mistake making love to two sisters at once. It is difficult at first, and impossible afterwards. The balance will incline to one side or the other, try as one may to keep them even. It did not yet appear whether Maggie's or Kate's side of the scales would go down and win the day. George tried hard to be quite impartial. If he had been unable to resist the temptation of squeezing Maggie's hand, or at least one or two of her fingers, when she handed him something he immediately tried to compensate it by going, and sitting very close to Kate, and gazing at her with a longing, despairing gaze, which his well-featured square face could assume at will. Or else, *vice versa*. Kate's hand squeezed, and Maggie gazed at. But it would not do he felt; and he was beginning to get rather uneasy on the score, to think of "hooking it," as he phrased it, back to Aldershott. I don't think he got any *κρυδ* from either of his dear friends, for his impartiality, it made them feel rather irritated against him, on the contrary. As for Maggie, she could not help thinking within her own heart, that after the tremendous catastrophe her sister had met with in the love line, she ought to have done with men for ever, ought to have subsided quietly, into the blighted, retired-from-the-world line. Kate did not look at things in the same light at all, as may be imagined. Because she had been more unfortunate than any woman ever had been since Ariadne; because she was not a bit happy now was no reason why she should not try and amuse herself a little with the small shreds of amusement that came in her way. When a woman knows within herself that though she is not regularly beautiful, she has got within herself a gift of odd, inexplicable power to draw man to her; she likes to use that gift; to keep it from getting mouldy; to prove to herself, practically, that it is not lessening, or getting damaged. Very commonplace of her, you'll say. Yes, very; but then she was commonplace. I told you so before. She had more faults than I could count on my fingers. She did not care for this man, so I said a page or two

ago; but no one would have believed that she did, but she laid herself out so to please him. One day she even went the length of unplaiting with swift, warm fingers, all the wavy coils of that fuzzy hair that a painter would have gone wild about, let the ruddy-treasure fall heavy round her throat, because he had affected to doubt its being all her own; had asked her, as a favour, to prove her right of possession in it, by this infallible proof. She was heartily ashamed, certainly, the moment she had done it, and twisted it up again pretty quickly, into a big, untidy, loose knot; but for all that, she did it, and because he asked her, too. It wounded her vanity that this one dull young man stood out so stiffly against her, shilly-shallied and dived so weakly between Maggie and her. He *should* like her best, she vowed, internally, one day when she felt more reckless and ill-conducted than usual. Yes, he *should*, by hook or by crook; that she was bent on; and then the little villain thought of Dare, and cried, and kissed the battered photograph rather more severely than usual. George knew that Kate had a district; knew in what direction it lay; had been down somewhere over there once, a year or two ago, to ferret out a man said to keep a stock of inestimable *pugs* on sale; he knew, also, her usual hour for emerging from the obscurity of her low haunts into the brilliancy and well-flagged glory of the High-street. Kate had told him all this, whether with any ulterior object or no, I'll not say. I do not want to make out the child worse than she was; anyhow, whether she intended anything to come of this information or not, something, a not very important something indeed, did come of it, and on this wise, it fell out. Kate was coming back, after her custom, about her usual hour, one heavily-clouded, angry-looking December afternoon, out of the scene of those labours which she had taken upon her, as a sort of penance, a sort of safeguard against going utterly to the bad, as she often felt a mad impulse to go in her strong despair and life weariness; was coming back rather sober and solemn. She was tired, too, and cold; her fingers were numb, because being still haunted by a big basket



(a new one, worthy successor of the old); a muff was an impossibility to her. She had rather a good fit upon her now; such came usually about once a fortnight and lasted for about an hour and a half or two hours. Rather out of heart, too, and weighed upon by having seen a great many people hungry and sick; and by having very little means or capacity for feeding or healing them. So she passed along rather wearily towards the High-street, where they were just beginning to light the lamps; warming up the cold misty twilight a bit, with the yellow glare. But when she emerges into the market-place, and casts a tired indifferent glance around, there comes a gleam of pleasure into the eyes, not a very big gleam, but enough to make her think less about the poor people, less about her numb hands, to mitigate her sufferings, generally. It served, too, to make quicker and lighter by a few shades, steps that had been very lagging and devoid of energy before. What sight was it then, one feels disposed to ask, that put this sort of Galvanic life and movement into Kate's languid limbs? A not uncommon sight, certainly; a young man of a thick solid make, the back of whose bullet-head seemed very familiar to her eyes, standing with a cigar between his lips, staring at the effigies of the Queen, and the Royal Family, and Lord Palmerston, and all the other bigwigs, in the window of the bookseller's shop in the corner; a young man who had been standing there, for about a quarter of an hour, turning his head round every two seconds, to sweep with his gaze the narrow street out of which a figure was expected to emerge. I do not think I need say who the young man was. He turned his head round again now, rather impatiently, saying within himself that "he was blown if he'd stay much longer," a vulgar expression which I regret to have to record. This time, however, his gaze was a successful one, it took in the object it desired—the woman with the light springy walk. He threw away the end of his cigar and went straightway to meet her, in an accidental promiscuous way.

"You here, Kate," says he, with about the most feeble and altogether

abortive attempt at surprise, that any foolish young man ever assumed. "Who'd have thought of catching you away from the fire on such an ungodly sort of day? Been doing the good Samaritan, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

His meek little ruse did not in the least deceive clear-sighted Kate—not in the least—but somehow she was rather pleased that he should have thought of practising it. She gives him her hand, and looks up in his square British phiz, dowering him with one of those smiles, which those who get them think all the more of, because her face is habitually such a peculiarly sad one; not pensive, but downright sad.

"My dear George," she says, with mild rebuke, "do you know where you'll go to if you tell such shocking fibs? Don't I know that you have been looking out for me, for the last half hour; straining your eyes down North-street to catch the first glimpse of this gaudy cloak of mine. Now do not deny it, George; it is no good, you know, for you'll not convince anybody, not even yourself."

George is rather put out by this extreme candour. He looks exceedingly confused at this detection; sleepish, too, decidedly.

"Monstrous conceited of her," he reflects, "to say so, even if she thought it," so he answers rather on his high horse, pulling at his amber moustache, to soothe his feelings.

"You're not shy, Kate, I will say that for you; but do you mean to say you think I have nothing better to do than to be lying in wait at street corners for you all day; do you think it is such a mighty treat for me to walk home ten yards with you?"

"Perhaps, not," replies the young deceiver, modestly. "I suppose I was judging you by myself." She smiles up at him still, in a coy manner, inwardly tickled at his anger; he cannot resist the influence of that smile, in which sweetness and an admirably simulated shyness are mixed together in such just proportion.

"Let's drop the subject," he says, good-humouredly; "perhaps I was waiting for you, perhaps I was not. Anyhow, as I am here, I suppose I may be allowed to escort you home?"

There's no harm in that, I should say.

"Decidedly not," answers Kate gaily, "the road is public property, you know, and if you choose to walk alongside of me, of course I cannot help it—can I?" and she appealed to him with up-turned eyes.

Now, of all Kate's wives, that glance innocently wicked, and wickedly innocent, was the one that met with her brother Blount's most unqualified disapproval. She never dared practice it when he was by; but he was not by now; so, having shot her Parthian arrow in peace, she and her cavalier toddled amicably along down the hard, slippery trottoir.

"How's your sister? how's Margaret?" inquires George presently, "Where is she to-day?"

"How do I know?" replies Kate, pouting: "Where she always is, I suppose. Poking over the fire, with a novel. You had better go and find out for yourself if you are so anxious to see her."

"But I am not at all anxious," replies George, delighted, "I cannot manage you both at once—one at a time is enough for me."

"I don't think I am very hard to manage," answers Kate, pensively, "at least not by those I love," she adds, turning away her head. "There's a pretty good opening for the old blockhead," she says, internally.

"Dear demonstrative little thing," thinks George, meanwhile, "cannot hide her feelings a bit." "Those you love," he repeats, sentimentally, "How many come under that fortunate head, Kate, I wonder?"

"Oh, never mind, it does not matter—not many," she replies incoherently; and George feels his ears growing red hot. He bathed in pleasant confusion—she stifling inward laughter, they walk on in silence.

"What book is that you've got there?" he asks, at length, when the cold air has cooled his ears a little, "shan't I carry it for you?"

"Yes, if you wish particularly, you may," answers his companion, giving it to him. "I cannot say that it is very heavy. It is only a Bible that I have been reading out of to-day to a poor old man, who, I flatter

myself, did not understand a syllable of it."

"What an odd mixture you are, Kate," says George, looking at her as he might have looked at some lovely, uncanny sort of Lurline; admiring her hugely, but not exactly knowing what to make of her, what with her tracts and "the wicked lightnings of her eyes." "Three parts devil and one part saint, you are, it seems to me, as far as I can make out."

"Thank you," says Kate, bowing her head ceremoniously to him: "I live in hopes of changing the proportion, and being three parts saint and one part devil, one of these fine days;" and she shoots out green light of intoxication and mischief, from under the shady black hat. The good fit has not lasted an hour and a half to-day; only about twenty minutes. "If you were my sister," says George, starting a new subject, "I should not allow you to be walking about the town so late as you are now. Indeed, I very much doubt whether I should ever let you go poking about these back places, even in broad daylight. You ought to leave that sort of work to old girls in wigs and spectacles, and red noses; you are too young by half, too pretty, too," he adds, rather hesitatingly.

"I daresay you are right," answers Kate, affecting a deference for his opinion which she was far from feeling. "I daresay, if there was anybody that cared sufficiently about me, to look after me, that I should be stopped from these prowlings of mine; but, you see, there is not anybody that does care much about me. Blount is too young to exert authority over me; and you see, George, you are not my brother, and— I'm very glad of it," she ends, dropping her eyes demurely.

"So am I," says George, under his breath.

Kate affects to misunderstand his meaning. "Are you?" she asks naively. "Ah, I daresay you think I should not make a pleasant companion for household life. Hot-tempered and exigeante, perhaps. Ah, well, you said differently the other night."

"What do you mean?" inquires George, eagerly.

"Oh, nothing. I don't know why I

remember such trifles ; it is very silly of me ; only—I can't help it—only it seems such a few days since you were beseeching—absolutely beseeching—Maggie and me, that as Providence had not made us your sisters, to constitute ourselves such, that's all."

"Oh, that was all bosh, of course," replies George, dismissing this charge, lightly, "at least. No, it was not, either. I don't think self-dubbed, mock sisters are at all bad sort of things ; very superior to the genuine article, in fact. I don't object at all to that degree of relationship. It gives one all the privileges of a brother, without any of the drawbacks. A cousin ought, by right, to have one or two of those privileges—don't you think so, Kate?" and he looks hard at her, and has the satisfaction of seeing her blush a little, in the gaslight.

"Pretty well," thinks Kate ; "he is getting on nicely. Adieu ! sentimentality, for the present, or you'll be getting me into a hobble." So she considers it best to drop the subject of cousins' rights, and changes the theme rather abruptly. "I suppose I need not go through the farce of asking you in to tea this afternoon—it would be about as absurd as asking myself? You'll come, and brighten us lovely women up a bit, will not you?"

"Not to-night, thank you, Kate," replies George, reluctantly. "I am afraid I really cannot. I have got an appointment at the billiard-room at five. You see, that young Gresham asked me to have a game with him there to-night ; so what could I do but say I would?"

"Oh, pray, make no excuse," answered the girl, huffily, "if you're pleased. I am sure so am I," and to prove how pleased she is, she continues, after a pause, somewhat venomously, "How I hate billiards ! Nasty things ! I hope to goodness that Blount will never take a fancy to them."

"Nasty they may be," answers George, provoked ; "though I don't see why. But all I know is that they have kept me from hanging myself, more than once, when I have had a long leave to spend here, and had no mortal thing to do besides."

"Though you call yourselves the superior animals, you men are wretched things, after all," pursues Kate, contemptuously, turning up her small white nose. "I begin to look upon you as not much superior to the highest classes of apes ; minds very often closely approximating to the simian type, as they say in books."

"What has put you upon these uncomplimentary reflections with regard to us, now particularly?" asks George, not much relishing the idea of his similitude to a baboon.

"You," replies Kate, candidly, gazing straight before her.

George half thinks that "the dear, demonstrative little thing" of ten minutes ago is getting unpleasantly rude. "May I ask," he inquires, rather nettled, "what there is particularly wretched about me you are the first person to discover it, if there is anything."

"Why, just look at you," replies his cousin, not taking much pains to smooth his ruffled feathers, "how pitifully short of a job you are. So are all ordinary men. So dependent on little, trifling, outside circumstances ; so little self-sufficing. A man with a gun and a brace of pointers, trudging through turnips ; or a man pulling up stream in an eight oar, with seven others, for the bare life ; or a man going across country on a good horse—any one of these is fairly happy, and fairly respectable ; but a creature kicking his heels in a country town, gaping at the silks and satins in the shop windows—. Well, I don't want to be uncivil ; but, George, now answer me truly—do you think there could be a more despicable object?"

George recovers his good temper. What is the good of being angry with this changeable little person, with the— Yes, it was loving—with the loving, shy smile, and the odd, deep eyes. "I do not feel anything particularly despicable," he says, laughing cheerily, "walking along with a pretty girl, who is doing her very best to entertain me."

"Very best?" repeats Kate, melting into *quasi* softness again. "That shows how very little you know of my very best—. Yet." The last word is hardly audible.

"Well, if it is not your very best,

it is your second best," says George, philosophically; "and it is quite good enough for me."

Old booby, says Kate, inwardly. He actually did not perceive that last affectionate hint of mine. She looks up the street, and sighs—"I'm afraid—I mean I think that our pleasant *tête-à-tête* is drawing near a close, George. I think those are your sisters that are just coming round the corner now."

"They might just as well have been kind enough to walk in the other direction to-day, and left us in peace—might not they, little one?" asks George, condescendingly.

"What an imposing phalanx they make, George. How proud you ought to be of having so many tons' weight of womankind belonging to you."

"You're not over fond of my womankind, Kate, for some reason or other."

"Yes, I am. They are dear, good, useful girls; but they're not quite my sort. I do not get on with them quite so well as I do with—with—some other people I know of."

"They're not so bright as they might be; I know that. I don't suppose we any of us are," remarks George, with humility; "nothing like you and Maggie; but for all that, they might be worse—though their legs could not well," he concludes, with some chagrin.

"Their legs, George?"

"Yes, to be sure. I could tell Loo all over Queenstown by those unlucky pins of hers."

"Poor Loo! 'If ignorance is bliss,' &c. How conceitedly she comes stumping along, happily unaware of your ridicule."

"It is not ridicule. I don't want to ridicule the old girl. It is a fact.

Loo's warmest admirer could not deny that her supporters are columnar."

"Hush! she'll hear you. Well, girls."

A chorus of several voices greets George. The two words, "Why, George," repeated in four different keys, all expressive of surprise, "we thought you were gone to the billiard-room. You told us you were going when we asked you to take a walk with us. We have just been sending Charley Gresham off there to look for you."

"A little exercise will do the young ruffian no harm," responds George superbly, in answer to the cackle of his womankind. "I did say I was going to the billiard-room, and I am now. Good-bye, Kitty." And inflicting a rather painful, but well-intentioned hard pressure on Kitty, and receiving from that artless creature a tolerably eloquent look, to sustain him during his absence, he strides off down the street.

"So this is what you call district visiting, is it, Miss Kate?" remarks one of the quartette, when George has disappeared; "this is going to see the poor, is it?"

"Oh, miss!" chimes in another, roguishly, "the High-street is the scene of your labours, and poor George your one proselyte, is he?"

"Of course it is pleasanter and easier hunting for souls when you hunt in couples," adds a third; and then they all laugh, and their laughter sounds the more unmusical to Kate, because in her guilty soul she knows she has not been behaving in a way that admits of her assuming airs of indignant innocence. She attempts no refutation. "Adieu, young ladies," she says coldly; "if you are going to be witty, I'm off."

## THREE CYNICAL SPECTATORS.

GULLIVER—CANDIDE—TEUFELDRÖCKH.

ACTION represents but an infinitesimal part of the thoughts which are continually succeeding one another in the human mind. Who can tell what undulations of thought, what unexpressed questionings and theories have passed through the most vulgar, average mind that ever was? As latent heat prevails throughout nature, even in bodies, such as ice, with which the notion of heat would at first sight appear utterly irreconcilable, so thought pervades the human species, giving it its *sui generis* mode of existence. But, as the latent heat scattered through bodies is not perceptible, and avails nothing, unless it be brought forth by some unusual action produced in those bodies, by friction or combustion; as the bodies in which this heat becomes manifested are comparatively few; so the thinking life of societies can only be expressed in a few individuals, whom mankind term men of genius. A man of genius expresses the thought of an epoch, while his contemporaries are forgotten; whether

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial currents of the soul;"

or the wild luxuriance of their thought wanted pruning, being deficient in the tact, order, and organizing power which belong to genius. But if they have passed away, if their names are forgotten, their thought, or what of it was valuable, does not perish. It lives, though not immortalized by themselves. The innumerable rills and riverlets that pour their waters into the Mississippi or Amazon are unknown; yet they contribute to form the great, world-famed rivers. In the same manner, the thoughts of a society, no longer scattered among many individuals, may become embodied into unity; like a fair human form, which, were it analyzed, would be found to be composed of elements in themselves inert, and bearing no affinity to life. When united and vivified by genius, the thoughts of the masses are made to form a being, not fleshly, but of the intellectual order; a being visible

to all imaginations; the type, the intellectual embodiment of the age, which it represents to the eyes of posterity. Such ideal beings are as immortal in the memory of mankind as if they had been real heroes of real history. Real heroes are now nothing but names. We know very little of their character, which has come down to us in isolated traits. We remember Alexander, because he wept when he had no more worlds to conquer. But in the intellectual representative of an epoch, we have a whole character, not a mere fragment. We have a personification which we can know as thoroughly as one of our friends, on which we can with equal accuracy pronounce a verdict, and which may sometimes exercise more influence on our manner of thinking. Even literary heroes in time became less palpable to us than their creations. Homer and Shakespeare are immortal; but little is known of them. From their works we may conjecture that they were humane, generous, eminently sensitive to all good inspirations. But they are not incarnations of the modes of thinking and feeling proper to their age. Hence, though they are revered and cherished, they cannot be considered as types of their time. They were concrete and imperfect; types of the abstract representatives of the spirit of their respective ages. We know much of Timon and Othello; they are among us, they move us to wonder, pity, or musing on the tangled web of human life; they thrill our hearts and stimulate our thoughts; suns of the intellectual world, they ever rise in unfaded brightness. But what do we know of Shakespeare? The immortal poet, after giving birth to his immortal offspring, has buried himself from our admiring and inquiring gaze. Why are his creations more real to us than he whose wondrous fancy gave them shape? Because they are eternal nature individualized and idealized, purified from all dross of circumstance; all their characteristics are clear to a degree which the reality

never presents. Whoever saw a Falstaff in real life? yet, doubtless, there are many Falstaffs; but their gross sensuality, their selfishness, their deep-rooted attachment to the earth, are not apparent, being concealed under a thick incrustation of conventionalities, and mixed up with so many intermittent gleams of a higher nature as suffice to veil the baseness of those ignoble beings, even to the most penetrating gaze. Society contains no Miranda, no Hamlet, any more than the Australian mines contain gold in its refined state; not nature herself, these characters are above nature, purified from natural inconsistencies by the refining processes of genius.

Among those airy children of imagination there are hierarchies, principalities, and powers. Not everyone of them unites in himself the universal characteristics of his age. This high mission is reserved for some chosen creation, which becomes a beautiful and comprehensive incarnation of the tendencies of the age; it appears to posterity an intelligible symbol of its time; history illustrates it, and it illustrates history. It thus acquires a relative as well as an absolute, an historical as well as an æsthetical value. It will also modify the thought of succeeding ages—for other thoughts will crystallize around it, and the structure will increase, like a coral formation which may be the foundation of an island.

It would be a most interesting historical work to trace the manner in which literary types have arisen, the circumstances that gave them birth and the influence they have exerted. And here a distinction must be established between principal types and secondary types. The latter are as numerous as second-rate poets and men of talent—the former as few as representative men and writers of the first order—nay, great types are few even comparatively to the number of men of genius; for, not all these have left types behind them. Montaigne, Bacon, Milton, have not; while less exalted names have taken up the office of leaving an ideal representative of their age. Sometimes men of genius have delineated characters which belong to another age: thus Byron's "Don Juan" and his "Childe Harold" belong to the 18th

century, and have nothing in common with the aspirations of the 19th.

The consideration of all characters which, in dramatic or narrative works, may claim the rank of types, would embrace the entire range of literature. In this article we purpose viewing only the three types which stand at the head of all others in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with a glance at those that arose previously. It is necessary that we should first consider representative types, as distinguished from less important and secondary personifications. If the full literary value of representative types is to be realized, if all their significance is to be apprehended, they must be viewed under two aspects—the absolute and the relative, or, in other words, the æsthetical and historical. For it is obvious that, apart from the meaning which they bear in relation to their time, these types have an absolute individual significance, complete in itself. The latter is the more partial or obvious view—that which is taken by the hasty or superficial observer. Macbeth is an ambitious man; Hamlet a young dreamer; Don Quixote a respectable monomaniac. Merely as such, these characters powerfully excite our interest; the masterly delineation of them as individuals is sufficient to stamp them as creations of the first order. But, even before a relative or historical meaning is sought in them, their absolute character may be more fully investigated.

Of course the more intimate absolute characteristic of literary types must be common to them all; just as the bodies of men are all fashioned after the same absolute model, though presenting innumerable relative differences of conformation and feature. The common basis of the types must be an element common to all ages, since the types are produced by those ages. In order, therefore, to find it, we have but to ask, what is the great element common to all ages, whether heroic or prosaic, religious or irreligious, superstitious or enlightened? If we glance at the great productions of all countries and times, from the Book of Job to Werther, we shall find that the existence of evil is the phenomenon which has most struck the imagination of mankind, and given rise to most deep searchings

and effusions of sentiment. Even the existence of God does not strike our senses with such overpowering force as the presence on earth of an element contrary to man's welfare. The problem of evil obtrudes itself, as it were, upon man, who cannot rest till he has attempted to answer the question; who feels himself irresistibly prompted to take cognizance of evil, whether to explain, affirm, or even deny it. The existence of evil has differently affected different classes of men; the illiterate, becoming superstitious, have conjured up gnomes, goblins, evil influences without number; thinking men have framed philosophical or theological systems, or have avoided an inquiry to which they felt themselves unequal; poets have reflected in their verse the bright colours of pity and hope, and the sombre hues of despair to which the knowledge of evil gives rise in the hearts of men. Most of the superstitions into which the people were plunged during the middle ages can be resolved into symbols of the predominance of evil; nor was it surprising that evil should have exercised so powerful a fascination over the minds of men, for those gloomy times saw desolations to which the greatest calamities of our day are but as the European storm to the tropical hurricane. In the fifteenth century, for instance, war, famine, and pestilence made frightful havoc in Europe. Some evil power seemed to have assumed the government of the world. The result was such as cannot surprise us, if it be remembered that even in the enlightened days of modern history, great events, wars, and revolutions, bring about many cases of madness. Mankind seemed to have run mad. There was a general craving for wild dances, in which young and old, weak and strong, forming weird circles, went through frenzied evolutions. The fifteenth century gave expression to a grimly ironical gaiety in the dance of death. Death being proclaimed king of the world, his subjects paid him loyal homage. Communion was sought with the infernal powers; witchcraft spread its black nets over the minds of the people. No doubt the votaries of that art were imbued with a firm faith in its reality, amounting to a monomaniacal delusion. The degraded

African nations who worship evil spirits and fetishes, are not more oppressed by the potency of evil than our ancestors were four or five centuries ago. In the poet who sums up the spirit of the middle ages, we observe the sombre resignation of a great mind to which the world has left no hope. Those mediæval times, which gave birth to our modern civilization, had thus a most vivid sense of the predominance of evil—that phenomenon which in all ages most engrosses the attention of mankind.

But when darkness and ignorance are dispelled, terror and superstition give place to ridicule. Not that there can be no ridicule during the dark period—there is, and must be, a bitter irony against evil. But ridicule, which is a protest against either real or fancied evil, may be serious or sprightly, bitter or frolicsome, according to the evil which it assails. Addison's exquisitely caustic strictures on the absurdities of fashion, belong to the slightest species of ridicule, because the evil against which they protest is but a trifling one. They resemble airy gnats attacking with their sharp stings insects scarcely more ponderous than themselves. But Swift's satire, being aimed at social shortcomings, which, as long as they exist, produce much evil, becomes a serious, bitter, pitiless satire—a sardonic laugh very different from Addison's good-humoured smile. Satire in the middle ages was a bitter and almost despairing protest; wherever great woes are in existence, the popular mind strives to react, to prop itself up against them, by ridicule, however coarse and grim.

These facts are concordant with what would *a priori* be expected from the very nature of ridicule, which is an abnormality, a conscious falsification of thought, imitating, while protesting against the too real abnormality which constitutes evil. A man assailed by misfortune would see his heart broken on the rocks of despair, did he not boldly face the evil, breast it, and ride over it in safety. Giving vent to irony under the pressure of evil relieves the soul, as giving vent to cries relieves the body when it is in acute suffering. Hence, ridicule, especially in its most refined form, is the resource of the weak; women use it better than

men. Great satirists have, for the most part, been gentle and sensitive. Voltaire, that pitiless railer spent much money in improving the condition of the agricultural labourers at Ferney. Great writers must be considered as weak in power and influence, though not in intellect, comparatively to the whole social mass; hence, they make use of ridicule when protesting against the faults of the masses. It is only when satirists inveigh against individuals that they forget their mission, and misuse their weapon, like a soldier who makes use of his bayonet in a brawl with civilians. But in all other cases, irony must be considered as a mode of expression, legitimate to men who, prompted by an honest indignation against evil, oppose their individual weakness to the great public body. It is like a lever moving a ponderous mass which would not yield to clumsier efforts.

If, then, the contemplation of evil, and the weakness of man against it, give rise to ridicule; if this disposition is common to all ages, it follows that it must constitute the primary element of literary types. From Gargantua to Don Juan, irony is their essential characteristic; the badge of their being representatives of human thought and sentiment; the talisman by which they influence the universal heart of mankind. Gargantua's ridicule is coarse, and, so to speak, physical, falling only on external things; Teufelsdröckh, in a more subtle and philosophical view, derides also sentiments and doctrines; the difference between these types is proportionate to that between their respective epochs, but their instrument is substantially the same; just as a ship is a ship, whether she appears as the Great Harpy, the Victory, or the Warrior.

So essential is the element of irony to typical characters, that its presence or absence affords a ready criterion for discriminating those literary creations which are types from those which are not. Thus Romeo, who affords the most beautiful and appropriate idealization of the passionate lover, remains in the domain of Cytherea, and is no type of his age, because there is no irony in him. Wholly taken up with his own sentiments, he neglects the problem of all

lives and all ages—which is not love, but evil—so that, however great his merits as a secondary character may be, he has no title to be considered as a general type.

Irony, then, constitutes the absolute character of literary types. Their relative or historical character will be identical with the historical character of their age, which they faithfully reflect, as the sea rolls gray waves under lowering clouds, and blue waters under a cloudless sky. It is this faithful reflection of their age which gives them a historical value far above that of any chronicle, however minute and detailed it may be. For the latter gives us only the skeleton of history, while they show us the muse in all her beauty of freshness and colour.

In order to apprehend more fully the nature of literary types, it will be useful to glance at those which were produced in Europe, from the revival of letters to the eighteenth century. These types amply illustrate the unity and solidarity of Europe as a form of civilization. They show us some elements of civilization developed in one country, and other elements in another, and afterwards assimilated, drawn forth into the common stream. Thus, in the sixteenth century, France first felt the reviving influence of Italy, and transmitted it to England. It is to France, therefore, as having first experienced the impulse of the wave of learning, that we must turn to find the earliest literary types of modern times—indeed the only types which the sixteenth century affords. In England we find no great literary creations before the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare produced his "Macbeth," his "Othello," and his "Hamlet." Many of Shakespeare's characters, and chiefly the secondary ones, are certainly coloured by the manners and opinions of their time; but none of them concentrates the inmost thoughts, the aspirations of their age, in such a degree as to constitute a literary type in the proper sense of the term. Thus, in an age when Europe resounded with satirical attacks against the corruptions of the clergy, Shakespeare does not afford the slightest representation of that spirit. The poet's gentleness



and his reverence for religion, may partly account for this forbearance ; but it is chiefly owing to the fact, that Shakespeare being the poet of the world, undertook to paint universal human nature rather than the manner of thinking and feeling peculiar to a single age. From his very elevation it follows that we cannot look in his dramas for any literary type of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. As for the dramatists that preceded him, they present us only with secondary characters, powerfully drawn indeed, but far too limited and microscopic to be considered as representative of their time. They fall below the mark ; Shakespeare soars above it.

Turning to France, we find that Rabelais gives us the literary type of the age. In his "Gargantua," the eccentric author, whose eye was not less philosophical than humorous, has embodied all the aspects and tendencies of his time. Europe was then like a huge serpent in the throes of skin mutation. The spirit of inquiry had arisen ; it had been, in the same age, represented in Italy, England, and Germany, by Folengo, Skelton, and Luther, who, together with Rabelais, are the heralds of the great modern reaction against the middle ages ; who sound the alarm, and call upon the nations to begin the onward march. Bacon had not yet arisen to formulate these aspirations after progress into a philosophical system ; Shakespeare had not as yet begun, like a morning bird, to pour forth that song which may be considered as the epic of the newly-dawning world. All as yet was confusion ; all the elements of civilization were conflicting in chaos. Mankind appeared to be as intoxicated with knowledge as men who have been unused to wine, and whom the first draughts inebriate. The study of the ancients begot a fanatical imitation, frenzied attempts to transfuse the classic languages into the modern idioms ; irony, innocent of all modern notions of restraint, broke out into universal guffaws of derision. Reckless of the terrors under which emperors had bowed their heads down to the dust, Luther hurled insults and anathemas on the Pope, Skelton made Wolsey tremble, Folengo had sung the kitchen-worship into which the re-

ligion of religious orders had degenerated ; the tocsin of examination resounded throughout the civilized world.

These characteristics of the age are expressed in its literary type, which symbolizes a burning thirst for knowledge. Gargantua has been gifted by nature with a stature unusual among the sons of men. The consequence is a Brobdignagian appetite. Dire is the havoc wrought among geese, capons, *et hoc genus omne*, in order that Gargantua's stomach may be well lined. His insatiable maw engulphs huge piles of food ; the long catalogue of dishes is the epos of the culinary art. But these voracious propensities are to Gargantua the legitimate impulses of nature. His mind is as insatiable as his body. He devours as many books as loaves ; he suffers himself to be crammed with all the learning of his times ; and such success crowns his studies, that he becomes as ignorantly learned as any scholar in the Sorbonne. The history of his youth contains the first inquiries respecting the art of education, and gives many sagacious hints which are far in advance of the age, and were afterwards developed by Voltaire and Rousseau. In short, the character of Gargantua is like that of the sixteenth century, inquiring, hungry and thirsty after knowledge, and addicted to assailing with relentless irony the representatives of the past.

If we now glance at the sixteenth century in England, we shall find it brightened by the dawning light of inquiry. At first all is confusion and disorder ; England is convulsed by the throes of the Reformation ; Skelton hurls invective against the clergy ; the Church of Rome is overthrown in the strangest possible manner. But towards the end of the century the chaos begins to subside ; a philosophical system, and a series of poems, which may be said to form the epic of modern civilization, are about to spring from the opinions and tendencies of the age. Bacon has been spending thirty years in meditating his "Novum Organum," and publishes his "Essays" in 1597. Shakespeare is about to erect a landmark between two worlds, revealing them each to the other ; with the best characteristics of the middle ages—faith,

loyalty, reverence—he combines the tendencies of the new era—knowledge of the world, irony, spirit of analysis. But in no single type has the immortal poet embodied these aspirations. His imagination was too boundless to concentrate an age into a single character. Like the sun, which shines both on the just and unjust, Shakespeare has impartially brightened, with the rays of his genius, all the modes of human nature, leaving to inferior men the care of portraying a particular age.

In Spain Cervantes illustrates the progress of the modern spirit. His "Don Quixote" may be considered as the type of the first part of the seventeenth century. The meaning of that immortal creation has been discussed with much variety of opinion; some accounting "Don Quixote" to be a lament over expiring knighthood; others, an allegorical representation of the soul dragging after it a gross, a sensual squire—the body. Whether such meanings were consciously expressed by Cervantes is doubtful; though, without over-refining, they may be considered as being included in his work through the intuitional power of genius. But even if they are accepted, they are secondary to the meaning which Cervantes had in view, which was, to satirize the mania for romances of chivalry. These tales were deluging Europe, to the extinction of all good taste. Pastorals were poured forth *ad nauseam*; Cervantes himself had in that respect sacrificed to the taste of the times. What he ridicules in "Don Quixote" is corrupt taste; not the age of chivalry, but the spurious imitation of that age; the mock enthusiasm that merely read of heroic deeds without performing any; the affectation and cant which must have been odious to a man like Cervantes. He showed that, when read with a paltry, canting enthusiasm, chivalric romances were useless and deteriorating; that if they happened to be taken in earnest and put into action by a virtuous enthusiast, the result would be Don Quixote's monomania; and the latter supposition being more obnoxious to ridicule, he developed it with inimitable humour, thus by implication urging his contemporaries to discard vain reveries about the past, and set their hearts on things

fitting to a progressive age. This was, doubtless, the primary aim of Cervantes. But, under the hands of genius, the cultivated soil brings forth more than one kind of fruit. Other teachings than the primary one may be culled from "Don Quixote," whether their author was, or was not, conscious of their existence in his work. Don Quixote, besides being a protest against a literary evil, was made a type of his age.

He is depicted as impulsive, but withal clear-headed on all points but that of his monomania. His aims are noble; and the fatal error which blights all his devotion has not made him utterly ridiculous. His enthusiasm, at worst harmless to all but himself, is one which appeals to our sympathy. His devotion to the past well portrays the Spain of that age. Like Don Quixote, she had wedded her affections to the past; like him, she beheld society under the aspect which it represented in an age gone by, and her wish was to make modern things conform with the things of yore. Spain was as a Quixote among nations. Closing her eyes to the present, she clung to the superstition and punctiliousness of old, thus marring her interests and drawing down upon herself the derision of the world.

If "Don Quixote" be attentively read it will beseen that Cervantes, far from crushing his hero under ridicule, treats him lovingly, and endows him with many noble qualities. The irony of Cervantes was not contemptuous; it was a tender emotion, neither a titter nor a laugh, but a gentle, reproving smile. If the Knight of La Mancha was outrageously behind the age, he was not on that account to be mercilessly derided. Others could be equally absurd without being equally disinterested. Was not Sancho in his own way as extravagant as Quixote? It was Sancho who was to bear the brunt of Cervantes' satire. The fat squire represents modern positivism. When reading the narrative in which he is connected with Quixote, we see that we are standing on the limit of two worlds, without having as yet decided for either. It is this double portraiture of the past and the future that makes "Don Quixote" the representative work of Europe for the seventeenth century;

for, in the beginning of that age, the world, agitated as it had been, had not as yet pronounced for any decisive course. The elements of a new state of things were formed, but had not cohered into a definite mass. In England, France, and Spain, the age of chivalry was gone for ever; irony was doing its work of destruction, but the new age of scepticism and industrial development had not yet dawned. Don Quixote was voted absurd, but Sancho had not yet been made king.

Cervantes dimly perceived rising Sanchoism, and the ridicule with which he assailed it is softened by no tender touches. Had he foreseen the development which it was destined to attain, he would probably have heaped his most withering sarcasm upon it. As it is, however, his work is an admirable type of the state of Europe during the seventeenth century. Irony is the chief characteristic of such transition periods, the most obvious work of which is the destruction of the past. While this is being effected, the elements that shall form the future are stealthily at work, like mineral masses slowly crystallizing in the depth of the earth, while the upper strata are crumbling away under the influence of winds and rain.

Since the first Revolution, which had secured civil freedom, and prepared the way for freedom of thought, there had been more elements of progress in England than in any other European nation. These elements were now consolidated by the second fall of the Stuarts. On the other hand, France, who had been for so many years in the ascendant, was now exhausted by wars and misgovernment. While the English were deposing James, because he had attacked the liberties of the nation, the subjects of the grand monarch were eating grass. Henceforth the office of fanning the flame of civilization has belonged to England. But, as great reforms cannot be consummated in a day, it was to be expected that the eighteenth century in England should be a period of struggles, as well as of progress. The tree of freedom was planted in our midst; but it was delicate and liable to be blighted; it was necessary to dig around it and dung it. The eighteenth century is a time of tran-

sition, of conflict between various elements—between order and disorder, progress and conservatism, morality and immorality. The general law of human affairs being progress, the issue of the conflict was not doubtful; but the struggle was to be protracted during a whole century. Cabala, intrigues, and party struggles, made up a clamorous chaos. Political honesty had been destroyed by political vicissitudes—the Church contained many “time-serving priests all over the nation;” religion had not yet recovered from the attacks made upon it. But what great principle stood above the chaos, regulating it and working through it? It was the inheritance transmitted by the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the spirit of inquiry, which moved thinkers and writers of all schools. Both assailants and defenders of religion—Shaftesbury, Toland, Bolingbroke on one side, Clarke and Berkeley on the other—have recourse to a much more extended and serried array of reasonings than was dreamt of in the philosophy of preceding ages. The practical infidelity which followed the Revolution is drawn up into an ethical system; and the orthodox defend Christianity with still greater metaphysical acumen.

The eighteenth century being then the confused, but sure development of the germs of progress, scattered abroad by the revival of letters, it remains to inquire in what way that age considered the perennial phenomenon of evil. Swift gives us the answer to that question. It was reserved for that great man, who was the most original genius of the eighteenth century, to cast the thought of the age into a literary type. Gulliver is the first of the three Spectators, as we may call them; offspring of the two most eventful ages in history—characters which are made to survey the whole world, and to pronounce, whether by implication or plain verdict, on the great problems of humanity. These creations stand apart even among literary types—they are more universal in their range of vision, and no less coloured by the tints of that age of which they present the most complete picture. They are not made for the mere amusement of a novel-reader. They are valuable histories. Nor must

this view of them be deemed far-fetched. Far more extraordinary is the theory that a man, the wisest and greatest of his time, would take up the pen to write a common nursery tale; and yet that such a tale should be accounted his masterpiece. This theory has actually been mooted respecting Rabelais. If in an age when, for social as well as literary motives, allegory was universally adopted as the means of instruction and amusement, Rabelais' work is to be considered as a mere fairy tale, we do not see why no higher meaning should be attached to the "Pilgrim's Progress," than that which children in the nursery attach to it. If, however, we consider allegorical works in their true light—as embodying the thought—whether political, philosophical, or religious—of the author, we must not refuse to accept "Gulliver's Travels" as a summary of the thoughts of the eighteenth century, of tendencies which were concentrated in the presiding genius of the time—Jonathan Swift.

That great man has been censured for his "Gulliver." The starchy morals of our age have been scandalized by the Yahoos. Abuse has been heaped upon Swift because, to a superficial glance, his love of mankind is concealed under the garb of misanthropy, because his soul was filled with honest indignation at the sight of evils prevalent in his time, and because his manners were eccentric. The public at large resemble that young curate who, being bullied by Swift, rose from table and left the room, saying that no gentleman could stand such treatment. He did not know that what he could not have borne from any other man was but the kindly humour of an eccentric man of genius. Swift was not actuated by malignity; his seeming rudeness was merely intended to bring out a man's character at once; and he invariably gave his esteem to those who had penetration enough to understand him, and bear his rough humour with blandness. But of course these were, and still are, in great minority.

Like a prophet of old, Swift raised a fearless, piercing voice of grief and rebuke, in the midst of a perverse generation. Like a prophet he has been stoned. His name has been

held up to the execration of mankind by men who judge of the eighteenth century by the standard of the nineteenth. It is time that we should form a more correct estimate of that great man. The majority of Englishmen should regard him as the majority of Frenchmen regard Voltaire—as not only a great wit but a great philanthropist. His wit, though coarser than that of Voltaire, was as fertile; his originality of genius was greater; his philanthropy was more practical, and was longer exercised; and his name is not associated with a struggle against the truths of Christianity.

Though an original creation, Gulliver must, as a literary type, reflect the mode of thought of his age. No wonder, then, that he babbled of Yahoos. Everyone will agree that the eighteenth century was a bad age—a period of moral decadence—during which, while the great destinies of the nation were being slowly shaped beneath the surface, the surface was froth and scum. Coral islands, before they are inhabitable, are nothing but dangerous reefs. The eighteenth century, while containing great germs of good, was in itself a necessary evil. Society had not yet recovered from the pernicious effects of the Restoration. The age in which Wycherley and Congreve had pleased, had left deep traces into the heart of England. The nation had fallen from her first works; frivolity, voluptuousness, selfishness, were at a premium. Addison complains that there are many passages in the writings of Shakspeare which, being tinctured with a religious spirit, would not be tolerated by a modern audience; he is grieved at the thought that England should distinguish herself among nations by infidelity. Nor had this infidelity anything in common with the learned and critical scepticism of our age. It was flip-pant and superficial. "One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions, and immediately, to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever; another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not

able to read a chapter in it" (*Taller*, No. 3). After the peace with France there was an importation of French fashions and frivolity; but at the same time French refinement was left behind. Under the two influences of levity and coarseness the nation had fallen into a slough, extrication from which could not but be gradual and difficult. That consummation had not yet taken place, although Addison had given the first signal of reaction, by showing that wit, humour, and knowledge of the world, could be united with a genial, refined, and reverent spirit. But as yet Addison stood isolated in a perverse and adulterous generation.

This stagnation could not last. To Swift was committed the charge of cleansing that Augean stable, the eighteenth century; but he could not do so without stirring up a rank, putrescent mass of corruption; nor could it be expected that he could keep his hands quite spotless in such offensive work. If Gulliver is sometimes coarse, it is because his age was so, and he had to speak the language of his contemporaries if he would reprove them. He lighted his alarm-fire with the fuel of the time.

Swift was not a solitary misanthrope who delighted from his study to rail at human kind. His genius was eminently practical. He threw himself into the strife of parties with all the ardour of a man of the world. He was continually fighting with his powerful pen in the cause of Ireland. The Drapier's Letters, the most important of these poetical writings, show to what extent he devoted his energies to the public welfare. The popularity he thus gained was immense, and, with all his cynicism, he was not so indifferent to it as he himself believed. There was no man of letters in that age who knew society so well—none more fitted to take a survey of it and paint its image in imperishable colours. It was his very range and piercingness of glance that made him so intolerant of vice; when red-hot iron comes in contact with cold water, the latter is dissolved, with much noise and hissing, into steam; and such was the effect produced by the contact of Swift's ardent soul with cant and corruption. His sensitiveness was so great that his mind writhed under

the perception of evil; and these writhings at last ended in entire, permanent distortion. If poetry be considered, not as an accumulation of images and common places about love and purling streams, but as the production, even in unadorned style, of a powerful character that reflects the tints of the time as well as the universal nature of men—then it must be conceded that Swift was the greatest poet of that unpoetical age. Pope was an elegant versifier without much fancy. Addison was too placid and busy about little things. Swift alone united creative power with great sensitiveness; and both these gifts with that universal genius, possessed by none but himself in his time, of viewing mankind as a whole, and attempting a synthetical delineation instead of taking a limited and microscopic sphere of observation. In the observation and description of little things he indeed equalled, if not excelled, his contemporaries; but he did not as they remain among scribblers, patches and fardingales; he rose above "the town" and cast his eagle glance over the whole world.

Even when most imaginative, his works were eminently practical. They all bore reference to some principle he wished to inculcate, to some rule of conduct which he wished to enforce. In this respect Swift, next to the author of the "True Born Englishman," is the most perfect literary representative of the British mind. His sturdy sense rejected all empty and frivolous theories; plain and practical truth alone could move his genius, stir it, arouse it to powerful protests against the hollowness of the time. To him the end of all teaching, whether religious, literary, or philosophical, was fruit. He sneered at Berkeley's idealistic theory; at the time-serving priests and bad writers that were to be found all over the nation.

It is in vain to allege that his mode of viewing the world was tinged with misanthropy. The world, as it then was, could not otherwise be viewed by an earnest man whose feelings went beyond the cold sneer of Pope, or the placid smile of Addison. Rain and wind are necessary and grateful phenomena of nature; but it is only after the thunderstorm

that the air is cleared, and all nature, as it were, renovated.

It is in "Gulliver's Travels" that Swift's genius flashed most brightly, illuminating the eighteenth century horizon with a momentary, vivid, and penetrating glare. The fancy displayed in the "Tale of a Tub," the biting sarcasm fearlessly hurled at all abuses, are concentrated in "Gulliver's Travels;" and that wondrous production besides displays a winning naiveté, an exquisite grace of manner, that make it the delight at once of the most unlettered, and of the most critical readers. It is no less valuable to the historian; for "Gulliver" is the first of modern cynical spectators. It is the first of that immortal series of types, offspring of the modern spirit of remorseless examination. Incarnation of satire, he roams the world, as restless as the Wandering Jew or Sinbad the Sailor; and though his adventures yield to no fairy tale in luxuriance of the marvellous, he can find in them so many points of similarity with the real world, that he rebukes its vices and shortcomings with the most stinging satire. The force of this contrast lends double smarting to the wounds he inflicts. Voltaire said of Abbé Guénée, who had written an answer to the patriarch's attacks on the Bible—"This fellow makes believe to kiss my hand, but bites it sorely the while." And the same may be said of Gulliver's satire. Never was contrast, that most powerful element of interest in fiction, so effectually used. It is not that "Gulliver" is an allegory—when it was written, the age of allegories was gone by. It is more than an allegory—it is a long antithesis, in which most airy freaks of fancy are continually being opposed to the most sober reality, the effect being conducive to the infinite pleasure and surprise of the reader. It is neither a fairy tale nor a newspaper article; neither puerile like the one, nor simply practical like the other. It combines truth and fancy together, so as to produce a startling effect; as the air is composed of two gases, one of which alone would consume, while the other would extinguish, all life; but their harmonious union constitutes a mixture fit to be the breath of life.

To heighten the contrast, the central figure in all this farrago of wonder, is the most practical, commonplace, matter-of-fact man alive. All Wapping knows him. Old sailors are ready to testify to his existence. He reports what he sees in the precise and detailed manner of the log-book. A sturdy, energetic Saxon, he is among cynical spectators what Luther was among Reformers—the most practical, and withal most moderate. He is not only a good-natured youth like Candide; nor an aspiring dreamer like Teufelsdröckh; but a matter-of-fact, plain Englishman, who surveys the strange things brought under his range with as much coolness as any human being can display; who behaves with fortitude and boldness in adversity and danger; who loves his country still, notwithstanding all its faults; and has no greater wish than to get back to it. He is emphatically the English cynical spectator; he does not, like Candide, finally yield to circumstances, and take up his abode in a foreign country; nor merge into a cosmopolitan dreamer, like Teufelsdröckh; but he conquers all obstacles, and returns to his native country, to end his days among his family, where he displays no more fancifulness or eccentricity than does every bilious old Nabob, and every mahogany-faced old sailor, whose brains have broiled for twenty years in a tropical sun.

The cynicism of Gulliver is as pungent as his character is matter-of-fact. This was what would naturally be expected, and no more than what was found to be the case with many an old sailor, especially in those days. A man, whose every other word was an oath, and whose good nature was, to a superficial glance, buried deep under a thick incrustation of roughness, would not have spoken, concerning evil in the world, less openly and cynically than Gulliver. His misanthropy is the misanthropy, if it may so be called, of hundreds of soured old seamen. It does not, then, outpass the bounds of reality; and Gulliver must not be branded as an unnatural monster. Is his cynicism misanthropy in the proper sense of the word? The feeling of Timon—a promiscuous, inveterate hatred of mankind—is alone to be properly designated as "misanthropy." But, in

its common acceptation, that term is applied to a far less virulent feeling. Gulliver is certainly misanthropical, if to be misanthropical means to be sensitive (we grant, morbidly sensitive) to the evil existing in the world; to be unsparing in the denunciation of that evil; to be so taken up by that gloomy contemplation as to lose sight of the numerous acts of devotion, disinterestedness, and magnanimity, which, in every age, ennoble the human race. A philanthropist who has visited Whitechapel may bewail its squalor and crime, may utter a cry of agony at the sight of masses of population little better than savages, without being charged with misanthropy, because he does not sufficiently remember that the divine image is not yet obliterated in the most wretched of mankind, that hope is a duty which is binding on the observer.

But an ardent, imaginative mind may go further, and generalize a one-sided view of mankind. "These men are bad—therefore all men are bad and detestable." This is a theory that seldom or never influences the propounder of it in his dealings with men—for wicked actions proceed from wicked hearts, and not from hearts that hate evil. The wickedness of man remains for the observer a mere speculation, a dogma which his aggrieved soul has set up to satisfy his repulsion for evil; but practically he is not the less humane, and generally finds that those who come within his sphere are, somehow, better than his theoretical mankind.

If this is misanthropy, Gulliver is certainly obnoxious to be charged with it; nor does he attempt to deny the imputation. Swift gives us the key to his whole life and writings in these significant words—"I hate and detest that animal called man as a general species, though I love individuals."

This is the great cynic's utterance—open, straightforward as the man himself. He is not afraid of being called a man hater. He glories in what he calls his misanthropy, and intends to propagate it. He has framed a theory, and he thinks the acceptance of that theory necessary to all honest men. He hates the species; he dubs himself a misanthrope. Unfortunately, the species is

an abstraction—a phantom, like Alnaschar's despised lady. Individuals are the realities, and those he loves! We knew it without his telling us so. Good cynic! Well might he say his misanthropy was not quite of the same kind as Timon's.

We think his cynicism and roughness are simply those of Goldsmith's "Man in Black." As long as the world exists there will be honest eccentric men, whose heads are sterner than their hearts, who vent in a seeming indignation against men what is indignation against vice alone; whom, accordingly, those who are not familiar with the eccentricities and inconsistencies of human nature, mistake for Timons; although their satirical but benevolent nature has nothing in common with those men who, blinded by the wrongs they have undergone, labour under a moral hallucination, see nothing but evil in the world, and make individuals accountable for the faults of the species. Timon does not love the species any more than the individual. There is the greatest possible difference between his wild, indiscriminating, mind-clouding passion, and the cool, observing, thoughtful misanthropy of Swift. Let it be granted that he hates all men; he lays down that proposition with the calmness of a mathematician enunciating a theorem; such is the conviction he has been led to by experience; like any other theory, it may be erroneous; but whether correct or not, it is the fruit of observation and thought, not the offspring of passion. The hypochondriac who affirms that he is made of glass, and liable at any moment to fall to pieces, affirms nothing more improbable, more absurdly fantastical than Berkeley's theory, that all matter—the earth, the air, the sea, and all things contained therein—are nothing but unsubstantial shadows. Yet this theory is deemed worthy of consideration and reputation, simply because it was arrived at by thought, and by thought not diseased in itself, however extraordinary its fruit might be; while the hypochondriac's delusion being a mere freak of fancy, excites in the beholder nothing more than pitying derision.

Swift's misanthropy is an intellectual error, Timon's a moral aberration; and the latter's disposition alone pro-

perly deserves the name of misanthropy. The former error may be termed misanthropical judgment. It is based on a narrowness of vision, or rather on a certain concentration of vision, upon one point, from which some of the greatest thinkers have not been exempt. Descartes saw nothing but whirlwinds in the system of the universe; some great physicians have seen all diseases in the liquids, others in the solids, of the human frame. Great philosophers have explained all physical phenomena by innate ideas, others by the senses. Great divines have been equally partial to their own side, equally averse to acknowledging any truth as existing on the other side. Narrowness and exaggeration seem, in a great measure, to be the lot of the human mind. Why should great authors be exempt from extreme views? Their pursuits certainly predispose them to wide aspects of human nature, but in proportion to the energy of their thought and fancy, are they liable to see one point in stronger colours than the rest. Even in our comprehensive times, we are not so free from prejudice, partiality, obliquity of vision, as to be warranted in blaming or depreciating a great observer because he framed his theory of human nature on the facts which

had most impressed his susceptible mind. If it be true, as Montaigne has it, that human fancy can conceive no stranger notion than has already been fostered by human speculation; if, therefore, as old Burton says, philosophers are mad; if, on the other hand, there is in human nature more of the fool than of the wise, and the popular mind is prone to entertaining vulgar errors, why should genius, which stands midway between philosophers and the vulgar, enlightening both, but drawing its materials from both—loftier than the common mind, more human and less pedantic than the philosophical mind—not meet with that toleration for its errors which sages claim, because of too much thought, and the multitude, because of too little thought?

To look at the sun dims and jaundices the sight. Swift contemplated evil with an eagle glance; but, not withdrawing his eye in time, the result was that exaggerated sensitiveness to evil which the world has been pleased to construe into downright malice and fiendish hatred of mankind.

Concerning the manner in which Gulliver considers evil, we shall only remark at present, that he investigates social phenomena in the moral point of view rather than the physical.

#### TINTED SKETCHES IN MADEIRA.

##### THE FLIGHT TO THE MOUNT.

THE influx of strangers to Madeira increases year by year. Rich invalids seek its salubrious shores, because "its climate is the finest in the northern hemisphere; exceeding that of all other climates in steadiness of temperature from day to day; not being half so variable as either Rome, Nice, or Pisa, and only about one-third as variable as Naples." Men of science pay it flying visits, in order to test the theories of the astronomers, geologists, and naturalists who have preceded them, and to propound new ones. The children of genius come, trusting to find it the "nursing mother" of their beautiful imaginings. Travellers come with—

" ——— Note-book crowded full  
Of all its history and romance,  
To measure it with tape and rule;"

And all come, filled with the expectation of having heart and mind taken possession of by its singular and unparalleled scenery, which has obtained for it the graceful titles of "Flower of the Ocean," and "Queen of the Atlantic."

In visiting, however, the numerous places of interest and beauty in Madeira, there is no particular route or plan observed, though there are times and seasons when many of them may be seen to more than ordinary advantage. As an instance, I may mention Nossa Senhora do Monte, commonly called the Mount church. Visit this at any period of the year,



and the magnificence of the view which it commands will repay even a pedestrian for the toil of ascending to it, leaving in his memory a "possession of beauty for ever;" but visit it on any of the days intervening between the sixth and fifteenth of August, and those scenes which poets and painters in "no idle dreaming" have delineated, will present not only splendid and luxurious pictures set in the frame of "heaven's wide arch," but sparkling living illustrations of Madeira in its singular blending of social and religious life; in its festive gaiety of heart and costume; and in its wondrous adaptability to pleasure and idleness.

It is the sixth of August, 1864, and the glorious sunshine is deepening the mellow tints of fields and gardens; diffusing a rich splendour over the golden groves, warming into a red glow the brown and orange dyes of the leafy woodlands, flashing in the noisy cascades, and illuminating the sea with bright shifting glances; while on the ambient air come thrilling strains from winged warblers, "linking our sense to music of the sky," and almost drowning in their full gushings the chimes which in merry peals are proclaiming from the belfry of the Mount church, that at noon the next day would commence the celebration of the festival, annually observed by the Madeirans in honour of the "Lady of the Mount."

In a few seconds the pleasant peal, baffling the sweet notes of the feathered songsters, diffused itself like a silvery shower over the green hills with their wealth of tropical foliage and perfume; over the white city cradled in such sylvan beauty as "detains the enamoured sight;" reaching down to the beach, and away over the blue waves, to where a little forest of picturesque spars announced the presence of an unusual number of foreign vessels. Between these and the shore were lines of gaily painted boats, which during the morning had come in from the Desertas and Porto Santo, crowded with villao, or peasantry, in their brightest holiday attire, and each party being accompanied by a guitarette-player.

Long before the clamorous bell had thus widely spread its message, there were hundreds of the natives, chiefly villao and vendadores, keenly listening

for the first stroke disturbing the startled air, and which had no sooner reached them, than with glad footsteps keeping time to their heart's music, they went hastening towards the Mount. From the hamlets hidden in the purple mist floating over the central ridges of Pico Ruivo and Pico Grande they come in Indian file, now between precipitous ravines, and now having on one hand a white torrent rushing between steep banks, and on the other a perpendicular wall of rock, from whose craggy summit the beautiful wild goat looks wistfully down, as if half inclined to descend and dispute with them the right to use a pathway hardly affording a sufficient footing for himself. Still with fearless grace they continue to advance, secure in their supple strength and their sure firm step, each one carrying a burthen on either head or shoulders, and joining as carelessly in the chorus of the airs sustained by the guitarette-players, as do these groups following their own minstrels over the zig zag roads lower down, and of whom they catch occasional glimpses.

Like those whom we first noticed, they too have their faces towards the Mount, and so also have the multitude coming up from the travessas and lanes of the city, driving before them strong oxen yoked to sledges, on which various articles of household furniture had been carefully piled; mules with bells suspended from their necks, and bearing heavy sacks of flour and vegetables, and patient donkeys laden with panniers of salted conger eel and tunny fish, the flesh of goats, and loaves of brown bread. Heavily, however, as the animals were burthened, it did not appear that they carried sufficient to satisfy the necessities of the motley crowd, each of whom appeared, gracefully balancing on his or her head, some picturesque load. The men, except those who drove the oxen, carried baskets filled up with either Valencia melons, or water melons, or huge bunches of unripe bananas, or quavas and pomegranates, or fresh fish. These latter, by the way, were in such astonishing varieties as could be met with only in Madeira; while in the exquisite shading of their lustrous scales and fins, they were more beautiful than the

" — Rainbow tinted shell which lies  
Miles deep at bottom of the sea, in all  
Colours of skies, and flowers, and gems,  
and plumes."

Endeavouring to rival the men in strength and usefulness were boys carrying round hampers of limes, citrons, green and purple figs, custard-apples, and grapes; while the women walked with ease and freedom beneath handsome wickerwork baskets heaped with plums, passion fruits, butter, eggs, and rich cakes made of fine flour, honey, and walnuts.

Bustling and hurrying, laughing and singing, this picturesque concourse, increasing at each travessa, reached the Careiro, or Sackville-street, of Funshal; passing the clubhouse, where surprised and amused faces looked smilingly down on them; passing the college, where no one seemed to take any notice of them; and passing the barracks, where idle Portuguese soldiers loitered to exchange jokes with the handsome maidens and graceful matrons. On still over the bridge which spans the torrent of Santa Luzia, and then by the shady road running along the left bank, rising higher and higher in picturesque curves through groves and gardens, where oranges, pears, limes, grapes, and cactus triangularis, with its transparent pulp, grow in paradisaical luxuriance and perfection; where passion-fruit and raspberries are found garlanding the same cane; and potatoes and pine apple ripen side by side. Ascending still, they pass cottages where pumpkins are trained over arbours, and vines droop their luxuriant clusters round doors and windows; pass high walls enclosing the pleasure grounds of English wine merchants; pass corn fields fenced with trellised vines; pass rich and tastefully planted slopes where the feathery banana and brilliant coral tree are grouped with gigantic fuscias and graceful acacias; where noble plane trees stretch their green arms over pleasant rustic seats; and willows dip their branches into flashing currents, and see their inverted shadows trembling in the liquid mirror. On and up a little further went the brightly-dressed merry company, reaching at last the wide-spread grove of chestnut trees clothing the hill on which the "Mount church" stands, and then mingling

gaily and rollickingly with the crowds who had arrived before them, and who were busy erecting canvas tents, and booths of green boughs, and spreading fruits and meats, and wines, and pyramids of flowers, on tables constructed of doors laid on tressels; besides otherwise preparing for the refreshment and comfort of those who were expected to visit the Mount next day, and during the eight days of the feast.

The example of diligence and activity set by those who had first arrived was eagerly followed by those who had come up from the city, and long before the solemn glory of sunset had tinted "the skies with a thousand hues unknown to the daylight," the noise of business and bustle had given place to the dreamy sounds of guitarettes, the deep chorus of men's voices, the joyous strains of violins, the beat of feet on the fragrant sward and on the paved roads, as the assembled hundreds closed the day's labours and toil in "wildly rollicking."

"Till in verriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,

They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be loudest  
and merriest."

#### THE FESTIVAL.

The morning succeeding the "Day of the Flight" (as the 6th of August is termed by the Madeirans) had just opened with a radiant eye on the broad world's silence and repose. The church of the "Lady of the Mount" was still lying half in shadow of the verdant curtain of chestnut trees and vinhatcos clothing the hill above and below it, and the summits of the mountain rising behind to a height of 4,000 feet (6,000 from the level of the sea) were yet enfolded in soft purple glories; while over its shadowy sides crept the lance-like golden rays, looking down into deep ravines, where dew-lit leaves breathed fragrant welcome; stealing to the shingly beds of winter torrents, and converting little summer streamlets into crystal threads; shooting wide over forests, groves, and gardens, over the white church and the green mount circled by the tents and booths of the multitude, still held in the spell of refreshing sleep; over the

city lying calmly in alternate light and shadow ; and over the sea which was all aglow, and trembling with delight. Such was the jubilant face which, like a thankful child, the island of Madeira turned up to the serene splendour of the vault bending over it, when the bells suddenly rang out a joyous summons to the sleepers to awake and come forth. The call was quickly responded to, and men and women in bright festive array soon appeared, completing the arrangements and adornments of the canvas tents, and of the "barracas," as the booths of woven branches are called by the people of the island.

The beauty of the interior of these leafy tents is indescribable, and the reader must therefore trust to his own imagination for a picture of one of them, formed of interlaced branches of palm, orange, lime, banana, vine, peach, and almond trees, the ripe fruit drooping inside, while the sunlight without, struggling to peep in, edges every leaf with gold.

Amongst the natives, there is a tradition about these barracas, that the people were taught to erect them by Marié, the wife of Alvar the governor, in order that the Hebrews might not attract observation when holding the "Feast of Tabernacles" during the week in October, in which the Madeirans celebrate the vendemmia or vintage feast. Be this as it may, the appearance of a barraca both within and without, with only two exceptions, is Jewish. In its form it exactly resembles the booth which the Israelites were commanded to make and dwell in during the eight days of the "Feast of Tabernacles." It is similar also in the character of its simple furniture, the mattress serving as a bed by night and a seat by day ; the few vessels of metal and earthenware ; the bottles made of the skins of goats to hold the wine ; the pitchers of classical shape, in which the women draw water from the spring ; and the little lamp of oriental form which is kept burning day and night. Thus far, the resemblance is perfect ; then come the exceptions. For the small image dressed in blue and silver, before which the perfumed oil feeds a weak flame, there is no similitude in the tabernacle of the Hebrew ; nor are the sounds at the door, where thirsty

customers buy or barter fruit and wines, like the sweet voices of praise and thanksgiving ascending from the tent doors of the Israelites, and seeming to join "earth with heaven, and heaven with earth."

While some, as we have already said, are putting the last finishing touches to the tents, there are others spreading tables under the shade of chesnut trees, and heaping them with piles of alligator pears, near which they place small saucers containing a mixture of pepper and salt—the proper seasoning for this fruit—pyramids of peaches, plums, and mangoes ; while from the lower branches of the trees they suspend dozens of round flat cakes, strung on a flaxen cord, like beads on a thread. Others, again, preside over tables where rows of little mugs, containing delicious Madeira-grown coffee, are flanked by huge platters of bread, interspersed with quaint-looking jars of quince marmalade and quava jelly, preserves for which the island is famous.

Meanwhile, through all the bustle and amusement, time was passing noiselessly by, and the multitude were only reminded of his mute march by the din and clamour sent floating around on air-woven wings by the united efforts of gunners, bell-ringers, and trumpeters. This continued from seven o'clock till eight, when the rich harmonious music of a band succeeded, and immediately after, from the adro in front of the church, rockets and other fire-works were let off, looking dim and feeble in the golden glow of nature's day-spring, to announce to those far off and out at sea, what the noise of instruments had proclaimed to these near at hand—the beginning of the Festa do Monte.

The church of Nossa Senhora do Monte is a conspicuous object at a distance of many miles from Madeira, owing both to its great elevation, and to the strong contrast between its white walls and the dark back ground already described. It is a large convent-like building, with square windows, and towers bordered with black. Near it is the residence of the priests, and the house occupied by the altereiro or verger, and the "Pilgrim's Home," in which strangers may lodge during the festival. In front of the church is a large square surrounded by a low wall and stone

seats : this is called the *adro*, and is at all seasons, as well as during festas, the favourite lounge of the Madeirans. Looking over this wall, you see a handsome terrace, which is reached by a flight of basaltic steps, and below it the mount beautifully planted. During the days of the festival, the roads running round and through this are thronged with gaily-dressed people, eating and drinking, buying and selling, singing and dancing ; while minstrels—including the performers on guitars, guitarettes, and violins—venders of toys and curiosities, children and beggars, mingle with every group, and add to the picturesque effect of the gipsy scene. Nor is the vast and motley assemblage composed of natives only. Foreign sailors, who have come up from the vessels anchored in the roads, are there in considerable numbers, looking confused by the strange sights and sounds around them, and bewildered by the dazzling appearance of the maidens in their bright dresses of striped cotton or marrajuja, their tightly-fitting scarlet bodices closed in front with thickly set rows of gold buttons ; their rich, dark hair partially concealed by either scarlet or blue silk half handkerchiefs, called *lencos*, or perhaps by little squares of snowy white clear muslin, exquisitely embroidered ; while their ears, necks, and fingers gleam with ornaments of pure gold, though in general of coarse workmanship. Foreign gentlemen are there too—Irish, English, and Scotch—some of whom gather in front of rudely constructed stalls, and make purchases of beautiful little baskets made from the heath plant, which here grows to the height of thirty feet ; or chairs made from the same ; or perhaps cigar-cases, or paper-cutters, or work-boxes of inlaid woods, on which the peasant-manufacturers of Madeira so happily display their imaginative skill, in the variety of elaborate designs and emblematic devices which they work out by the admixture of atoms of pine, orange, walnut, til, box, cypress, and chesnut trees ; while others of the foreign party appear to vie with the impressionable seamen in their open admiration of peasant girls, famed all over the world for grace of movement and beauty of form ; and if in feature they fall short, as a rule, of the classic

delicacy of outline or colouring which one is led to expect from their sculptured forms, they possess at least a wealth of most attractive charms, in the abundance of their soft, dark, lustrous tresses, in their pearly teeth, and in their large dreamy eyes, with their quenchless light, like “diamonds in the dark.”

Elbowing this crowd are *manchila* men, displaying their active and athletic persons in wide, white, cotton breeches, yellow boots coming half way up the leg, blue or pink silk jackets, and straw hats with long flaunting ribbons. Lightly and gracefully these men bear on their shoulders pretty showy-looking hammocks, having silk curtains of various colours looped with either gold or silver cords. Within these recline ladies, chiefly the wives of rich vendors, arrayed in damasks and brocades, wearing diamonds and amethysts set in the far-famed fillagree work of Pinto e Sousa, the fashionable Lisbon jeweller, and having on their proud heads little French bonnets, which serve at least the purpose of supporting a profusion of artificial flowers.

As the day advanced the crowd increased, the whole island giving up its inhabitants, old and young, rich and poor, to the enjoyment of the festival. Shortly after 12 o'clock the *hidalgoes* began to arrive, displaying to the admiring eyes of the multitude—from whom, except on the occasions of grand festas, they keep strictly aloof—that luxurious pomp, bespeaking at once both their affluence and their pride. Superbly dressed, though in colours somewhat too bright to suit the sombre taste of the people of other climes, and with “the waving grace of quivering plumes,” the ladies ascended to the *adro*, escorted by crowds of cavaliers, and followed by numerous attendants, taking their seats in the established order of their rank. Then, after a short season of rest, they entered the church, sweeping through its long aisle to the altar, while the wives of the vendors, and others who were already kneeling there, moved away with the quiet of trained habit.

Distinctions both in rank and creed are nowhere more openly asserted than in Madeira, where the aristocracy guard their exclusive privileges

with despotic selfishness, and the Church maintains hers with an engrossing spirit approaching to intolerance. This social and religious tyranny, however, is in no way disagreeable to any class amongst the natives, and strangers are hardly sensible of it in a *country* where the universal rule of conduct is frank politeness.

But to return to our subject. All the riches and magnificence of the church are displayed during this festival. The altar is laden with vases of gold and silver, exquisitely traced, and filled either with flowers of pure white, breathing softest perfume, or piled with blossoms of gorgeous tints and rich odours, while the whole building is profusely adorned with wreaths, and drapery of gold and silver tissue.

Just at noon, a priest gorgeously robed begins the "text," or twelve o'clock service. His cope is embroidered with gold; his girdle and maniple, though they represent the cords and bands with which the Saviour was bound, glisten with bright threads; his amice is of soft white satin; his chasuble of rich silk, having the purple cross on the back edged with treble rows of seed pearls; his albe is of the finest transparent lawn, and is embroidered with the elaborate needlework for which the women of the island are famous. While this priest is engaged with the noon service, two others, also wearing rich vestments, pass continually backwards and forwards from one end to the other of the railings in front of the altar. One of these carries on his hands a small figure or image of the Virgin—the same, it is said, which angels brought down from heaven and laid beneath a group of chestnut trees on a bed of bella donna lilies, to indicate where a church should be built—arrayed in silver gauze, and having a golden glory on its head. With the quiet grace which distinguishes all Madeirans, he presents this to the kiss of each individual kneeling before the railings, and afterwards permits all who desire it, to press to its bright vermilion lips bouquets of flowers, or little golden ornaments, such as hearts and crosses—beautiful and simple tokens of human love, intended for dear ones at home, whose

absence may have been caused by age or illness.

While he is thus engaged, the other priest is passing continually from one end of the cancelli to the other, with his head bent over the worshippers, whom he reminds that the festival is held, not only in honour of the Virgin's life, but in commemoration of her resurrection. As all educated Madeirans, however, are supposed to be familiar with the circumstances of this event, the particulars—just as in Britain—are related only in sermons, when, for the instruction of the lower classes, the preacher describes how the Virgin lay stretched in death in a small house in the heart of Jerusalem, at a time when the Apostles were scattered abroad preaching the gospel to the Gentiles; who, in a moment of time, eleven of them, borne on invisible wings, came flying into the chamber, from whence a spirit had just passed into the golden doors of heaven; how they found the bed surrounded by angels whose faces shone like silver fire, and whose voices resembled the music of a sweet full choir heard from afar; how they remained altogether in that room, which was filled with heavenly fragrance and light, until the third day, when they carried forth the body, from which no trace of beauty was passing away, and laid it in a stone sepulchre in the Garden of Gethsemane; how they lingered at the tomb for three more days, the angels remaining to console them till the dawn of the fourth, when they ascended beyond their reach of vision on shining crystal steps, thronged with forms of glorious beauty; how on the next day St. Thomas arrived weary and footsore, and desired to have the sepulchre opened, when lo, it was found empty, and then the eleven remembered that the angels had expanded their glorious wings as they ascended, thus concealing from their uplifted gaze some object too radiant for mortal eye to look upon.

Such is the tradition of the resurrection of the Virgin, which the priest reminded the Madeiran congregation was commemorated in the "Festa do Monte," and which Britons celebrate in the "Feast of the Assumption."

Considering the vast multitude assembled on the Mount, there were

comparatively few persons in the church: only just enough to make the *tout ensemble* a rich picture, such as Titian or Guido would transfer to their glowing canvas. A crowd would prevent your being able to judge of the fine proportions of the lofty central aisle, or to see the gorgeous decorations of the transepts or side chapels, one of which is dedicated to St. Jago Minor, and the other to St. Lourenço. But there is no crowd, and you see one thin bright stream of people quietly entering the church, and another leaving it. You see queenly forms kneeling at the altar, and you admire—for who can help it!—their soul-lit eyes, and the soft caressing hand with which they touch the delicate little figure before they press their coral lips to it with a yearning tenderness. You see others waiting in attitudes of un-studied grace for their turn to kneel, or you watch them breaking up into groups and entering the chapels, which, on the present occasion, are lavishly adorned with silk and velvet, and gold and silver drapery. And you see peasant women, graceful as the best of them, kneeling, or even sitting on the floor, large bright shawls hanging in folds around them; and peasant girls and young vendors, sweet and fresh as primroses and brilliant as marigolds, in little knots near the pillars, or opposite to some of the gorgeously coloured pictures of saints and martyrs. While your eyes are thus feasted, your sense of hearing is receiving dreamy impressions of the mingled sounds of low voices from the altar, and whispered prayers from the women, and echoing footsteps in the aisles, and occasional high and rapturous strains from the choir, and grand symphonies from the organ. These last attract you to the gallery, where from the window you have a scene which it is a high privilege to look on once in a lifetime.

Beneath you is the adro and the Mount, as already described; farther down lies the city, its white streets creeping up into hills clothed with beauty as with a garment, while encircling, or rather enfolding them, is an amphitheatre of mountains, whose brows are flooded in golden light, whose feet are covered with ocean's foam, and down whose sides streams

white like silver, yet clear as crystal, run with constant music. And then, surrounding the whole, like a floating zone of light, or a glorious girdle enamoured of its centre, is the beautiful azure sea, the hem of her robe like stainless snow, and sunbeams crowding over her, as if forgetful of their home in the skies.

THE FIRST EVENING OF THE FEAST, AND THE LAST.

Until the evening, the scenes within the church and without, described in the last chapter, varied but little from hour to hour; then all traffic, except in refreshments, ceased, and the soft vesper bell, flowing down "like some old poet's rhymes," reached the multitude scattered wide now over the Mount and the hill side. Some were sauntering through calm groves; some were down in pleasant ravines, scrambling through ferns and odorous underwood, and over moss-covered rocks, from which an occasional slip into the babbling stream added to the enjoyment; and some were in groups under the broad chestnut trees, listening to improvisadores recounting marvellous legends, or extolling the youth and beauty of the maidens, and the strength and grace of the men whom the occasion had assembled. Others, again, were waltzing to the music of the band; while others danced to the mirthful notes of violins, which set dainty feet twinkling and glancing like sunbeams through a leafy screen. And then there were others—and those not a few—wandering in pairs in every direction. They were lovers all; and the exquisite harmony existing between the young and happy so circumstanced with regard to each other in Madeira, and the lovely flowery scenery with which they are surrounded, can only, in my opinion, find its parallel in this self-same "island paradise," in a picture, or in the life-dream of some impassioned poet.

Numerous marriages follow the interval of idleness and pleasure occasioned by the celebration of this festa. The Madeirans are affectionate and impressionable, possessing, not alone the poetry of sentiment and idea, but of real life in its simple and noble purity; while their power of

improvising is but the natural result of their intense perception of the perfections with which they are surrounded—the poetry of nature creating poetry in themselves.

The instinctive principles of the Madeiran women are pure and beautiful. As mothers, they are unsurpassed in love and devotion to their children; as wives, they are fond, faithful, and gentle; as sisters, they are generous and self-sacrificing; while the men have the character of being ardent and impassioned as lovers, tender and affectionate as husbands, and loving and indulgent as parents. In fact, it is said that Madeiran housewives never scold, Madeiran children never cry, and Madeiran masters never give way to violent temper.

This is a long digression, and the praise it embodies seems high and exaggerated; yet, I believe, taken collectively, it is true, nor have I ever heard any one really acquainted with Madeiran character deny that in their domestic relations they come as near perfection as any other people in the world; while with those nationalities—if I may so speak—which we cannot respect, and must ever condemn, we have nothing to do in a paper such as this. Once for all, however, I may just remark here, that it is almost impossible to describe Madeira or its inhabitants without appearing to deal in fables; or at least to delineate them by means of “word-painting,” instead of simple expressions. Yet, if one attempts to picture what is wondrously beautiful, what is more necessary than to try—even though it is often a failure—to find suitable language? The poet, in offering his tribute of homage to “Grace,” could use no other than the glowing language which he did, and which, with equal fitness, might be employed in describing this lustrous island; for truly of her also it may be said:—

“Bright are her garments, bright and many-hued;  
Violets, and pinks, and roses all combine;  
Their tints Sidonian, and yet all subdued  
By some soft breath, with mellow radiance shine.  
And whose can be that breath, O Grace!  
but thine?”

Who, at thine own will, tamest th’ ethereal dyes,  
Else splendid over much from heaven’s own mine.

’Tis thou who send’st the light to soothe all eyes,  
Till colors sink into the soul like harmonies.”

Immediately the “vesper bell,” to which we alluded in the beginning of the chapter, rings, the hidalgos leave the Mount, retiring to the palatial quintas in the neighbourhood; while the rich vendors, or shopkeepers, repair to the cottages which they have engaged for the week, whose owners, in turn, rent little palheiros, or huts, the ordinary occupants of which are content to live for the time in the open air, sleeping under trees, or on the floor of the church.

Just as the grandees are leaving the adro, rockets are sent off, followed by other fireworks, such as Catherine-wheels, serpents pursuing butterflies, and other quaint devices. Lastly, the whole front of the church appears beautifully illuminated by graceful festoons of small oil-lamps, and then the ceremonies of the day are officially over; for lo! that for which they had been watching appears—

“— in the painted oriel the west,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
The evening star, the star of love and rest.”

Each succeeding day from this, the first evening of the festa, to the 15th, which is the last, repeats its predecessor; and on that, which is the most eventful of all, the “pilgrims” come up to the Mount by hundreds. They are of all ages and stations, though it is rare to see one of noble birth amongst them, and but few men, except the aged. In times of grief and anguish, these people had promised to perform a pilgrimage to the Mount Church during the Feast of the Assumption, and to offer gifts to the “Lady,” proportioned to their means, should their great troubles be rolled away, and they are now fulfilling their vows. Many of them have walked several miles, and then, though ready to faint with fatigue, they climb the long flight of basalt steps, already mentioned, on their knees; while some few arrive in hammocks,

and kneeling at the foot of the stairs in all the gracefulness of youth and strength, reach the uppermost step with damp brows and forms writhing with pain. At the church door they exchange the gifts which they bring in their hands for a lighted taper, and passing with this (still on their knees) into the church, they make their way to the altar, and press their parched lips to the image of the *Madonna*. This done, their next and last duty is to drink of the waters of "the fountain;" and oh! if they could only taste of them then, what a pleasant and refreshing conclusion it would be to their weary pilgrimage! But that cannot be; the fountain trickles from a cleft of the rock on which the church is built, and through a dense crowd they must press their way out of the church and down to this. It is well they are no longer on their knees.

A picturesque porch, supported on basaltic pillars, serves to keep the trickling spring clear and cool, and also contains beneath its shelter another image of the *Madonna*, with a spangled robe and a golden glory, which is further protected from being injured by light and heat by a heavy glass-shade, around which hang baskets of flowers; while in front is suspended a small oil-lamp, kept burning continually day and night all through the year. Close to the fountain are some beautiful plane trees, throwing around it the charm of alternate light and shadow, while above it is one of the finest chestnut trees in the island. Each pilgrim on entering kneels, and then filling no cup, but simply applying their dry mouth to the sweet refreshing water, quaffs a deep draught. Entering by one arch she leaves by the opposite, and thus there is less crushing immediately near the fountain than anywhere else.

Meanwhile, the festa is drawing to a close; yet the people, in no degree wearied of the festivities, even on the evening of the eighth day, are endeavouring to press into moments the joys of hours. The dancers appear to have wings to their feet: the singers have acquired more lusty notes, if not fresher tones: the brass band is braying its best: the lovers only are silent; even of their next meeting they cannot speak, they had found that place so sweet. Hark!

there goes the gun. The festa is over. The band ceases: the people hurra: the withered branches of the barracas are tossed into the air: a living stream pours down towards the city, and there is silence on the Mount.

"Ah! when shall they all meet again?

As in the days long since gone by,

The ancient timepiece makes reply,

'For ever—never!

Never—for ever!'"

#### THE CAVE.

Some days have passed since the celebration of the *Festa do Monte*, and once more the brief but exquisitely beautiful gloaming is passing away. There are no bells ringing out now from the domes, on which the sun-set glow is still lying warm, nor is there any other music floating on the air than that of the sweet ceaseless voice of the streams as they hold their constant way towards the sea. By-and-by this hushed repose is broken by strange wild notes coming from various directions—from the ravine below—from the hill above—from the distant mountain ridges. You pause a moment in amazement, and then you recollect having heard that the people are in the habit of calling home their cattle with the sounds of conches. This explains the mystery, and yet there is one low, long-drawn, frequently-repeated note which seems to have a significance of its own. Reader, should you ever find yourself in Madeira, watch for this strange, lingering note, and trace it to its source, even should it lead you, as it will, up to where the mountain is bare and barren—where the red ferruginous earth is beautified only by masses of scoria, and the basaltic rocks by little shumac plants and creamy-white lichens.

Once again you are likely to hear it when you have reached this elevation, and it has guided you to a ridge the summit of which has a castellated appearance, and round which you follow a narrow path for a few paces, when you are suddenly stopped by a high wall of basalt, stretching across your path to the edge of a fearful precipice. You hear the waters roaring far below, and trembling to think of the danger from which you had escaped but by one step, you draw



back in dismay, and turning the shoulder of the ridge again, probably sit down to take breath.

Presently you see yon a man coming up the mountain path, and following him at some distance another and yet another, while from the right and left others also are coming, and each one turns the shoulder of the ridge, saluting you as he passes. All appear to know that you are from "one of the British Queen's islands," as they express it in Madeira—a fact of trivial consequence in their estimation in comparison with being "of the Queen of Portugal's island," except just at that particular time, when they are coming stealthily one by one, in fear of their very shadows, and yet in their heart of hearts trusting in you, stranger though you are, because you are a Briton.

The conch which served to guide you to this spot has long since ceased, and you now observe that, except yourself, each man who has responded to its wild call, carries in his hand an adexa or small pickaxe. If you can speak Portuguese, address any of them fearlessly, and ask permission to accompany them, and if you are unacquainted with their language, let them understand your wishes by signs, and you will meet with a ready compliance. There is gladness as well as kindness in the voice of the man who undertakes to be your guide, as he tells you to follow, and then leads you cautiously and almost tenderly round the wall of basalt by means of well-cut steps, which, however, overhang the precipice in so fearful a manner you cannot choose but hold your breath and set your teeth. He encourages you by his cheerful voice, and by his words, if they convey any meaning to your ears, to be steady—to keep to the right, pressing near to the wall as possible. In about a moment the danger is past, the path is wide enough for two, you round another projection, and lo! you are on a little patch of soft green moss, about five feet square, with an arched opening into the basalt ridge of rock, or rather on this side "wall of rock," from whence issues a faint light. Your guide enters, and invites you to do the same.

There are pictures which I cannot paint with pen and ink, and this is one of them. All I hope to do is to convey

by means of simplest words a faint idea of the scene within. The cave was forty feet by twenty, and fifteen feet high. The roof and sides were encrusted with stalactites and pebbles, and plumed with tufts of waving ferns. At the upper end was seated on a fragment of rock an elderly man in the neatest festa dress of the villao. The light of a small oil-lamp placed on a projection behind and above his head, fell partially over him, revealing a graceful though weakly form, a low, broad brow, and black lustrous tranquil eyes. On either hand, near the sides of the cave, and more in the stream of light than the old man, stood some ten or a dozen women, wearing snowy lenços drooping down to their shoulders, and small blue tippets over their scarlet bodices. The thick gold chains called locos, usually worn on all public occasions by women of this class, were laid aside, and only a few retained their gleaming finger-rings. Between these and the entrance were crowded as many men as the cave would conveniently hold, a narrow passage only being left down the centre, which enabled you to see the silver-blue sky beyond glorified by thousands of shining worlds. There was perfect stillness; every man standing uncovered, holding his hat in his hand with his adexa, the head of which rested on the ground. On the faces of the women only there was a calm, and a full and quiet happiness. Occasionally they turned their eyes to where stern visages were but half revealed in the dim light, beaming with such unutterable trustfulness as betrayed the pride and entirety with which they reposed in the strength and love of those who had come there prepared to grapple with death if necessary for their sakes. They were all in a *Salvador Rosa*-like light and shade, from the aged man beneath the lamp to the shadowy forms standing near the entrance, where the starlight from without and the last faintest verge of the lamp-rays within mingled into one. This is the picture, which remained silent, and almost as motionless as if painted on canvas, for a period long enough to allow the visitor to inquire mentally—"What will come next? What are these down-trodden, patient Madeirans about to do? Are they going to pro-

pose an overthrow of the government ; or will they try to blow up the island on the same principle which once led, it is said, to a like attempt on St. Helena ; and which caused Sampson to pull the tower over his own ears ? And then, what are women doing here if there is wrong or danger ? Ought they to be found standing there amidst armed men in the wild light and shadow of that cave ? Are they waiting to witness scenes of jar and strife ? Are they determined on adding to the danger of those who would shelter them even from their very fears ? Are they using aright the influence of their grace and beauty by quickening into life the stormy passions of vexed men's minds, and ought they not rather make it the load-star to keep them in the ways of justice, and peace, and household love ?

But there is no time for any more hard questions. The old man rises, and with those tender dark eyes, looks quietly around, as if to ascertain whether all whom he expected are present. He speaks, and even should you understand modern Portuguese, you will be at a loss to comprehend the *patois* he uses. You must wait yet a little longer for the solution of the mystery.

There is a slight movement amongst the people when the old man had ceased, followed by a moment's perfect stillness, and broken then, not by any harsh sound, but by the clear soft voice of a woman stealing along that dark vaulted roof, and then rising and leading the voices of all the rest, until there bursts on the

ear of the astonished and delighted British stranger,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name !"

Oh, what a surprise ; what a beautiful and joyful surprise for him ; and what a surprise, too, I have, no doubt, for many who will read these pages, to learn that even here, amongst the natives of Madeira, the Lord hath not left himself without witnesses—that even here there is a little leaven, which shall remain till the whole be leavened.

Prayer followed, then a short earnest exhortation to steadfastness in keeping the faith ; and lastly, a second hymn. This time it was a Portuguese composition, and in its wild, unexpected, and plaintive cadences, resembled the hymns which one hears from congregated thousands in the fields in the neighbourhood of Inverness, when the Highlanders come down to the "tables" once in every six months, and sing in their native tongue, during these open-air services, the very same hymns which, hundreds of years ago, might be heard in the dead of night stealing up heavenward from the glens and caves of the mountain fastnesses.

When the service was concluded the people departed, leaving an interval of a few seconds between the exit of each. A parting blessing from the aged elder followed them ; and I have no doubt that those who had assembled in fear and trembling, separated in renewed hope and strength, and returned to their homes in the full possession of that peace which "passeth all understanding."

#### GARRICK.—PART II.

BUT in the following month the famous comedy of "The Suspicious Husband" was brought out, and *Ranger*, one of his most successful and spirited characters was added to Garrick's repertoire. Actor and character were indeed worthy of each other, for nothing can exceed the buoyancy, the unflagging gaiety, the frolicsome abandon of this prince of good-natured rakes. Worked into a novel, it would have been a good and popular character. It is one of the few *living* comedies, is written with extraordinary animation, and

reads now almost as fresh as on the day it appeared. As acted by Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, it must have been an admirable entertainment.

The gaiety of *Ranger* starts from the moment the curtain rises. His talk with the servants ; his reply to his friend, when he had been up all night :—

"The law is a damnable dry study, Mr. Bellamy ; there have I been at it these three hours ; but the wenches will never let me alone.

"*Bel.*—Three hours ! Why, do you usually study in such shoes and stockings ?

"*Ran.*—Rat your inquisitive eyes! *Ex pede Herculem.* Egad, you have me. The truth is, I am but this moment returned from the tavern."

His quotation from "my Lord Coke," in "a case I read this morning," and his friend's expostulation, "*My Lord Coke!*" and his answer, "Yes, my Lord Coke;" and the whole kept up in the same tone of *abandon*, make it a most entertaining production. To the end of his life almost, it was one of Garrick's parts, and would seem to have suited him "to a hair." In the same free key as the "Wonder," and having its window and rope-ladders, and bed-chambers, it was yet the work of a beneficed dignitary of the Church, Doctor Hoadly—a matter that did not offend the delicacy of the king, who was so delighted with it, that he sent a hundred pounds to the author, and had the play dedicated to himself. Garrick himself wrote prologue and epilogue, the last of which, in the shape of a fable, ended with rather an awkward suggestiveness as to the author of the play—"But *here* no artifice can hide the ass." And the jealous growing spirit of the manager, took a general expression, "the manager an owl," to himself.

This excellent piece, besides other examination, drew forth an excellent bit of dramatic criticism from Foote, then playing at Drury-lane, and preparing his "Diversions of the Morning," in which he pronounced it to be the best comedy since Vanburgh's "Provoked Husband." It also brought out a bit of criticism in the odd shape of a farce by Macklin, which lived but one night. In short, the play excited a storm of criticism at the Grecian and other coffee-houses, and was a sensation of the day.

Yet with the prosperity of his season, the manager's behaviour and temper was a little strange. He had a spite to Garrick, and seemed to grudge the success that brought to himself such profit. When the houses were overflowing, he was seen peeping through the curtain at the audience, muttering "Ah, you are there, are

you? Much good may it do you!" One of his pastimes even was to go down upon his knees, and give a burlesque of the curse in *Leaar*, "in Garrick's manner," to the obsequious applause of some dependants. It is said even that he might have readily secured Garrick for many seasons, but that he preferred his dislike to his interest, and let him go without a word.\* In May the season closed, with, it is said, receipts to £8,000.†

The title to the Drury Lane patent thus offered to Garrick, can be traced in a few words. Without going back to what might be called the "Black Letter" times of the stage, we may start from the time when it was shared between Colley Cibber, Wilks, and Dogget; a period stretching from about the beginning of William the Third's reign, until George the Second's. Soon Booth the actor took Dogget's place: the patent had been just renewed for twenty-one years. Soon came the amateur young manager who purchased the whole of Cibber's share, and half of Booth's for £5,500, an enormous price considering the decay of the property. Later on Giffard purchased Booth's remaining half, and thus at Highmore's break-up in 1733, the proprietors of the patent were Highmore, representing one-half, and the Widow Wilks and Giffard. Fletcher then appeared and purchased the whole for little more than the unlucky Highmore had given for half. He ruled a very languishing and distracted kingdom until the year 1743, when his health being impaired by gout, he thought of retiring to France, not however before he had hopelessly involved his property. The patent had been mortgaged for three thousand pounds to Sir Thomas de Lorme and a Mr. Masters; and an unsuspicious Mr. More had been persuaded to advance money for the redemption of the patent, being told that seven thousand pounds would set it free, and took as his security the theatre properties and wardrobe, with title to enjoy all the receipts. But he was presently surprised by seeing in the papers a public notice

\*The direct contradictions of biographers are curious. Murphy says that Rich desired to re-engage Garrick for another.

† Davies.

that the patent was to be put up to sale under a decree in Chancery, and he was in this embarrassing position that he might be the owner of a theatre without a patent.

After some negotiations two bankers in the Strand, Green and Amber, into whose house many of the county receivers were in the habit of depositing the land tax, proposed as a scheme to Lacy, whose steadiness and business habits had attracted attention, a sort of partnership on this basis. They were to pay Fleetwood an annuity of six hundred a year; the patent was to be set free, and paid off; More was to let his mortgage lie out at interest, and Lacy's third in the purchase was also to stand over, and be gradually discharged by his share in the profits. To this arrangement everybody agreed.

A couple of years later came a money crisis; the Bank of England rocked and tottered; and the house of Green and Amber, called on suddenly by the Exchequer to pay in some large balance, nearly £20,000, had to stop payment; the theatre had been going from bad to worse; the audiences were growing thin, and the actors receiving no pay, assumed Mrs. Oibber's description of "Lacy's ragged regiment." Still he had struggled and with difficulties closing about him, with his mortgagee actually about to sell the green-room properties, and break up the whole concern, extricated the theatre with surprising skill and readiness. Riddle, a receiver for the county of Bedford, was father-in-law to Green, and was being made accountable by the Government for the sum lodged with the bankers, which amounted to nearly £20,000. To him Fleetwood proposed that his interest in getting a new patent—the old one, which had but a couple of years to run, being only worth a trifle; and thus enormously increased the value of the security. Riddle at once agreed to so advantageous a proposal; and Lacy having taken steps to apply to the Duke of Grafton, at once thought of Garrick as the best partner he could have in such a speculation. As he was to be for many years the useful friend and assistant of the great actor in managing this great institution, a few words about his history and character would not be out of place, especially as Mrs.

Oibber had just been found in a rather disagreeable light.

"A man of the name of Lacy," and "this man," as Sir John Hawkins contemptuously called him, was in trade in Norwich, about the year 1722. He belonged to the Irish family of the name; and having met with some misfortunes in business, he went up to London and joined Rich's corps. He seems to have been a person of steady purpose and good business habits, had a clear head without genius, and, above all, a buoyancy of disposition and purpose not to be checked by reverses. Above all he had character; and the players, in some of their squabbles, had accepted his word as ample security that they were to be paid their claims. He had a rough boisterous manner which commended him to a particular class, and was, perhaps, an earnest of his honesty. He tried a great many schemes. He joined with Feilding in the unfortunate adventure at the Haymarket, and played the tragedy poet in the drama "Pasquin," which brought about the fatal Licensing Act. This, no doubt, led to his appearance as a lecturer at York Buildings, a natural protest against the persecution which had so injured him; for many of the actors were now wandering about destitute and unable to get their bread. This he called "Peter's visitation." It was maliciously said, that his object was to compete with the popularity of Orator Henly's show, but the explanation was, no doubt, what has been given. His strictures, however, as they gave great offence to Sir John Hawkins, from their dealing freely with "the great officers of state and the clergy," we may assume to have been harmless enough and founded in reason. This entertainment, however, seemed to have come under the power of the Act, and was stopped, which the pompous Tory knight vindictively describes as—"he was seized, dealt with as a vagrant, and silenced."

He it was who had started the idea of Ranelagh, that building which, according to Johnson, gave such an "expansion to the human mind." In this enterprise he was badly treated by his partner, but managed to withdraw from it successfully, having sold it at a profit of £4,000, to a

Mr. Burnaby. Finally he was an assistant to Rich, at Covent Garden, when an opening came for the negotiation for Drury-lane.

Lacy was about this time living in Quin-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, looking about for some new scheme, was "supposed to understand stage management," says Sir John, contemptuously, "and had some friends." An important one was the Duke of Grafton, the Chamberlain, whom he had met out on hunting parties, and used such opportunities as the field opened to him, having always refreshment ready, to ingratiate himself. It was supposed, too, that the Tory sympathies of the Duke leant towards the Irish Lacys. But Garrick, who was beginning to know dukes and lords in plenty, no doubt helped him; and as it is said that Lady Burlington had used her interest with the Devonshires, it is not unlikely that Garrick had already commenced the intimacy that was to end in his marriage. The new patent was readily obtained; and, indeed, it was likely that the authorities would be glad to have one theatre at least which was likely to be well conducted, by steady, respectable, clever men, instead of as hitherto, by adventurers and spendthrifts.

Garrick had three friends, men of business and of substance, who assisted him through the negotiation—Draper, the partner of Tonson; Clutterbuck, a mercer; and Doctor Sharpe, who afterwards wrote some Italian travels coloured by the grossest prejudices. On the 9th of April, 1747, an agreement was signed between the two future patentees, on the following terms:—

The total present liabilities of the theatre, including the mortgage to Green and Amber, the mortgage to Mr. Meure, arrears due to actors and tradesmen, were set down at twelve thousand pounds. There was besides an annuity of £300 to Cawthorpe, and another of £500 to Fleetwood. Of this twelve thousand Garrick, helped by his friends,\* found

eight.† Each party was to draw weekly or otherwise, £500 a year as manager, and Garrick was to receive besides £500 a year salary for his acting, but was restrained from playing at any other house except on the terms of dividing profits with his fellow manager. By thus putting more money into the adventure and receiving more out of it, the greater weight and interest came to him. On the whole it was a fortunate investment for his money. Rarely, indeed, have the functions of a popular and "drawing" actor, and that of a skilful manager been so fortunately united.

With the new season, and the new management there was to set in a hopeful era for the drama. At Drury Lane was to come the reign of judgment, sense, fine acting, lavish yet judicious outlay, excellent yet not "sensational" attraction, and skilful management; and on these characteristics was to follow prosperity. And not only financial prosperity; but almost at once came a sudden elevation of the social status with which the drama was to be recognised. It rose into respect and consideration. The other theatres shared in the general "rehabilitation;" and he would have been a bold magistrate who would have now dealt with a manager of Drury Lane or Covent Garden "as a common rogue or vagabond."

On these principles the new managers went vigorously and at once to work. They were determined to get together "the best company in England;" and by the middle of July were busy remodelling the house. They shared the labour between them—Garrick undertaking the intellectual duties, engagement of actors, selection of plays, &c.; Lacy looking after the theatre, scenes, wardrobe, and expenses. And through all their long connexion they seem each to have kept within the domain they had marked out, and to have discharged their separate parts with an exceptional harmony.

The interior of the theatre, as laid

\* "I have a great stake, Mr. Pritchard, and must endeavour to secure my property and my friends' to the best of my judgment."—Letter to Pritchard, "Garrick Correspondence," vol. i, 54.

† This is on Davies' authority, for the agreement makes no mention of the contribution of each party,

out by Wren, had one remarkable feature. The stage projected forward by many feet, in a sort of oval, into the body of the house, and followed the semicircular shape of the benches of the pit. The actors made the entrance through doors which were down near to the audience. Thus there was one more side-scene necessary. The player was thus in the middle of the house, every whisper and play of expression was perceptible, every rich or fine coloured habit had a more lively lustre, and the stage had a greater depth.\* Cibber looked fondly back to this arrangement, and reasonably, for it would be in favour with the old school of declamatory actors, who would wish their measured utterance and mouthings to be heard and seen to the best advantage. But it obviously interfered with stage illusion and abridged the space for the audience. Very soon, a little after the commencement of the century, alterations were made, the stage was shortened and thrown back, and for the first doors, where the actors entered, stage boxes were substituted. By this alteration the house was made to hold "ten pounds" more than it did before.

By July the managers were "in the midst of bricks and mortar," and *Lacy* was busy making new approaches to the house, altering it internally, painting and decorating. By fresh arrangements they contrived to increase the paying accommodation by forty pounds a night. Thus the very first step of Garrick in his adventure was marked by that sound thought and profit which attended all his actions. He himself had gone down to his family at Lichfield, had found damp sheets at Coventry, and had to be bled. He was fast enlisting recruits; and it is characteristic that at the earliest moment he found on his hands, he used it to the service of all his friends. *Barry*, growing in prosperity, already pronounced superior to Garrick in many favourite parts, he retained at his house.

*Mrs. Cibber*, his friend and correspondent, was of course engaged. Indeed it was whispered that the manager's favour was to place her in every leading part. This rumour even reached Bristol and brought up a petulant remonstrance from the *Pritchards*, husband and wife, and thus early gave Garrick his first managerial experience of the morbid sensitiveness of actors. A protest he answered in the good generous and reasoning way which afterwards became almost habitual with him in dealing with such wounded sensibilities. He showed him temperately that it was the proprietors' interest that *Mrs. Pritchard* should have her proper place at the theatre, and not be sacrificed to the empire of "any haughty woman." An expression that seems to hint that there was a coldness between the former friends. Perhaps *Mrs. Cibber* was offended that her advances and advice as to the patent were passed over. And having reassured these jealous souls, he gave them the best proof of his regard by making their son treasurer to the theatre.

He also engaged *Macklin* and his wife. A man who, under a fancied sense of gross injury, had attacked Garrick with both tongue and pen.

It is amusing to read *Macklin's* biographer on this act of Garrick's, which, even if it were an act of atonement, had a certain graciousness. "Although *Mr. Macklin*," he says, "had just cause to remember the cruel treatment he had formerly experienced at the hands of *Mr. Garrick*, yet the nobleness and generosity of his mind prompted him now to dismiss it totally from his recollection." This is exquisite. *Kitty Clive*, "*Peg*" *Woffington*, *Delane*, *Havard*, *Sparks*, *Yates*, and *Woodward*, who was to join after a Dublin engagement was concluded, all made up a company that was not merely strong; but brilliant. *Quin* alone, still morose and aggrieved, refused an engagement and retired to Bath.†

\* Her Majesty's Theatre is constructed on this principle.

† Later when he wished to join *Rich's* company, his court application is well known:—"Dear sir, I am at Bath. Yours, *JAMES QUIN*." And the answer as curt:—"Stay there and be d—d. Yours, *JOHN RICH*."

At last, on September the 15th,\* the playhouse opened brilliantly with a fine prologue, from the pen of Samuel Johnson, with Macklin as *Shylock*, and an epilogue spoken by Woffington. The prologue—weighty, impressive, and sonorous, contained these famous lines—

"Those who live to please, must please to live."

And the fine encomium of Shakespeare—

"Panting time toiled after him in vain!"

and expounded to the audience the faith and principles of the new management.

They were not to expect rope-dancers like Mahomet, boxers like Hunt, flying-chariots, and such pantomimic tricks. It was hinted—but the remedy lay with the audience themselves—that the stage could hardly reform itself, but must follow the taste of the public. Garrick declaimed Johnson's majestic lines with fine effect, and there must have been felt a singular appropriateness when he said—

"From bard to bard the frigid caution  
crept,

Till declamation roared, while passion  
aslept."

And at the bottom of this bill the curious audience found another hint of reform—that there was to be no admission behind the scenes; and "it was humbly hoped" that the audience would not take it amiss. Significant too was the choice of Macklin's *Shylock*—a ready comment on Johnson's lines; for Macklin was of Garrick's own school of writing, and with them no declamation was likely to roar.

Garrick himself fell ill a few days after the opening of the theatre, and as Johnson's fine prologue was repeatedly called for, it was at last published, with an apology from the manager, who hoped they would accept it in that shape. He himself was not able to appear until a month later, when he came on in *Archer*.

Behind the scenes a new order and regularity had been introduced.

Reforms were sadly wanted there for the greater actors had become careless as to learning their parts accurately, and were often heard appealing to the prompter. A strict attendance at rehearsal was enforced, the plays were better mounted, and the parts carefully prepared.

Some of the older actors, who from habit supplied the defects of memory and carelessness by "a bold front and forging matter of their own," were tacitly rebuked by being gently left aside for some time.

The management relied principally on good stock-pieces, well supported with one or two strongly-cast revivals, and a new play or two.

Barry was put forward as the leading actor. He played in "Hamlet," "King Lear," in the "Provoked Husband," with Mrs. Woffington in "Henry V." Nights of special attraction were, when Mrs. Woffington came out in her famous, "breeches part," *Sir Harry Wildair*, with Garrick as *Fribble*, to wind up the evening; or such nights as when Garrick and Barry played together in the "Orphan," in the "Fair Penitent," or when Mrs. Cibber, Garrick, and Barry were joined in "Venice Preserved." The parts in this play seem to have been cast *à travers*, for Garrick took *Jaffier*, the weak, tender, loving, irresolute conspirator; while Barry was the fierce, impetuous, and unscrupulous *Pierre*; still with the "enchanting melody" of Mrs. Cibber in *Belvidera*, and the nobleness and passionate tenderness of the play itself, it proved a great attraction. Later, on another stage Barry took his right part, and all this time artfully turned it to profit as an opportunity for studying Garrick.

Mrs. Cibber had another opening for the enchanting melody in *Polly*; but the new comedy of the "Foundling," by Edward O'Moore, brought out a wonderful cast. Barry showed his grace and tenderness in *Sir Charles*; Macklin, as *Faddle*, found a part that suited his oddities and convulsed the audience. *Faddle*, said to have been modelled after "an

\* Murphy and Davies both say the 20th; but Geneste, who was better acquainted with bills, &c., is likely to have been more accurate.

ingenious young gentleman" who had some skill in taking off the opera singers, and was allowed by the ladies who had turned his head to be sent to gaol for forty pounds, was given to Macklin, who delighted the audience in a part eminently suited to his rough and broad eccentricities. Mrs. Cibber was all softness and music, and Woffington, in *Rosetta*, all pertness and prettiness; but Garrick, who had been given *Young Belmont*, a sort of walking gentleman, by his extraordinary spirit and versatility contrived to lift it into perfect prominence. No wonder the play had a run.

To Shakespeare due homage was paid in the "Tempest," and in a revival of "Macbeth;" but a *Macbeth* cleared from the "improvements" and decorations with which it had been daubed over by the clumsy mechanists of the stage. These were the features of the first season of the new management, which was certainly carried through with spirit and effect.

For September the 2nd began, when the chief attraction at the commencement lay in Woodward and his special range of character, and Barry in "Othello" and "Hamlet." But the chief attraction before Christmas were two Shakespearian revivals. Never was there a more legitimate triumph than that of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, for it was the triumph of true genius exercised in the most perfect and buoyant bit of comedy that could be conceived. So evenly matched were their famous powers, and so sparkling the alternations of their vivacious rivalry, that the town found it impossible to decide on the superiority between them. But a yet more important revival had been occupying his thoughts, and was the result of much pains and care. This was "Romeo and Juliet"—the play of poetry, grace, and tenderness, put into the appropriate hands of the very priest and priestess of grace, pathos, and tenderness—Barry and Mrs. Cibber. Here again we have that temperate self-denial of Gar-

rick; for it was a tempting opportunity, and though the part was infinitely more suited to Barry than to Garrick, the town would have readily found indulgence for the manager, who had seized on the prize for himself. But he took the play with him into his closet, and with an odd inconsistency, the man who just cleared "Macbeth" from the thick crusts and varnishes with which Davenant and other Shakespearian "restorers" had quoted it, did not shrink from putting an entirely new catastrophe to this story of the Verona lovers.

There are many who go to our theatres now, and are melted over the wakening of *Juliet* in the tomb, and the long and touching scene between the lovers that follows, and never dream that *Romeo* should originally have died just after his combat with *County Paris*. The whole of the interview is a clever bit of sham Shakespearian writing, really well done, even to the "fathers have flinty hearts," which has been sometimes quoted as a bit of the true stuff. It is impossible to deny that the play gains in acting by this daring interpolation, which, besides, was in some degree justifiable, as being based on the version of the tale as told by Bandello.\* But at the same time he deserves infinite credit for the manner in which he has fallen into the tone of the situation, and caught up the sweet key of Shakespeare's music. So dramatic is this finale, and now grown so indispensable, that the play is never played without it, and if it were revived or written as Shakespeare wrote, it would, no doubt, be sadly inefficient for the "star" actors playing it. Garrick himself attended all the rehearsals, gave his hints, watched it carefully, and the result was a marvellous performance, which drew the whole town for nineteen nights.

Meanwhile his old friend and school-fellow "Mr. Samuel Johnson," struggling on through "garret toil and London loneliness," glad to get fifteen pounds for a masterly poem, busy with what must be called the

\* Murphy's praise of this alteration amounts to extravagance. "Garrick, beyond all question, has shown superior skill" (to Shakespeare!). "He rouses a variety of passions. We are transported with joy, surprise, and rapture, and by a rapid change we are suddenly overwhelmed with despair, grief, and pity. Every word pierces to the heart, and the catastrophe as it now stands is the most affecting in the whole compass of the drama!"



most gigantic "hack-work" that could be conceived, the great "English Dictionary," had thought of his old tragedy, which years before had brought him up to London, full of theatrical designs. A very different fortune had befallen the actor and the scholar, who had started together from Lichfield. Garrick was at the head of the first theatre in England, in easy if not opulent circumstances; Johnson was still fighting a cruel battle, and not yet known as the Dr. Samuel Johnson who was the weighty representative man of sturdy English principles and morals, and whose English writing was the pure classic model of the time. For Garrick to take his friend's play, and use his power and resources to place what he must have seen, was a heavy and unskilful, even compared with the dreary models of history, tragedy, was certainly no little proof of kindness and true generosity. "Irene," some acts of which had been written in a country town before its author had read Shakespeare, which had been read with Peter Garrick in the *Fountain* coffee-house, then frequented by Fleetwood, was actually now at the beginning of the new year in rehearsal at Drury Lane.

The manager, who even said that the author had no sense of tragic emotion, tried hard to have some "business" introduced into the play. He felt that Johnson's cold and solemn platitudes would set the audience yawning or empty the theatre. But Johnson hotly resented this interference, and it had nearly become a general quarrel. It is characteristic that Garrick should, instead of using his power, merely apply to a common friend to reason with the angry author. "Sir," said Johnson, in reply, "*the fellow* wants me to make *Mahomet* run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels." The "*fellow*," however, did not play *Mahomet*, but *Demetrius*. *Mahomet* was given to Barry, no doubt to give the play every advantage: but he made only a part of it.

On the 6th of February was the first night of "*Mahomet* and *Irene*," more remarkable perhaps from its showing Johnson in the side boxes of the theatre out of his old brown suit, glowing in "a laced waistcoat"

and new flaming scarlet coat, sitting from, in that unwonted raiment, the *coulisses*, where were the actresses, to the boxes, and from boxes to the *coulisses* again. Surely here is a subject for our Wards and O'Neils, as characteristic and suggestive of humour as Leslie himself could have found. With that fresh and delightful master, the "scarlet coat" assorting so ill with the rude, heavy features of Johnson, would have lit up a picture as remarkable as *Uncle Toby* in the "Sentry Box."

It was an anxious night. In the beginning, before the curtain rose, strong catcalls were heard, to which the author himself alluded a little imprudently in his prologue. The epilogue was said to have been written by Sir William Yonge. "I know not," says Boswell, in his own true key, "how Johnson's play came to be *thus graced by the pen of a person then so eminent in the political world*." And this obsequious doubt seems well founded, as the better opinion would appear to be that it was in part written by Johnson himself.

Garrick had spared neither trouble nor expense for his friend. All that could be done for it in the way of sumptuous dresses and eastern scenery was done; but it was of no avail. Though the prologue "soothed the audience," nothing could lighten the hopeless declamation of the piece, which was as cold and insensitive as the most monotonous of the French school. The grand "spectacle" could not help it off. Even the clap-trap description of the English Constitution, which one of the Turks said he had heard of, was of small profit. Mrs. Pritchard, Barry, and Garrick declaimed their dull parts with surprising vigour and elocution; but nothing could give it spirit. Even the desperate resource suggested by Garrick to furnish some motion to the piece, of having the heroine put to death by the bow-string before the audience, became ludicrous by the contrast, and the audience screamed out "Murder! murder!" Still a play that could be kept on the stage for nine nights could not have been so hopelessly bad, though this alone may be set to the account of the fine pageant and an eager curiosity.

Meanwhile the reputation of the

Violetta continued to increase. One of her ardent admirers was Zoffany, destined hereafter to paint many pictures of her future husband, and to him she sat for an excellent portrait. But a curious whisper of gossip, which connected her name with that of the king, actually found its way into print, and a mystical satire, the names disguised under classical titles, and which may be explained by a key, hinted how *Monarchus* had seen *Viola*, "the celebrated Saltatrix," from his box at the opera, and had sent *Ingenio* as a sort of ambassador, but without success; and how a waiting-woman ordresser had told *Ingenio* that *Falus*, the Duke of Cumberland, was the favoured one. The King had thus been as unsuccessful as the King's son. But this was only the *mode* of the time, which made free with everything in a public station.

The partiality of the Burlingtons was still unabated. Lady Burlington, always impulsive and *exaltée*, as may be seen by her odd epitaph upon her own daughter, used to go with her to the theatre, and actually wait at the wings with a *pelisse* to throw over her when she should come off. Later, she took her to Lord Lovat's trial.

On the 3rd of December, 1746, she had appeared at Drury Lane with her old success, and with her a male dancer called Salomon.

On one occasion, in January, she was put down for *three* dances without her knowledge, and the audience being disappointed, a riot had nearly taken place. The absurdities of the day had made follies, as Walpole said, enter into the politics of the time, rather they *were* the politics of the time. So young noblemen, like the young French bloods of our own time, flung themselves into wretched theatrical questions with an extraordinary ardour. On this night Lord Bury and some other men of fashion began a disturbance, and insisted on her being sent for to Burlington House. Next day it became the excitement of the hour;—great houses were thrown into agitation. Lord Hartington, a son-in-law of Lady Burlington, was made to work the ministry, who used all its influence to secure a good reception for the dancer on her next appearance. "The Duke" was sent to desire Lord Bury not to hiss. But the Violetta

herself took the most effectual mode to make her peace with the audience.

A few days after she made a pretty and characteristic apology. She "*humbly begs leave to acquaint the public* that she is very much concerned to hear that she has been charged with being the occasion of the noise on Wednesday night." She adds that "*she cannot possibly be guilty of an intention to disoblige or give offence to an English audience, especially where she had met with so much indulgence, for which she retains all possible gratitude,*" &c. This physical impossibility of being ungrateful is quite a foreign form, and came gracefully from the pen of the popular *danseuse*. At the same time Lacy had before him the recollection of the *Chateaufort* riot, only a few years before, when the house was all but "torn down," because a French figurante, who had been announced in the bills, did not appear.

But a more curious visit was one to the Tower with Lord Burlington to see the prisoners. He told her as they entered, "Every one that we shall see now is to be executed to-morrow," which shocked her a good deal. Such a visit was quite in keeping with the odd craze of the time, when Lady Townshend was committing all sorts of extravagances about Lord Balmerino, and Selwyn was making jokes on the executions of the rebel lords. They were brought in. The prisoners were drawn up, and among them was the famous "Jenny Dawson" and an interesting youth, quite a boy, named Wilding, who belonged to an old English Catholic family. The young girl was so attracted by this child, and the unhappy fate that was in store for him, that at the first opportunity she threw herself at the feet of her protector, and with extraordinary vehemence begged him to use his influence to save Wilding. A pardon was obtained on condition of his banishing himself to the North American colonies, where he was, not long after, killed in a skirmish with the Indians. Some seventy years later, when the Wilding family had become all but extinct, and an ancient maiden lady of Liverpool, alone remained, a gentleman, named Rossan, was charged by her with a mission to Mrs. Garrick, to offer a

somewhat late acknowledgment for this generous intercession. The gentleman saw her, performed his duty, and found that, though she was very old, the whole incident came gradually back on her.\*

It needs only a glance at the wicked tittle tattle of Walpole's letters, to see upon what a slight foundation a hint is required to build up any story that was damaging to name or fame; rather which seemed "mischievous" and likely to be a "good story" for a few days. When, therefore, this ostentatious and, it must be confessed, rather unusual patronage of the Burlingtons was noticed; when the "popular Saltatrix" was seen at their parties, it was almost of course that the polite *Backbites* and *Sneers* should whisper that this was a daughter of Lord Burlington's, born before his marriage, when he was abroad at Florence. This has been made a little mystery of; has been called "a disputed point," and a "vexed question;" but in truth has nothing whatever to support it beyond the fact that a noble lord and his lady were very kind to her, and eventually provided for her. Disinterestedness or the mere power or exercise of affection were in those circles so old fashioned and incomprehensible, that on only one explanation, such behaviour seemed reasonable. A few plain facts and a little few common sense reasons will show how unworthy this bit of gossip is of being called a vexed question. First, she was born at Vienna, not at Florence, where Lord Burlington lived. Secondly, he had been married two years before she was born, and from the date of his marriage lived many years in England without leaving it.† But apart from these figures remains the fact that Walpole, chronicling every free story of that age, and unscrupulously affiliating everybody to everybody, and often, too, mentioning Lord Burlington and Lady Burlington, and this patronage of the Violetta, never hints at such a suspicion. Lady Burlington, too, was not likely to have shown so remarkable a partiality for one who was suspected to be so nearly related to her husband.

Nor would Lord Burlington have been pleased at such an arrival in England. Finally Mrs. Garrick, when asked directly on the matter, denied it flatly to Mrs. Carr.

The rest of her answer to that lady helps us to the true solution. "No," she said, "but I am of noble birth." It would seem then that her father was some one of rank at Vienna, possibly one of the Starrenberg family, from whom it is said she brought letters of introduction to England, and this too would account for the Court patronage she received at Vienna. In short, the way she was treated was exactly what might be expected in the case of a pretty and attractive girl, modest and well conducted, though belonging to a dangerous profession, and who was known to have noble blood in her veins.

There is nothing to show how the attachment between Garrick and the Violetta began or progressed. But with this attachment is connected a melo-dramatic anecdote, which has been made the basis of a popular German piece, which again has been adapted to show off the versatile talents of an actor of our own time, who plays the rapid and valiant *Fribble* of the day so incomparably.

The story is of the peculiar class associated with Garrick's name, the details of which usually turn on his marvellous powers of mimicry and facial expression. For some of these there is a small basis of truth; others seem transparently manufactured. A young city lady, with a testy father, has fallen frantically in love with *Romeo*, as played by Mr. Garrick; grows sick; is at the point of death; is sent for by the father and treated with contempt as "a stage player;" talks of the folly of being moved by sham emotions; and thus gives an opportunity for bringing in the pantomime of the Child who fell over the Window, and which belongs to another period of Garrick's life. There are various versions of the young girl's cure. In one she is taken to see him in *Abel Drugger*, and completely "*des-illusionnée*." The actor is brought to her as a doctor; reveals

\* This story was told to the writer by a lady who had it from Mr. Rossan, who waited on Mr. Garrick.

† Borden.

himself as *Romeo*; talks to her; drinks as he talks; and by his incoherent ravings as *Richard*, awakens her from her delusion. In the German play it is a baronet, in the English a city merchant. But the point of the story is nearly the same in all.

But Lee Lewes, the comedian, gives a minute account of the courtship of the *Violetta* by Garrick, some incidents of which are like what has been just given. He says he heard it through an aged domestic of the Burlington family. The dancer had seen Garrick in one of his characters; had fallen desperately in love with him; had become sick, like the lady in the anecdote, and no one could divine the cause. Lady Burlington had designed her for a rich and important alliance, and would never consent to an alliance with a player. But a clever doctor found the secret out, represented that it was a matter of death, and obtained the lady's reluctant consent. This is obviously the basis of the dramatic story; but the question is how far Lee Lewes and the old domestic can be depended on, especially as the details and private conversations are given with a fatal minuteness and fulness.\* Yet we might be almost inclined to accept this story as true in the main. The *Violetta* was a foreigner, and had all the impulsiveness of a foreigner. Her passionate intercession at the Tower for young Wilding; her tears, and casting herself at the feet of Lord Burlington, show that this was the cast of her character.

Her attachment to Garrick after marriage was something extraordinary, and was subject of remark. Again, it was matter of notoriety that Lady Burlington opposed Garrick's advances. The *Violetta* used to tell afterwards how he had once disguised himself in woman's clothes to have the opportunity of conveying a letter into her chair. It added, no doubt, to the romantic character of the attachment, that the opposition amounted to positive hostility, and forbidding of his approach. This is noticed as matter of gossip both by Walpole and Chesterfield.

But we have, besides, the testimony of an old gentleman of eighty, alive, not very long ago, who was told by Mrs. Garrick herself that the German story was, in the main, true, and that it was Garrick's noble self-denial in the business (which, let it be marked, is quite in keeping with his character) that induced Lady Burlington to give her consent.† This does not quite agree with the "old domestic's" account, and perhaps proves a little too much. But still we may accept the main outlines; the falling in love; the illness; the rewarding of Garrick's generous self-restraint, and the happy accommodation. Travelling so far as Germany, it may have acquired many of the theatrical tones and details upon the road. This German narrative brings in also the name of a barrister friend of the actor's, a Mr. Bingham, of Lincoln's Inn, with whom he had once studied law; and such a name is to be found among the barristers of that date. This gives a circumstantial air.

Lady Burlington looked after her *protégée* with extraordinary care and jealousy. When her benefits came on Kent was employed to design the tickets. Everything, in short, was done to show her to advantage.

In March, 1748, the strange Duchess of Queensbury gave a masquerade at Richmond, to which she hoped to attract the King; but he did not go. She behaved with extravagance, exhibited her husband in a Scotch dress, then specially obnoxious, turned out half the company at midnight, arbitrarily kept the other half to supper. Lady Burlington was walking about with her charge on her arm; and Lord Coventry, father of the famous countess, was following them about with extraordinary persistence. But the countess presently was seen to draw off her glove and significantly move her ring up and down her finger. A hint that was intelligible.

So late as May, even when the countess took her to a splendid masquerade on the river, where was the king, and dukes, and princes, and "God save the King" was sung by

\* Yet this is a common shape of theatrical memoir writing, varnishing over, and expanding in a dramatic shape some little fact that is really authentic. Of this Reynolds' memoirs is a good instance.

† *Household Words*, 1857.

the royal family themselves to the mob over the rails, the Richmonds had brought down Garrick. Lady Burlington watched her charge jealously, while Garrick, "ogling and sighing" from a distance, caused some amusement to those behind the scenes. A diplomatist, who belonged to the Duke of Modena's court, asked Walpole questions about this lady and that. That was Lady Hartington. "And the next one?" "It was a distressing question," he says. But after a little hesitation, he replied: "Mais c'est Mademoiselle Violetta." The diplomatist looked puzzled, and searched his memory. "Et comment Mademoiselle Violetta; j'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violetta par exemple." He was thinking of the ballet, but Walpole turned off his attention to a Miss Bishop.

It was not so easy to turn off the eyes of the public now busy watching the affair. At last, according to Lee Lewes, he wrote a formal proposal to Lady Burlington: her opposition was overdrawn, or perhaps she saw that it was useless. She gave her consent.

But already the lover, who all through his life had a great uneasiness as to what the public or private were saying and thinking of his affairs, had begun to grow sensitive about the attention that was being directed to his designs. He shrank from the discussion, and perhaps ridicule, that was likely to follow when his proposed marriage would become known. Nor was this unnatural; for already had appeared in the paper notice of his marriage, announcing it as having taken place on the 25th of May. "Mr. Garrick, the comedian, to Mademoiselle Violetta, the famous dancer." The blunt description could not have been very welcome to him. But more unpleasant must have been the complimentary verses; for verses attended everything with which the curious public amused itself. Fortune is made to ask why slander is always "sneering at me and poor Davy?" The fact was, slander believed that

"The creature loved pelf,  
And cared not a fig for a soul but himself."

Fortune, then determined to find him a wife, "rested her wheel within Burlington Gate." Lady Burlington is then made to say—

"I'll show you a girl. Here, Martin, go tell—  
But she's gone to undress, by-and-by is as well.  
I'll show you a sight that you'll fancy uncommon,  
Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman.  
A heart to no folly or mischief inclined,  
A body all grace, and all sweetness in mind."

It is asked then where such a charmer is to be found. "Who, indeed," says my Lady, "if not Violetta?" And presently—

"The words were scarce spoke when she entered the room.  
A blush at the stranger still heightened her bloom;  
So humble her looks, so mild was her air," &c.

With more in the same vein.

This looked dangerous for the actor, and he took an odd way, but yet an effectual way, to deprecate the ridicule he feared. On the eve of marriage some fresh verses, which are found among his friend Edward Moore's poems, but which were said to be written by himself, or at least were his inspiration, were to be read everywhere. They were headed, "Stanzas to Mr. G——k on the Talk of the Town," and had the following motto from "Much A-do about Nothing":

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."—MUCH A-DO.

"No, no; the left-hand box, in blue;  
There, don't you see her?" "See her? Who?"

"Nay, hang me if I tell;  
There's Garrick in the music box.  
Watch but his eyes. See them, O pox!  
Your servant, Ma'moiselle."

"But tell me, David, is it true?  
Lord keep us!—what will some folks do?  
*How will they curse the stronger!*  
What, fairly taken in for life,  
A sober, serious, wedded wife!  
O fie upon you, Ranger."

Then the "ladies" are described as, talking it over, "pale, wild as the witches in 'Macbeth.'"

"Married! but don't you think, my dear, He's growing out of fashion?  
People may fancy what they will,  
But *Quin's* the only actor still  
To treat the tender passion."

"Nay, madam; did you mind last night  
His Archer: not a line on't right?"

I thought I heard some hisses.  
Two parts, they readily allow,  
Are yours, but not one more, I vow.  
And thus they close their spite.  
You will be *Sir John Brute* all day,  
Davy's *Sir John Brute* they say,  
And *Friddle* all the night."

It winds up with a soothing compliment, bidding him not mind their speeches:

"Take, you can't do better,  
A pox upon the tattling town;  
The fops that join to cry her down  
Would give their ears to get her."

Which was, indeed, the truth; for her sturdy rejection of the advances of the "fine gentlemen," as unusual as it was admirable, had made her hosts of detractors. It thus concludes—

"And if her heart be good and kind,  
And sure that face bespeaks a mind  
As soft as woman's can be," &c.

At last, on the 22nd of June, they were married, first by Dr. Franklyn, at the church in Russell-street, Bloomsbury, and afterwards at the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in Audley-street, by the Rev. Mr. Blyth.\* The newspapers in this instance reported it with infinitely more respect.

It was now "David Garrick, esq., to Mademoiselle Eva Maria Violetta." Neither "comedian" nor "famous dancer." And after the announcement, the figures "£10,000," which was quite accurate; for this was said to be the amazing fortune she brought him. In effect, she had £10,000 settled on her, of which the Burlingtons found six, and Garrick the rest. Lady Burlington herself signed the settlements.† Walpole wrote out the news to Florence at once, but could not understand the business. "The chapter of this history is a little obscure," especially as to the consent of the countess and the fortune. It was indeed a surprising chapter and a more surprising history than the marriage of a comedian, whom parliament but a few years before would have described and dealt with "a common rogue and a vagabond," and a "famous dancer," whom it could have sent to the House of Correction, should have again such prestige and attract such attention, and be celebrated under the patronage and friendship of dukes and lords, was certainly fair evidence of the weight of Garrick's private character, and of the respectability and position to which he had raised his theatre.

\* The two biographers, Murphy and Davies, both place this ceremony in July.

† Mr. Carr, who was Garrick's solicitor, and lived in Hampton Villa, afterwards was asked on this point by "Rainy-day Smith," seemed to convey that Mrs. Garrick denied ever receiving money from the Burlingtons, adding that she had only the interest of £6,000, which was paid to her by the Duke of Devonshire. But this only confirms the story. The Duke, whose son had married Lady Burlington's daughter, would naturally have been chosen as a trustee for the settlement.

#### A GIRL'S RESOLVE.

I LONG for Love—a jewel, yet unworn;  
I'm offered golden friendship, laughter, mirth,  
Such gems *alone* I can but treat with scorn—  
'Tis like renouncing Paradise for earth.  
Knowledge alone can keep my soul in place,  
And this I'll seek in every book or stone;  
I'll search for it in every common face,  
And study books in solitudes alone.  
Nature shall show me every hidden thought,  
The skies, the streams, the air shall train my mind,  
I'll search for secrets that are yet unsought,  
And what I search for I will surely find.  
Then if Love comes he will find Wisdom here,  
And joy shall reign unsullied by a tear.

MINNA MABEL COLLINS.

## CARICATURE IN ANCIENT ART.

THE ordinary images or occurrences which taunt laughter, though apparently large in number, and varying much in character, may probably be reduced to a few classes. We laugh when we see a philosopher interrupt his discourse on temperance by an eager attack on the turtle just placed before him; we laugh at the contortions of the features of a winking and grimacing clown, also when his hand, instead of the expected sausage, grasps the apparently hot poker. We are inclined to laugh at an anxious person giving himself a world of trouble about some most frivolous matter. Three French porters carrying in a bandbox in O'Keeffe's play are sure to be greeted by a laugh. When the young lady in the "Highland Reel" flings off her disguise, and on her knees anxiously implores pardon of her father, shouts of laughter attend the pathetic action, for she has omitted to throw away the large three-cocked hat with the rest of her borrowed gear. A tired and faint butcher, in the front seat of the pit relieved himself by placing his hat on the head of his dog who sitting beside him was gazing intently on the prison scene in *Lear*; and all play-goers know how the dead *Cordelia*, her dying father, and the heart-wrung *Edgar*, were obliged to run off the stage by an uncontrollable fit of laughter at sight of the behatted animal gravely inspecting their proceedings.

How little did the spectators in one instance, or the players in the other, reflect on the recondite causes of their unreflecting merriment; perhaps they were even incapable of comprehending them as expounded by masters of the "Great German People," or their French and English scholars. They took no account except of the ludicrous effects, their German guides and philosophers were interested merely by the causes, or as M. Champfleury puts it:—\*

"A person stopping before a buffoon of the streets or a caricature, laughs without troubling himself for the reason why. Up comes the philosopher and asks him, 'Why

do you laugh? how do you laugh?' The laughter cannot tell, but if pressed hard he acknowledges to a laugh because he is amused. But then the philosopher asks, 'Why are you amused?'"

## TRANSCENDENTAL CAUSES OF LAUGHTER.

The philosopher introduced, being unable to extract the cause from the laughter at buffoon or caricature, applies to Solger, who tells him,—

"The Comic is the Ideal of the Beautiful, which loses itself among the relations and accidents of common life."

"Arnold Ruge, no less serious, defines the Comic to be, 'Ugliness overcome; the deliverance of the Infinite prisoned in the Finite; Beauty reviving from its proper negation.'"

"This resembles the Council of Trent debating on a laugh."

"It is a reality without ideas or the contrary to an idea," says Carrière.

"Schelling, Schlegel, Ast, Hegel, agree on making the Comic 'the Negation of unbounded life, the subjectivity which is set in contradiction with itself and the object, and which thus manifests in the highest degree its infinite faculties of determination and free will.'"

Other Germans are more concise, but not less mystical; for instance, Kant, who defines the sentiment of the Ludicrous—an expectation suddenly ending in nothing:—

"'Oh!' as M. Jourdain says, 'this Comic does not agree with me at all; let us have something nicer.'"

"I fancy to myself a curious caricaturist, one of those who wish to be instructed in the details of his art, meeting with the following passage of Zeising:—'The Comic is a Nothing under the form of an object set in contradiction with itself, and with the intention of perfection abiding in us; in other terms, with the idea or the unlimited spirit.'"

"Ah, why did I not begin earlier to learn in order to know all this?—*Molière*."

"Terrible Germans with their definitions! Let us see the part which the Pantheist, Stephen Schütze, makes Nature play in the matter of the Comic:—

"The Comic is a perception or a representation which excites in us a vague feeling that nature plays with man, while he thinks he is acting in perfect liberty. This restricted independence is then turned into

\* *Histoire de la Caricature Antique*, par Champfleury. Paris: E. Dentu.

derision with relation to superior liberty. Laughter expresses the joy caused by this discovery."

#### VULGAR CAUSES OF LAUGHTER.

Aristotle is somewhat more intelligible. According to him the causes of laughter are properly and naturally these trifling imperfections in character and manners which do not excite moral indignation, nor cast the soul into the melancholy caused by the sight of depravity.

In most instances surprise and incongruity enter into laughter-exciting causes. A burst of fury at some trifling loss or inconvenience, causes merriment, so does an accident attended with annoyance rather than injury. These mishaps which excite laughter in us when they befall persons for whom we feel indifference or dislike, are rather unwelcome when they occur to ourselves or those dear to us. So it is to be feared that a feeling of dislike or contempt, however slight, combines with the exciting causes mentioned. Laughter arising from the disappointment of a vicious stage personage is of the true healthy genial character. A dissolute husband at the moment when a new conquest unmasks, and reveals the familiar features of his neglected wife, becomes the legitimate object of loud and homeric laughter.

The connexion of the visible and audible circumstances of laughter with the misty and undefined shadows abovementioned (images would be too tangible an expression) is a great triumph to the Kanto-Hegelian philosophers. Still it is to be feared that the relation between the risible ideas, or circumstances, or their German abstractions, and the resulting explosions of sound from the lungs, must ever continue a mystery to human intelligence. Classing it with the mysterious influence of the nerves on the muscles, we proceed to examine with Mr. Champfleury the relics of that art which had for its aim to excite smiles or laughter among the lettered Pagans of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

#### HIGH-ART CRITICS IGNORE ANCIENT CARICATURE.

Since the earliest attempts at representing objects in form and colour on flat surfaces or in rounded forms, artists have been endeavouring to present the laughable as well as their skill and their materials would allow. To collect instances of these efforts at the risible among the artistic relics of the old Pagan times, and to descant on their designs and merits, is the object of the work of Champfleury quoted above. The harvest is not very abundant, but the collector has made a skilful arrangement of his gleanings, and told his readers all that will probably be ever known concerning them.

The great art-critic, Winckelman, never dreamed, while expatiating on the beau-ideal aimed at in ancient art, that such a profanation of genius (*ipso jure*) as caricature was connected with it. Wieland, however, about a century since, discovered on consulting Pliny, that antiquity had its painters of social scenes, of landscape, of still life, and of grotesque subjects. In Greece the broadest farce existed beside the sublime in tragedy. Why should there not be found in the same city with the Minerva and Jupiter of Phidias, caricatures in clay or marble?

Athenæus\* gives a description of a carnival scene which no artist gifted with a perception of the comic could refrain from endeavouring to imitate.

"In the middle of the pleasant masquerade, I beheld a tame bear carried in an easy seat and attired as a lady of quality. A monkey decked with an embroidered cap, and covered with a saffron-coloured Phrygian robe represented young Ganymede, and bore a cup of gold. Lastly came an ass, on whose back they had fastened some feathers, and which was followed by a worn-out old man. These were Pegasus and Bellerophon, and a most ludicrous group they made."

#### CARICATURE IN EGYPT.

Before noticing caricature among the Greeks let us see what the Egyptians have left in that department. Wilkinson, a most trustworthy

\* Of the works of this learned grammarian, born at Neucratis in Egypt in the second century, we have only about twelve books of the "Deipnosophists," or "Dinner Philosophers," the original consisting of fifteen. These are replete with the polite literature of the time. The first edition was issued by Aldus at Venice in 1514 in a beautiful folio.



authority, tells us that he has found among the drawings left on walls, some ladies far gone in various stages of intoxication, gesticulating to their slaves to come and support them, and others prevented with difficulty from tumbling on those behind them. A servant is holding out, with a gesture of disgust a bason to her mistress, who must have forgotten womanly moderation at the feast; and the artist was so cruel as to represent a wavy line dividing into two other similar wavy lines, connecting another lady's mouth with the pavement of the hall.

Besides the ordinary Egyptian groups of beast-headed men and women, some pieces exhibit birds and beasts fairly drawn, and mimicking human actions. There is a papyrus in the British Museum, and another at Turin, and the learned Doctor Richard Lepsius has got several groups of their figures reproduced in the 23rd plate of his great work on "The Antiquities of Egypt." Some he was obliged to omit, on account of their intolerable grossness. In the Turin Papyrus is seen an animal holding a double siphon, and near him some beasts executing a concert. The ass strikes the harp, the lion fingers the lyre, the crocodile does what he can with a theorbo, and a monkey blows through a double flute. At some distance is another ass armed with a club and shepherd's crook, and graciously receiving the offerings presented by a cat, who is chaperoned by a heifer.\*

In other parts of the scene one animal is beheading another, and a horned beast armed with a mallet leads a hare and a lion by the same cord; a troop of cats engage another of birds in deadly combat, and a hawk climbs by a ladder into a tree, where a hippopotamus is lying at her ease surrounded by fruits. Rats bearing buckler and lance, and drawing the

long bow, are assaulting a fort.† The commander mounted in a chair is drawn by two hounds, his bodyguard being made up of cats.

In the London papyrus a grave-looking rat, seated in a chair, is inhaling the perfume of a bouquet of lotus, while a cat offers His Majesty some presents, and a slave-rat behind holds up a fan. This is evidently a caricature of the honour paid to Pharaoh. In Champfleury's volume part of a procession is represented. A lion and a gazelle at one extremity are seated on cross-legged chairs, and playing chess, the lion being Pharaoh and the gazelle his favourite wife. It is a pity that we cannot present the awkward pose of the chess-players, their bodies upright and their hind legs sticking out before them in the most uncomfortable position. A wolf, with some burthen depending at his back, plays on a double flute, while his herd of deer are pacing before him. In their van is a quadruped walking on his hind-legs, and carrying a burthen on a stick laid over his shoulder. A cat with a duck on one paw extends a switch with the other, and keeps a flock of the ducks' brothers and sisters in order.

In the American collection of Mr. Abbot, a cat standing on its hind legs, and bearing a fan, is presenting a plucked goose to another cat, seated on a stool, and holding a drinking cup in one fore paw and a flower in the other. These are the only scenes of a comic character which our *savans* have as yet discovered among the art relics of Egypt.

How tame these inventions appear beside one of Grandville's speaking groups!

In the fable of "Sour Grapes," a couple of genteel, prim, old-maiden hens, in grave costume, are just entering the church-yard; a stout mastiff in livery, with nose in air, and

\* The siphon-bearing animal mimics a priest. The musical group is intended to travesty a company of four female musicians using the same instruments, and frequently met among Egyptian remains. The other group is a caricature of a funeral scene, where the defunct is presented by the horned goddess Hathor to Osiris, King of the Dead.

† Here we find burlesque copies of the tableaux in which the Pharaohs are represented as butchering their prisoners—kings dragging their captives—the Egyptian forces engaged in battle—the soul figured by the bird approaching the sycamore, in which Nout, the heavenly distributor, is surrounded by spiritual comforts, and the King of Egypt reducing a hostile fortress—the cats in the caricature doing duty for the royal lions,

bearing the prayer-books of the ladies, displays a stout cudgel under one arm. A fox and a monkey enaconned in a nook are entertaining evil designs on the lives of the church-goers. The monkey with a fiendish scowl on his features, secretly presents a knife to his companion; but he, kept in wholesome awe by the attendant and his stick, turns away his head as if loathing the very notion of cold fowl.

In another the weasel and rabbit are pleading before a gouty old cat for the right of burrow, and nothing can be finer than the contrast between the meek-looking, clever, manœuvring old lady-weasel, dressed in widow's weeds, and the foolish and somewhat frightened young rabbit with ears cocked and paws held forth in confused declamation. A limp and frayed neckerchief enhances his uncomfortable appearance. The knavish old judge leaning his forepaws on the arms of his easy-chair, and pretending to be nearly blind—seems to request their nearer approach. Woe to them if they come within the sweep of those velvet paws!

Among Egyptian statues is found that of the God Bès, who is supposed to have presided over battle and dance. Whether the sculptor intended or not the effect of his presentment is most ludicrous. He is a dwarf with broad face, low forehead, ears near the top of the head, broad nose, wide mouth, no neck, and scarcely any thigh. His hands rest on his knees, and balancing himself on one gouty leg, he lifts the other ponderous one with difficulty to perform his grotesque dance. Two ridges diverge from the upper end of his nose, intersecting his unsightly forehead, and a broad grin is spread over his good-humoured face. His fan-like beard covers shoulders and breast, and the general effect is that of an unwieldy old frog executing a coranto.

With reference to the comparative abundance of merriment in the North compared with the South, our author

gives a somewhat whimsical but pertinent reason.

"The East rarely laughs. We must seek laughter as well as colour towards the North, in those foggy countries, where man condemned to live in the bosom of a clouded nature, more clearly exhibits his aspirations towards gaiety and light than in those regions without shadow, and parched by the rays of a burning sun. It would appear as if the dweller in the North, in order not to be thoroughly enveloped in the thick fogs, parents of spleen, does violence to himself, and undertakes the self-imposed task of diverting himself at the expense of those around him."

"The English are a case in point: their pleasantry is gross, but enormous in volume. To exaggerate the mirth-moving power of their merry-andrews, they extend their mouths by a streak of red paint almost to their ears, and clap dabs of colour on other parts of their faces. The English have preserved much better than we, that sense of outrageous grotesque which has descended from antiquity."

#### CARICATURE AMONG THE GREEKS.

Aristotle divided painters and poets into three classes; first, those who exhibit human nature better than it is; second, those who represent it strictly as it is; and third, those who represent it as worse than it is. This third class consists of satirists and caricaturists, and enjoyed none of the favour of the great Stagyrte.\* He was too much occupied with the investigation of Ideal Beauty to approve the efforts of those who, far from exalting humanity, studied to represent it as inferior to its average condition.

Champfleury sets Aristotle's judgment at naught on this subject, in treating of which he proposes the following queries:

"What is it that chastises libidinous old sinners, egotists, misers, gluttons, moral cowards? *Caricature*.

"By what is the baseness of courtiers displayed? By *Caricature*.

"What depicts the stupid folly of the purse-proud? *Caricature*.

"What is it that lashes in a succession of

\* So called, we may remind our lady-readers, from the place of his birth, Stagyræ, in Macedon. He was born 384 A.C., and after a stormy youth he became one of Plato's disciples. He spent eight years at the Court of Philip forming the mind and heart of Alexander. Retiring to Athens he was allowed the use of the Lyceum by the magistrates; and there he instructed his disciples, while walking about, hence the name *Peripatetics*. Being accused of impiety, and not desirous of imitating Socrates in the manner of his death, he retired to Chalcia, near his birth place, where he died, 322 A.C., at the age of 63.

improvised sheets, an age given up to the worship of the Golden Calf? *Caricature.*

"What is it that points out in a short and severe exhibition, the future punishment in reserve for the oppressors of a nation? *Caricature.*"

Satirists are proverbially thin-skinned, and are seldom really attached to one another. Aristophanes was no exception. Readers of his plays need not be told how free he was in language, yet he did not hesitate to recommend the pictures of a certain Pauson, a caricaturist, to be covered in presence of young persons. Three several times did he introduce the "infamous Pauson" to the contempt of his hearers; probably he was wincing under some castigation by the painter's pencil. Lucian, *Ælian*, and Plutarch relate an anecdote of Pauson which gives us an insight into the curious ideas of art entertained both by the painter and his patrons. One of these gave him an order for the representation of a horse rolling himself in the dust as his half-brother, the ass, is accustomed to do. Calling again in a reasonable time, and asking for his picture, he was shown a steed galloping along, in a cloud of dust. "Do you call this a horse rolling in the dust?" said the surprised and angry customer. "No," said the painter, turning the piece upside down, "but here is the very thing." We have not space for the comments of the narrators on this device, its similarity to some of Socrates' practices, &c. The painter probably intended to intimate to his patron in a round-about way, that he had proposed an unsuitable subject.

And here our acute Frenchman takes the part of the caricaturist whose motives are good in the main, and quotes an English writer on the subject.

"What do these philosophers mean who represent irony as a degeneracy of the soul, as a weakness, as something base? The laugh which is excited by the sight of the ugly or the ignoble, is a homage paid to beauty and nobleness."

#### OUR OBLIGATIONS TO PLINY.

To Pliny we are indebted for much information on the knowledge of art possessed by the Ancients. Mr. Champfleury judges from the following

extract, that landscape painting was in a very respectable condition: probably it will suggest to some of our readers, scenes on third-class room-papers or those landscapes perpetrated by artists of the "Flowery Land."

"Ludius decorated walls with charming paintings representing country seats, porticoes, clipped dwarf trees, hedges, woods, thickets, hillocks, lakes, canals, rivers and their banks, figures walking about, or taking their pleasure in boats, or approaching the villas,—some on asses, some in carriages. Others are seen fishing, setting up nets to catch birds, hunting, or employed at the vintage. In these pictures were represented country houses with marshy approaches, men carrying women on their shoulders (across the bog?), slipping and shaking, and a thousand other things of this pleasant and ingenious kind."

Portrait painting must have arrived at a respectable position. Some of our readers have seen engravings of the vigorously painted head of Achilles discovered on the wall of a dining-room at Pompeii. Pliny while finding fault with *Arellius*, acknowledges his ability without which he could not have offended.

"*Arellius* profaned his art by a notable piece of sacrilege. Always in love with some woman he bestowed on the goddesses he painted, the features of his mistresses. By inspecting his pictures we may count their number."

Some Christian Pliny has probably taken the divine Raphael, the tender Guido, the sensitive Carlo Dolci, to task for their profanations (if profanations they were), but we do not recollect having met with their censures.

Pliny gives particular credit to Neala, who, in order to convey that the battle he was painting was fought by the Old Nile, sketched an ass on the bank in the act of drinking, and a treacherous crocodile preparing to surprise him. In a fresco found in the ruins of Regina, at present in the Museum at Naples, some buildings are set in faulty perspective, a pannered ass, whose head has been erased from the tablet by time and injury, seems intent on walking into the river, while his owner in cloak and bowl-like cap, holding him firmly by the tail, seems determined to keep him out of the mouth of a harmless looking crocodile furnished

with a bird's bill instead of the dreadful pair of jaws given him by modern artists, and looking out on the world from his tuft of rusheas. Both ass and master are really well drawn, and the action of the latter correctly represented. Perhaps it was executed by Neala or was a copy of his Nile scene.

Our rare old Pagan so often quoted mentions with some disparagement a certain Piræicus who excelled in what the French call "*Pièces de Genre*." He considered that it would be more to the glory of the art to aspire to something better than scenes in the barber's or cobbler's booth, asses, provisions, and other low-life subjects. He acknowledged that his pictures gave much satisfaction and sold much better than the high-art efforts of others.

Satire was as much dreaded by some of Pliny's subjects as by the ancient Irish :—\*

"Bupalus and Athenis were contemporaries of the poet Hipponax : now Hipponax was remarkably ugly. The two artists out of mere waggers, exposed his portrait to the laughter of the public. The enraged Hipponax directed the full bitterness of satire against them, and with such effect that they hung themselves for very despair. I do not believe it."

The same author mentions a statue by Praxiteles of a woman in ragged robes, and one in bronze by Myron of an old woman reeling about after some generous draughts of Scian wine. If these are not genuine caricatures they are at least of that family. The next mentioned, which reads better in French than English, was a genuine caricature, much wanting in reverence to the gods :—

"Ctesiloque, élève d'Apelle, s'est rendu célèbre par une peinture burlesque représentant Jupiter accouchant de Bacchus, ayant une mitre en tête, et criant comme une femme, au milieu des déesses qui font l'office d'accoucheuses."

#### WHAT WE OWE TO THE FREScoes.

One of the modes adopted by the old caricaturists to excite merriment in their patrons, and at the same time to disparage some well-known characters or the figures in admired works

of art, consisted in representing them as pygmies or dwarfs of squat form, and exaggerating any excesses or irregularities in their contours. This treatment is still a favourite one among the finished masters of the art in gay and satirical Paris. There every man of letters or artist who has won public esteem, is sure to find himself with enlarged nose and mouth, rickety and distorted limbs, an addition of a few fingers if he happen to excel at the piano—a monster in fact, but still recognisable at a glance for the unfortunate genius by a most ludicrous resemblance. It does not redound to the credit of human nature that such travesties of the divine form of man should be favourably regarded and purchased : however, this article is not concerned with what ought to be, but what is.

Among the remains of Pompeii was discovered the oft-mentioned "*Studio of the Painter*," probably a parody of some clever work which has perished. As it has been mentioned in *Penny* and other magazines, it requires no elaborate description here. How the poor little round-backed painter of sloping forehead can draw a correct line on his panel, sitting at such a distance from it, and using the left hand, is not easily conceived. The self-satisfied sitter looks with confidence for a superior portrait, and two little dwarfs behind are evidently intended to shed contempt on the dilettanti patrons of the day. One with hand extended expatiates to the other on the merit or demerit of the work going on. A young pupil is neglecting his own copying in order to see and hear what is going on in the principal group. The colours are arranged on a low table within reach of the painter, and the materials—the resin, and oil, and colouring matter—are being prepared in a pot over a charcoal fire. A badly-drawn bird, larger in size than the visitors, seems interested in the general business of the scene. It is probably a goose giving vent to its wish that the unwelcome strangers should depart, and leave her master leisure to bestow some attention upon her.

It is not easy to explain why ridi-

\* For the terror of satire entertained by the ancient Irish, see an article in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for December, 1861:

cule should be aimed at the heroic and dutiful action of the pious Eneas, saving father, child, and wife at the sack of Troy, especially as the first Cæsars, the supposed descendants of the Trojan chief, would be sure to discountenance such scurrility. But the grotesque is extant. A dog-headed man in the prime of life, bears his dog-headed and dog-limbed father on one shoulder, while he seems to hurry along his son, who is fashioned like his grandfather. He looks back as for his dear wife, Anchises carefully guards the box containing the penates, and casts a troubled look before, and the tired child hurrying on, looks up anxiously to his father. The group, considered apart from the sublime it travesties, has in itself nothing risible. It might have originally been intended to throw ridicule on the author of the "Eneid," or to offer a covert affront to the Cæsar of the day, or to express the artist's chagrin at the number of copies of the same action produced by his more fortunate rivals in marble, or precious stones, or in frescoes. This strange piece formed part of the Pompeian treasures.

#### STERNE'S OBLIGATIONS TO THE ANTIQUE.

That useful feature of the human countenance, the nose, has reason to complain of the illiberal treatment it has always received from the pens and pencils of satirists. In the Cabinet of Medals at Paris a conical head with the hair tightly drawn from all parts to the vertex, and there gathered in a knot, is well thrown back, thus exhibiting a nose of ample dimensions, the eyes and mouth seeming to exult in its size, and feel thorough confidence in its protection, and on the watch, as it were, to resent any insult offered to it. M. Champfleury's book presents it in a wood-cut, and enhances the treat by giving sundry quotations from the Anthology, all holding incense under its nostrils.

It is to be feared that the modeller of the famous nose of Slaukenbergius had studied some of these lucubrations, and made no scruple of appropriating them.

"Set up your nose in the sun," said Trajan, 'and its shadow will declare the hour to the passers-by.'

"Milon of the long nose," said Lucian,

'is a good judge of wine, but he is long about pronouncing on the vintage. It takes three summer days for the bouquet to arrive at his brain, so long is his nose! Oh, useful proboscis! When Milon wades a river he takes up fishes with his trunk.'

"I see the nose of Menippus," said Nicarcus, 'and he can't be far off. Wait a little; he will certainly come after it. It is advancing. If we were on a hillock we should see him in person.'

"Castor's nose," said an unknown writer, 'serves its master for a pick-axe; when he snores it is a trumpet; it is a bill-hook for the vintage; an anchor for a ship; a coulter for the plough; a hook for fishing; a chisel for the carpenter; a hatchet; a knocker for the door.'

#### HOW THE CRICKET AND THE FOX FIGURED IN THE FRESQUES.

We have seen how the Egyptians economized the various animals in their pictorial efforts. It may be fairly concluded that they had some modification of our fable books. The versatile and ingenious Greeks were rich in fable literature; so they could not be deficient in tableaux where animals were the actors. These were called Gryllades, either from *Gryllos* a cricket, or from *Gryllus* the name of more than one hero. It has puzzled Greek scholars more than a little to find plausible explanations for many of these whimsical designs, the result in many cases of a sudden conceit of the artist's brain. They are found painted in fresco on walls, cut in intaglio (sunk work) on gems, and carved in relief on medals.

On a coralline, in the Imperial library is represented an exhausted camel: a dog, provided with a stick and sitting on his back, is urging him forward, while another dejected-looking dog is leading him by the halter, possibly a satire on men of pomp of the artist's day. The cricket figures on several. A painting found at Herculaneum represented a consequential insect of this species mounted on the front of a chariot, and guiding a harnessed parrot by reins connected with his beak, while the shafts are attached to a ring fixed collarwise round his neck. The bird is perfectly docile in his harness. One foot is raised in the act of making a step, the other, tensely set, supports the body. The drawing is unusually correct, and a graceful air pervades the composition, the body and wings being very skilfully expressed.

The meaning of the design is not easily discoverable by moderns ignorant of all the circumstances environing the artist. It might typify the triumph of harmony over discord; it might refer to the ascendancy acquired by one acquaintance of the artist over another—the ruled being a powerful man, the ruler a puny creature. It might, through the names of the actors, satirize two individuals easily recognized by their fellow-citizens. It might be the embodiment of a graceful whim.

A bird with a goat's head, holding down a cock's head with one claw, while with two hands she wields an axe to behead him, is supposed to represent the murder of Agamemnon, through his wife's treachery. In the Museum of Berlin is a stone on which is engraven a mouse dancing with all his might, while a cat makes music for him on a double flute. Another has a bear playing a tune for a squirrel. What if the mouse or squirrel represent the *populus Romanus*, the music, Circenses, and the cat or bear the tyrant who amused and devoured the people?

In one graceful combination of foliage and scrolls a serpent rearing itself upright on its lower folds, and presenting very graceful contours, is conversing with a rat seated on a small shield, which rests on a twig curling upwards.

In the Florence Museum there is a jasper-stone on which is delicately carved a fox seated in an antique chariot, whip in paw, and drawn by two cocks whom he governs by reins. The meaning is pretty obvious—vigilance triumphantly conducting cunning, or cunning needing vigilance to succeed in life. Two others of this description are probably either special political allegories or mere pleasantries—a lion drawn by two cocks, and a dolphin, whip in mouth, urging on two caterpillars harnessed to his car.

Continuing our explorations among the engraved stones, we come on a stork going to the wars, stepping out on one leg, and with the claw of the other shouldering a cross-bow. Near this, in the Museum of Florence, is a weary cricket travelling along the highway, and supporting two bundles with a stick resting on one shoulder. He has just stopped to examine the shadow on a sun-dial. Then there is

a ploughing scene—one bee acting as ploughman and two others yoked to the beam. Grasshoppers have much business on hands, ringing bells as town-criers, and extracting music from Pandean pipes and lyres.

Alluding to folk who will find fixed purposes in all the caprices of fancy, M. Cæsar Famin justly observes:—

“It frequently happens that commentators exhaust themselves discovering a hidden sense which was not in the intention of the ancient artists.

“The artists who painted the frescoes and arabesques in the tricliniums, and the boudoirs of Baïæ, of Pompeii, and of Herculaneum, abandoned themselves to all their unrestrained caprices, and the irregular flights of their ideas. They only sought to flatter the master's taste without once troubling themselves about the morality of art.

“The commentators injure the interest of art by bringing forward violent and far-fetched explanations. It is better to leave an antique subject in that state of vague mystery which has a much greater charm for the amateur than this conflict of learning and mere science which is neither error nor truth.”

#### NOXIOUS INSECTS IN AMBER.

It is to be feared that the author of *La Caricature Antique* is not to be found among the devoted partisans of the Second Empire. A couple of statues representing the ferocious Caracalla as a wretched little dwarf,—in one case attired as a gladiator, in the other distributing cakes to his soldiers, have been discovered, and have given him occasion to vent his indignation against all irresponsible power. Caracalla, we know, attempted the life of his father here in Britain, and murdered his brother Geta in the arms of his mother. Such were his cruelties and oppressions that he had not an attached subject, his soldiers excepted. These he pampered at the expense of the civilians, hence the little, villanous-looking, bow-legged dwarf distributing the cakes. Our author will have it that one of his wronged subjects executed the caricature statues, in order that those of after times might say, “this is the image of an emperor, the execrated of his people.”

Nearly three pages are devoted to denunciations of Commodus, who “had directed the publishing of the catalogue of his debaucheries and his

cruelties." The reader may judge of their spirit by this short selection :—

"For the enemy of his country let there be no funeral, for the parricide no tomb. Let the enemy of his country, the parricide, the gladiator be torn in pieces in the *Spoliarium*.\* The enemy of the gods, the murderer of the senate, the gladiator, the slayer of innocents to the *spoliarium*. For the parricide no pity! Hear us, O Cæsar! The betrayers to the lion; let the parricide be dragged along; let the statues of the gladiator be levelled! To the gibbet with the carcass of the parricide! To the gibbet the corpse of the gladiator! To the gibbet him who spared neither age nor sex!

"Admirable cry of revolt! It is a solace to hear such a noble cry. We breathe with expanded lungs; the oppressed rouses himself; and the indignation which escapes from his breast, makes the hearts of his fellow citizens palpitate. There are instances when revolt is even sublime, and brings forth these imprecations which belong not to popular art, but that art which is according to Shakespeare."

In another part of the volume he observes how the old stone-artists of the middle ages permanently fixed the caricatures of obnoxious monks in convenient portions of the abbey and church walls without disturbing the quiet of church authorities, and how caricature of public men and measures in England may take any proportion it pleases without exciting the fear or resentment of the government. All this evidences smothered resentment, which would explode if opportunity served.

An engraving is given in the volume, apparently a caricature of Apollo receiving the brave old Centaur Chiron at Delphi, and restoring him to sight and vigour—the original painted on a vase, being in the possession of William Hope in London. Portions of the design are worthy of the pencil of a Chinese artist. Apollo himself in the robe of a charlatan, at the top of his stage ladder, partially bald and rejoicing in a huge nose and thick lips, with tufts of hair and beard black as the raven's wing, is pulling up poor old Chiron, represented by two men, one of whom presents the body and hind legs of the horse. The anxious vulgar character of Apollo's face, his

blubber lips, and scrubby black beard, give him a ridiculous resemblance to Sancho Panza. He and the hindmost man wear full-skirted black-bordered frocks, hardly reaching the thigh, and the legs are covered with a sort of pantaloons made rather loose.

Long essays have been written on the subject matter of this composition, and recondite significations extracted from different portions of it by German and French scholars. But in truth it seems nothing more than what one gifted with ordinary judgment might pronounce it—an irreverent parody, in the spirit of Lucian, of a religious ceremony. The very remembrance of the ludicrously fussy visage of Sancho Apollo is sufficient to excite a laugh in any one who has seen vase or engraving.

We find nothing like the chastened and exquisite humour of our modern Doyles, our Lealies, our Leeches, and our Wilkies, in these satiric or purely comic relics of Rome or Greece. The character of the ancient humour may be gathered from the masks so expressive of whatever feeling dominated the characters for whom they were intended; every thing was vigorous, coarse, and undisguised. True delicacy was rare; it would, in fact, have been hardly intelligible to the ordinary pagan mind.

We find the Assyrians, when they wished to present a true moral portrait of a great man, giving him the body of the lion or bull, intimating thereby his strength, his resolution. The Egyptians worshipped their divinities under the semblance of irrational animals, and this animal nature became in their eyes superior to that merely human. So in their representations of men they spiritualized and ennobled the seat of intelligence by substituting the head of a hawk, or dog, or fox, for that of the human creature. The Greeks derived much of their religion and philosophy from the Egyptian sages, hence the different personages sharing the human and brute natures, such as the Centaur, the Satyr, the Faun. Some statuettes have been discovered in the Roman territories representing senators in their togas with rolls of

\* The place to which the corpses of the gladiators were dragged in order to be stripped (*spoliata*).

parchment, and presenting, where the human face divine ought to be, the head and muzzle of rat or bear.

In introducing the subject of these mixed figures, the author furnishes a specimen of Gallic licence even on the most sacred topics.

"The Bible teaches us that in the primitive formation of creatures, man was created last, an object the most perfect that could be realized. We see nature serve a sort of apprenticeship, grope along, go sometimes astray, give being to monsters, check itself, find forms better balanced, produce admirably endowed animals from the earth, and always march from progress to progress, until the seventh day, when the master workman might take his repose, having created his chief handy work, man."

This bit of serious irreverence will recall to the admirers of Burns a distich alluding to the creation of man and woman, and awarding the greater glory to Eve; but the Scot might claim a privilege in right of his verse and his frolic to which the Frenchman is by no means entitled.

#### THE ANCESTORS OF THE LILLIPUTIANS.

The representations of the wars of the Pygmies and Cranes in old frescoes were not in many cases intended for caricature. Homer probably believed in the existence of the little folk when he was describing the descent made on them by the birds. Pliny thought he found traces of them in Thrace, Asia Minor, India, and Egypt. In the last-named place they were at extremities with these birds for picking up the seed. Unfortunately our philosopher was somewhat credulous, and we are not surer of the existence of the poor little people than of those others mentioned by him—the dogheaded race, the mouthless race, or those who had two pupils in one eye, and the effigy of a horse in the other. Here is his account of the Pygmies.

"At the extremities of the mountains of India are settled the Pygmies, who are only twenty-seven inches in height. They enjoy a salubrious atmosphere and a perpetual spring, defended as they are by the mountains against the north wind. It is said that, being mounted on the backs of rams and goats, and armed with bows and arrows, all come down in the spring to the sea shore, and eat up the eggs and the young of cranes. This expedition endures

for three months, and were it not made, they could never withstand the increasing multitudes of these birds. Their cabins are constructed with mud, and the egg-shells and feathers of the birds."

Legends of dwarfs are rife among the Teutonic nations, and in the early Celtic stories they also figure, but to a less extent.

These accounts may be far-off echoes of the recollections of the earliest races spread over Europe, small of stature, and using implements of flint and bone. Their frequent mention in terms of disparagement among the classic writers may arise from the ill-feeling borne to dwarfs and mis-shapen jesters, kept about the houses of chiefs and kings, and privileged to say all manner of biting things to painters, parasites, poets, and partizans. Possibly the poets and painters, in order to avenge their wrongs, invented the Pygmy race, and represented them as in continual fear of an inoffensive and unwarlike bird.

In the frescoes we find them encumbered with huge helmets and shields, poisoning their javelins in act to throw, or piercing the breasts of the pestilent fowl, while not a few are sprawling at the mercy of the claws and beaks of the tall foe.

In some pictures they are represented as bald weakly creatures, dwelling on the Nile-banks, and conveying oil in jars to some market in their little boats; the hippopotamus opening his big mouth, figures in some of these designs, and in one instance a crocodile is making a mouthful of one poor fellow, while two of his friends seem to utter piercing cries on a neighbouring rock.

The little men were at the disposal of every satirist to sharpen their bitter jokes. Palladas thus uses them to throw contempt on a certain Caius more than suspected of cowardice.

"When they are recruiting an army to contend with the gnats, the beetles, the blue bottles, the mounted fleas, or the frogs, tremble, O Caius, lest you be enrolled as a soldier worthy of such enemies! But if the call is for worthy men, for men of courage, be at rest, fear not. The Romans make no war on cranes, nor enlist pygmies."

The poet Julian thus counselled another of Caius' tribe:—

"Remain; remain in the city, lest you



be assailed by some crane, eager for the blood of the pygmies."

The old Roman satirist and the Kerry satirist of yesterday, managed their weapons alike. A shopkeeper of Tralee, learning that the Banshee had been heard crying the night before in his neighbourhood, expressed fear of sudden death occurring to his neighbours or himself. "Make your mind easy," said the local poet, "the Bean Sighe wails but for the O'Brien, the O'Donoghue, the MacCarthy Mhor, or such like. The Tralee shopkeeper may listen to her lamentations without fear."

Several of the interiors of Herculaneum were painted with landscapes, in which the little fellows pursued their rural occupations among buildings resembling feudal keeps, chapels, monuments of the dead, gigantic toadstools, and cypress trees; dogs and domestic fowl disporting among them. Three or four charming little sketches are given of these views in the book, as well as of drinking vessels, round the rims of which the little troops are engaged in conflict. The old pagans were no laggards about the wine-cup. The goblets represented are fashioned like rams' or boars' heads, the shut mouth at the lowest point of the vessel when full; so the toper was obliged, as the cup necessarily lay upon its side except when supported, to take his drink at one breath, or at least keep the vessel in his hand—a singularity easily detected—till the contents were drained.\*

#### THE CERAMIC ART IN GAUL.

Some years since, under the pastures in the neighbourhood of Moulins, were discovered the ruins of an ancient Romano-Gallic pottery. There were the furnaces, poorly executed figures of Venus, Minerva, Lucina, and other goddesses and gods, and a considerable supply of monkeys!

Contrary to what might be expected, there is no symptom of the ordinary restlessness of these animals visible. They are as staid as senators,

one hand generally laid over the stomach, the other over the nose or under the chin; sometimes both hands over the nose. It is supposed that the still attitudes were adopted for the more easy and quick execution by workmen of little skill. One of these little animals was certainly designed by a master-hand. He is furnished with a owl descending low on his forehead, and going up into a point, tied under his chin and falling over his shoulder. Sitting on a little pedestal in a musing posture, with head bent forward, and hands resting on knees, and all this taken in unison with his concave nose and projecting mouth, he presents one of the pleasantest and drollest little figures that can well be fancied.

The waters of Vichy were known even in the pagan times to possess healing qualities. The patients finding relief from them, were accustomed to set up a little image of the god of laughter in gratitude for their cure. Smiling capuchined little images of *Risus* have been discovered in Vichy, and other parts of France. But if we owned the contemplative little monkey, conceived in the genuine spirit of humour, we would not exchange him for a dozen smirking little gods of laughter.

#### OUR OWN LEGACIES (?) TO POSTERITY.

These remains of the ludicrous and satirical with which we have been occupied, existed within a period, the farthest point of which is separated from us by upwards of three thousand years, the nearest by fifteen or sixteen centuries. Could we reasonably expect the best productions of our satiric artists in stone, or colours, or mere outlines on walls, to endure for such a period? We possess few satirical pieces in plaster, and if we did they would hardly exist for a century—judging from the illustrations in St. Stephen's. We have no caricatures in stone, and not many in china or delft. Those we possess on canvas or panel will scarcely be extant four centuries

\* Literature and art have swarmed with diminutive beings since their origin. Allegorical designs still abound with little naked boys. Books of science and art have their frontispieces well supplied with very young navigators, artisans, &c., all busily engaged. Painters of sacred subjects crowd the air with little angels. Our legendary literature is enriched with the darling little fairies. Even children delight in dressing little dolls. Love of little pets is the primary cause.

hence. The only thing we can depend on to furnish that South Sea Islander of whom we are heartily tired, with an idea of our style of caricature, are our engravings after Wilkie and Leslie and others, and our wood cuts so lavishly flung on his country by Mr. *Punch's* artists. Our confidence in the future curators of the British Museum is great, but it is evident from Macaulay's prophetic picture, that fire, or storm, or water, will have done their worst on that useful institution before the Polynesian gentleman arrives. All this is uncomfortable enough, but it is scarcely wise to trouble ourselves excessively about the state of things in the fortieth generation hence. Meanwhile let us acknowledge that long ago there were "pretty fellows," and skilful hands, and thoughtful and clear heads in the world, and no interruption of thinkers and workers, since the pile was raised on Shindar. Let us not entertain exaggerated opinions of our own superiority, but give due honour to the thinkers and workers of early times, and feel grateful to the filial and reverential care of those who have helped to preserve the results of their genius, skill, and diligence, and thus enabled us to mark the progress of philosophy, science, and art, during the succession of ages.

THE AUTHOR OF "ANCIENT CARICATURE."

Let us say a word in conclusion of the author whose book we have introduced to the British public in the foregoing pages. M. Champfleury, author of sundry novelettes, and critical pieces on artistic and dramatic subjects, was born at Laon, 10th September, 1821. His grandfather changed the family name to Fleury, so his present representative saw no evil in eking out the new property by an additional field. Thus our author's descendants, if such exist, will be Champfleury's till some better title suggest itself. He seems to have earned the title of *Petit Drole* at school, and has left us the woes of his master and his own knavish tricks on record, in the "Sufferings of Professor Delteil," the only one of his works we have met with in an English dress.

Having rested from his fatigues for six months, and then rendered some very unsatisfactorily assistance in his father's printing-office, he returned to Paris, and joined that thoughtless and merry band of literary Bohemians, whose sayings and doings are so pleasantly and graphically recorded by poor Henri Murger, one of the initiated. He feelingly described the career of an engraver of the fraternity whom he called "Chien Caillou."

Several tales were written by him in succession, many distinguished by *bonhomie* and apparent artlessness, and sympathy with the aspirations and feelings of the lower classes, but others quite unfit for perusal. He also employed himself in the construction of pantomimes and other dramatic pieces. He contributed to *Le Corsaire*, *L'Artiste*, *La Revue de Paris*, *L'Evenement* and *La Voix du Peuple*, Mr. Proudhon's paper. "Les Oies de Noël" (Christmas Geese) appeared in this last periodical in the very crisis of the '48. One evening during that feverish time, taking some refreshment in a low restaurant, and a heedless companion letting his name escape, an *ouvrier* with long beard and of a very truculent countenance, approached him from a neighbouring table. "Is your name Champfleury?" "Yes." "Are you the author of the 'Oies de Noël'?" "Yes." "Sacre bleu, but I must embrace you. I read your feuilleton every day: it is superb. Come, don't stand on ceremony! *Embrasse-moi!*"

In his "Confessions de Sylvius" he has recorded his Bohemian experiences. Among his chief productions are his "Essai sur les Frères Lénain Peintres de Laon," "Une Etude sur Balzac," "Contes Posthumes de Hoffman," and "M. de Bois d'Hyver," perhaps his most characteristic work, which appeared in *La Presse*, 1856. As mentioned already, none of his works have been translated into English except the "Miseries of Mons. Delteil," a most amusing book for boys. Our invariable rule with regard to foreign literature is, not to take as subject of a paper any work which has already appeared in a translation.

## BEATRICE.

[BY HYACINTH OON CAROLAN].

## SCENE.

THE ISLAND OF TORCELLO—ELEVEN O'CLOCK—THE MOON HAS SET—THE FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE.

[The lamp burning—Beatrice leaning from the window watching—she stretches her hands toward the sea].

*Beatrice.*—From the dark come forth, oh! dearest.  
 Fold my heart unto thy breast.  
 Oh! poor heart, what is't thou fearest,  
 Why this sadness and unrest?  
 'Tis a change from death to life,  
 From a recluse to a wife;  
 With my love my life is spent,  
 And marriage is a sacrament.

*Giacopo.*—[*Rowing at a distance, unseen, sings.*]

Lo Merlo non a testa  
 Col tal-la-ral-lal-la-ral-tal-la-ral-la,  
 La testa non a lo Merlo—  
 Povero Merlo! come fara pensar?

*Beatrice.*—What's that?  
 Every little foolish thing  
 Startles and dismays me now.  
 Idle fellows always sing,  
 As by night they homeward row—  
 Rowing cheer'ly home by night,  
 Home to kindred and to light;  
 Home to kindred. Where art thou?  
 Mother, would I had thee nigh me,  
 Just to bless me as I go;  
 Hold the lamp, and smiling by me,  
 Kiss and bless me as I go.

*Giacopo.*—[*Nearer—he sings.*]  
 For jolly weddings in the town,  
 Laughing bells ring up and down!  
 With partridges and Cyprus wine,  
 And honey-cates, a feast divine,  
 Every fellow fills his skin,  
 Till the comely bride looks in.  
 Ring on finger, merry girl!  
 In each ear a Roman pearl;  
 Then to bridegroom and his lass,  
 Carrol we, and fill the glass.

[Beatrice removes the lamp hastily from the window, and looks out in alarm].

[Giacopo's gondola enters the creek. He runs it on the shingle, and steps on the stairs].

*Giacopo.*—[*Beckoning, cap in hand, toward the window—softly.*—  
 Signora!

*Beatrice.*—Lo! who's there?

*Giacopo.*—A messenger.

*Beatrice.*—From whom? Oh! speak thy news.

*Giacopo.*—From Signor Julio.

*Beatrice.*—In Heaven's name, man, speak out. What hath befallen?

*Giacopo.*—Why, nought but good, Signora. He awaits  
 Thee in the chapel yonder, with a priest.

*Beatrice.*—Thank God! 'tis well.

*Giacopo.*

Here's a note.

'Tis very well, Signora.

[*She runs to the door, and he gives it to her.*]

Beatrice—(*Aside*).—How wickedly he looked  
Methought—but for a moment! What is it?  
A dream! Oh Heaven! yet all too good, and still  
It seems unreal, and I'm frightened.

Giacopo—(*Calling*).—Come!

Beatrice—(*Answering*).—I come, sir, I but take my beads and mantle.  
(*Lower*).—Oh! happy, happy hour! God send us safe.  
So near, and yet as far as Paradise,  
Until thou hold'st me, Julio.

Giacopo—(*Without*).—Come, lady.

Beatrice—(*Answering*).—I come, I come, sir. Only this—  
[*She places on the table, beside the lamp, a note, with these words*].—

“Father, dearest, to-morrow I return a bride.  
Forgive, and still love Beatrice. And thou  
Most dear, come and live with her and her beloved.”

Giacopo.—Come down,  
Young woman! by the mass; or else you come  
The day after the fair!

Beatrice.—Good sir, a moment.

Giacopo—[*Watching her through the window*].—She stands and prays  
before the crucifix—  
So let her.—[*He listens seaward*].

Quiet all. And so shall I.  
We all will make our peace—'tis right—some day. -  
All sinners. I'd a' left it long ago  
If the vile skinflints would but pay fair wages.  
But how's a man to live and save?  
There ever is a right and wrong—and *this*  
*Is* wrong, quite wrong; tho' it must come *some* way.  
Fever or plague, or—bah! and so must I.  
She's coming.

Beatrice.—[*Descending the steps with a small bundle in her hand and  
her mantle about her—in a low tone*].—

Ho! Signor Gondolier.

Giacopo.—Here—by the boat.

Beatrice.—How dark it is!

Giacopo.—Ay, lady, very dark!

Beatrice.—[*Looking up at the window—says softly*].—  
Farewell!

Giacopo.—[*Assisting her into the boat.*]

There; sit where thou art.

Beatrice.—Thanks, sir.

Giacopo.—No; facing t'other way.

Beatrice.—Thanks, sir—I will. [*Changes.*]

[*He pushes off the boat and rows swiftly.*]

How far is it, sir?

Giacopo.—Hold thy tongue. (*A pause.*)  
How know we, girl,

Who's near? 'Tis Julio's order—

Beatrice—[*Whispering to herself*].—Yes; so dark.  
He's right—he's always right. Beloved!

[*Silence, during which Giacopo rows the boat swiftly for some time.*]

Giacopo.—What mean'st thou

Over thy shoulder looking still at me?

Wil't look ahead or no? We may run foul

O' something. Look ahead. Look out. (*Aside.*) I wish  
She'd pray. (*Aloud.*) Hast ne'er a hymn? Come, thou may'st  
Sing out here.

Beatrice.—What's that—an island?

Giacopo.—Ay, the Lido.

*Beatrice.*—Voiceless and huge. How black in the black air—  
Down, like a ship forsaken, drifting on us.  
Dream-haunting Lido, pass away, oh ! quickly.  
Father ! mother ! shall I the roses see  
Of sweet Torcello more ? To-morrow ; yes,  
To-morrow. So good night, and bless me, father !  
Oh ! bless your little Beatrice.

*Giacopo.*— Will't sing ?

*Beatrice.*— Will't sing a hymn or no ?

I will. 'Tis meet, sir,  
On such a night—so happy and so fearful.  
May God forgive us all. Oh ! Julio, soon ;  
Oh ! soon.

[*She sings.*]

As in a boat, the Lord of life—  
Was ever king so lorn ?—  
Among the roaring billows' strife  
Slumbered, travel-worn.

The twelve Apostles did despair  
Amid the storm prevailing ;  
And standing round him, filled the air  
With fearful words and wailing.

His face so sweet, and king-like form  
Upraising at their cry,  
With sign and word he stilled the storm,  
And turned the billows by.

Then he reproached them lovingly  
Because they did despair,  
Forgetting that their friend was nigh,  
And that their King was there.

And thus he is for ever nigh,  
E'en when he seems to sleep ;  
When seas are white, and black the sky,  
My soul the Lord will keep.

(*She shrieks*) Jesu !

[*A swift blow descending with the edge of the oar, despatches her, and Giacopo knots a heavy stone in her dress, and throws her over the gunwale.*]

CHORUS.

In a line both straight and long,  
Shadowy boat and boatman dart,  
Away with quivering stroke and strong  
As the throbbing of a heart.

Ghostly Boatman, fleetly going  
Pulling noiselessly and well,  
As the Stygian spectre rowing  
Fiercely through the mirk of hell ;  
Sudden stopped he in the dark,  
Stood to watch, and stooped to hark.  
Thro' the dark and soundless hollow,  
Listened to a fear that spoke not,  
Scanned pursuit that did not follow,  
On the deed the lightning broke not,  
To her cry the thunder woke not ;  
Earth and sea and sky did wait  
With the apathy of fate—  
Naught he saw and nothing heard,  
Not a sound and not a word,  
Not the skimming of a bird ;

Breathless still, with crouching stride,  
 Scowled he, listening far and wide.  
 Black and still abroad and under,  
 Nature seemed to gather thought ;  
 All things seemed to pause and ponder  
 On the deed that he had wrought.

He headlong through the midnight flying,  
 Sees a palor fly before him,  
 Like a halo in the air.  
 Two eyes, not dead, but ever dying,  
 Back in piteous wonder stare.  
 He headlong through the darkness flying,  
 With sparry pinion smites the wave.  
 Bah ! I saw her in the flood  
 Sinking to her crystal grave,  
 Like a sculptured maiden lying,  
 Like a marble splashed with blood,  
 Stretched and walled beneath the flood.

Evil look and evil cry !  
 Tho' a moment sent them by—  
 White in the dark her features live  
 The look he thought no face could give ;  
 His brain is cold where passed that cry,  
 Speeding upward to the sky.

Gliding onward now he neared  
 The voiceless buildings of the town,  
 Rising shadows that appeared  
 Like a navy bearing down  
 Of ships by dead men steered.  
 Black against a sky of lead,  
 The outline of the houses gloom,  
 As phantoms in the day of doom,  
 When sun and moon are dead.

As the sea doth grope its way  
 Thro' the windings of a cave,  
 Black as ink the lazy wave,  
 Up that street so dark and sly,  
 Lapped its way with crook and croon ;  
 While the breeze through carvings high  
 Went humming like a faint bassoon—  
 Now he backed his weary oar,  
 And stepped beneath his stooping door.

## SCENE.

A RICH CHAMBER IN THE PALAZZO OF NEREA.

[Late on the evening following, one small lamp burning, Julio having, by means of a bribe, learned from Giacopo, whom he knew to be one of the Society of Venetian Bravoes, and who craftily undertook, by means of his opportunities, to unravel the mystery of her fate, what had befallen Beatrice, and who had procured her death, resolving to avenge it, visits Nerea. Nerea discovered alone. Enter Julio].

Nerea.—Oh ! Julio [*rising with extended arms*].

Julio.—There—good e'en—stop there ! sit down.

Nerea.—Oh ! thou art pale ; thou'rt tired ?

Julio.—Ay, very tired.

Nerea.—Oh ! dearest, art thou ill ?

Julio.—Ill ? Sick to death !

Nerœa.—Nay, noble Julio, thou art pale !

Julio.—What ! pale ?  
I'm not pale.—There's another very pale—  
No, 'tis the crimson that thine eye hath dazzled.

Nerœa.—What crimson ?

Julio.—[*waving his arm toward the draperies*]—This, and this—has't  
eyes ? and all.

Thou art a Catholic, and would'st not have  
A poor girl buried without bell or dirge.  
There is no dirge like that the wind doth pipe ;  
The hoarse waves talk an honest lamentation.  
A captain in my galley, when a slave  
Was drown'd—'twas near the Lido, where the Doge  
Sinks his ring deep ; they're never found again—  
Told me the ears of drowning men are filled  
With peals of sweet bells, till they hear no more.  
'Tis thou art pale.

Nerœa.—Pale, Julio ! I ?

Julio.—Ay, pale  
As funeral flames in sunshine. I am sick.  
Were I a girl, I'd choose a time—

Nerœa.—For what ?

Julio.—To die in.  
Die !

Ay, die. I'd have you drop  
In your first summer, blooming, fragrant—*all* ;  
For with what measure thou dost mete withal,  
To thee again it shall be measured. When  
The first small wrinkle, like the worm of death,  
Creeps on thy beauty—then all's blasted. Faugh !  
Thou shalt not stay for that. I am a beast.

Nerœa.—A beast ! Ah, Julio ! (*She laughs*).

Julio.—Ay—*viribus editior*—  
By strength I took thee ; thou can'st not to me.  
Dost love me ?

Nerœa.—Love ? Oh, Julio ! love and fear,  
So near, and yet so strange—so loved, so awful !  
Thy smile means even more than I can read,  
And on thy laughter waits an echo faint  
From a far place of pain and scorn. Alas !

Julio.—Dost love me ?

Nerœa.—Julio, to death !

Julio.—Love whom ?

Nerœa.—Oh ! whom but Julio—thee—my Emperor !

Julio.—Nay Cæsar's image, wench, and superscription—  
Gold, gold !

Nerœa.—My Julio, him alone I love.

Julio.—Thou liest ! Why dost thou stare ? Thou liest !  
What is to stare at ? Yet I do believe  
Thou lov'st thy Julio, ev'n as he loves thee.  
Ha !

Nerœa.—What's the matter ?

Julio.—Lies.

Nerœa.—Oh ! cruel, cruel !

Julio.—Cruel !—as cats that toy with mice ; and yet  
I'll do the kindest deed to-night that e'er  
The stars wept over.

Nerœa.—Thou wert always kind.

Julio.—And I'll be kinder. What is life ? What's good in't ?  
Love bleeding lies ; fair truth sunk, never more  
So silver clear to speak, how many fathoms,  
Can'st tell, beneath the grass-green sea ?

- Nerœa.*— Thou'rt ill,  
 Oh, Julio, very ill.
- Julio.*— No, only kind.  
 There—sit you still. What's life?
- Nerœa.*—Julio, don't talk of life.
- Julio.*— Of t'other thing  
 Mayhap. If I cried Death, and stamped my foot,  
 'Twould bring up—what? Ha! See'st thou nothing? No.
- Nerœa.*— Why wil't thou talk so wildly, Julio?
- Julio.*— Ha!  
 Thou'rt frightened, silly bird, because 'tis dark.  
 It will be darker.
- Nerœa.*— Let me call for lights.
- Julio.*— Not now; I'll have them by-and-by; not now.  
 We hear, methinks, the clearer for the dark.  
 There was an old man cried—
- Nerœa.*— When?
- Julio.*— In the night—  
 Last night, they say—and plucked his silver locks out,  
 And beat his wrinkled numb-skull with his fists,  
 And howled as shrill and hollow as the caves  
 Of Æolus above the cold, wild sea.
- Nerœa.*—Would they brought lights!
- Julio.*— What's that? Ay, time enough—  
 Ay, lights and hands—I'll want them by-and-by.  
 There's something in this room to carry out.  
 I'm sick.
- Nerœa.*— I told thee thou wert ill, my Julio.
- Julio.*—And by a serpent wounded. I've been mad.  
 Held to my lips an adder's tongue, and woo'd  
 The coils of slimy death. Thou pretty witch,  
 I am no longer mad, but know thee, cold,  
 And dead, and damned. Thou serpent, lift thy neck  
 And hiss thy last at me. Dust shalt thou eat.  
 Thy sides are painted with the blood of her  
 Thou'st crushed and swallowed.—Murderous cannibal!
- (*Nerœa cries wildly rushing toward him.*) Off, Beldame! Judgment—ho!  
 Enter *Giacopo* followed by another.
- Nerœa.*—Mercy, Oh God!

## CHORUS.

Lo where the guileless blood she planned to shed;  
 Her own is gliding on the polished floor;  
 The ambition and the jealous hate are dead,  
 The story of the humbler true love o'er.

The last oak of a noble forest towers  
 The old Faliero, silent and alone,  
 Disdaining, through his brief and darkening hours,  
 Like feebler miseries, to bend or moan.

Now, by a stranger hand the lamp is placed,  
 And little Beatrice no longer lights  
 The star he steered by on the moonless nights;  
 And when close-reefed across the roaring waste  
 And like a spirit lost, the sea-bird shrieks,  
 O'er breakers thundering in the shrilly winds;  
 By night the starless boat his wild home seeks,  
 His eye at last the soulless beacon finds,  
 Thrills to his heart the ray of other years  
 Starred dimly in the dark by gathering tears.



In summer evenings when the isles grow dim,  
 And seas float silvery round the darkened shore,  
 The loved voice breathes no more the distant hymn,  
 The laughing sweet-voiced welcome in the door,  
 The loving prattle and the glad surprise,  
 When down the rocky stair the true step flies  
 To meet him at the gunwale by the shore,  
 That laughing, loving welcome as of yore,  
 Like song and dance, will come again no more.

The cold sea breaks along the pebbles there, .  
 The door is dark—the stair is but a stair—  
 And through the straggling roses weeds wave high,  
 And summer breezes wildering rock and sigh.

## FENIANISM.

AN amount of attention has been bestowed upon the Fenian conspiracy out of all proportion to the strength and completeness of the actual preparatory measures of the plotters—at least in Ireland. Among the documents put in evidence during the trials were some which seem to show that the originators meant to “unfurl the green flag” on Irish soil before the close of the year, and various dates between the 29th of September and Christmas Day were mentioned in those rumours, which are sometimes truthful foreshadowings, as the day of the rising. Nevertheless, the Irish enrolments of Fenians, the drillings of men, and even the appearance in the country of American commissioned and non-commissioned officers, supposed to have crossed the ocean with revolutionary objects, did not amount to serious arrangements for an immediate rebellion. But the organization was much more formidable, much more mature, and much more widely-spread and subtle, than the public at first conceived. The information of the Government as to its character appeared to justify precautions which would hardly have been resorted to for any political purpose that could be served by magnifying such a combination. The game of deliberate exaggeration would be a highly dangerous one for any Ministry to play. England will not easily admit to Foreign Powers that there is insurrection within her borders. Such an admission with respect to Ireland is reproach enough, but in this case the confession was necessary that the English manufacturing towns also had their Fenian “circles,”

and it was only under the compulsion of circumstances that such a fact was acknowledged. The truth is this simply, that although the Fenians went no nearer overturning the Government, and establishing an Irish Republic, than did the Mitchels and Meaghers of 1848, and could have done little harm even if they had got the length of placing their “sunburst” on the summit of some ruined Munster keep, their Society was the skeleton of a much more serious attempt to create insurrection in Ireland, and thereby to facilitate invasion by a Foreign Power, than was ever before designed by the haters of the Saxon. The idea on which it was founded made it dangerous. This was, that England and America might be embroiled in war by a proper disposition and use of Fenian-Irish strength in the United States; and that in the course of that struggle, sure to be a desperate one, “Ireland’s opportunity” would arrive. That idea cannot be described as altogether a romantic one. Until lately it was only too likely that such a war might soon occur. The seeds of it existed, and evil-minded men industriously fostered them. The claims of the Americans against us for the depredations, as they call them, of the Confederate cruisers, were asserted before the conclusion of the campaign in Virginia in a tone so determined and so offensive, that the Irish in the States might reasonably build upon the probability of a quarrel which only the sword could settle. To be ready for that crisis they established their machinery of circles, centres,

lecturers, collectors of weapons, symbols, and secret oaths. In furtherance of that intention they levied contributions from a population which has had added to its original unreasoning detestation of England the further stimulus of a love for republican institutions. Large sums of money were obtained, the fanatical spirit was excited, and the accident that there were *experienced* insurrectionary chiefs in America to give the scheme form and importance, completed the plot. Whether James Stephens or John O'Mahony should be considered the author and mainspring of the organization is still undetermined, but both had received an education in the business of rebellious agitation from their youth—both had the motive of making a living in the way adventurous spirits desire, in addition to the native delusion, that they might figure conspicuously in the world—both had passed through many vicissitudes, as they would say in the service of fatherland, and had a history to appeal to in support of their claims to lead in her revolutionary career. These two persons were readily trusted, and Stephens, the abler, seems to have undertaken the more exciting and more dangerous part of the work, of which Ireland was the scene. The Americans, also, while they needed men for their Southern war, and found it hard to get then even by the conscription, encouraged the Fenian Brotherhood; and it is certain that thousands of Irishmen entered the Northern army with the notion that they might thus become prepared for the ultimate and more glorious task of redeeming "Erin of the Streams." It is true that there were none of the materials for so gigantic an operation as the conveyance of a Grand Army across the ocean to invade Ireland, but the Celtic imagination has always, on this subject, taken the visions of the poet for facts at least half accomplished, and has dwelt upon the hysterical rhetoric of a venal platform, until the people have fancied all the nauseous boasts of their resistless strength sober truth. And just as, on the American side of the ocean, the attitude of the transatlantic Government, necessary perhaps in its circumstances, inflated the Fenian leaders with wild notions of their

power and opportunity; so in Ireland, the impolitic conduct of the authorities in permitting such a procession through the streets of Dublin as that of M'Manus' bones, avowedly an American Republican celebration, and more lately such another as that of the O'Connell foundation-stone ceremonial, perverted as it was into an offensively sectarian demonstration, induced among the Fenians in the States and the Fenians in Ireland alike, the conviction that the British Government had grown feeble and timorous—a conclusion which may be traced both in the private letters of the sentenced conspirators to each other, and in scores of articles, epistles and songs, in the columns of the *Irish People*. This, shortly, is the history of Fenianism: how it obtained, within a comparatively short space of time, so great a hold as it has been found to have had upon the lower classes, and the class just above them—of workmen, shopmen, and clerks—despite its hostility to the priesthood as political leaders, will be worth a word of explanation.

The Irish priesthood placed themselves in the position of leaders in the politics of their flocks before Emancipation. In that measure they were as much concerned as the lay population, and their political action was so far natural. When the Relief Act had been obtained, however, they did not retire within their proper spiritual sphere, but having found their power in politics sought new uses for it. Then arose the Repeal agitation; and down to 1847 the ecclesiastics controlled it, through Daniel O'Connell. The people, however, becoming wearied of its shameless hypocrisy, the Young Ireland party sprang up and hasted to the brink of the precipice which the Old Irelander had craftily kept at a fair distance. When the revolt of 1848 was suppressed, an entire change occurred in the disposition of the clerical forces in politics. A prelate was sent to Ireland with the distinct mission of preventing priests from mingling in political matters as the conscience of the individual dictated, and to gather all the threads of the political web into the hands of the Bishops of the Church, who should be themselves in direct communication

with and subjection to Rome. This policy was provided for, in the first instance, by appointing to vacant bishoprics, not the priests chosen by their fellows as the most worthy, but those best fitted for the Roman policy of a centralization of influence. From the year 1852 to the present time the effort has been steady and to an extent successful, to withdraw political power equally from the Roman Catholic people of the upper and lower classes, and from the inferior priesthood. The more educated Roman Catholic section of the community, has, unhappily, submitted to this ejection from their proper position, and may be said to be now without a will or voice in Ireland, one provincial newspaper only recording an occasional protest against the encroachments by the prelates on public liberty; but the lower classes and general body of the Roman Catholic people have grumbled openly against their bishops, and would not have given Fenianism welcome had they not despised the political position taken up by the Episcopacy, and profoundly distrusted its schemes. Strange, and yet strictly true is it to say, that the main attraction of the Fenianism of the *Irish People* to the Irish population was its weekly attack on, and its scathing exposure of the hollowness of the Prelates' agitations. Dr. Cullen was its standing jest—all the weapons of ridicule and sarcasm were employed against his pastorals, by Roman Catholics writing for Roman Catholics; and the more the *Irish People* mocked his grotesque compositions, and ridiculed his pretended authority in temporals, the more largely did it circulate, even in the rural districts—the more eagerly and approvingly was it read at forge-fire and in wayside public.

These facts, well known in Ireland, have to be proclaimed for distant readers, and should be pondered by statesmen. To press the matter of an essay into a sentence,—nothing can be more foolish than to imagine that the ingrained discontent of the Irish population, produced by a generation-long course of agitation, conducted by ecclesiastics who promised every peasant wealth without labour, as the fruit now of Repeal, again of Tenant-right, and again of some worse

delusion, can be rooted out by endowing those ecclesiastics with larger powers, and supplying them with public money. The people will have no benefit from these concessions, as it is the habit to call them, and will regard them as advantages obtained by the priesthood in the way of reward for acting as a mere Government police. The estrangement which is now so remarkable a feature in Irish affairs will become, if that policy is adopted, much more serious and troublesome. The priests, in fine, have it not now in their power to pacify the people whom they have excited. What must be done may best be done independently of them, by treating the population in a liberal spirit, and dealing with them directly, and through no clerical intervention.

The more deeply the subject is reflected upon the closer will the bearing of these observations be found to be upon the Fenian episode, and its moral and lesson on the fittest future imperial policy in Ireland. The considerations suggested in pursuing such a line of thought cannot be here elaborated, but the conscientious student of public affairs will have little difficulty in following them out; and as, when Parliament meets, even with all the interest attaching to a Reform Bill, the difficulties with America, and the troubles in Jamaica, the question of How Ireland shall be treated henceforth, will instantly press, this study cannot be pretermitted.

The first disappointment encountered by the Fenian Society in America was the sudden conclusion of the campaign in the Southern States without the outbreak of a war with England, and the consequent unanticipated enunciation by Mr. Johnson of a peace policy. It was felt that the "opportunity" had again slipped away. O'Mahony and Stephens still stood on the river's brink, waiting for the stream of England's good luck to flow past, with no prospect of seeing the "old hulk" (one of their own phrases) stranded. It was then that Stephens energetically exclaimed, "The flag must be raised this year, or not at all." His efforts redoubled. The life of the organization was suddenly quickened. Matters were being brought rapidly to some sort of crisis—the council of American officers in Dublin

indicated so much—when the Irish Executive, opportunely as we think (whether by artful plan or happy accident), arrested the principals in the conspiracy, and seized the *Irish People*, appealing to the ordinary tribunals of the country for justification of those bold measures. An earlier interference with the organization might have been followed by a miscarriage of justice, and the encouragement and extension of the plot; and to have delayed longer might have been to mark the year 1865 with a blood-stain in the annals of the Empire. Their conduct, in all its parts and phases will no doubt be assailed in the House of Commons; but it is hard to see how the orator most sweeping in his charges, and most careless of their effect on opinion in Foreign countries, will be able to find, either in the seizure of the *Irish People*, or in the management of the subsequent trials by the Crown lawyers, or by the presiding judges, any effective ground for attack. The more respectable of the prisoners themselves acknowledged, before receiving sentence, that their trials had been fairly conducted, that the prosecutors did not enter upon their work in a vindictive spirit, or press unduly against the accused the formidable powers of the law of conspiracy—nay more, that the various charges of Mr. Justice Keogh and Mr. Justice Fitzgerald to the juries were entirely unexceptionable. A stronger proof still of the moderation of the Crown is the fact that no occasion was given, no pretext afforded, for out-of-doors sympathy with the prisoners among a population by no means without disposition to regard them in the light of martyrs. The moral effect of a Special Commission nominated in such a crisis is its principal use, and in this instance the people have seen the Fenians justly treated, both in the composition of juries and in the presentation of evidence. The only tendency towards a prejudgment of their cases, and the creation of an excitement among the public calculated to embarrass a defence, was recognised by themselves in the objectionable tone of a section of the press, whose antecedents are those of a pungent Young Irelandism, and whose agitations prepared the country for the reception of Fenianism.

These considerations suggest a hope that the Fenian outburst is the last feeble flicker of treason in Ireland. It cannot fail to have been remarked that the principals, and even some of the minor actors, were persons who had been connected either with the rising of 1848, or the abortive scheme of ten years later in the counties of Cork and Kerry. A perfectly new race of Meaghers, Mitchels, O'Briens, and Stephens has not sprung up. The younger generation have the native taste for plots and stratagems, but unless organized by the older class of conspirators they would never have hatched a project of insurrection. Those professional conspirators have been removed from the scene quietly, effectively, and, as has been said, in such a way as not to make them seem heroic. The prospect of peace from all mad Celts for the future is, therefore, reasonably good. It is true that Stephens has escaped, as he did in 1848, and again in 1858, and lives for flight another day, and the loss of the individual principally, and in a sense solely guilty, is a disappointment, and even a serious blow; but the band of persons who represented the traditions of 1848, and had the title of many sufferings and dangers unselfishly encountered, to plead with the people whom they sought again to lead, having been finally broken up, the Young Irelandism, which reappeared with a changed face as Phoenixism, and again as Fenianism, has probably received a mortal wound at last. But the victory of the Government is one which may be utterly spoiled in their mode of dealing with it; and herein lies the danger of the moment. That victory has been secured—the statement cannot be made too emphatically—by the help of the whole body of the loyal community, men of all creeds, classes, and positions in society. A large majority of the small farmer class have been as loyal as those above them. Fenianism has been rendered abortive by the exertions of no ecclesiastical body. To say that it has been put down by the Roman Catholic priesthood, in the sense of claiming for them any particular power over it, is not only to make an assertion contrary to fact, but to provoke inquiries which those ecclesiastics can ill afford as to their responsibility for the

gloomy and irrational hatred of the Government and institutions of the country which their teaching has infused into the people. Fenianism was simply a case of their agitations recoiling upon themselves, just as Emigration was long since pointed out in these pages to be much more largely the fruit of a preaching of discontent from altars, than of landlord evictions, or the poverty of the country. There is a disposition apparent among a certain party—persons as fiercely prejudiced and as ignorant of Ireland as Mr. Bright—to consider Irish disaffection a mischievous spirit, more rife than ever, which can only be allayed by appeasing the monstrous appetite of those ecclesiastics for power and command of the public money; and that disposition is sure, during the approaching Session, to influence the conduct of the “advanced section” of the Ministerialists, on the one side, and of the shortsighted admirers and thick-and-thin supporters of their rival in the competition for Ultramontane votes, Mr. Disraeli, on the other. This is the blunder that is probable—the danger to be apprehended. If such a blunder is committed, if such a danger is madly braved, Ireland’s pacification will be postponed for another twenty years. Place the Roman Catholic bishops in the ascendant, and you disgust the Roman Catholic people, and compel the Protestants to assume an attitude of persevering opposition to Ministries. The policy of ministering to Roman domination will have the certain result of producing greater social disorganization than has yet been known in Ireland, and of creating for future governments embarrassments compared with which all present troubles are but trifles. It would be easy to show that this is no haphazard prophecy. The several stages of such a consequence, the cause being supposed, might be traced as confidently, from the dictate of experience, as if a page of history were being written. When, in a word, in any country, did the giving of undue influence, wealth, and patronage, to

an extreme party of Papal bishops, cause anything but confusion? We look to such men as Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horsman, and Sir Robert Peel, Lord Elcho, and others who have joined their perhaps small, but, under present circumstances, powerful force, for protection from the retrograde policy for which the Fenian plot is to be made the pretext. Those energetic, able, and independent persons will lay the Moderate Party in Ireland, a large and an increasing one, under lasting obligations if they shall save us from new discords by resisting an Ultramontane revolution scarcely less ruinous than a Fenian one, and by insisting that Ireland shall be governed on principles at least as liberal as are applied to a purely Catholic community like Italy, where a state of peace was only approached when the usurped sceptre of priestly rule in matters temporal was broken in pieces. Surely a British Parliament will not suffer Ireland to be made as Papal politically as Naples was before Bomba the Younger took flight. The negotiations which are understood to be in progress between the party in the Government who have not a whit of Lord Palmerston’s sagacity or courage, suggest but too plainly that a course may be attempted to be taken in contradiction of all British principles—a course which will disgrace our political history if it be adopted; and the crisis is so grave that every rational man’s help is needed to prevent the dark intrigue from succeeding. The Ultramontane Prelates seem to have everything in their hands. They no doubt think the ball at their foot. But the large proportions of their reactionary project and its certain issues have only to be made apparent to the English public to gain for any political leader who flings himself into the breach in defence of the Constitution, and of a wise and enlightened policy towards Ireland, such support from the public as will shatter all subtle and secret schemes, and drive the Ministry who may harbour them from the position they have abused.

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### THE OUTDOOR SPECTACLES OF OLD PARIS.

WAS there any period of time in the history of Europe, early or middle-aged, in which spectacles or dramatic pieces of some description were not presented to the people? We think not. Elaborately constructed comedies and gorgeous spectacles were familiar to the Roman populace from the days of Plautus and Terence, nearly two centuries A.C. The rough Northern tribes might overpower the Romans and their colonies by dint of glaive, but were themselves brought under the empire of civilization by intercourse with those whom they had worsted, and gradually imbibed their tastes. Spectacular entertainments were no more disused than would the French or English people, if subjected by some terrible warriors from Brobdignag or Manhattan, give up concerts and burlesques. We are not here called on to account for the deterioration in the quality of public amusements from the decline of the Roman empire, but must protest against the theory of our modern dramas having arisen out of the moralities and mysteries of the middle ages. The Church authorities merely adopted the form in which the public delighted, to convey religious instruction with the greater effect.

#### DOINGS OF THE CONFRATERNITIES.

The purely secular corporations were generally limited to the exhibition of richly-dressed figures and the carrying of them in procession, but to the confraternities was intrusted the higher commission to present the mysteries and moralities. One which had considerable vogue for some time, represented on the Octave of Corpus Christi, the crime and punishment of a Jew who in 1298 had profaned the Eucharist. In the procession one of the confraternity representing the Jew drove a knife into the presentment of the Host, which spouted blood on the moment. This knife was carefully preserved in the "Chapelle des Miracles," and was always brought thence for the purpose of the mystery along with a relic of the Holy Cross. Being taken in the manner he was conducted as it were to the stake, bound hand and foot, and surrounded by brambles intended for the sham incrimination:

"And after came Justice, his (the Jew's) wife and children, and in the streets were set up scaffolds with very affecting mysteries, and these streets were decked out as on the festival of the Holy Saviour."\*

Another office of these confraternities, which people of modern times

\* "Après venoit la Justice, sa femme et ses enfants, et parmi les rues avoit deux échaffaux de très piteux mystères, et furent les rues parées comme à la Saint-Sauveur."—*Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris sous Chas. VII.*

would consider as more useful and edifying was the attendance on a criminal when proceeding to Mont-faucon for execution, reciting the penitential psalms and appropriate prayers. The cortege pausing at the court of the convent of the Filles-Dieu (daughters of God), these ladies surrounded the penitent, singing the psalms mentioned, after which they made him eat three small pieces of blessed bread, and drink a glass of wine.

If one of the licentious monarchs of the sixteenth century happened to flourish 300 years later, free-thinking would probably accompany his other darling vices. But at the earlier epoch the sated voluptuary adopted severe practices while his sad fit remained on him. Henry III. —Dumas' favourite, dressed in penitential weeds, and insisting on his minions doing the same, performed painful pilgrimages by night as well as by day from one church to another, and so mortified were some of the favourites that they scourged themselves in the open street. However the people well up to the lives of the youths, received these demonstrations with shouts of derision, and the zealous preacher Poncet openly disparaged their performance in his Lent sermons at Notre Dame.

We give an account of a singular procession of that reign in a quotation made by Victor Fournel, one of the present popular writers of the French capital :—\*

"After the fight of the Barricades this confraternity (the Penitents) arranged a strange procession from Paris to Chartres where Henry III. then resided. At the head walked a man with a long beard, filthy and greasy, and covered with a hair-cloth. Over this was a broad baldric supporting a curved scimitar. Now and then he blew a melancholy blast from an old rusty trumpet. Then came three men with terrible-looking eyes, having small pots on their heads by way of helmets, and coats of mail over their hair-cloth robes. They were armed with pikes and halberds, and appeared to force along the Capucin Frère Ange (Henri de Joyeuse) arrayed in an alb, crowned with thorns, and having his face covered with drops of blood. He appeared to drag along a cross of painted paste-

board, and occasionally fell under it, groaning the while. Two other young Capucins accompanying him at each side, represented the Blessed Virgin and St. Magdalen, and four satellites holding the cords thrown round his neck, repeatedly struck him with whips. A long train of penitents followed the cortege."—*De Thou.*

Imagine the scandal and disturbance that would be excited by such a pageant in any city of the British Isles in 1865 ; yet in the suburbs of Paris, say A.D. 1600, it interested and edified the by-standers.

We are unable to determine by what gradations some harmless ceremony or other degenerated into the scandalous "Feast of the Children and Fools," kept up during part of the middle ages by the children of the choir, and the inferior orders of clergy belonging to the Church of Notre Dame. On the Festival of the Holy Innocents, December 28, they elected a mock bishop, and his dignitaries, and gave loose to sundry parodies, and profanities not pleasant to describe. The younger folk had the privilege of searching on that morning among the houses of their friends for lazy women, and of whipping every one found abed at the moment of the visitation. In the year 1525 they varied the ordinary programme of their orgies. A woman went in procession on horseback, surrounded by devils and black-robed doctors. These last had the word LUTHERAN, marked in chalk on every back, and Lutherans and devils vied with each other in abusing and cursing the woman who of course represented RELIGION. Francis I., not willing to offend his Huguenot subjects, suppressed this pleasant manifestation—as soon as the report reached his ears. On New Year's Day and Twelfth Day the profane excesses attained their climax. There are hints of some slight abuses of the kind in the writings of St. Augustin and St. Gregory of Tours, but no circumstantial account has been preserved of the genuine outrages dating before the twelfth century. It can scarcely be doubted that these saturnalia occurring at the same time of the year with the Pagan ones, were

\* TABLEAU DU VIEUX PARIS.—Les Spectacles Populaires et les Artistes des Rues.—Par Victor Fournel. Paris : Dentu.

their worthy continuators. The Church authorities waged incessant war on the custom, and at last obtained a much-to-be-desired victory, the only one we know anxious to restore the old licence being the eccentric M. Michelet. After the mad actors were locked out of the churches, they continued their devilish pranks on the steps, in the front courts, and under the colonnades.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFRATERNITY  
OF THE PASSION.

In the French provinces the celebration of a Mystery was a festival exciting the greatest possible interest, and was got up at great expense. A large stage was erected in the open fields, in the front of a church, on the great square of the town or city, or the upper end of a hilly street, and the expense of the ceremony was defrayed by the whole population. The dresses and decorations were rich, the machinery ingenious, and the representation formed an epoch in the provincial annals.

Pilgrims returning to Paris from Jerusalem or from St. Jago de Compostella were in the habit of chaunting in the streets the miracles wrought at these places, or the persecutions endured by them in the Holy Land at the hands of the infidels. The people gathered round them, and listened with the greatest avidity to their rhymed eulogiums and narratives. Some worldly-minded folk who had got footing among the really devout members thought it a pity to let so much popular enthusiasm run to seed. So they gave up gratuitous exhibitions, put the narratives into action, got themselves incorporated under the title of the "Confraternity of the Passion," hired a large hall at St. Maur in 1398, did a fair stroke of business, and in 1402 established the first enclosed theatre ever seen in Paris at the hospital of the Trinity.

The Passion of Our Lord presented by these artists took eight days in performance, vocal music forming

part of the mystery. When exhibiting the martyrdom of a saint a vision of heaven was given in their best scenic style, and also of hell, beneath. The tortures were represented "to the life," and to enhance the edifying effect a fiery dragon with tail and tongue of flame and eyes of burnished steel, would occasionally charge out of the burning prison in the background and rush to the front of the stage as if to spring forth upon the miserable sinners in the pit. A choice position must a front bench in that locality have been to children or nervous women.

So striking at last became the discrepancy of the actors' lives with the sacred subjects they represented, and so unedifying the conduct of the audience, that the confraternity was suppressed by Parliament in 1547. Next year they purchased the Hostel de Bourgogne, and obtained permission to represent secular subjects, always confining themselves within the boundaries of decency. The frame work of the pieces there represented, and the language in which they were couched, are such that it would be a contribution to the curiosities of literature to determine where the ruling powers drew the line between decency and its vicious neighbour.\*

Assisted by the company of Les Enfants Sans Souci (The Children Without Care), the confraternity of the passion continued to act plays of a gross character till 1598, when a new company purchased their rights, and a second troupe, presently to be noticed, began to act plays in the Marais. The reader will find in the article above referred to, the names of the dramatic writers,† who flourished in the end of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century; but the present paper has for its proper subject, Out-of-door Artists and Spectacles, or their nearest relatives under cover, and the early history of French comedy must in consequence be neglected.

\* For further particulars of the dramatic and other literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, see the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for March, 1864.

† One of these named Alexandre Hardy composed 600 tragedies and farces, a week being the average time occupied with each. Forty-one are extant; they are very indifferent productions.



THE THREE KINGS OF THE OLD FARCEURS  
AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.

In the end of the sixteenth century three jolly bachelors, bakers by trade, despising the low condition of mirth at the Hotel Bourgogne, heroically flung away the white apron, rented a fives court in the Marais, painted the scenery themselves, and so captivated their early audiences with their outrageous drollery that their house soon overflowed. The tickets cost a small fraction above a penny, and they exhibited at 1, P.M., for scholars and genteel folk, in the evening for all comers, no lady or modest woman of the middle class ever dreaming of paying them a visit.

The real and assumed names of these actors were Hugues Gueru (*Gaultier-Garguille*), Robert Guerin (*Gros-Guillaume*), and Henrile Grand (*Turlupin*), the last-named bequeathing a name (*Turlupinades*) to that class of dirty jokes in which he excelled. They continued to extract Homeric laughter from their audiences for near half a century. Young Moliere often witnessed their performance, and is said to have purchased Guerin's MS. plays from his widow after his death. Garguille (we intend to use their stage names only) played the parts of old schoolmasters, philosophers, and important personages; Gros-Guillaume was as sententious as Sancho or Seneca; Turlupin was the valet, the cunning varlet, the thief.

Garguille was very meagre in body; his legs put the spectator in mind of a grasshopper's, but his head was enormously large; his ordinary dress consisted of a flat fur cap, a loose waistcoat that came to the mid thigh, and tight hose. So comic was his very appearance that it was no uncommon thing to see the spectators roll on the seats with laughter at the very sight, and sometimes under them. Our buffoon even aspired to authorship, and published a volume of songs in 1631, dedicated to the "curious" who cherish French comedy, and signed "L'effectif Gaultier-Garguille qui vous baise tout ce qui se peut baiser sans prejudice de l'odorat." All of this collection that may decently be quoted is so destitute of merit that it would be simple waste of time and space to make an extract, the rest is utterly disgusting. Gros-Guillaume,

a Norman by birth, was such a "tun of man" that he was obliged to brace one belt under his arm pita, and another round his abdomen, which descended to the level of his mid thighs.

Instead of masking he covered his face with flour, and was able by the mere motion of his lips and eyebrows to powder any one with whom he was conversing for the moment. His round cap was tied under his chin by a band of sheep skin, and his striped hose ended in large grey slippers tied with a bunch of wool. He suffered terribly from the stone, "and often his excruciating pains drew from him such pleasant grimaces that they greatly rejoiced the crowd, whose careless gaiety seldom inquires whether there is a spice of cruelty in its laughter or not."

Turlupin, a well-looking and well-made man, did not wrap up his good shape in sacks like the others, though he wore a mask.

"Of the three buffoons he may be considered the king. None knew better how to compose or conduct a farce. He sparkled with sallies of wit; he was a fire-work of bon-mots, and no fault could be found with his play—so full of spirit, of fire, and of whim, except that it was deficient in that naïveté which was the chief merit of Gaultier-Garguille. However he was adroit, full of resource, and agreeable in conversation. He was too great a lover of society and of good cheer, to leave much to the children of his two marriages, who went on the stage in their turn.

"Of a certainty (we continue to quote M. Fournel) it is not from these buffoons we are to expect graceful decencies; and the least fastidious would be obliged to close his nostrils and shut his eyes in presence of these exhibitions which were the joy of our fathers. They are not the less, the ancestors of French comedy though born in a low locality, namely, on the platform of old Gaulish farce. We see them appear when the confraternity, despite its efforts was deserted by the crowd. The old bantering and Rabelaisian spirit, keen and satiric, took refuge on their trestles, striving to escape from the decrees of the parliament. They issued every day after their manner the feuilleton of the hour,—a kind of Aristophanic satire replete with coarse wit, abusing with full license the errors, the fashions, the usages, and now and then the personages of the day, but oftener ministering to the licentious tastes of the Parisian public."

The three wags of the Marais so

effectually emptied the Theatre Royal at the Hotel Bourgogne that a formal complaint was made to Cardinal Richelieu to extinguish them and their pestilent, unlicensed house. Before he took any step in the matter he would see what sort of entertainment they furnished to the public, and oh, gods and goddesses! this was the stuff they served up to his Eminence in an alcove of the Cardinal palace, to-day the Palais Royal or Imperial (no matter which), his own jester, Boisrobert, having already spoken a good word for the farceurs.

"The first scene which they presented exhibited a woman (*Gros-Guillaume*, twice the girth of *Falstaff*) endeavouring to disarm her husband (*Turlupin*) who wielding a trenchant wooden sabre, was fully bent on decapitating her. Madame Gros-Guillaume casting herself at the feet of her truculent spouse, embraced his knees, poured forth tearful supplications, and the most tender harangues. Labour in vain! *Turlupin* is inflexible. At last she cries—

"O my dear husband, I beseech you by that cabbage-soup I dressed for you yesterday, and which you found so much to your taste!" 'Ah, the hussy!' sighed *Turlupin*, overcome and lowering his sabre. 'She has taken me on my weak side. I feel the nice congealed grease still caressing my heart.'

Then followed Gaultier-Garguille in search of a servant girl, and bitterly complaining of his last one, who took the opportunity of combing her hair under or over circumstances, which if known to the family, would have prevented them from touching their next dinner. "Ah!" said *Turlupin*, "I will supply you with a new one, a very model of neatness. She always combs her hair in the cellar."

Whatever you would do O fastidious reader, Cardinal Richelieu, a pedagogue whose pupils were kings, was ready to crack his sides at these jokes of low life. Sending for the royal actors he rated them soundly for sending away their audience in such low spirits as they were in the habit of doing, and ordered them forthwith to admit among their body the three jokers who had made him laugh so much. It is probable that the great man's hilarity was excited by the intensely comic power of the actors, not by their poor jests.

In all probability *Turlupin* and his comrades used their talents on the *parade* (platform) before the Hotel

Bourgogne to induce spectators to enter and enjoy the tragedies of Corneille. The early theatres of Paris were all furnished with that useful appendage, now found only in front of the shows at fairs.

After restoring full houses to the Theatre Royal for some time, poor Gros-Guillaume took it into his head to imitate the nervous twitching of the face of a magistrate who had fined *Turlupin* for some offence. Instead of laughing along with the rest at the imitation, he gave orders to have the three arrested. Gros-Guillaume was prevented by his corpulence from making his escape, and was accordingly cast into prison where he died from the shock sustained by his nervous system. His inseparables Gaultier and *Turlupin* found it impossible to survive him, and were dead in a week. This circumstance is not so well authenticated as some others in the lives of the three men, but it has been ascertained that Gaultier-Garguille died in 1633, and there is no mention afterwards of any appearance of his comrades at the Hotel Bourgogne.

Fearful of their harmony being ever disturbed by female caprice, they would never admit an actress among their troupe, as was signified in a short poem published soon after their deaths:

"Gaultier, Guillaume, and *Turlupin*,  
Ignorant both of Latin and Greek,  
Shone brightly on the mimic scene,  
Without the aid of the female sex,  
Whom they pronounced too mischievous.  
But in a single week, death  
In order to revenge his restless favourites,  
To his end brought each of the three."

They were interred in the cemetery of the Holy Saviour, the "Saint Denis" then and long after of the kings of farce.

While these things were going on at the Hotel Bourgogne, a charlatan and his buffoon occasionally held forth at the Pont au Change on the excellence of their drugs. It was a very usual thing for open-air performers, whether distributors of drugs or mere jokers, to obtain admission to the boards of the Theatre Royal. Such a distinction was accorded to Jean Farina, the forementioned quack and his follower Bruxambille, a rare fellow in composing and uttering learned *Galimatias* (pure non-

sense). His specialty at the theatre lay in the utterance of prologues and invitations, and the galimatias aforesaid, of which a specimen is furnished below :—

"Since it has pleased the Lordship of your Excellencies and the Excellency of your Lordships to transport yourselves in bone and flesh to our theatre, I would deem it offensive *ad curiositatem vestram*, if I did not communicate to you an intelligence arrived from Germany *ex partibus Romæ*—to wit, that Prester John's physicians have ordered him a hot bath of marble and porphyry to expel the crudities which very often torture his stomach. That is bulletin No. 1. Secundo; sixteen pigmies have learned to play at single-stick and the two-handed sword in the pocket of the Grand Turk to be the better prepared for the cranes, their deadly foes. News, No. 3: The King of China has sent to his brother of Tartary two rolls of fresh butter to get his statutes engrossed on them."

"Before the Sun puts on his slippers and draws aside the curtain of his starry vault, I wish to entertain you according to custom. It is probably no news to you that *Prête Jan* (Prester John) is black, the English white, and the Spaniard mottled, without mentioning the frogs who are commonly arrayed in green, or the trouts, who, according to Hippocrates in a book no one has seen, are clever at dancing on the tight rope to the sound of the lute of the 'Four Sons of Aymon.'"

Bruxambille's discourse on beauty and ugliness had nothing of the galimatias about it, but contained some things not the less true that they were unpleasant. Nothing, according to him, was more injurious than beauty, or produced more dissensions, quarrels, murders, and violences.

"Ugliness preserves modesty and virtue in women, old and young. If Helen and Paris were an ugly pair so many heroes' lives would have been spared, and Ilion allowed to stand. Behold the number of ugly or deformed men blessed with large intellects—Socrates, Zeno, Aristotle! The handsome, well-formed man naturally is drawn into a course of life which robs him of his vigour, and inflicts disorders on him. The ugly man is neglected, leads a sober continent life, and preserves his strength. An ugly woman has the advantage

of never losing her ugliness, the beautiful woman loses her beauty. "Oh, charming receipt against temptations! Sweet and agreeable deformity of visage, eldest daughter of chastity, and rampart against all the assaults of cupid! The ugly woman removes even the shade of a suspicion from her husband's mind,—an ugly man," &c.

In one of Bruxambille's prologues is found the fable of "The Miller, his Son, and his Ass;" and it is as probable that La Fontaine took the subject from him as from Poggio. Some of his lucubrations are tedious and pedantic to the last degree. His works fill three small volumes; the editions date 1612, 1615, 1668, and bring from 100 to 150 francs per volume at sales.

Guillot Gorju, Gringalet, and Goguelu made up another group of distinguished platform men afterwards promoted to the boards of the Hotel Bourgogne, but they did not attain the prestige of those already mentioned. The first-named had received a medical education, and in his parades he mercilessly attacked the faculty. Going back now for a while we will pass in review some of those benevolent and erratic physicians, who treated their patients to eloquence and music while they relieved their bodily ills.

#### CHARLATANS AND OPERATORS.

Those wandering philanthropists were in full work from the twelfth century, probably before, but their names and renown paled before those of the famed operators of the seventeenth. These great men vended their drugs at the Pont-Neuf while amusing their patrons with jokes, songs, *parades*, and farces, distributed gaudy hand-bills, and if they accidentally killed any one they had at least made him laugh before it, "a piece of praise that did not belong to the regular faculty." "To the charlatan \* well-to-do an ape and a native of Morocco were indispensable. Frequently the Moresco was born and educated at Caen or some town of Picardy, but a representative of the devil could

\* This word seems to be another form of *scarlattino* (scarlet), the ordinary hue of the professors' cloaks.

not be dispensed with. The drugs of the common operations were mostly made up of butter, oil, wax, and the juices of harmless herbs. There were few whose medical chest did not contain the Mithridate. Some even possessed the fat of the phoenix and of the bird of Paradise, earth brought from Bethlehem (dug up at Menilmontant) to give milk to nurses, and boluses of Lemnian and Armenian clay, for which the professors had gone no farther than Blois.

Some professed to renew a shorn-off nose by the mode mentioned by About in his *Nes d'un Notaire*, lately noticed in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. It seems strange that some of them who really possessed skill, and knew the concoction of powerful cures, should, themselves, throw an air of ridicule on their pretensions by such parades as the one subjoined, and the answers of the clown: Barry, who was a superior man in his way, did not shrink from such declarations as these:—

"Gentlemen and Ladies, you see before you the greatest personage on the globe—a phoenix, a paragon, the successor of Hippocrates in direct line, &c., &c. You see before you a methodical, Galenical, Hippocratical, pathological, chemical, Spagyric, and empirical Physician.

"Jodelet (his clown).—And a physician who understands physic, a thing not very common.

"Barry.—What cures have I not effected in all parts of the world! Inquire in Siam, and you will hear how I recovered the white elephant from nephritic colic. Write to Italy, and you will learn how I delivered the Republic of Ragusa from a cancer in her left breast. Ask the Great Mogul, who saved him out of his last attack of the small pox. He will tell you—'the great Barry.' Who extracted eleven grinders from the jaws of the Infanta Atabalippa, and fifteen corns from her feet? who else but the famous Barry?

"Jodelet.—If you doubt my master's words go to these places, and may be you won't hear things that will astonish you."

The same Jodelet confirmed Barry's praises of his marvellous washes for the ladies' complexions, by adding, "It is these that have made me the beauty I am:" the joke being pointed by the swarthiness of his visage.

Barry was among the most distin-

guished of the charlatans, if not their very king. He flourished through the first half of the seventeenth century, his head quarters being the Place Dauphine, adjoining the Pont Neuf, from which he occasionally made excursions to Italy and the provinces. His daughter in her biography gravely relates that at his last visit to Rome, the plague was making such dreadful ravages there that the Cardinals, such as had not yet quitted the city, were preparing to decamp. Barry sought an interview with the Holy Father, and exerted his powers of persuasion so effectually that Pope and Cardinals remained to try the efficacy of the celebrated orvietan. He erected a large platform, sold his drug on an extensive scale, and in fifteen days the plague had disappeared. The grateful Pontiff had a medal struck forthwith in memory of the deliverance, and bearing this flattering inscription:—

INNOCENTIS DECIMUS, BARRIDO,  
URBIS SANATORI, ANNO SALUTIS, 1644.\*

The great and glorified man leaving an Englishwoman behind him in Italy (constancy was the weakest of his virtues), and returning with two Italian ladies, and a new troupe, and rich decorations into France, made advantageous pauses in many towns, and at last arrived at the Fair of Guibray, a suburb of Falaise in Normandy.

There while in company with the Signora Morini, amusing the crowd with his manipulations of toads, asps, and vipers, whom he permitted to bite him, a note and a vial were handed to the signora by a man who immediately disappeared. The vial contained a poison, and the note challenged the great man to drink it if he dared, and annul its effects by his own sovereign specific. This was a plot of Morini, who was jealous of the other signora's influence. Undeterred by the danger, and inattentive to the persuasions of his weeping followers, he poured the contents into a glass, drank it off, and immediately after swallowed his counterpoison. So deadly was the nature of the draught, that it would have killed him notwithstanding the antidote,

\* Innocent X. to Barry, the Saviour of the City. In the Year of Salvation 1644.

only for his faithful Moor, who clapping him between two mattresses, excited a profuse perspiration, and brought him through.

The signora who had concocted the poison, fearing detection, persuaded Trivelin, a natural son of the great man, to rob him of all his ready money, and elope with her. When Barry was pretty well recovered, he visited Rouen, then a prey to some epidemic, and banished it. M. Fournel does not express the slightest doubt on the deliverance of Rome and Rouen by the great quack; but if the facts were so, they are unique in the history of epidemics. At Amiens a second robbery was perpetrated on the man of many mistresses by one of his saltimbanques, aided by Signora Columbina, a meet companion to Signora Morini. This was the last straw. The large heart of the amorous empiric was broken. Received in the hospital, he was afforded grace to look on his past life in its true colours, and died, let us hope, in a state of true repentance. The "pleasant vices" of poor Barry's youth and manhood became indeed the bitter scourges of his old age.

A contemporary of Barry, Il Signor Hieronymo Ferranti d'Orvieto, stamped the name of his native town on his favourite specific, the Orvietan, with which he healed burns and wounds, or appeared to heal them in a day. Like Barry he owned a regular company of performers in farce, sleight-of-hand, and acts of agility. At the four corners of his platform were four musicians, and he stood in the centre richly dressed, and harangued the crowd. Moliere was satirized by one who called himself the Baker of Chalussay as having sought employment in his youth in these parades of Barry and Ferranti, called Orvietan after his specific. The same satirist relates how the wives of six of the latter professor's buffoons were made widows by the bites of vipers, &c., despite the application of the Orvietan; he probably exaggerated the number.

The baker puts the following piece of Germanised French in a harangue of Orvietan's:—

"Ma, foussez-vous larté d'aspics et de Fi-pères,  
Lio forte et l'arsenic proulast il fos sis-cères,

Dejà fos intestins en fousset-ils ronchez,  
Et foussez-vous mordou de oent chiens enrachez,  
Ne craindé, pu la mort, ny que le mal empire;  
Foici moi l'Orfietan et cela c'est tout dire."

The undeveloped Germano-Gallic student will please substitute *f* for *v*, and *v* for *f* in several of the words of this extract. For *p* read *b*, for *ch* take *g*, and the lines will express in English,—

"Even if you've been bitten by asps and vipers,  
If aqua-fortis and arsenic were scorching  
your entrails,  
Should even your intestines be eaten thro',  
And you be bitten by a hundred mad dogs,  
Do not fear death, nor allow the malady to grow worse;  
Look on me, the ORVIETAN, and that's all need be said."

Barry was pre eminent among the mere empirics of the seventeenth century; Tabarin had no rival among the humorists of the open-air parades. He attracted the notice of the collectors of good things at a timely hour; his works have been as carefully edited as those of the Latin and Greek poets, and he has been brought forward in comedy, vaudeville, drama, opera, romance, prose and verse.

He appeared in Paris about 1618 as valet or jester to a quack whose self-given title was Mondor—a grave, respectable-looking, long-haired, white-bearded, well-mannered personage. The sale of the drugs was always preceded by a series of questions and answers, such as may be heard in every equestrian circus in the British Isles at the present day, between the riding-master and Mr. Merryman. The clown submits some ridiculous query to the grave master of the laced trousers, the riding boots, and the whip; he returns a dull matter-of-fact answer, and flies into a passion at the clown's perverse solution of the problem, and gives or seems to give him a touch of the thong for his pains. So it was with Mondor and Tabarin. Poor Tabarin needed many "ounces of civet to sweeten his imagination." His pleasantries were in general as full of obscenities as those of the three bakers of the Marais. Our extract will of course be

from the exceptions to the Tabarinic rule. The first query and answer are rather too prolix for full quotation. Tabarin asks whether is a man or an ass gifted with more judgment. Mondor gives him some heavy cut-and-dry reasons in favour of the man. Tabarin then bids him remark how the ass going to market, precedes his master as being an individual of better judgment, and knows what he means by *dis* or *hue-haw*, and turns to this or that side accordingly. But mark when he takes to express his own opinion on things in general in his high, and distinct, and harmonious tones, his stupid master does not comprehend the most simple idea of the enunciation. He then proceeds with query No. 2:—

"Tabarin.—What is the most courageous thing known?"

"Mondor.—It is death, Tabarin; nothing more daring, more full of courage. It struggles with, and overthrows the fiercest monarchs and most haughty princes, &c.

"Tabarin.—Wrong, master. It is a miller's shirt collar; for every day it takes a rogue by the neck. Why are women not allowed to serve at Mass, master?"

"Mondor.—The reason is obvious, Tabarin. Man being first created, and in most respects superior to woman, &c., &c.

"Tabarin.—Wrong again, master. The woman must always have the last word, and if she was allowed to answer at Mass, the *Kyrie Eleison* never would be finished.\*

"Mondor.—None but a fool would give such a reason.

"Tabarin.—Now, master, sharpen the edge of your wit. If you enclose in a large sack a policeman, a miller, a tailor, and an attorney, which of the four would spring out first when you opened it?"

"Mondor.—Why, indeed, Tabarin, I am really puzzled by this query. I see no reason for one getting out before the other. Philosophers say that when two causes are equally capable of producing an effect, and when *non est major ratio unius quam alterius, tunc non datur actio*;† and as *omnia sunt paria*,‡ I would say that he who happens to be next the opening will naturally be the first to get out.

"Tabarin.—I see, master, I must explain the riddle: will you stand a pint if I do?"

"Mondor.—There is nothing which a vir-

tuous man would grudge for being taught something useful.

"Tabarin.—Well, then, master, the first that comes out from where a policeman, a miller, a tailor, and an attorney are shut up, will be—a rogue."

We must strive to give an idea of the sort of farce presented by Mondor's company. The characters, like those of the old Italian drama, were stereotyped, and the dialogue, lazzi, &c., left to the presence of mind of the actors. Generally there was the conceited, feeble old man, his foolish and some times knavish servant, the sot, and his shrewish or sentimental wife, and the insinuating captain.

In one of the Mondor farces old *Piphagne*, going to espouse a young wife, employs *Tabarin* (*Harlequin* in the Italian farces) to purchase the requisites for the wedding dinner. He sets off and the sot *Lucas* and his shrewish wife *Francisque* enter. She upbraids him for his debaucheries, and so unhinges his shattered nerves that when a knock comes, he thinks it is an officer of justice, and begs his wife to screen him. This she does by putting him in a sack, and then opens the door. *Fristelin*, the valet of the dissolute captain, enters, and presents *Francisque* a love letter. She shows no resentment, but frightens *Fristelin* on another knock being heard, and pops him into the sack with her husband.

Next enters *Tabarin*, and puzzles himself and everybody by striving to make his twenty-five crowns reach on all the dinner appointments. After allowing five crowns for salad, five for vinegar, five for salt, five for radishes, five for cloves, he finds he has nothing for bread, nor wine, nor meat. Then he amends his calculation, purchases in idea bread, wine, salad, mushrooms, and tripes, and finds nothing left for mustard.§ Then he thinks of pigs' feet, and asks *Francisque* to show him the way to the butcher's. She says that if he wants pork she can give him a good bargain of two pigs which she has in the sack.

\* This portion of the service contains nine petitions, uttered alternately by the Priest and the Clerk, the Priest beginning, and of course ending the short litany.

† When there is no more reason for one (acting) than for the other, the effect does not follow (*lit. action is not given*).

‡ All are equal.

§ Absurd puzzles of this kind, and ludicrous by-play and pantomime were the *Lazzi* of the old harlequinades.

He accepts terms, goes to tell his master, returns with blue apron, knife, and steel, opens the sack, and Pihaghe exclaims :—

"*Oùé ! quel miracolé ! prodigio grande qui paroisse.*"

"*Lucas.*—Murder, murder! they are going to cut my throat. I am Lucas, and not a pig.

"*Tabarin.*—Oh, the bag of nuts! here's a pig that can speak.

"*Fristelin.*—Help, help, my friends, or I'm a dead man!

"*Tabarin.*—Another speaking pig in the sack!

"*Francisque* to *Fristelin.*—There is for your pinking, you wretch! (*The men scramble out.*)

"*Tabarin.*—Wonder on wonder. Pigs on two legs! It is not all over, gentlemen. I'll give you a sound cudgelling for depriving me of my supper."

And then ensues a general *melée*, appropriately winding up the entertainment. The farces at the Theatre Royal, Hotel Bourgogne, were not many degrees more dignified or witty than the one quoted. This makes the transference of the platform farceurs to the Theatre Royal the less to be wondered at.

We must indulge M. Fournel in the unabridged expression of his joyous conceptions of these Tabarinic entertainments, distance concealing from his sight all the indecencies of the harangues, and the pocketpicking and other darling vices of a portion of the audience :—

"Oh, the fine and joyous evenings which Tabarin bestowed on those accustomed to his comic whims. Pages, clerks, scholars, lackeys, porters, thieves, shopkeepers taking their recreation; soldiers always patronising gratuitous exhibitions, knights of the pad, idle gawks, newsmen, Bohemians, guardsmen, cavaliers, water-carriers, sweeps, gentlemen, street singers, pastry-cooks, street-criers crushed each other, raised themselves on their toes, climbed posts, and elbowed each other the better to see and hear. In these moments the Place Dauphine was the paradise of the pickpockets. And how they laughed with mouths wide open before the first word, as soon as they caught a glimpse of the musicians, the Moor stationed beside the medicine-chest, the venerable Mondor in short tunic covered with foil, and the indescribable Tabarin, with his wide trowsers, his tabard hanging negligently from his shoulders, his wooden sword stuck in his

girdle, his trident-shaped beard, his long moustaches, and on his head that immense, that fantastic hat, that Proteus of a thousand shapes, which he moulded like wax between his fingers, and which alone contributed largely to the popularity of its master!"

The best (?) things of Tabarin were collected during his lifetime, and were published in more than one form, the sale being unusually large. Different accounts are given of his death which seems to have taken place about the year 1633. One asserts that through chagrin in consequence of the infidelity of his wife he drank himself into the grave; another states that having purchased an estate in the vicinity of Paris, and taking the liberty of joining in the hunting parties of the neighbouring gentlemen, they killed him one day while so engaged.

Authorities differ on the subject of the charlatan's assistants swallowing genuine poisons or allowing themselves to be really bit by asps and vipers, and nullifying the effects of the poison by their theriaca. Some had their valets trained to exhibit all the symptoms of empoisonment. They rolled the eyes, twisted the neck, protruded the tongue, and changed the colour of the face by retaining the breath. They even appeared to stop the circulation of the blood by pressing a well-devised instrument on the blood-vessels above the elbows. Those who underwent the bites of really venomous serpents used (at least so said report) an ointment composed of serpentary, of the juice of asphodel roots, and of the brain of a hare. With this unguent they anointed their hands before they permitted the venomous creatures to experiment on them. They were careful to search for them during the intense colds of winter, when their vigour was at a low ebb, and before the experiments they made them discharge the collected venom on a piece of fresh meat exposed to their attacks.

Contemporary with Tabarin were the Doctor Desiderio Descombes and his valet, the Baron *Gratteland* (chawbacon), but they do not distinctly stand out from the crowd of

the operators of the seventeenth century. In the notice of the folk-books of France, *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*, November 1865, mention was made of the name of the latter humorist. The jest and story-book attributed to him bears the tempting title, "*Les Rencontres, Fantaisies, et Coq-a-l'Asne facécieux du Baron de Grattelard, tenant sa Classe ordinaire au bout du Pont Neuf; ses Gaillardises admirables, ses conceptions inouïes, et ses Farces joviales.*"\* It was dated Paris, at the office of Julien Trostolle (another jester), opposite the Bronze Horse (statue of Henri Quatre), and sold in the Pont Neuf Arcade.

The seventeenth century was the Augustan age of platform charlatans in France—a circumstance not to be wondered at when the high esteem in which astrology and alchemy were held during the same period is taken into account. The horoscopes of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. were cast at their births. Cardinal Mazarin believed in astrology, and Cardinal Richelieu did not despise it. J. B. Morin held the official post of Royal Astrologer at the Court of Louis XIV. Then the quacks could scarcely fail of effecting a few cures on great people, having nature to assist them, and these fortunate accidents prolonged the reign of empiricism. In the experimental sciences we must look for the greater or less success of rash and ignorant professors till true principles are established by a patient course of experiment.

We cannot afford space for more than the names of other professors of this empirical age—Martin Crocquesote, Denys L'Escot, L'Estoile, Cabotin, Collot, Barbereau, and the English doctor Chevalier Talbot, who depended on tincture of quinquina and generous diet. Hence good wine was often jocularly mentioned as the "English doctor's medicine." St. Evremond and the Duchess of Mazarin were his chief patrons. Sir Kenelm Digby and his sympathetic powder, and his elixir vitæ were not unknown to the great folk of France. The powder consisted of vitriol pulverized and calcined, and was pos-

sessed of such virtue that if a wounded man at the antipodes despatched to England a clean linen rag stained with a few drops of his blood, a little of the powder dropped thereon would effect an instantaneous cure in the body of the far-away individual from whom it was extracted. The amiable and visionary English gentleman was a firm believer in the efficacy of his own nostrums.

These pleasant and occasionally immoral reunions of the platform gentry and their clients were not favourably regarded by Government. In 1635 was issued a decree forbidding all sellers of drugs, tooth-drawers, roulette-players, exhibitors of puppet shows, and street singers to assemble a crowd in any one place. In Mercier's time, towards the end of last century, a like edict was published to the discontent of that lover of picturesque street scenes. These orders were not very rigidly enforced except, perhaps, for a few weeks after publication.

The healers of the canine race must not be altogether overlooked. They had their local habitations at the Pont-Neuf and the Place des Victoires, and one lucky dog's friend, Lyonnois, used his talents to such good purpose that he was enabled to buy an estate in Burgundy. His nieces, whom he had instructed, were also great in their way. In their prospectus dating 1774, they professed to dock and bleed dogs and cats, shear their fur, clip their ears, clean their eyes, strengthen their chests, straighten bow-legs, cure ulcers, cancers, wounds, fractures, and other ills unnamed in good society.

The great Mons. Lyonnois attained fashion by a cure wrought on Mme. Pompadour's lapdog, by which also he obtained the title of "Consulting Doctor of the Dogs of His Majesty Louis XV."

He knew his own value, and looked on himself as full brother to any member of the faculty. He it was who gave the magnificent answer to a celebrated doctor on whose little dog he had made a cure, and who insisted on paying him for his trouble.

\* The jests, fantasies, and facetious cock-and-bull jokes of the Baron Chawbacon, who keeps his school at the end of the Pont-Neuf; his admirable jollities, his unheard-of inventions, and his gleesome farces.



"Bah, Monsieur the Doctor! do you wish to humble me in my own estimation? among gentlemen of the same profession, it is nothing as you well know." With the gentry and nobility he assumed a different tone. It was—"Your little dog, Madame, is in good health. I request that you will send for him to-morrow and forward by the messenger seventy-five louis, the amount of his keep and my fees."

#### A WORD ABOUT THE DENTISTS.

M. Fournel values these practitioners at a high figure, and regrets that their history before the 17th century is surrounded with much obscurity. Either that we begin to feel weary of those who thrive at the expense of our bodily ills, or that a visit once paid to a professional chair after a half-hour's sojourn in a bleak and genteel waiting-room is still surrounded with disagreeable associations, we are not in the vein to enlarge on any thing connected with the extracting of teeth.

The great Orvietan before mentioned painlessly extracted teeth, using only thumb and forefinger in the operation. His enemies of the faculty said that with one of the two fingers which he used, he introduced a narcotic powder which stupified the patient at once, and with the other a caustic matter scarring and opening the gum to the very root of the tooth. This—the latter allegation especially—scarcely looks credible.

Some worthies extracted false teeth which they had planted in the mouths of toothless beggars before the performance commenced; some paid literary Bohemians on the point of starving for submitting to lose a couple of their teeth.

The most magnificent artist in dentistry of the 17th century was the "incomparable Carmeline," as he was called. He displayed inscriptions taken from "Virgil," rows of teeth, and all the concurrents of the art hung in graceful festoons between pillars. He was a patriot and a man of nerve. An engraving represents him and his staff guarding the post of the bronze horse against the partisans of Mazarin. The beginning of the 18th century produced a worthy

successor in the person of the "Great Thomas" who made his *début* on the trestles 1711. He did not confine himself to a single branch of pathology, and one of his ill-willers even hinted that he prescribed the same drug for man and horse. Thomas was a man of a good heart. He would visit the Hotel Dieu from time to time, and operate gratis on the poor inmates. In 1728 on the recovery of Louis the well-beloved from a severe illness, he tortured every one that presented himself for three entire days on the Pont Neuf, without taking a single sou for his labour, and at the birth of the Dauphin in 1729, he showed his joy and loyalty in the same fashion, and distributed medicines gratis for fifteen days.

He committed a mistake, though well meant, in announcing that he would regale the people on the 19th September on the Pont Neuf. He really had proceeded so far as to purchase an ox, some sheep, and several geese when the police took fright and forbade the banquet. That did not prevent the people from collecting and irritating themselves at the disappointment. Seldom does a disappointed crowd confine its grievance to its own breast. The one in question expressed its sense of wrong by the smashing of its patron's windows, and a hungry bard thus gave vent to his indignation in measured lines, which we translate literally:—

"On the Pont Neuf,  
A great repast was to take place,—  
On the Pont Neuf.  
They were to serve up an ox,  
Twelve sheep were also to die;  
Thomas has tricked us, the traitor!  
On the Pont Neuf.

"Oh what a shame!  
I counted on filling my stomach;  
Oh what a shame!  
I have not fulfilled my desire;  
Vain hope, vain expectation!  
No leg of mutton, no sausage!  
Oh what a shame!

"From every point  
The people all gathered in crowds,—  
From every point,  
From Paris and from Vaugirard,  
From Montmartre and the Roule,  
All trusting the good wine would flow —  
From every point.

"Take consolation,  
 Good folk that expected the feast,  
 Take consolation.  
 Go home and dine on the greens  
 Which, haply, your wives have prepared.  
 By my faith you're no better than fools,  
 All the worse luck for yourselves."

The great Thomas recovered his popularity despite this grave mischance. How could his numerous clients hold out against his real goodness of heart and his imposing appearance as he sat enthroned beside his monkey, his great height well matched by his breadth? A dazzling plume of feathers crowned his three-cornered hat, a richly-embroidered coat was matched by a waistcoat thickly studded with gilt buttons. A white cravat with a large bow adorned his neck, a star graced his breast, and thus attired he poured forth his eloquent harangues.

On occasion of a visit to the King at Versailles a page led his horse, and he proceeded in Oriental pomp. His cap was of solid silver, surmounted by a globe on which a cock displayed his pride. On the breast of his scarlet coat was a small shield of silver representing the sun, and so dazzling that the eyes could not support its glare.

Thomas's career of full twenty-five years closed about 1737. His charities and prodigalities left him only a modest income to retire on. True to his order he would never consult a regular physician on his ailments. He had successors, but none capable of supporting his dignity.

#### LATTER-DAY PARADES.

By the word "parade" the reader (it is to be hoped) recognises the entertainment given on the platform before the theatre to induce the spectators to pay and enjoy the sight within. Two of the existing Paris theatres, the *Ambigu Comique* and the *Gaité* were furnished with these conveniences at their foundation in 1769 and 1760. The authorities thus drew a line of distinction between them and the Theatre Royal. Audinot and Nicolet, their respective founders, grumbled at this foreign brand put on their houses, but probably were glad of the additional attraction it would afford. Taconnet

was the Moliere of Nicolet's parade (the *Gaité*) in its early years. He composed farces for it, drew cobblers to the life, and filled the parts himself. Cobblers were his cherished friends and companions, and he was never so completely at home as when he had donned the apron. A piece of pantomime which he introduced in nearly every representation is here told in the original as no English version can do justice to the naive and delicate turn of the vernacular:

"Il tournait le dos au spectateur, et se baisant lentement dans l'attitude d'un homme qui ramasse un objet à terre, lui dévoilait par degrés un vieux fond de culotte en lambeaux, par les lacunes duquel s'échappait un pan de chemise. A cette vue les applaudissements, les rires frénétiques, et les cris d'enthousiasme, éclataient de toutes parts."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu saw, and did not turn away her eyes from a more naive spectacle still on the Imperial stage of Vienna some thirty years before this time. So Taconnet and his gross audience had people of higher breeding through the European capitals to keep them in countenance.

Taconnet's parades would draw twenty thousand people about his trestles on a Sunday, and among them several individuals of the upper classes.

New times, new manners. Think of the manager of a theatre in our days coming to the stage door or on a platform before it and crying out as the sole manager of a Boulevard theatre of last century (not a booth) was accustomed to do.

"Gentlemen, take your tickets. M. Pompée will play this evening in all the changes of his wardrobe. Go and admire his dress in the first act. Walk in, gentlemen, walk in, take your tickets. M. Pompée will change his costume twelve times. He will carry off the commandant's daughter in a frogged waistcoat, and be struck with lightning in a coat adorned with spangles."

In 1791 general liberty to play being allowed, the boulevards became one long parade, and during the first years of the Revolution all the jokes, and sarcasms, and cock-and-bull inventions were directed against kings, nobles, and priests. Rousseau alone, a jolly, rubicund old fellow abided by his old system, and wonderful to relate, was not proscribed. Bobèche

and Galimafrée are the names of note that have come down from the days of the Empire and the Restoration. Galimafrée was the silly and stupid Norman giving way to outrageous horse-laugh, and reminding the spectators of a rhinoceros in good humour, now and then affording a rich treat by a pompous self-sufficiency.

Bobèche was Galimafrée's antitype. He was of a fair complexion, of unalterable coolness and self-possession, careful of his appearance, and neatly though flashily attired in a red vest, grey chapeau-bras, yellow breeches, blue stockings, black cravat, and foxy wig. Under an assumed silliness his remarks were most shrewd and biting. In the full blow of a commercial crisis he once gave out, "They say trade is bad; bah!—I had three shirts and I have been able to sell two of them." Now and then the police felt it their duty to caution him for the liberties he gave his tongue. The *Petit Chronique de Paris*, the *Punch* of the day would heroically celebrate his returns from his provincial tours, as they do those of a first-rate actor. One time, alas! he did not return. At Rouen he was seized with a culpable ambition of shining as a municipal functionary, and the parades knew him no more.

About 1833 appeared in four parts—"The new Theatre of the Boulevards, a select collection of outlines, scenes, and new parades, enacted in the open air by the Sieurs Bobèche, Galimafrée, Gringalet, Faribole, and other celebrated farceurs of the capital. Dedicated to the amateurs by C. O. D." It is not clear whether Mons. C. O. D. was a diligent auditor and took down the farces aided by a strong memory or stenography, or whether he received them from the artists themselves.

These out-door plays of the nineteenth century were little superior except in the article of decency to the seventeenth century example already given. We must afford an outline of one to judge by. It is entitled "The Deposit," or "Bobèche, thief and commissary."

Valère having lost all his money at the gaming-table, sends his valet Bobèche to take up a sum belonging to him, lying for the moment in the hands of his affianced, Léonore. In the interview with the lady he fires

off several puns, the humour of which evaporates in translation, and finally asks for the deposit to enable his master to set off to the death-bed of a rich uncle, whose property he is to inherit. His master has reformed, he gambles no more, and the pleased Léonore says how gladly she will become his wife in that case.

While she is getting out the purse, Bobèche at the instigation of the devil and an associate named Frontin, determines to appropriate the sum, and in order to prevent his master learning from Léonore that she had given it to him, he proceeds on receiving it to embroil the lovers and prevent an interview. "His master is now a professed gambler, and has spoken of his affianced in the most disrespectful terms. He has said that she is a this, and a that, and the other thing, and what not; and if you ever come in his way he'll treat you with every disrespect."

"Léonore.—Oh, I'll take care never to come in the way of such a wretch.

"Bobèche.—You'll never visit him to tell him what you think of his conduct?

"Léonore.—I demean myself to such a point!

"Bobèche.—Ah, perhaps it's only a lover's quarrel.

"Léonore.—No, I'll never see him again, nor you, nor anything that can recall his image."

Bobèche delighted goes to his master, says that the lady denies all knowledge of the money, and finding that he is intent on visiting her to upbraid her with her treachery, and even threatens to poniard her, he encourages him in this design, charging him particularly to strike her without allowing her to speak. He fetches the poniard, sharpening it as he comes along, and the lover justly suspecting him, passes over to the house of his mistress with apparent intention to slay her. Bobèche sitting in his master's window, watches the interview, crying out every moment, "Strike, strike!" The lovers easily come to an understanding, and to confound the knave, Valère seems to stab Léonore, and she falls as if killed; Bobèche runs over, and on his master mentioning the accusations laid to his charge by Léonore before she was killed, he appeals to the dead body, and exultingly exclaims, "She does not make the slightest charge." But

Léonore rises, accuses him to his face, and the master seizing him by the hat, demands his money or the commissary. "Oh, yes," cries the other, "the commissary!" and makes his escape.

The lovers paying a visit to the house of this police functionary, are met at the door by Bobèche, fully attired in that officer's dress, and the bill of indictment is drawn up in a shower of puns and *lazzi* of the most laughable description, and then Bobèche proceeds to read it.

"The culprit is hereby condemned to be beheaded, hung until death ensues, broke on the wheel, burned, his ashes cast to the wind, himself whipped, branded, and sent to the galleys for life."

"*The Lovers*.—Ah, that is too severe.

"*Bobèche*.—In case of an escape—

"*Lovers*.—How can he escape after being hung, broken, burned? Besides, these punishments are too rigorous.

"*Bobèche*.—Too severe are they? I'll soon relax them. The said Bobèche is hereby condemned to be seated in a nice carriage, conducted to the best restaurant in the city, fed, entertained—

"*Lovers*.—Ah, that's too mild.

"*Bobèche*.—Till he burst.

"*Valère*.—There is some knavery here. Monsieur the Commissary?

"*Bobèche*.—Well, my friend.

"*Valère*.—Your hand, if you please.

"*Bobèche*.—Here it is.

"*Valère* (*opening his robe*).—Ah, scoundrel, is it you?"

The lady seizes him on one side, the gentleman on the other; he ducks and escapes, leaving his spoils in their hands. He is retaken, but finally pardoned, while Frontin comes in for punishment. Valère promises amendment, Léonore fears she must forget how culpable he has been, and one of Scribe's comedies could not end better.

Bobèche and his illustrious confères acted and declaimed as grossly as Dr. Jonathan Swift wrote; but the productions of speakers and writer were harmless as milk, compared with the licentious and unprincipled writings of the encyclopedists of last century, and the Feydeaus and George Sands of the present. For about forty years past no laughter-moving farces have been heard on the Boulevards in the open air. They and the platforms on which they were represented to uncritical crowds, have been exiled by those kill-joya, the police.

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#### PERFORMERS ON THE ROPE.

M. Fournel treats the performers both on the tight and slack rope with much consideration. Compared with them he sets slight value on your dancers on the safe boards of a theatre, the others exceeding them in agility and strength, at the manifest risk of their lives from one moment to another. Oh, all ye of the Clan Blondin, mark his enthusiasm in your cause, and be grateful.

"Behold the lot and the glory of the acrobat;—to glide between heaven and earth with the lightness of a sylph, on a string scarcely visible to the naked eye,—to walk on the air, and ascend the empyreum as if to behold the stars face to face, to brush as they pass the wings of soaring birds, whom they may seize by merely reaching forth the hand,—to contend with head-giddiness, to brave death at every moment in these superb skips and haughty bounds in vacant space,—to keep a multitude panting with wonder and terror, and still to appear calm, intrepid, smiling, unmoved, careering in an atmosphere of light, while sensible of the anguish of the crowd, the cries of affright, the applause, the appalling terror, when the bravest among the spectators shut their eyes to keep out the sight of horror."

The ancient Greeks honoured all the varieties of these dancers on next to nothing, and from an early period among the Gauls rope-dancers were to be found in all crowds assembled for amusement. In the reign of Charles V. (middle of fourteenth century) a man performed all sorts of gambols on a cord stretched from the towers of Notre Dame to the Palace—and even further. So astounding were his feats that he was called the *flier*. The wise king hearing some time after that missing the cord with his foot, he had fallen from a great height, and was crushed to pieces, observed, "It would be strange if something terrible should not befall a man who presumed too much on the perfection of his senses, his strength, his agility, or any other quality."

At the entry of that bad woman, Isabelle of Bavaria, into Paris, a man of Genoa glided down on a cord from the summit of Notre Dame to the roof of a house on the bridge St. Michel, then passing through an opening in a rich piece of tapestry hung on one side of the pass, he deposited a crown on Isabelle's head, and soared back up the rope to the point from which he

had descended. In the middle of the sixteenth century, on the representation of the parish priests, all cord-fliers and cord-dancers were restricted henceforth to exhibiting at the fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurence, and during the seventeenth century the performers of aerial feats were obliged to practice within enclosed spaces.

Passing over many fearless performers on the cord, we must not forget to mention the memorable Mme. Saqui, who illustrated the first Empire by her steep ascents and descents upon cords fastened to high posts, enveloped in fireworks of every description. On the tight rope she even acted the battles of Wagram, the siege of Saragossa, and the ascent of Mont St. Bernard. M. Fournel has not explained the means used, and we are unable even to guess at them. Later in date came Mlle. Rose and Mlle. Malaga. One pirouetted twenty times with the points of ten poniards in her nostrils and on her neck; the other introduced poetry and metaphysics into her performances,—we are unable to explain how,—and so we gladly dismiss the perilous practitioners.

#### THE OLD FAIRS.

These institutions now fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, owing to the facility of transport both of men and goods enjoyed in our times, were once very needful assemblages. Several were held in Paris and its vicinity, the chief being those of Bezons, St. Ovid (what a name for a saint!), St. Laurence, and St. Germain, the last enduring from the 3rd of February to Palm Sunday, an occasional period of two months and a half. It was held in the city in two long halls, each about 600 feet long and 500 feet broad, was patronized by the people by day, and the nobility and court by night. Henry IV. and his queen would hardly let a night pass without showing themselves in the assembly. They had their tent fitted up there, and through the long avenues between booths and stalls, a richly clad assemblage was perpetually promenading.

A great deal of business, a great deal of gallantry, a great deal of fighting, signalized by several deaths, and a great deal of thievery illus-

trated this annual assemblage. Little theatres with their parades abounded, and early in the 18th century Gertrude Boon was seen pirouetting with the points of three poniards stuck in the corners of her eyes. She continued this exercise for a quarter of an hour, and never let one weapon fly off. She was a handsome woman, and, barring these perilous experiments, as discreet as handsome. Her performances closed by an advantageous marriage.

#### THE BASOCHES OF THE PALAIS.

By this denomination is meant the Society of the Parliament Clerks, first established under Philip the Fair in 1303 for the purpose of settling their differences, watching over the weal of the body, and regulating their studies. In time they began to indulge in periodical saturnalias, and they that should have given an example of legal solemnity and decorum to all the lieges, exhibited the utmost license in the entertainments they provided for the public. These exhibitions probably date from the commencement of the 15th century, and were at first distinguished by satires on their chiefs, mock trials being held of the same character as those of *Baron Nicholson* of the London night-houses. At first they held three festivals in the year; later, they took occasion from all public festivals to help to corrupt the general morality, which appears to have desired nothing more than the opportunity of being degraded. Louis XII. (end of 15th century) gave them the great marble table of the palace for a stage on every one of their representations. The hall of which this table occupied nearly the whole length, was 120 feet by 50 broad.

They indulged in long processions through the streets in their robes of office, parading a king and all his needful dignitaries, and having made the usual tour on horseback and on foot, they entered the great hall of the palais, passed in review before their King, and then went to pay their compliments to the President of the Great Chamber, the Attorney-General, and other dignitaries. The day's entertainments concluded with dances and farces. Their great achievement was the pleading of the

Cause Grasse (literally *fat trial*) on Shrove Tuesday (*Le Mardi Gras*) on the marble table. This became eventually so licentious that it was abolished by Louis XIII. The Basochiens frequently made efforts to revive it, but it was finally crushed in the 18th century.

We have devoted a minute and a half to the search of a moral for this paper but without success. It has been conversant with crowds, and popular assemblies, and few have ever added in these re-unions to the sum of a nation's good morals. The temporal and ecclesiastical powers presented a desultory resistance to them, until in some paroxysm of indecency on the one hand, and of propriety upon the other, they were annulled or brought within the bounds of decorum. A taste for reading and the general diffusion of a more Christian spirit have helped the promotion of a purer taste among all classes. The exhibitions and entertainments forming the subject of this paper are interesting to the social antiquary. They distinguish former phases of society, and we should feel grateful to the gossiping chroniclers who did not deem it an unworthy task to preserve for posterity the modes in which their contemporaries chose to amuse their idle or festive hours. Much of the spirit and character of a people, and of their standard of morality, may be learned from their customs and pastimes.

The titles of some of the books consulted for the open-air amusements of the old Parisians are given below in English :—

- "The Journal of a Bourgeois of Paris under Charles VI." (1380-1422.)
- "The Journal of a Bourgeois of Paris under Charles VII." (1422-1464.)
- "Gossipings at a Lying-in." (About end of 16th century.)
- "*Francon* : a Satiric Story." By Charles Sorel. (Commencement of 17th century.)

"History of the Italian Theatre in France." By the Brothers Parfaict. (End of 17th century.)

"Discourse on the Origin of Charlatans." By Calepin. (1619.)

"Complete Collection of the Tabarinic Jests and Questions." (1622.)

"Father Garasse's Will and Testament ; a Satire." (1626.)

"The New Parliament." By Daniel Martin. (1637.)

"The Historical Maze." By Loret. (1663.)

"The Melancholy Elomire," a Satire on Moliere. By the Baker of Chalussay. (1704.)

"Barbier's Journal." (1721.)

"Mercier's Picture of Paris." (1782.)

"The Indiscreet Chronicle." (1825.)

"The Book of Trade." By Stephen Boileau. (1837.)

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF FOURNEL.

François Victor Fournel, born at Cheppy, near Varennes, on the 8th of February, 1829, studied at Verdun and Paris with a view to office in the department of public instruction. He made his literary *debut* in the *Revue de Paris* in 1854.

He has published "Ce qu'on voit dans les Rues de Paris" (What may be seen in the Streets of Paris), 1858 ; "Du Rôle des Coups de Baton dans les Relations Sociales, eten particulier dans l'Histoire Littéraire" (The Mission of the Cudgel in our Social Relations, more particularly in the History of Literature), 1858 ; "Curiosités Théâtrales Anciennes et Modernes, Françaises et Etrangères, 1859. His "Contemporaines de Molière" are in course of publication. He has edited the "Roman Comique" of Scarron, and "Virgile Travesti," and furnished numerous articles to *L'Athénæum*, *L'Illustration*, *La Musée des Familles*, *Le Journal pour Tous*, *L'Artiste*, *La Revue Française*, and *L'Ami de la Religion*.

**"NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."****CHAPTER XXIV.**

JAMES STANLEY asked for and took a week's holidays in these Christmas days. An unprecedented fact, almost; he had not hitherto seemed to have any friend for whom he cared to desert his work, and his worries, and his fat, plausible landlady. And now that he did seem to feel the want of relaxation (none more, anyone would have said to have seen him), where did he go, where did he spend those few days which ought, if he had had his deserts, to have been all shine, and no shower? Did he go to the sturdy old gray manor house, with the thick, weather-stained walls, round which the keen Yorkshire winds howled so eerily these December nights; where so many generations of strong-limbed, loyal-hearted Stanleys, good subjects and hard fighters, had been born and bred; where his kinsman, Sir Richard, was now, as the morning post informed all and sundry whom it might concern, entertaining a select circle of friends. There folks were diverting themselves pretty well, despite the bleak way that the Yorkshire winds had of blowing over the furzy heaths. Lords and Honourables, and a sprinkling of lucky Commoners, thinking they were spending their time well, doing to death on an average about 600 head of pheasants and hares daily in murderous battue shooting. Ladies displaying bright-hued petticoats and dainty Balmoral boots, dancing quadrilles on the ice, above the heads of the pike and the tench, in the big frozen mere. No, he did not go there, though, if he had, I am inclined to think that more than one old friend would have welcomed him cheerily, and given him a hearty hand-shake—would have been cordially glad, after Englishmen's calm, undemonstrative fashion, to see him back again amongst them. But battue shooting, nor dancing quadrilles on the ice were much in his line. He would have been a fish most grievously out of water in the old house that had been home to him in his boyhood; his aims and pursuits,

his thoughts and his ways were different from, opposed to those of his kinsmen and kinswomen. They were dallying, sporting, fooling in a rose garden, where the thorns pricked them sometimes—very often, indeed; not regarding how the sun was sloping westward in their life's sky; and he was walking hastily, heedfully forward, picking his steps in a miry, stony lane, towards a gate at the end. His sun was sloping westward, too, but he saw it, noted it well, and it made his heart leap with a solemn joy. However, to return to my subject, if no other cause had deterred him from a stay at Braddon Park, one very insignificant, and yet very sufficient one would, and that was that he had no suitable clothes. Odd, but perfectly true. Apropos of which fact, I remember that Kate Chester, some little time before this, asked him one day, as a great favour, to escort her and her sister up to town to a concert in the Hanover-square rooms, where some great luminaries in the musical line were to perform. And he, though he was a sort of person that was always ready to go ten miles out of his way to oblige the meanest child in the parish, yet actually on this occasion, said, hesitatingly and reluctantly, that "No, he was afraid he really could not."

"Why?" urged Kate, a good deal surprised and vexed; "would not he do even such a small thing as that, to oblige an old friend? Did he think concerts wrong? The Low Church party did, she knew, but he was not Low Church; did he?"

"No," he averred directly, without a moment's deliberation or doubt, "he did not think them a bit wrong. Were not there enough sins in the world already without manufacturing new ones? It was his belief, on the contrary, that music always raised the soul, and cleared it from low, noxious, earthy vapours."

"All very fine," says Kate impatiently; "but why would not he come then? He liked music, did not he?"

"Yes, loved it, would enjoy going

more than anything he knew, almost in a small way ; he had to own being of a truthful turn."

"Why on earth could not he come then—why, why, why?"

Kate is getting provoked. He hesitates, he stammers in a cowardly manner, he positively blushes, but she keeps him to the point. She urges and drives and badgers the poor little man, till he has to confess that the reason is simply and merely and wholly this, that he has not got a decent dress coat.

"No dress coat!" cries Kate, immensely indignant. "How abominable, how unheard-of! I can hardly believe my ears. Sir Hugh Stanley's son, a member of one of the greatest of our great old English houses, not able to go to a concert that he wants very much to go to, because he has got no dress coat. What is the world coming to?"

James laughed, relieved at having made his revelation.

"Put it another way, Kate. Say that the curate of St. Mary's, Queens-town, with a stipend of £80 per annum, finds that he has not any need for dress clothes, and consequently has not got any ; it does not sound anything like so appalling then."

Not in the train to the North then, with the oyster barrels, and the treasures from Fortnum and Mason, did Mr. Stanley take his departure, nor in any other train that I could find out. One thing I am sure of, and that is, that he did not go a-pleasuring, for he came back, looking thinner, paler, more out of heart, and stooping and careworn than he went. It is my belief that despite the inclement weather and the unfit time of year, the mistaken little man had indulged himself in the luxury of a walking tour. I think that trudging along for many a weary mile, all alone, he had been doing his very best to bring down the pride and fatness of a too fleshly soul to a proper level. I think he had been inflicting divers mortifications and macerations on his spirit ; had been, in fact, tormenting, and bullying, and maltreating himself after the Ignatius Loyola type. Anyhow, his boots had to go to the cobbler's when he came home. Wherever he had been he had picked

up a taste for very low company, it seemed. No one had a chance of asking him anything about his unwonted jaunt. Nobody in decent society, nobody in a respectable dwelling, and a reputable coat ever hardly got speech of him now. He was always in and out among the scum, among the publicans and sinners. They had plenty of his society ; but I do not believe that they appreciated it half as much as they ought to have done. By-the-by, people did see him, too, every Sunday regularly, once always, sometimes twice ; for the goodly, well-fed, pleasant-spoken rector was apt to get lazy—saw him and heard him too ; heard, all through the big church, with its aisles and arches, every word enunciated by that voice in its distinct, high-bred way. Folks were apt to go away rather grave and pondering from those terse nervous, quarter-of-an-hour sermons. It was not somehow as if one was reading out of a manuscript book, in a black cover, cold, unconcerned, unconcerning dissertations upon various things that might be true, or might not ; that it was the fashion to accept as true, now-a-days ; but rather as if one to whom those same things were strong realities, the strongest realities that existed under the sun, were striving, and wrestling, and agonizing to make them such, to the men and women who were listening or pretending to listen to him. Those clear, guileless gray eyes, unbeautiful as to shape and colour, but which were so evidently, and unmistakably the windows through which a very broad un-muddled intellect, and a very saintly martyr's sort of soul shone plain, seemed to be allowed to see through the gross curtain of the flesh far more distinctly than the luxurious, self-indulgent, comfortable people slumbering and lounging in the red cushioned pews below him. And yet this high souled saint had, if his flock could but have known it, a vast deal of the world and the world's interests about him still. Notwithstanding the December walking tour, and the macerations, and the starvations, and all the *ations*, he had not yet succeeded in trampling under foot utterly, in treading the last spark of life out of this robber love that had not knocked at the door of his heart, and asked



leave to come in, but had forced its way unmannerly through the windows, close-barred and shuttered to keep it out, as they were. Bold robber! It did not seem to be ever weakened, or hand-bound, or got the better of in the least. It never would be got under now, in this life, he sometimes said to himself, grievously, despondingly—never. It would clog and hamper him still, even at the very last when he should be within sight of the great golden entrance gates that stand bathed in light that is not sunlight, or moonlight, or starlight. No man could have defended a house more bravely, more stoutly, than this householder did his—I will do him that justice; but so far his efforts, his fighting, the sweat of his hard encounter seemed all pretty much thrown away; they did not meet with the success they deserved. What this was owing to, I cannot pretend to say. It certainly could not have been because he did not cut deep enough. He did not weakly satisfy himself with snipping off twigs from this deep-rooted tree of affection. Even lopping off big branches did not satisfy him. He dug up by the root, and spared no clinging fibres—at least, hardly any. And this is the sort of way he went to work with himself—I will tell it for an example to them that shall come after. The thing he prized about the most of anything he had in the world was a photograph of herself that Kate had given him just a few weeks ago. He had not asked for it, she had volunteered to give it him, and that small circumstance had brightened that day and a good many days after. It used to stand in the middle of his ugly black mantel-shelf, in a little carved frame; and his eyes had got into a habit of turning to it, resting on it, being comforted and brightened by it when he was eating his scanty dinner, when he was reading his good books for a rare relaxation, and when—oh, worst, naughtiest of all!—when he was writing his short, sharp, pointed discourses. One day it struck him, after he had been staring at it for about five minutes, with his pen idle in his hand; after he had been writing down several suggestive lines and sentences about things of the next world, with his mind brimming over with things of this—an unintentional

hypocrite—it struck him, I say, that perhaps he should get on better if this temptation were out of his way. This little picture was one of Satan's smaller gins and snares. Kate herself was the bigger trap to catch a slippery soul in; her effigy was only a lesser trap of the same kind. He had no right wittingly to bend his steps in the direction of such traps. He could not expect to escape being caught by them if he did. So he brooded morbidly, with a mistaken self-anatomizing, a too strict analysis of each feeling and germ of feeling; but one does grow morbid, I fancy, living by one's self, being habitually hungry and weary, and having no one to pity one for so being. Something about cutting off a right hand, plucking out a right eye, floated mistily through his mind. One day the resolution came strong upon him to burn the offending photograph. He loved it so much, he thought that a sure sign that there must be danger and soul poison somewhere about it. So it must go; there was no help for it. Rather different this way of looking at things from Kate's practice of passionate cryings over and kissings of that other woman's pictured husband. So he took it down off the mantel-piece, took it out of its little frame, and, without daring to take one look at it, pitched it into the fire. I suppose his aim was not good, or his hand was unsteady, for it did not go into the hot red heart of the fire; it fell short, and tumbled down among the ashes, and got its low forehead and its *retroussé* nose blacked a good deal. James could not help feeling intensely relieved at its escape; he knelt down on the hearth-rug, and fished it out eagerly, greedily, from among the ashes, singeing his pretty silky brown hair (the one thing commendable about his outward man) against the hot bars, in his haste and fear lest the flames should somehow reach his recovered treasure at last. He got it safe into his jealously-guarding hand again, and looked at it, and it was all up with his resolution then as far as incendiary purposes went; even he could not do it; battered and smudged and deformed as it was, it was more precious to him than rubies. He could not stand the idea of seeing it crumble away to a small particle of friable brownness.

So he made a compromise with his conscience. He unlocked the drawer in his desk where he kept his valuables. Such valuables! Anyone who could have seen them would have split with laughing at hearing them so designated. Unlocked it, and laid down his smoky idol very gently amongst them; locked it up in company with a big clumsy old seal that his father, good old Sir Hugh, used to wear at his watch-chain; a seal of the old-fashioned red gold, with the Stanley lion ramping in blood-stone upon it. In company also with a very ancient, dilapidated knife, that his long-dead mother had given him to stem the torrent of his tears, when first he went, a puny little chickabiddy of seven summers, to school; a knife with one blade, and that one a good deal notched and hacked with cutting the name of James Stanley on a great many tables and benches and long-suffering walls. And last, but not least, in company with a long twining lock of hair, tied with a bit of black ribbon; a tress of pale, yellowish, Norse-looking hair, that he had cut off, not very long ago, from the visionless, restful head of that happy, early-gathered flower, his seventeen years' sister, as she lay dead in the little sunny chamber, full of mellow evening light, where the sun and he had said their last good-byes to her. The westering beams (how well he remembered that) *would* steal in through the lowered blind—*would* flicker waveringly through the white curtains, bent on giving one last farewell kiss to the pure girl's hands—pure as the snowdrops they held unwittingly in them—to the calmly, smiling, passionless face, kissed them goldenly, joyfully, telling as plain as anything wordless could tell, of that other light which shall enkindle and illumine them when the Resurrection morning shall dawn in the eastern sky, grandly, with a grandeur that no dimness nor twilight shall ever follow upon.

James never went near the small narrow house, standing back from the road, with the laurustinus bushes before it; never set his foot within the narrow room, with the vague sweet smells in it; which always would push itself into his mind, as often as he tried to fix his thoughts on Paradise; with Maggie singing a

little low tune to herself, at the piano; and Kate pulling blinking Tip's ears, lazily, or burying little soft white fingers in his fluffy back. His persistent absence surprised both girls; vexed them in different degrees; hurt Kate bitterly; more bitterly than she ever would own to any one. She had not so many friends that she could afford to lose one, without making a stroke to save him; her very own friend, that she had favoured, and been confidential to. After she had learned too to lean her soul restfully on his strong soul, after she had set all her hopes on him, to drag her somehow with him along the road to heaven, it was too provoking that he should turn away and leave her to stumble and struggle along by herself, in the dark and the wind; too provoking indeed. One day she met him in the street, on which occasion, I must confess, that he was for taking off his hat and passing quickly on (he to greet her in that way indeed, when they had made mud pies together near a score of years ago!) But she stopped him, for such a rare opportunity was not to be lost, and asked him, like a child might, what she had done? What had happened to him? Had the devil possessed him with an evil spirit? Seriously, what had made him so fickle and changeable? he who used to be so true and stanch, even when everybody else turned against her. Had he heard any nasty, ill-natured, gossiping stories about her? He ought not to believe a word of them, if he had. Did he think her society pernicious, unprofitable? had he got some ridiculous quirk of that kind in his head? Was it some new article of his religious creed, that he must cut himself off, body and bones, from the world, as embodied in her person? All these questions, half earnest, half joking, she poured out volubly, breathlessly; questions that would be answered, that refused to be put aside. And he had answered them—answered her, coldly, sternly, hastily, as if to be quickly rid of her importunities. Horribly unjust and unfair upon the poor little person, no doubt, for what had she done—at least, that she could avoid doing? but coldness and sternness were, he felt, his only hope now; his very last resource; his sole preventative against falling at her feet,

even in the middle of the trottoir, at the risk of grazing his knees; calling her his darling Kate, his only treasure; and telling her then and there, how utterly and wearily he loved her. And, at his short, unkind speech, that certes, showed no outward sign of a desire on the part of the utterer to fall prone at her feet; there had come a sudden film of misty tears over the large-pupilled, shadowy eyes (Kate cried at less things now, than she had been wont to do), and she had turned away without another word and gone down the street, wet-cheeked, rebuffed, disconsolate.

But thought is free as air. There is no shackling it, no imprisoning it in Chillon dungeons; and imagination, that best gift of the gods, the gift that is as an impassable barrier between us and all the beasts—a more impassable barrier than reason, for some beasts, dogs especially, sometimes seem to make a few steps towards the scaling of that mount, high though it is—imagination, I say, is, if possible, freer still. Despite all James's cuttings and hackings, and prunings of himself, there was one vision, one apparition, that no incantations would exorcise; the more its absence was requested, the more it would not go; a vision that lay in wait for him—that pounced on him as often as he came back at night, foot-sore, down-hearted, faint, to his uncomfortable little sitting-room, with the few black cinders and white ashes on the untended hearth, as the only evidence that there ever had been such a thing as a fire there; with the dingy, green baize clothed table, with the scattered papers on it, and the old stained bronze inkstand reigning amongst them, the sole attempt at ornamentation anywhere about. He could not help it; it was not his fault, positively; the vision came of itself; but so it was, that with wonderful tantalizing distinctness (the weak body reacting on the morbidly excited, overworked brain), he used to see that dingy room undergoing a metamorphosis. He saw it transformed by the agencies of fire and lamp-light—genial, warming, spirit-cheering; woman's work, littering about with pleasant ladylike untidiness; on the rug (such a nasty threadbare old rug, too), a small

rounded figure, draped in soft gray stuff, of a Quakerish hue and simplicity; a small head, with the fire-light wandering and rioting over and in amongst the shining hair, that had assuredly, nothing Quakerish about the tone of its deep-bued ruddiness, a small person altogether; in fact, Kate, with her hands drooping idle in her lap, not covering tracts, or doing any other useful thing. James somehow always pictured her as doing nothing. I suppose he considered it a work of supererogation for a person to be at once useful and ornamental, to combine both functions in one, they being in most cases dis severed. And then the vision shifted a bit, and he saw the small person get up quickly off the rug as he came in, and run to greet him with tender joy, as no one ever greeted him now; with that odd smile, coming and going, which was painted so distinctly on his poor, sore heart; only it should come oftener, and stay longer now, the vision said, than had been its wont these last two years. And then, perhaps, she would pull an armchair close to the fire for him, as she had done on that one ever-to-be-remembered day in Cadogan-place, that day to be marked with the whiteness of white stones. The vision stopped there sometimes, sometimes went wandering on through two or three more scenes, each one more highly coloured than the last; but it always ended in leaving him more dispirited and heart-weary than ever, when it sent him back at last to the outer darkness of the reality of the present.

Kate herself—unwitting Kate, inflicted several stabs on him, put several more spokes in the wheel to keep him from recovering from this insanity of his; and this was how she did it. She wrote him, in these days, lots of little notes. There was no coquetry in this. Coquetry and James Stanley seemed to her two things that could not be mentioned in the same breath; they would no more mix than oil and water; but she was determined that, try as he might, he should not forget her. She would keep herself before his mind's eye; she would keep open a path by which, when this foolish fancy for absenting himself should pass over—as of course it would—he might come back, and after being well scolded, be forgiven.

She had yet another reason, too, for this new taste for letter-writing, and that reason was a sort of desire for self-justification and self-assertion. Though he had deserted her and re-neged the situation of spiritual guide and teacher to her, she would show him that she still kept persistently in the laborious path he had chalked out for her; for these destructive little billets hardly came under the head of *billets doux*. They were business notes, asking him to get such a one into the infirmary; to give a soup ticket to such another one; asking for advice on some knotty point of practical life; dry business notes, just flavoured with a dash of well-measured, delicate sweetness. James groaned in spirit, sometimes, at the riotous ungovernable way his heart would leap up, when he caught sight of one of these little compositions lying white, three-cornered, on his dingy table, to say, "How do you do" to him, when he came in from his day's work. It would have been a droll sight enough, if any one had been by to watch the gingerly way in which he held them between his finger and thumb, as if cholera, typhus, and small-pox lurked in every fold of them; at the white set face, determined not to be pleased at their subtle flattery, with which he

perused them; the sort of face with which one might fancy a brave man, reading his death warrant. And then, when they were read, and their contents mastered (not a long or a difficult task), "he invariably tossed them into the fire (if there was one), and what is more, did not pick them out again; even that delicious one, for whose life his heart interceded so earnestly; that one, that for some unaccountable reason, ended, "Yours very affectionately," instead of the ordinary cooler "Affectionately." And when the greedy flames had altogether eaten them, James would take out some deep, hard old book, in some stranger tongue, resolving to master every word of its dark crabbed old leaves; and all the while there would dance and float up and down, and all over the yellowing pages, a low-browed, dimpled, lily-pale face; a pair of eyes that reminded the gazer of the hue of the green water under the wave-worn arches of some lonely shell-floored sea-cave. Hard work! Hard work! But still, for his comfort, an inward voice—such a voice as is often sent, I think, to good men, hard tried, to bid them be of good cheer—kept whispering to him very softly, telling him over and over again, "Keep up, keep up; it will not be for long."

#### CHAPTER XXV.

I SUPPOSE that occupation of any kind was rather slack at the town of Queenstown, in these December days, for Her Majesty's servants. Anyhow, I knew one who had a good deal more time on his hands than he knew what to do with, and spent it very unwisely in burning his fingers (his figurative fingers, I mean), at a fire, from which he had much better have wisely kept at a respectful distance. Certainly there was not much to do in the afternoons; too frosty for hunting; too cold for sculling; but still that was no reason why he need be lounging at the corner of the market-place, towards four or half-past four o'clock, so very, very often. Do I say very often? Well, I may as well be exact; he was there always now, gazing into the bookseller's window, at the chalk heads, simpering and scowling down upon him.

Sometimes he varied his position so far as to transfer his gaze to the pastry cook's, next door, where the Christmas cakes and crackers really were rather worth looking at, only they made one's mouth water. Punctual as clockwork, he was to be found at his post; he whom his sisters always looked upon as so confirmed a dawdle; he whose persistent, unalterable unpunctuality at breakfast, dinner, and most of all, prayers, was wont to excite the ire of his papa. I do not think that the chance of a game of billiards with the best player that ever held a cue would have seduced him now from his station. Kate at first was rather gratified at this foolish young man's having constituted himself escort in ordinary to her; rather gratified at having shaken his tiresome impartiality. She used to chuckle to her-

self as she emerged from the narrow of North-street, at first catching sight of the thick-set figure, in the pepper-and-salt shooting jacket; of the white bull-terrier, with the cut over its pugnacious eye. "I've distanced Maggie; I've won the prize, such as it is," she would say, invariably. "What will you do with him, now you have got him?" conscience began to ask, after a time. But conscience was put off to a more convenient season. She would go then gaily up to meet the ill-used young man; would call him George, as if she rather liked the name than otherwise, and would beam up wickedly at him, from under the hat that he was in the habit of making so many manly comments upon. And then they would walk off together in the most natural cousinly way in the world; down the street, past the shops and the carriages; out of the town; past the Roman Catholic chapel, where the vesper lights were streaming through the stained glass windows; along the villa-studded road, by the side of the dusk river, that tells no tales of the tragedies that are hidden beneath it, to the little modest white gate, where they must say good-by. Kate chatters away all the while, tickling his palate with the small rude (not too rude) speeches, with which her discourse was always so plentifully salted. Poor victim! Her little coquetries and honeyed looks were burning him—snaring him with a false delusion. He began quite to forget his sisters' shrewd surmises, their stories about Kate's past; forgot everything which he would have remembered if he had been Solomon, and began to count up his pennies, within his silly befooled heart, to see whether he might not manage to afford the dear luxury of having this little woman walking by his side through life, instead of for half an hour a day for a few weeks. And at the little white gate they used to tarry mostly a few minutes, to finish off the ends of their talk neatly; used to conclude with a lingering hand-shake, which verged more and more on the dangerously sentimental. All very nice, and mildly exciting for the first five or six times; nay, perhaps, I may say, for the first seven or eight. But all worldly joys pall, say the moralists (I cannot say

myself, because I have not tried nearly all). It is possible to have too much of a good thing, and so Kate found out. The first sign was a discovery on her part of a dearth of subjects to talk about. They seemed to have been too prodigal of their small chat the first days, and to be pretty nearly run out of that commodity now. It appeared to her (not to him), that they had got into a monotonous mill-round of dialogue, the same questions and answers and remarks every day, with variations so slight, as not to relieve the ennui of their sameness. And then George's jokes too! At first she had laughed very heartily at these, though some of them were rather ponderous, and had not stopped to criticise them too closely, or examine whether they fulfilled what Addison says are the functions of wit—to surprise and delight. Now, however, her censoring faculties became keener. She began to tell herself that these facetiæ were the poorest and most forced that she had ever had to listen to with unwilling ears. "Why," she grumbled inwardly, "if people could not make good jokes, might not they leave the province of wit altogether, and stick to the easy, thornless path of plain common sense?" So she gave up the attempt of laughing; looked glum instead, and snubbed him—her keen wit protesting thus against his dullness. Not that he was a particularly stupid young man, only incipient love makes many a fellow look rather a fool, I think. Kate grew first to dread and then to loathe the sight of the well-known sturdy figure; the smooth-haired, pink-eyed terrier. Then George grew tender; a dreadful grievance that, though one rather to be anticipated. Not all at once, but almost imperceptibly at first, manifesting it in small dubious ways, that really no one could take hold of, showing the tendency, however, more and more clearly as the days ran by—showing it by a thousand trifling signs of the tongue and the eyes. Kate did her best to give this new Damon divers hints, some obscure, some broad, but neither the obscure nor the broad would he take. He had been lulled into such a false security by her former rash smiles, that he was past being pensive to any charitably warning hints now.

I have said before, that as men waxed tender to her, Kate waxed sick. The wild, fierce love of one man had been so unutterably much to her, that the weaker, thinner loves of all other men were less than nothing—were abominable to her. Then came the last straw that broke the camel's back, the trifle that exhausted the last drop of the not very deep well of Kate's patience with her mistaken cousin. One of the few people they knew in Queenstown, a gossiping, cackling sort of woman, asked Maggie one day, point blank, whether she might not be allowed to congratulate her sister. And when Maggie, guessing what was meant, vexed and angered (she herself best knew why) inquired with some asperity, what was supposed to be the subject of the proposed congratulations, she made answer, humming and hawing, with a meaning smile, that "she was sorry if she had been mistaken, but that people would talk, particularly in a place of this sort; and that every body in Queenstown was saying that there must be something in it, for that the younger Miss Chester and her cousin were never apart now."

Kate was furious when she heard this narrative; stamped and cried, and invoked the most unchristian and naughtiest of wishes upon the heads of all gossips and newsmongers in general, and upon those of that profession in the town of Queenstown, in particular. Well, their blatant mouths should be stopped, and no delay either. She would not have namby-pamby love stories regarding her, hawked about over Queenstown, if she could prevent it; so she declared vehemently, excitedly, and sat and stared into the fire all the rest of the evening, and had not a word to throw to a dog. Next day she tramped off to her district as usual, duties were not to be neglected, because silly busy-body women trumped up false stories, for want of more profitable occupation; and at about the usual hour she made her appearance, after her day's work, in the Market-place, scarlet cloaked and basketed after her wont. One hurried travelling of the eyes to the usual spot; then an ominous clenching of white hands; a most unamiable drawing together of smooth

brows. If George could have seen that face then, I think that, though not over quick at physiognomy, he must have seen that a storm was brewing against him. "Bother the fellow! Why cannot he leave me alone? What an ass he is!" Not another glance in the direction of the offender. A determination not to see that he was coming to meet her; a resolute bending of swift feet down the street homewards. Of course he would overtake her, for how should he know the cause of this sudden change of demeanour, and how to get rid of him she had not quite made up her mind, though to do it somehow or other she was fully determined; nothing would turn her from that. To have anything more to say to this fellow seemed to her now a sort of profanation of the one prime passion of her life, a sort of faithlessness to her darling, wicked, lost Dare. So she passed along very swiftly, with rather a beating heart, that she might have just a few seconds more to gather herself together; to frame some speech of dismissal to him, who was following so hard upon her tracks. Perhaps you do not know Queenstown, or you would understand what a little way she had got when I tell you, that opposite the big chemist's shop she heard the sharp ring of a man's quick, firm step on the pavement behind her, and a second after the obnoxious wide shoulders, pepper-and-salt clad, were alongside of her; the tanned face, that she had got so tired of, was looking down upon her, with a grin of amusement curving the wide, good-humoured mouth. Poor George! he had no other idea but that this running away from him, was nothing else than a little flirting dodge, for the better display of a faultless figure and unapproachable ankles. He believed firmly that this bird only flew away in order to be pursued, and pursue he did accordingly.

"Naughty child," he said, laughing, putting his hand on her arm familiarly; "what spirit of mischief induced you to cut away at such a rate to-day? I suppose it was only to make me cut after you, as I have done, you see. Ah Kate, Kate, you forget how old and stiff I am growing."

"No, I don't," answered Kate,

rather morose, shaking off his hand sharply, and walking on very quick all the time; "only I did not exactly see what need there was for you to come posting after me at such a mailcoach rate; and what's more, I don't now."

"Kate," cried George, in great surprise, half inclined to be amused still, "what are you talking about? Don't I always walk home with you? Is not it the pleasantest half-hour in the day to me, by far?" he added sentimentally; and he tried to practise his old friend, the longing, despairing gaze, but, in this case, it was not efficacious, for the excellent reason that he could not get her to look at him and see it.

"That's just what I complain of," she replied, very gravely, looking straight before her.

"Complain of!" echoed George, in high astonishment, with rather a hoity-toity intonation of voice. "Well, my dear girl, if you never have anything worse than that to complain of, you won't be much to be pitied; hanged if you will. I wonder what earthly harm," he pursued, waxing eloquent, getting the steam up, "it can do to you, for me to walk along the street parallel to you, for a quarter of a mile? Now I come to think of it, you yourself gave me leave to do it. Why, Kate, there's no reckoning on your being the same for ten minutes together; you're a regular weather cock."

"I am a weather cock," owned Kate, contrite and thoughtful, all that was demure and proper in her penitence. "You say that you cannot count on me to be the same for ten minutes together. Why, I cannot count on myself. Not a bit. I have no stability."

George was not the sort of man to probe or examine much his own states of mind and conditions of feeling, nor did he understand anyone else doing it. "I don't know about stability," he responded, in a downright matter-of-fact sort of way. "You've got plenty to please me. I don't want to have you a bit different from what you have been lately. I think we've been very jolly together these last few days."

"No, we have not," answered Kate, candidly; her ingenuousness winning an easy victory over her civility: "at least I have not."

Now, candour is an excellent virtue—let no one dispute that axiom; but I think it is hardly regarded in that light sometimes, by the objects of it. Lieutenant Chester was now as much mortified and nonplussed as any other luckless youth, who, having been flattering himself that he had been tolerably successful in making himself agreeable, found that he had been labouring under a delusion.

"Well," he said, with a sort of smart of indignant anger, "anyhow, you counterfeited it better than I ever saw any girl do before in my life. I'd go on the stage, if I were you. You'd make your fortune to a dead certainty." And they walked on in silence for a few paces. George stalking along, gnawing the top of his stick, with his equanimity a good deal shaken.

"Would that do?" Kate pondered. "What must she say next? Must it come to a regular quarrel between them? (That would be a pity.) Or might she stop there, and trust that he would be sharp enough, and wise enough to understand her drift, and accept the portion she destined for him?"

She was not left long in uncertainty, for, all of a sudden, George stopped stock still, in the middle of the street, and again laid his hand on her arm (unforbidden this time), as he turned to her, and said very stiffly—

"Let us understand each other, if you please, Kate, I don't want to go on fumbling in the dark, being made a fool of for your amusement. I know girls generally mean the exact opposite of what they say; and, so do you, perhaps, for all I know. But will you be kind enough to tell me, once for all, what is the upshot of all these polite remarks you have been making; or, is there no upshot at all?"

Then Kate looked up straight at him, full in his face, for the first time, without any side-glances, or oblique arrows of fire, no false glitterings and flashings in her eyes, they shining with steady lustre, "Don't be cross, old fellow," she said kindly; "there is an upshot, of course, and this is it. I'll tell it you, without any mincing or hashing, though it does not sound very civil. It's this, that I want you to promise not to come and meet me

any more, of a day. There that's all."

"Why?" asks George, rather blankly; and an unwonted red flush flows into his comely face.

"Because I don't," answered Kate, with an uneasy little laugh, seeing that flush, but charitably looking away. "That's a woman's reason, I know, but I hope you will be satisfied with it."

"No, I shan't," he replied, not looking in the least inclined to laugh; "I must have a better one than that."

"But, what if I have not got a better to give you?" suggests Kate, rather irritated (very unjustly so) at his pertinacity.

"Then I shall wait till you find one," answers George, coldly; looking as if he meant what he said.

"Then, I'm afraid you'll have to stay some time, cooling your heels," retorts Kate, impudently losing her temper, "and I think I'll wish you good evening," and she nods her head to him, and prepares to walk off and leave him.

"Stay, Kate," he exclaims, hastily detaining her; and a very unfeignedly hurt and wrathful look streams into his eyes. "Don't be nonsensical. You're not a child, that is not accountable for its actions. Woman, though you are, you must have some rag of a reason for the extraordinary alteration in your conduct."

"I never said I had not," answers Kate, rebelling decidedly against this mode of procedure. "On the contrary, I confess that I have; but I had rather not tell what it is."

"But I'd rather you would, you see," retorts George, impatiently; "and you must, and you shall," he adds more peremptorily than ever.

Kate would not have stood being addressed in that tone for one second on any other occasion. She was not one of that numerous class of women who enjoy being snubbed and lorded over; but she let it pass now, because she was rather sorry for him, and rather compunctious on the score of her past dealings with him. So she stood silent, with folded hands, and lowered eyes, and answered not.

"What is it, Kate?" urges George again, and he gives a little shake to the arm he still holds detainingly.

"Well, since you must know," answers Kate, with slow reluctance,

at last, bending her head down so low that her face was almost hidden, "It is just this, that the dolts and boobies with which this fortunate town is so largely peopled, have been busy spreading stupid, gossiping tales about you and me, and I will not stand it;" though her face is hid by the brim of her hat, she blushes rosy red, and looks very bashful over this awkward explanation.

"Is that all?" says George, much relieved at this mountain and mouse, and the clouds roll off his countenance as one sees clouds roll away from the sky, on some peevish April day. "What harm do the poor brutes do, chattering? Let them talk, if it amuses them. Why, Kate, I thought you were too spirited, plucky a sort of girl to mind what anybody said about you. Why I have heard you talk ever so big, about despising the world's opinion, and all that sort of thing, before now. But tell me, what is it they have been saying? I suppose it is nothing so dreadful, but that I may hear."

Then Kate began to think to herself what they had said, and a horrid idea struck her, that he might regard their remarks in quite a different light from what she did. She looks down still, and answers, not very readily—

"Oh it's nothing very bad, I suppose; not much harm in it, of course, only they have been busy coupling your and my names together, stupid cockneys! I wonder they cannot be satisfied minding their own business."

That little ebullition relieved her feelings. George is silent for a second or two, and then he says, with lowered voice, bending down to catch a glimpse of her shy face in the dusk winter twilight—

"And so that's all. Why should not they, I say again? I wish to heavens they had any good grounds for doing it. Is it so very revolting to you, Kate, to have even your name joined to mine?" and his eyes soften visibly, as he looks down at her.

"Yes," answered Kate, monosyllabically.

"I was afraid so," pursued George, trying hard that there should be no grain of crossness to mar the resignation of his tone; "but why must it be so, Kate?"



"Because," answered Kate resolutely, "it is unbearable to me to have my name coupled with any man's, whoever he may be. King or tinker, it's all one to me," and she closed her lips firm, and a hard look came into their curves, and quite altered them.

"Absurd!" exclaims George, unable to repress the expression of his scorn of so infantine a whim. I am sure if he had ever read Wordsworth's poem about the reason of his son's preference for Kilve he would have thought of it now, but as he had not he did not. "I never could have believed that I should have met with such overstrained old-maidish prudery in any human being, much less in you, of all people in the world. It's something in the style of the devil quoting scripture like a very learned clerk. I declare to goodness it is."

"It is not prudery," cries Kate, nettled.

"Then it is affectation," amends George.

"No, it is not," contradicts Kate, flatly.

"What is it then?" asks George, with a grin, "for I'm blessed if I know."

"It is pure, simple, unvarnished truth," answers Kate, eagerly, feeling herself humiliated by his ridicule; "and what's more, absurd and highly laughable as this fancy appears in your eyes, I can tell you that it is so firmly planted in my soul, that you will not succeed in rooting it up, if you try from now till midsummer."

"I should not think of trying," replies George, with a thin coat of dignity meagrely covering very real vexation. "I could not be so conceited as to flatter myself that I should succeed, but I have small doubt, that though I cannot do it, some one else will."

"I do not know what you mean," answers Kate, mendaciously, for she knew perfectly well, as well as you or I do.

"You are slow of understanding then, to-night," replies George, hitting the side of his boot with his stick, for something to do. "My meaning is pretty plain. Of course it is not to be supposed that you'll always be so hardhearted as you are now; and when you are spoony about

some fellow or other some time hence, and engaged to him, and all that sort of thing, why you'll have to get over your aversion to having your name spoken of in the same breath as his."

"I shall never be engaged to any man under the sun, as long as I live," responded Kate, solemnly, emphasizing her statement with a little stamp on the pavement. "If I have told you that once, I have told it you a score of times."

"Oh, I daresay," interjects George, with a world of incredulity infused into that brief speech.

"Of course you do not believe me," exclaims Kate, flashing angry-eyed upon him. "You think, I do not doubt, that I'm to be had for the asking. That's the way men always think about women."

"I wish to goodness you were," grumbles George, only half aloud, under the thick amber fringe of his lips.

"Don't wish for anything so silly. You told me not to be nonsensical, five minutes ago, and I return the compliment now. Come, don't be angry with me, my dear boy. Say goodbye prettily, and go and look about for some more profitable occupation for your afternoons." She held out her hand to him, and he took it and held it in both his, for just a little minute (but a venial offence, I think), while he said—

"I'll go, Kate; but let me walk with you to the little white gate, just this once, for the last time. The gossips cannot say much against that. Come now, can they?" and his brown eyes pleaded very earnestly, for this poor little boon. His eyes did not dominate and thrill her, like Dare's wicked *blasé* ones, in the least; but she was a little bit moved by them.

"Oh, I suppose you must. It is no use wrangling over a trifle," she said, yielding, half amused and half vexed; "but I warn you that I shall walk as quick as I can, to get it over, and it must never, never happen again. Mind that." So having made this pact, they walked off side by side; rather silent both of them. Dull company, any looker-on would have said. They had hardly made half a dozen remarks to each other, altogether, before they reached the parting place; the little gate, shining white in the new-risen moon.

"Well," said George, as they stood together, sheltered by the bushes, from the wind; drawing a deep-breathed sigh, "I suppose this is pretty much the last I shall ever see of you, Kate. I suppose I must never come to tea again; at least, I suppose I must never come to see you."

"You may come to see us," answers Kate, emphasizing the plural pronoun, "as often as ever you like; at least, in moderation," she adds, qualifying the permission.

"Indeed," sighs George, melancholily, "I do not think I shall much care to do that. It would only be to listen to my sisters jawing; and I can do that any day at home. We shall never be the same again, as we have been," he ends, disconsolately; "shall we, Kate?"

"We shall always be cousins and friends," says Kate, kindly (she can afford to be kind now). "Oh dear, oh dear, how cold it is. I really cannot stay out here, any longer, or I shall be frozen. Good night, good night," and she escapes, passing lightly through the gate, and letting it swing

behind her. After her comes a man's voice, calling, "Kate, Kate."

"Well," she answers, standing still.

"Come back, Kate," the man's voice sounds again, entreatingly. So Kate returns, shivering, and leans her arms on the top of the gate, and demands, impatiently—

"What is it? Make haste."

George comes up quite close to her, and treacherously clasps her in his arms, across the gate.

"Let me kiss you just this once; do darling Kate. What harm is there?" he urges in a whisper; and he bends down his face to hers.

"Never," she almost screams, struggling in his embrace. "Not for worlds," and she shudders, as the remembrance of Dare's solemn charge flashes over her.

She tears herself out of her cousin's arms, flies up the drive, nor even stops to draw breath, till she is safely landed on the top of the white stone steps, and is making the house resound with a vigorous peal on the knocker. George, meanwhile, foiled, wisely takes himself off home, with a rather tail-between-the-legs sensation.

#### GLASTONBURY ABBEY, PAST AND PRESENT. THE RISE AND INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH MONACHISM.

FROM AUGUSTINE TO DUNSTON.

It is a remarkable fact in history that it was nothing but christianity that saved Rome from utter extinction. Had she not been the chosen home of this rising faith and new glory, the barbarian would scarcely have left one stone upon another: she would have been to us now what Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, and many other cities are, a tradition grand, yet almost beyond conception. As over the great solitudes of the sites of those mighty cities, wild beasts wander and howl by night, so it would have been with Rome when her glory fell, had not another and brighter glory settled upon her ruins. In fact the remains of her ancient

social life were never completely dispersed, and when the first dawn of the new religion appeared, and the old luminaries of pagan night receded before the rays of a brighter day its votaries instinctively settled at Rome. Popes followed in the wake of Cæsar, the glory of the Flavian amphitheatre gave way before the new splendours of a Vatican; gladiators and games were supplanted by religious processions and masses; unable to destroy feudalism it created chivalry; in its convents persecuted innocence always found an asylum, and against the ambition of tyrants it opposed the power of its thunders. But it was at Rome that the vicarial head of the

\* Authorities—Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*; *Acta Sanctorum*; Bede, *Ecc. Hist.*; *Saxon Chronicle*; Gregory's *Works*; Stevens' 2 additional vols. to *Dugdale's Monasticon*; Cockerell's *Iconography*; Gullielm. *Malma.*, de *Geetis Regum Anglorum and Histor.*; *Glaston.*

church had taken up his abode ; towards Rome were bent periodically the footsteps of thousands of pilgrims ; and from Rome as from a centre emanated all the influences which the new religion exercised over the nations who had enlisted under its cross. That every stage of her history, and more especially her future destiny, should be intensely interesting to Europe and all the outlying colonies, the rising new worlds of European planting, is not to be wondered at, for she is the foster-mother of modern civilization. When the wolf and the jackal roamed at large over the very sites of our proudest cities, when offerings were made to strange gods by a Druidical priesthood, and the inhabitants of this country were but a band of painted savages, Rome was in the very zenith of civilized life. When the migration of northern hordes towards the south, extinguished the just kindling torch of civilization, and overwhelmed in its dark flood all the evidences of refinement in Europe, Rome suffered last and least ; in her temples were gathered as in a sanctuary learning, science, and art ; there was kept burning, dimly enough, yet still cherished with tender care, the trembling lamp of genius until the better time should come when it might be reproduced and its genial rays diffused ; and when the time did come and the nations awoke from their long slumber to a new life, it was from Rome and Roman traditions that the new order of things drew its laws, its language, and its faith. In nearly every part of Europe traces are to be found of Roman life ; it has permeated through the very aspects of the country, the blood of the races, their thought, their laws, their idiom, so that civilization seems to have been concentrated into a focus at Rome and thence radiated over all the world. It is from the fountain of her lore that all modern law has been derived. Well might she be called the lawgiver of Europe. The system of Theodosius and the Pandects of Justinian were successively reproduced, the former in Spain, by the Visigoth legislation, and the latter in France, by the *Etablissements* of St. Louis. The *Landrechts* of Prussia, the Austrian *Gesetzbuch*, the *Code Napoléon* of modern France,

the jurisprudence of Germany, the labours of Grotius and Vattel, the principles of Scotch law and of our maritime and church systems, are all based upon materials drawn from the works of the imperial jurists. So that though she is no longer the mistress of the world, though her temples lie in ruins, though her children groan under oppression, yet she still sways Europe as it were with a spectral sceptre, for her ancient laws form the basis of those powers by which are still maintained in modern society the sanctity of property, the rights of citizenship, and the dignity of empire. Then her language was for many centuries the only medium of communication for theology, history, poetry, and science : it is interesting to recollect that Bacon has handed down to posterity his "*Novum Organon*," and Newton his "*Principia*," in the very same idiom used by Cicero, when denouncing the crimes of Catiline, or by the Roman nobles when around the festive board they sung the convivial odes of Horace : and even now, if we examine the matter, we shall be astonished to find how much of our every-day life, custom, and speech is Roman. The names of our months are of Latin origin ; the perambulations performed in many parishes, more especially in London, commonly known as "beating the boundaries," are the very counterpart of the Roman *Terminalia* ; the rustic festivities of our English May Day (dying out, alas ! too rapidly), are taken from the feast of Flora. Our marriage ceremonies—the ring, the veil, the bridesmaids and even the cake—are all Roman. Our funeral rites, with the cypress, the yew, the flowers on the grave, and the black for mourning, are essentially Roman ; they had their lucky days, the "*dies albi*," and their unlucky days, the "*dies atri*." The question is often mooted as to the origin of the custom which prevails in some districts, especially in parts of Ireland, of saying "God bless you," when anyone sneezes : Pliny asked the same question ; for that simple superstition common to the humblest peasantry of this kingdom was scrupulously observed by Tiberius, the Roman Emperor. We believe in the fortune of odd numbers ; so did Virgil—" *numero Deus impare*

gandet.”\* Many other examples might be given to show that our language, our customs, our laws, are all strongly impregnated with Roman genius, and therefore the history and fate of that old city of Rome will always possess an interest for us, if only from the memory of these ancient traditions, these daily customs, these hourly associations, by which we are for ever surrounded, and in the midst of which we live.

Towards the close of the sixth century, when she was in her transition state from Rome Imperial to Rome Papal, the time of her worst troubles, just after the Goths had fallen into decay upon the death of Totila, another race appeared upon the plains of Italy more cruel than the Goths, who, like the Saxons in England, receiving an invitation to assist in the country's peril, ended by seizing the country itself. During the devastating march of the Lombards under Alboin, their king, and his successors, Italy suffered scenes of violence and barbarity to which history has scarcely any parallel. Churches were destroyed, bishops and priests murdered, women violated and then butchered, monks hanged up by the dozen to forest trees, and an incident occurred which strangely fulfilled a prophecy, and exerted an influence upon the work of the great monastic founder whose life was the subject of the preceding chapter. It is said that St. Benedict was one day seen weeping bitterly, and on being asked the reason, replied: “This monastery which I have built, and all that I have prepared for my brethren, has been delivered up to the Pagans by a sentence of Almighty God; scarcely have I been able to obtain mercy for their lives.”

In the year 580, on a certain night when all the monks were asleep, at Monte Cassino, the Lombards made their way by stealth to the sacred spot, attacked it, and, after pillaging it, burnt the building to the ground. Strange to say, although taken by surprise and in the dead of the night, all the monks escaped, taking with them the Rule written by St. Benedict. They managed to reach Rome in safety, and

were very kindly received by Pelagius II., the then Pope, who gave them permission to erect a monastery near the Lateran palace, where they remained until about the year 730, when, under the abbacy of Petronatus, they returned to Monte Cassino. At the time when the Lombards first crossed over into Italy there was a young prætor at Rome, a descendant of Pope Felix III., son of a wealthy senator, Gordian by name, and of Sylvia, a lady of distinction. There was great destitution in and about Rome in consequence of an overflowing of the Tiber, and this young prætor won the affections of the whole city by his unwearied kindness and activity in relieving the poor sufferers. He was intellectually distinguished above his fellows, for it is said that no man in Rome was his equal in grammar, logic, and rhetoric. He was much given to conversing with wise men, and particularly with the Benedictine refugees, then in Rome at their temporary monastery near the palace of the Lateran. Naturally of a retiring disposition, he became, under the influence of those conferences, the more easily imbued with the idea of a monastic life, and the idea soon ripened into a desire to embrace it. Then ensued the struggle between the splendid career open before him in the senate-house and the obscurity and self-denial of the monastery. He hesitated for some time, but at length broke away from a world which had showered its favours upon him, and a gay society in which he was already an ornament; tore off the gaudy insignia of his office, and cast them in penitential humility at the cross of Christ.

With his wealth, which was considerable, he endowed six monasteries in Sicily, and of his own palatial residence on the Caelian hill he made another, which he dedicated to St. Andrew, established it according to the Benedictine rule, and into which he entered as a simple monk, and might have been seen serving the beggars lodged in the hospital attached to the monastery where he himself had been served in almost princely state. The

\* See Knight's “Popular History of England,” where these and many other examples are given.

man who submitted to these vicissitudes lived to become St. Gregory the Great, the only individual ever endowed with the two chief titles, and certainly one of the noblest characters that ever sat in the papal chair. Under Pope Benedict I. he was made one of the cardinal deacons who had charge of the seven divisions of Rome, which dignity he accepted with reluctance. Then again, in the year 578, another honour was forced upon him, as Nuncio to the Court of the Emperor Tiberius, on the part of Pelagius II. In deep sorrow he left his beloved cloisters, and was absent for six years when he returned to St. Andrew's, and was elected by the monks as their abbot. During the period of his abbacy that incident took place which is now familiar to almost every child in the kingdom. He was wandering through the market in Rome, and noticed some fair-haired pagan children exposed for sale, and on hearing that they were Angli, exclaimed, "Non Angli sed angeli forent si essent Christiani." It is not improbable that the idea of a mission to Britain had long been in his mind, and was intensified by the sight of those beautiful children exposed for sale in the market-place. In any case, he urged the necessity upon the Pope with so much earnestness, and insisted upon going himself with so much eagerness, that the Pontiff consented. Gregory set out at once from Rome, and had even gone as far as three days' journey on the way when he was overtaken and brought back to his monastery by force. The monks and people had reproached Pelagius with allowing him to leave Rome, and besought him to bring him back. However, though compelled to abandon the undertaking himself he did not abandon the idea, for soon afterwards Pelagius died of the plague then raging at Rome, and the Senate, people, and clergy, with one voice, elected the Abbot of St. Andrew's to fill the vacant chair. In vain did he appeal to the Emperor Maurice to annul his election; his letter was intercepted, and the imperial confirmation being duly received, Gregory, as a last resource, fled from Rome, and wandered about for two or three days, but was at length discovered and brought back, when he tearfully bid

farewell to his beloved monastery and went out on the troubled sea of life. As soon as he was seated in the papal chair his mind reverted to the idea of a mission to Britain, and as he could no longer entertain the notion of going himself, began to look about him for some one to intrust with the enterprise. His choice fell upon the prior of his monastery of St. Andrew, and Augustine, ever since memorable in the annals of Christendom, was charged with this mission to preach the Gospel to the pagan Saxons.

Without detracting from the work of the Augustinian mission, it may be fairly asserted that as a missionary enterprise it has been much overrated. It has been spoken of in the same language and with the same spirit of eulogy as we speak of the undertakings of those devotees who have gone out to remote districts of the world with no other protection than the faith they bore, to preach that faith to a people savage, idolatrous, and who had never before heard of the Christian religion. Now, the Augustinian mission was sent to a country which had been in possession of a national Church for nearly five centuries, whose bishops had taken part in great ecclesiastical councils and signed their decrees; a country embellished here and there with renowned monasteries, which had reared up men who were then canonized saints; and although the particular district of the country towards which the mission was especially directed had been given up to Saxon idolatry, yet even there the way had been materially smoothed for the introduction of Christianity by circumstances which had been quietly operating long before Augustine was appointed to his unwelcome task. Ethelbert, the Bretwalda, or dominant king of Kent, more than thirty years before the arrival of Augustine, and some time before he came to the throne, had married Bertha, the daughter of Caribert, king of Paris, who was a Christian. One of the stipulations of the marriage contract was, that this princess should be allowed to follow out her own religion—should be provided with a chapel for her worship, and a priest of her own faith for its ministrations. In fulfilment of this contract Ethel-

bert had given her an old Roman or British church, situated outside the city of Canterbury, which had been dedicated to St. Martin by Liudhard, the retired bishop, who had accompanied her from France as her chaplain. In that church then the Christian service had been performed for years by a Christian bishop. Queen Bertha, too, had acquired great influence over her husband, and had by her devotion, pure life, and attention to the services of her Church, not only created a most favourable impression upon the mind of her royal consort, but also upon the whole household, and upon many of the inhabitants of Canterbury. So that even as regarded pagan Kent this was no mission to a hostile country, but to a people who had already long been witnesses to the celebration of Christian rites, and were already favourably disposed towards the religion itself. In fact, Liudhard noticing this favourable inclination in the Court and people, and being too old and feeble to do much himself, had applied to the French and even to the Roman churches in vain for a mission enterprise to be directed to those dominions. Gregory, who had never forgotten the Saxon children, and had long dreamed of a mission to their shores soon effected his wish when invested with supreme authority.

Augustine was the monk chosen, and as we shall see a more unfitting one could scarcely have been selected. There can be little doubt that he was a devout Christian, but he was a very proud bishop; he was imperious in temper, and not endowed with the grace of conciliation; he was haughty in demeanour, and vainglorious even of his piety, so much so that Gregory remonstrated with him, and cautioned him in his correspondence against being proud of his miracles; he was vain even of personal pomp, for that correspondence also directs him, as though the writer were instinctively conscious of this propensity, that the magnificent pallium of his dignity was only to be worn in the services of the church, and not to be brought into competition with the royal purple on state occasions. Neither had

he the courage of a true missionary, for, with all these advantages before him, he began to have misgivings as soon as he had entered Provence, and even returned to Rome to implore Gregory to release him and his companions (who awaited the result) from their dangerous undertaking. Gregory, in reply, furnished him with letters of introduction to different monarchs, of whom Brunehaut, Queen of France, did much to facilitate the mission. He also gave him an epistle to his companions which began with these words, not a little tintured with the contempt he must have felt for their conduct: "Forasmuch as it had been better not to begin a good work than to think of desisting from that which has been begun, it behoves you, my beloved sons, to fulfil the good work which, by the help of our Lord, you have undertaken."\* As it was impossible to resist this authority, Augustine and his forty companions pushed on in their journey, and in the latter end of the year 596 landed at the Isle of Thanet, sent word to King Ethelbert of his arrival and the object of his mission, and awaited his reply. It exceeded their expectations; an interview was promised, Ethelbert merely stipulating, for his own personal safety, that it should be held in the open air. He had heard and read, doubtless through the medium of his wife and her chaplain, much about the miraculous powers with which the early propagandists of Christianity were invested, and being still a pagan had no wish to be made the subject of magic arts, which he thought would be less easily exercised in the open air than in a confined building. A time was fixed for this interview, and when it arrived the Italian missionaries were formed in a procession, headed by a verger, carrying a silver cross; then came Augustine behind whom were the brethren and the choir, which was under the supervision of Honorius; in the procession a representation of the head of Christ, painted on a board, was elevated and carried. In this order, the choir chanting psalms and litanies, the procession advanced to the spot where the King was seated,

under an oak tree, surrounded by his guards and sages. As soon as they had recovered from their astonishment at this strange spectacle, Ethelbert very graciously motioned to the missionaries to sit down, when Augustine, by means of an interpreter, stated the object of his coming, and began at once to preach to the King of the death of Christ, whose picture they had borne, and of His being the only way to heaven through suffering for man's transgressions. The King listened very patiently to this first sermon he had probably ever heard, and at its conclusion thus addressed the preacher—"Your words and promises are very fair, but as they are new to us, and of uncertain import, I cannot approve of them so far as to forsake that which I have so long followed with the whole English nation. But because you are come from afar into my kingdom, and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but give you favourable entertainment, and take care to supply you with your necessary sustenance, nor do we forbid you to preach and gain as many as you can to your religion."\*

The tidings of the arrival of these Christian strangers, who had come so far to preach their religion to the Saxons of Kent, soon spread abroad in the neighbourhood, and the inhabitants of Canterbury, the seat of royalty, began to express a wish to see these illustrious visitors in their own city. They were permitted to advance, and they made their entry into that Saxon town, henceforward to become ever memorable from their visit, in the same order which they had observed in their interview with the King. The astonishment of the Saxons was immense; for the first time in their lives they heard the grand solemn symphonies of Christian music chanted by the sweet Italian voices of the choir; they gazed upon the mild suffering face of Him whose religion was that of pardon to his enemies who had crucified him; and as these devoted missionaries entered into the little Christian temple of St. Martin, singing the words "open

ye the gates that the righteous nation, which keepeth the truth, may enter in," there can be no question that a profound impression had been made upon their Saxon imaginations. From this moment the mission prospered, for they not only preached with their lips but with their lives, so that some listened, became convinced, and were baptized; whilst others who would not listen watched these missionaries, saw their simple lives, their spotless humility, and ardent devotion, and like many who will not hearken to precept, yielded ultimately to the power of example.

But the finishing-stroke to their success was the conversion of the King, who on the 2nd July, 597, professed himself a Christian and was baptized, but at the same time declared that he would not compel any of his subjects to follow his example, as he had been taught that the service of Christ should be voluntary. Shortly afterwards the Witan was summoned, and Christianity acknowledged and recognised; then followed a general enthusiasm amongst all classes of the people, and on the 25th day of December, 597, ten thousand converts received baptism, many of whom must have lived to return with equal readiness, twenty-six years after, to the idolatry of their fathers under the guidance of the succeeding sovereign. The foundation-stone was then laid of Canterbury Cathedral, which stands on the site of an old Pagan temple—they also began to build a monastery outside the town which was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and which has recently been restored with all its monastic appendages, and is used as a training college for young missionaries. In almost the very cells where Benedictine monks muttered their prayers, a band of noble young devotees now labour over the perplexing bewilderments of Hindostani and Sanscrit; underneath in the crypt where weird midnight services, lit up by dim cresset lamps, were then performed, are taught to these youthful apostles, with a wise forethought, the mystic crafts of shoemaking, tailoring, and carpentry; in the library where cowed monks worked

\* Bede, *Ecc. Hist.* lib. i, c. 25.

wearily on vellum are now gathered together the cherished reminiscences of those who have gone out to the far East to preach the Gospel to the heathens; and valued above all others are the tender memorials of those who have fallen in the fight. It is matter for grave thought when one stands in this old monastic place and looks around upon the fresh young faces who people it now, in gown and trencher, so different from scapulary and cowl, to imagine that as in the sixth century of the Christian era it was a mission-station amongst heathens, so now in this nineteenth century its work is not yet finished, and it sends out from year to year emissaries of the Gospel to nations still lost in the darkness of idolatry. Let us hope that as a blessing rested upon the work of St. Augustine's monastery thirteen centuries ago, so it may still rest upon the mission efforts of St. Augustine's College.

Shortly after the baptism of the ten thousand, Augustine was made a bishop, and at this point cast the first slight upon the Anglican Church then in existence. Instead of applying, as was most fitting, to one of the many English bishops for consecration, he left the country, went to France, and was consecrated by Vergilius, Bishop of Arles. His mind had already been exercised as to how he should comport himself towards the Christian bishops of the British Church, and rather than accept consecration at their hands upon British soil, he sought it at the hands of an alien in a foreign country. This was his first step—a sufficient indication to the British bishops of what they were to expect from this haughty brother. In due course of time, as the Church in Kent flourished and became consolidated, the question naturally arose—who was to exercise supreme authority in the ecclesiastical affairs of the country? As might be expected, Augustine claimed that right, being made by the orders of Gregory, Bishop of the English (*Episcopus Anglorum*), but he also wanted to claim the same right over the Gallican Churches, which sufficiently shows the arrogance of his nature, and for which he received a reproof from Gregory. His claim, however, to jurisdiction

over the English Church received authority from the fact that in addition to consecration he received the "pallium" from Gregory, which conferred upon him the power of settling disputes, &c., as the representative of the Pope in the kingdom. He accordingly resolved upon bringing things to a crisis, and the manner in which he conducted himself towards the British bishops in this matter will justify our assertion of him, that he was not endowed with the grace of conciliation.

It will be necessary to state at this point a fact which the Romish Church, in its unreasonable selfishness as to its Apostolic origin, seems to overlook altogether—that St. Peter was not the only Apostle who founded a Church. There was the Oriental Church founded by St. James, which had spread itself over the tract of land lying between Asia Minor and the Euphrates. There was the Alexandrian Church founded by St. Mark, extending through Egypt, Abyssinia, and the north-east of Africa. There was the Gallican Church, founded by St. John, originally at Ephesus, and thence extended by mission-planting to Gaul and Spain and Britain; and, lastly, there was the Roman Church of St. Peter, which ultimately absorbed them all, and now denies their original independence. But at the time of the Augustinian mission each of these Apostolic Churches maintained its independence, and had its own peculiar liturgy. Consequently, the liturgy used in the ancient British Church being the Gallican, was the first stumbling-block in the way of Augustine. When he arrived he found that liturgy in use in the Queen's chapel of St. Martin, and though a bigoted ritualist in heart, managed to sink the missionary in the courtier for fear of giving offence to his royal converts. It was only when brought face to face with British bishops that his inflexible obstinacy manifested itself. He had already communicated the difficulty to his master, Gregory, who in a characteristic letter, which does honour to his Christian feeling, advised him to conciliate the British bishops—not to adopt their liturgy if he felt he could not, nor to force the Roman upon them against their consciences.



but out of the four great liturgies in use to select the best portions and form a new one—an Anglican liturgy for the Anglican Church. That was the advice of a noble liberal mind, who looked more to the spirit of worship than the mere form, and had Augustine obeyed this injunction there can be but little question that the dissensions which scandalized the Church in Britain through him would never have arisen. A meeting, however, was convened, and took place somewhere in Gloucestershire, near Austcliffe, under a tree, thenceforth called St. Augustine's oak, when for the first time the British bishops met the Roman missionary. The manner of Augustine was that of a haughty condescension—he invited them in a similar strain to join themselves with him in converting the Saxons, and this invitation was given in the manner of a reproach, justly due, perhaps, but not properly administered. He then stipulated, in direct antagonism to Gregory's advice, that as a condition of union they should at once abandon the liturgy they had been using for centuries, and certain other practices which were different from the Roman ritual. The British bishops were indignant and inflexible. They were the representatives of that old Church which had converted the Highlands and Western Isles, which had sent out missionaries in the very year 565, when Gregory failed in his endeavour to come to England himself; they were willing to join the new-comers on fair and mutual terms, but were determined neither to be patronized nor dictated to by one who was only an equal, and, after all, a stranger. They declined the proposition, and Augustine lost his temper and broke out into a volley of reproaches. It has been said, and is recorded in Bede, that they arranged to decide the matter by a miracle—a blind man was produced, and the British bishops first prayed, but ineffectually, for the restoration of his sight. Augustine then implored the Divine interposition, and his prayer was immediately answered. It is worthy of note, however, that it was a *Saxon* man chosen, and not a Briton, or perhaps the miracle might have been wrought on the other side. But the whole incident is beyond all question

an interpolation, for we find this meeting was adjourned and another arranged for the final decision, which certainly in that age would not have been done in the face of a Divine interposition such as the one recorded. In the meantime seven British bishops consulted a well-known hermit as to what they were to do. He advised them if they found Augustine to be a man of God to accept him as their head. They then asked how they were to be sure of this, and the hermit replied, "If he is meek and lowly of heart you may believe that he has taken upon him the yoke of Christ and offers the same to you; but if he is stern and haughty, then it appears that he is not of God, and you are not to regard his words." This man finally suggested that they should allow Augustine to be first at the place of meeting, and if he arose and greeted them kindly when they presented themselves, they should meet him in the same spirit of concession. It was done; they advanced to the interview bent upon following the advice of this wise recluse, but as they drew near they found Augustine sitting in a chair, which position he still maintained when they presented themselves, and, to make matters worse, he received them with coldness. In the conversation which ensued, and which was conducted by Augustine in the spirit of controversy, the British bishops reproached him with pride and harshness. Augustine merely responded that if they would abandon their obnoxious practices he would still receive them, when they at once declared that they would not do so, nor would they acknowledge him as their head, for, said they among themselves, "if he will not now rise up to us how much more will he despise us when we are under his subjection." Augustine again lost his temper, and declared in a threatening manner that if they would not join with him in the conversion of the Saxons as friends, the Saxons as enemies should wreak out upon them the vengeance of death. So ended the controversy. Augustine returned to Canterbury, embittered against the British bishops, who in turn went their own way and worshipped God in their own manner. Time alone brought union, but it was

not until sixty years after the death of Augustine that the British Church joined the Roman by virtue of a reconciliation effected under Archbishop Theodore.

We have dwelt thus fully upon the mission of Augustine—we repeat, not from a wish to detract in the slightest measure from the greatness of its work, or its value in the history of the Church, but only to maintain what we have already laboured to show, that the Church in this country was not founded by Augustine any more than the kingdom itself was founded by William the Conqueror. To deny the truth of this, in mere wanton opposition as many do, is a folly too great to demand the least notice: to attempt to upset it, as an historical fact, is to attempt to subvert the testimony of the fathers, the ecclesiastical history of the Christian Church, and the national history of the country for five centuries. If it were possible to obliterate the works of the early fathers, the history of the great Western Councils, and that of the country for this period, the Roman foundation of the English Church might be made tenable, but until this be done an impartial reader of history must come to the conclusion we have already mentioned, and which we venture to repeat—that the English Church was one of those foundations made in different parts of the world by the Apostles themselves, like the Eastern, the Alexandrian, and others which, in process of time, became amalgamated with that of Rome, submitted to her teachings, were permeated with her errors, and shared her corruptions. We see also that one of the greatest errors committed by Protestants, when defending their Church, is the speaking of it as a new Church, and the claiming for it, as a starting-point, the period of the Reformation, when it inaugurated a new and totally different order of things. We reiterate once more, and urge it seriously upon the consideration of every honest mind, that the Reformation, as regards the English Church, was not the inauguration of a new thing, but the return to an older system—a return from the corruptions of a mighty institution, whose great aim was political power, to the purity of that Apostolic wor-

ship which had been maintained in England in a Church founded long ages before the propagation of Papal supremacy, the invocation of saints, the adoration of relics, or any of those many interpolations made by Romanism into Christianity, and under which she buried the vital elements of her faith—a Church founded when Jesus Christ was the *only* Mediator between God and man, and the Virgin Mary, though cherished with proper reverence, had not yet been set up as the goddess of a semi-idolatrous Christianity.

We now resume the thread of history more immediately connected with Glastonbury Abbey. That Augustine ever visited Glastonbury in person there is not much direct evidence, but a strong probability. At the time of his visit the Abbey was a spot renowned in the Church, and visited continually by pilgrims from foreign parts. We have already seen that he went as far as Gloucestershire, and it seems but natural to suppose that when only a few miles distant from this renowned Abbey he should make it the object of a pious visit—he, the great missionary of Christianity to this most celebrated Christian institution in the country. It is also probable from the fact that Paulinus is mentioned as being an inmate of Glastonbury Abbey, probably sent or left there by Augustine himself, for the purpose of establishing the modified form of the Benedictine rule which obtained there just at this period. John of Glastonbury mentions positively that he was there as a monk before his translation to York, and the probability is heightened when we reflect that he came to this country in the year 601, in company with Mellitus, Justus, and Rufinianus, sent by Gregory as auxiliaries to Augustine in reply to his own request for aid. Three years after Mellitus was made Bishop of London—that is, of the East Saxons, and Justus Bishop of Rochester. Rufinianus was given the abbacy of Augustine's monastery, but it was not until 625, twenty-one years after his arrival, that Paulinus was made Archbishop of York, and in the absence of other testimony as to his occupation in the country, and as he does not figure elsewhere, it is not unreasonable to accept this state-

ment of John of Glastonbury, who must have had it from the earlier chronicler, William of Malmesbury, that during this time Paulinus was engaged in establishing the new rule of life at Glastonbury Abbey. The point, however, is not vitally important; the historical fact is indisputable—that nearly all the monasteries in England adopted at this time the Benedictine rule, and Glastonbury Abbey in particular. It will be necessary here, before resuming the history of its direct line of abbots, to delineate the position of the Abbey as regards the political history of the times.

The Saxons, as they gradually took possession of the country, apportioned it amongst themselves, or rather that apportionment came naturally—each invader seizing the tract of country he had won, and establishing himself in it as king. Hence arose the Saxon Heptarchy, one of the most distinguished portions of which was Wessex, the kingdom of the West Saxons, in the very heart of which stood Glastonbury Abbey, subject, therefore, as regards civil obligations, to the king of those dominions. The West Saxons appear to have been a superior class of men, and they evinced their superiority by ultimately absorbing the whole Heptarchy into their dominions under the West Saxon, Egbert. They were more disposed to religion than their brethren, and long before their compatriots of Kent had heard of the Gospel they had their bishops, their churches, their monks, and their Glastonbury Abbey. The West Saxon monarchs too were devoted to the Church, and testified their devotion in the true Apostolic manner, as we shall presently see, for just as in the earliest age of Christianity we are told that converts to the faith sold their lands and possessions and laid the money at the Apostles' feet, so we shall find these West Saxon monarchs, in continued succession, gave those lands and privileges to Glastonbury Abbey which formed the basis of that fabulous wealth to which in subsequent centuries it attained. There was a strong nationality about the West Saxon Church, one expression of which we shall notice presently, as it still lives amongst us as an immortal evidence of its power—it was the

Church of the country, built up by the devotion and toil of the natives, and they loved it as a thing which was theirs, just like the soil; under its shadow they were born, around it they lived, and in its sanctuaries were the bones of their fathers. No wonder then that Augustine, when he expected instant submission, was received with stolid independence. It was the first expression of strong national feeling—a feeling which often manifested itself ecclesiastically long after the amalgamation of the Church with Rome, bursting out in all its vigour in the sixteenth century, and which manifested itself politically in the long struggle which ensued under the Norman invasion and rule. The men of the west of England ought still to feel a pride in the fact that it was amongst them Christianity was first planted—that it was a West of England king who, first of the Saxons, acquired the whole dominion of the country, and that it was in the west of England the struggle was maintained longest, not only against the Danes on the field of battle, but against the Normans in the language, literature, and manners of the country.

From the time of the Augustinian mission to the year 670, three Abbots ruled over Glastonbury Abbey—*Worgret*, to whom the King of Devonshire granted a charter of lands, *Lalemund* and *Bregoret*; but though nothing of any consequence took place as regards the abbey itself, yet it was a period pregnant with important events as regards the Church. One especially deserves notice, as it has been made the ground of a foul charge against the memory of Augustine. It will be remembered that his last words to the British bishops were words of anger, to the intent that if they would not unite with the Roman missionaries in the conversion of the Saxons, the day would come when the Saxons would be a vengeance of death upon them. Whether uttered as a menace or in the spirit of prophecy it is impossible to tell, but, in any case, it fell out as he had predicted. The monastery of Bancornburg, in Wales, now called Bangor Iscoed, in Flintshire, was one of the most renowned in Britain; it was divided into seven parts, each of which contained about three hun-

dred monks, presided over by a superior, who was in turn subject to the abbot. Ten or twelve years after the death of Augustine, Ethelfrith, King of Northumbria, a pagan, made an invasion into Wales, and when about to give battle to the enemy, observed, in a retired spot, a large number of monks engaged in prayer and guarded by soldiery. Upon inquiring who they were, he was told they were priests from the monastery of Bangor, praying for the safety of their countrymen. He ordered them to be attacked first—"For," said he, "if they cry to their God against us, though they do not bear arms, yet they fight against us because they oppose us by their prayers." A fierce onslaught was made upon these poor devoted monks, when Brocmail, the knight who commanded the soldiers appointed to defend them, fled, and, according to Bede, about twelve hundred defenceless monks were put to the sword, fifty only escaping in the confusion of the fight. A false charge has been very loosely made against Augustine, of having connived at this act; and certainly the language injudiciously used by him at his final interview with the British bishops would lend some faint probability to it were it not for the fact that although the exact year of this massacre is not known, yet the most reliable authorities place it some time after the death of Augustine—the Saxon Chronicle fixes it in the year 607; and Archbishop Usher still later, in 613. Augustine was a proud man and a haughty churchman, but these were the human failings of an otherwise good and true Christian, who would have shrunk with horror from such a crime as this.

To Bregoret succeeded *Berthwald* as Abbot of Glastonbury, and in the year 670 Kenwalth, King of the West Saxons, the seventh from Cardic, gave to the monastery eleven hides of land at Ferrane, together with Westei, now called West-Hay, Godenie, or God's Island, now called Godney, Martynesia, and Andreysie. After presiding over the monastery for ten years, Abbot Berthwald was elevated to the archbishopric of Canterbury, then vacant by the death of Theodore; he was, therefore, the fifth archbishop from Augustine. In the meantime, Kenwalth, King of the

West Saxons, had died, and Sexburga, his widow, reigned one year, and was followed by Estiom, who reigned three years, and was succeeded by Kentwyn, who, upon the promotion of Abbot Berthwald to the dignity of the episcopal throne of Canterbury, appointed *Hemigsel* Abbot in the year 678 or 680, who was recommended to him by the monks and by Hedde, the Bishop of the West Saxons, as a fitting person, both from his learning and manner of life. Soon afterwards Kentwyn bestowed upon the monastery the privilege of choosing and constituting their own governor according to the rule of St. Benedict, a custom which it seems had lapsed to the hands of the king. He also gave to Abbot Hemigsel several hides of land, amongst which Westmuncaston may be recognised as the modern Wincanton, Carie, now Castle Cary, and three hides at Crucan. "These have I bestowed," says this pious monarch, "for the support of the regular life at Glastonbury, being moved to it by Divine fear." After his death, Kentwyn was buried at Glastonbury Abbey, in one of the pyramids in the Monks' Churchyard already mentioned. In the first chapter of this history, the inscriptions on these pyramids, such as were visible to the eyes of William of Malmesbury in the reign of Stephen, were quoted, and we will endeavour to recognise them as we go on. Upon reference it will be found that in the fifth story of the tallest pyramid the word "*WESLIELAS*" was legible. This in all probability was the name of the monk found there by St. Patrick, who assisted him in his investigation as to the state of the Church on the Tor, and who was mentioned in the Charter of St. Patrick, quoted in the second chapter as "*Brother Wellias*." Hedde, the Bishop of the West Saxons, was evidently buried here also, as on the other pyramid we find mentioned the inscription, "*HEDDE EPISCOPUS*." The inscription "*LOGVVOR SVVLEVES and WEMCRETE*" are the names of others of the monks found by St. Patrick at Avalonia, and whose names have been already quoted as mentioned by him in his Charter—viz., Loyor, Selwes, and Wencreth. BREGORED, too, was the abbot who succeeded Lalemund. Another con-

firmation of recorded event is to be found in these pyramids, and aptly illustrates the immense value which we have been endeavouring to claim for monumental history. There occurs the word "EANFLEDE;" this was the name of a daughter of Edwin, king of Northumbria, who died abbess of a monastery, and being inscribed upon this pyramid at Glastonbury Abbey, conceals a whole episode of history which we shall endeavour to elucidate.\* About the year 625 the kingdom of Northumbria was ruled over by Edwin, a pagan. He being desirous of allying himself with the King of Kent, sent to demand the hand of Ethelburga, daughter of Bertha, the first Christian queen, in marriage. Eadbald, her brother, refused consent unless she could be allowed to follow the worship of her religion, when a similar arrangement was made as in the case of her mother's marriage with Ethelbert, and on this occasion Paulinus was sent for from Glastonbury Abbey, made bishop, and despatched with her to the north. The circumstances of his mission career are romantic. He resolved upon converting the King and Court. He found Edwin a very firm, obstinate character, who tolerated the presence of Christianity, but declined to be converted. It appears that in early life he had been banished, and lived in exile at a neighbouring court. Whilst staying there his host received an offer of a bribe to murder his guest. Edwin one evening, pondering over this danger, which had been told him, wandered out in the night, afraid to remain in the house; he was visited by a mysterious stranger in a garb he had never before seen. This stranger asked him what he would give if he were to restore him to his kingdom in safety? Edwin replied that he would give him anything he wished. The stranger then asked him if, after he was restored, he should appear to him, and show him what was necessary to be done, both for his glory

and the salvation of his soul, would he follow his advice? Edwin consented, and the stranger placing his hands upon the young prince's head, said, remember this sign, and departed. Paulinus, it appears, had heard of this mysterious vision, and as Edwin still hesitated about throwing off his idolatry, he resolved upon using it as a last means. It is quite clear that the conversation of Paulinus had made a great impression upon the King, who was often to be seen wandering about revolving the question in his mind. The circumstances predicted by the mysterious visitor had all been verified—he was safe on his throne and victorious over his enemies; and Paulinus, actuated, as those great men were, by the utmost anxiety for the conversion of the heathen, condescended to avail himself of stratagem. An opportunity soon presented itself. Edwin was seen sitting by himself, wrapped in anxious thought, when Paulinus, stepping gently up to him, placed his hands upon his head, and asked him if he remembered that sign. The suddenness of the appeal at such a moment overwhelmed Edwin, who trembled before Paulinus, yielded up the struggle, summoned the Witan or great council, and proclaimed himself a Christian. To his great astonishment, his own chief priest, Coifi, arose and declared to the assembled sages that he had long been convinced of the emptiness of idolatry, and thought that this new religion was the only true one. The nation soon followed. Previous to this consummation, Queen Ethelburga had given birth to a daughter, who was called Eanfleda, and whom the King, at the instigation of Paulinus, gave to him to be dedicated wholly to Christ, as a pledge that he would become a Christian if victorious in a war he was about to undertake. Victory ensued, but Edwin still vacillated, until brought to subjection by the stratagem of the good bishop. Eanfleda ultimately became Abbess of Whitby, and the

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\* It has often been a subject of much cavil that Glastonbury Abbey is claimed by its historians as the resting place of many celebrities who were known to be buried elsewhere. William of Malmesbury tells us, in his *Hist. Glaston.*, that, during the ravages of the Danes, relics and bones, coffins and treasures, were brought from all parts and deposited at Glastonbury for safety—the bones, &c., were deposited in shrines, and the bodies buried, and gradually the names of these kings and saints became associated with the abbey itself.

record of her name upon the pyramid at Glastonbury associates her with that monastery through her being baptized and consecrated to the service of God by one of the greatest missionaries who has issued from Glastonbury Abbey.

In the year 681 Baldred, King of Cantia, gave to the Abbey of Glastonbury Pennard, which still bears its name, sixteen hides of land at Logpores Beorh, and a fishery at Pedride. Bishop Hedde also gave six hides of land at Lantocroacy, now Leigh, which donation was attested by King Cedwall, who, though a pagan, made with his own hand the mark of the cross of Christ, used in that early age as the substitute for signatures.

This brings us down to the close of the seventh century, when a man ascended the throne of the West Saxons who was destined to help on the struggling Christians, and do more for the Abbey of Glastonbury than any monarch who had preceded him. This man was Ina, who succeeded Cedwall about six years before the death of Abbot Hemigsel; but during that six years he gave to Glastonbury Abbey ten hides of land at Brent (which still bears its name) and a new charter, relieving them from civil liabilities, in order, as it said, that "absque tributo fiscalium negotiorum liberis mentibus soli Deo serviant." *Berwald*, upon the death of Hemigsel, succeeded to the abbacy, and his rule was ushered in by more royal gifts from Ina, who bestowed upwards of a hundred hides of land upon him, amongst which may be recognised the still retained names of Doulting, Pilton, the island of Wedmoor, and Clewer. *Albert* succeeded *Berwald* in the year 712, to whom *Forthere*, Bishop of the West Saxons, gave one hide of land at Blednie (now Bleadney). His abbacy was of short duration, for we find in the year 719 *Echfrid* seated in the abbatial chair, to whom Ina still made other grants of land. The generosity of this monarch is the subject of much well-deserved laudation. There can be no doubt his influence was more effective than that of any other man then living in helping on the young Church, and we shall now

proceed to describe the two principal acts of his life, the result of one of which still exists amongst us.

Three churches had sprung up at Avalonia—there was the old rude edifice, the first planting enlarged and improved; the one built by St. David in honour of St. Mary, to the east of the old church, and there was one which had been erected by a band of monks who had come from the North, and joined the Avalonian Christians shortly after the visit of St. David. To this cluster, the nucleus of the future monastery, King Ina resolved upon adding another, larger and more splendid than the rest, in honour of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and for the soul of his brother Mollo, whom the Kentish men had burned at Canterbury. A splendid church was then erected towards the east of all the rest. The interior of the chapel was decorated with a profusion of gold and silver, and all the sacred vessels were of the same costly material. The altar contained 264 lbs. weight of gold, the chalice and paten, the censer, were of gold; the candlesticks were of silver. The covers of the books of the Gospel, we are told, were bound in 20 lbs. weight of gold. The basins, and vessel for holy water, were of silver and gold. The images of our Lord, St. Mary, and the twelve Apostles were of solid gold, and the altar-cloth and priestly vestments were interwoven with gold and precious stones. On the upper cornice of the church was an inscription in Latin verse,\* of which the following is an ancient version:—

"The lofty summits that fair Sion grace,  
Cedars of Lebanon, to none give place.  
The world's great lights, the spacious  
gifts of Heaven,  
To the blest Apostles Paul and Peter  
given,  
Who from their radiant stations both  
dispense  
The thunder and the lightning eloquence.  
In learning Peter, and in preaching Paul,  
This guides to Heaven which that opens  
for all.  
This, by his doctrine, t'other by his keys:  
Paul is the way, Peter the gate of bliss.  
The builder one—one the foundation  
laid;  
Both have the temple and the altar made.

\* *Johan Glaston. Hist.*; quoted also in Camden, Dugdale, and Sammes.

England rejoice! eternal life from Rome  
And light of faith, to Glassenbury's  
come;

Against the foe two fortresses appear,  
Which the world's Head, as towers of  
faith, plants here.

And pious Ina, fired with love to God,  
This deathless blessing on his realm  
bestowed.

Virtue and goodness all his thoughts  
possessed—

The Church's old revenues he increased.  
Our great Melchisedek, our King and  
Priest,

Who, equal care both of the Church and  
State,

To priests and princes, an example set.  
In Heaven his works their just reward  
receive,

And here his worthy praise shall ever  
live."

In addition to building this magnificent church, he granted to the monks of Glastonbury a totally new charter, confirming all his and former grants to them. He then went to Rome and personally begged the Pope to take the church of Glastonbury into the protection of the Holy See, and confirm it by apostolic authority. The Pope consented, and Ina returned in triumph to Britain with the Papal Bull.\* We now advance to the description of the other act which has perpetuated his name and merits even more effectually than the gorgeous church at Glastonbury, which has long since disappeared, and which will probably perpetuate his name as long as the country exists.

The history of the city of Wells goes back far into the past, until it fades away in the darkness of the most remote antiquity. It must have existed long before Ina, because in his time it was known as a spot of public resort through the fame of the springs from which it takes its name. Cradled in a perfect basin formed by a circle of hills which sheltered it, and Glastonbury its holy neighbour, like a landguard of giants, it lay far back in these remote times, just as now, shut out from the noisy world of life which lies beyond it, nestling at the feet of its protecting hills, and surrounded by a perfect garden of natural beauty. It has been known in ancient times by the names Tethiscine, Tudingtone, Tid-

ington, Theodorodunum, Fonticuli, Fontaneum, Wielea, Welwe—the native characteristics of the place struggling bravely through all the difficulties of etymology until it emerged victorious in its modern name, Wells. It is essentially a place of the past, of the remote past: the spirits of the mighty dead haunt the spot and forbid the approach of the desecrating living. Its grand cathedral, standing proudly in its historic glory, and with the evidence of that glory upon its brow, has frowned back all modern advances, and maintained the church-like solemnity of the spot. Two rashly-speculative railway companies have tried to carry the Present into that valley of repose, but to little purpose, for the splash of its fountain may be heard in its few deserted streets at noon-day; the echo of the cathedral organ haunts the air, and its quietude, broken only by the ripple of a stream of limpid water which courses through its streets on either side, is as great as in the bygone days of the renowned West Saxon king who, attracted to the spot by its natural beauty and salubrious fame, performed that act which has made it immortal in the annals of the Church.

We have seen it was an age when men who could do so gave substantial expression to their piety; and Ina having visited this renowned spot, and probably having been cured or benefited by its waters, resolved upon leaving behind him some testimony of his gratitude. For this purpose he erected a church dedicated to Saint Andrew, and devoted it to instruction—a collegiate church; and in that state it remained until the reign of Kinewulph, who enriched it by a grant of eleven farms for the support of the clergy there established. It continued its quiet work until the year 905, when Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, having consecrated several new bishops, one of them was appointed to Ina's College at Wells, whose name was Athelm, the first bishop of whom there is any clear record, although this extraordinary passage in the charter of Ina to Glastonbury Abbey would seem to imply that it had been made a bishop-

\* Wide Appendix to Dugdale's Monasticon.

ric even in his day :—"Moreover, let the aforesaid bishop be mindful every year, with his clerks that are at Wells, to acknowledge his mother church of Glastonbury with litanies on the second day of our Lord's ascension." However this may be, its authentic history as a bishopric can only be traced to the reign of Edward the Elder, who converted it, with other collegiate churches, into cathedrals, and made Athelm its first bishop, who was ultimately elevated to the episcopal throne of Canterbury. Six centuries rolled by, during which the cathedral went through all the varied fortunes which chequered the career of the Christian Church in this country. After the Norman invasion, a new element was introduced into the life of England. The old Saxon abbots, bishops, priests, and nobles were displaced to make room for a new and alien race, which threatened, as it marched over the bosom of the country, to extinguish not only Saxon dignities, but the Saxon tongue, and even the Saxon race itself. The country seemed to be given up, not merely to victory, but to actual extermination. A struggle ensued between the two races, which went on for two or three centuries, waged with much bitterness and animosity. The conflict did not end on the field of Hastings; the spirit of the dead Harold fought still against the Normans, only the scene of struggle was transferred and the weapons changed. It was waged in the baronial hall, where the light, polished Gallic tongue struggled bravely with the terse, vigorous, rugged Saxon; in the castle yard, where the ruddy churl and the Norman villein quarrelled over their cups about the prowess of their respective lords; in the tournament and joust lists, where Saxon chivalry bore up still against Norman pride; amongst the guests who looked on, and watched with breathless interest the crest of some Norman knight borne down by the vigorous arm of a Saxon hero; at the Court, in the Church, all over the country was this prolonged struggle maintained, until time softened its asperity, by assimilating, as it were, the combatants with each other. However, William of Malmesbury, who wrote so late as the reign of Stephen, has put it upon record that "England has become the

residence of foreigners and the property of strangers; at the present time (1145) there is no Englishman either earl, bishop, or abbot; strangers all, they prey upon the vitals of England, nor is there any hope of a termination of this misery." But at the opening of the thirteenth century there was a great revival of national feeling in the west of England, chiefly through the appointment of one Jocelyn Trotman, a native of Wells, and therefore an Anglo-Saxon, to the bishopric of that place. As matters then stood, this was a signal victory, and caused great rejoicing. The new bishop at once set to work, and first of all rebuilt the old church almost entirely; in fact, as it now stands it is the work of that man. But it presented, too, a glorious opportunity for the expression of the national feeling, then exultant; a bold, outspoken protest against Norman aggression in the very face of the Normans themselves—a protest which should outlive them and their power, and plead the cause of the Anglo-Saxon to every succeeding generation. This was the sole object of the whole system of that elaborate decoration which has immortalized the west front of Wells Cathedral through all ages and times; a grand object, grandly executed, as we shall see. There are many cathedrals of larger area, many more floridly embellished, but not one which speaks so loudly of a glorious past as that of Wells. It is the outpouring of the pent-up feelings of a brave people, subjected, but not conquered; a feeling which has ever been the characteristic of the race. It has been the continual lamentation of all hostile commanders that the British could never be brought to know when they were beaten. That was exactly the spirit in which this great sculptured protest against Norman power was set up to the light of day, to the wonderment and admiration of all subsequent generations. Two great men have left on record their testimony to its beauties, Fuller and Flaxman. The quaint old Fuller says—"The west front of Wells is a masterpiece of art, and made of imagery in just proportion, so that we may call them '*vera et spirantia signa*.' England affordeth not the like; for the west end of Exeter beginneth accordingly, but it



doth not, like Wells, persevere to the end thereof.\* Flaxman deduces very reasonably from this work of art that England was more advanced than many other parts of Europe. He says—"It is remarkable that Wells Cathedral was finished in 1242, two years after the birth of Cimabue, the restorer of painting in Italy, and the work was going on at the same time that Nicholas Pisano, the Italian restorer of sculpture, exercised his art in his country. It was finished forty-eight years before the Cathedral of Orvieto was begun, and therefore seems to be the earliest specimen of such magnificent and varied sculpture, united in a series of sacred history, that is to be found in Western Europe."

It was a great achievement, a lasting record of ecclesiastical, political, and biblical event, and remains now to us as the most valuable specimen of monumental history which the kingdom possesses. It contained upwards of six hundred sculptured figures, varying from two to eight feet in height, which, for the most part, still remain, and are in a marvellous state of preservation. We may form some conception of its merit as a national achievement, when we reflect that this work, done by the hands of those poor pious monks, the patient unencouraged work of years, contained just the same number of figures in its external decoration as did the Pantheon at Athens, the achievement of Phidias.

Let the spectator stand in the centre of the green before the west front of Wells cathedral as it is now, and he perceives at once that the whole mass of decoration is arranged upon a perfect plan. The figures may be taken in rows running from left to right, and of those rows counting from the basement to the summit, there are nine, each of which contains subjects of a certain class, as we shall see. They are then arranged also into two grand subdivisions. Taken in columns, that is running in lines from the bottom to the top, all the statues on the right hand side of the central door, and therefore towards the south, are spiritual in their character. The south was always the location for spiritualities in Christian art, and so here will be

found abbots, bishops, priests, &c. ; whilst on the left hand or northern side of the central entrance, running the eye up from the bottom to the summit, the figures are all of a temporal character, kings, queens, knights, &c. But the grand teaching of the whole is in the prominence given to the Saxon immortals whilst the Norman and Plantagenet dignitaries are chiefly crowded away from the front view behind the north-western tower. An old Saxon bishop or martyr was set up boldly in his niche in the front where all the world might see him, but when they came upon a Norman, it was a struggle between piety and pride, and terminated always in his being located out of Saxon company; they were willing to recognise his merits, but they placed him in a retired north-westerly position; the west front was the upper heaven of the Saxons. We will now proceed to give a description of this marvellous page of petrified history, commencing at the top or summit where it terminates as it were in a point between the two great towers. The point of this apex contained only three figures, which represented our Saviour in the middle, having on one side the Virgin, and on the other John the Baptist: they have however been removed, and it is said, by the iconoclasts who ravaged the country during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The second row contains the twelve Apostles in the following order, from left to right—

Peter.	Andrew.
Matthew.	Philip.
Thomas.	Bartholomew.
Simon.	James the Less.
James.	Thaddeus.
John.	Matthias.

This band of Apostles is complete, still, each one distinguished by his appropriate emblem; the statues are eight feet in height.

The third row from the summit consists of fifteen angels, the hierarchy of Heaven, nine of whom standing immediately under the Apostles, appear to be blowing the last trump. These are all complete. This brings us down to the point where the two towers join the main body of the building, and from this

point the rows of figures run across the whole breadth of the front.

The fourth consists of an allegorical representation of the day of Resurrection, in ninety-two separate pieces of sculpture, containing about 150 statues, four feet in height. The subjects are represented as lifting up their tombstones, and rising from their graves in every attitude; some rejoicing to be free from the bonds of death, others cowering away out of sight; some on their knees giving thanks, and looking up towards Heaven, others prostrating themselves, wringing their hands, in every attitude of despair. One peculiarity is remarkable, each body wears its distinguishing mark of rank, such as the kings and queens, their crowns, the bishop his mitre, whilst with gloomy satire, the bodies are all naked, as if to represent the emptiness and folly of all worldly distinction. The truthful simplicity of this sculpture has elicited the admiration of experienced artists, and it is the more remarkable that that simplicity should be found, inasmuch as they were executed at a time when art was in its decadence, and loved to represent these subjects especially with exaggeration amounting almost to caricature; true indication of degeneracy in every species of art, whether of the chisel, the paint brush, or the pen.

The fifth and sixth rows consist of 126 niches filled with the figures of kings, queens, princes, abbots, bishops, priests, martyrs, nobles, all who in any way contributed towards the advancement of Christianity, and the welfare of the Church; with the exception of ten or twelve all these figures are distinctly visible. Amongst those in the fifth row are—

Johannes Scotus.	Edgiva.
Thurketul.	Edgitha.
St. Dunstan.	Edward the Elder.
St. Elphege.	Edfreda.
Grumbald.	Wulfhelm.
Ethelward.	Kyneward.
Ethelfleda.	Brithelm.
St. Neot.	Sigar.
Earl of Mercia.	Alwyn.
Alfred.	Burwold.
Gothrum.	Ethelwyn.
Otho.	Brithwyn.
Charles the Simple.	Merewint.
Athelstan.	Leovingus.
Elgiva.	Dudoc.
Hugh.	Giso.
Ethelda.	Villala.

In the sixth are—

Harold.	Ethelburga.
Edmund Ironsides.	Ina.
Edgitha.	Aldhelm.
Edred.	Forthere.
Hardicanute.	Athelelm.
Harold I.	Ethelmod.
Guma.	Denefrith.
Osburga.	Wilbert.
Canute.	Ealstan.
Ethelred.	Wulfalm.
Edmund.	Headmund.
Edward the Martyr.	Asser.
Edwy.	Etheleage.
Ethelred.	Alfry.
Ethelbert.	Sythelm.
Edgar.	Ethelwean.
Ethelbald.	Fitz Jocelyn Reg.
Ethelwolf.	Robert.
Egbert.	Savaric.

In the tier below No. 7 are forty-eight illustrations from the Old and New Testament, many of which are quite perfect and distinct. The centre-piece over the great western door is the coronation of the Virgin, placed here because it was just about that period when the Virgin Mary was made an object of worship, and Jocelyn is said to have been the first bishop who introduced it into Wells Cathedral. From the right of this western door and extending towards the south, are all Old Testament subjects, such as "The Creation of Man," "The Garden of Eden," "The Temptation," "The Almighty in the Garden," "Adam and Eve labouring," "Cain's Sacrifice," "The Sentence," "Noah building the Ark," "The Sacrifice on Ararat," "Isaac and Rebecca," "Isaac's Blessing," and "The Death of Jacob." From the left of the western door, and extending towards the north, are the New Testament subjects, amongst which are plainly visible—"St. John the Baptist," "The Nativity," "The mission of the Apostles," "Christ in the Wilderness," "Christ Preaching," "The Anointing," and "The Transfiguration." In the eighth are thirty-two quatrefoils, in which are winged angels coming down from the heavens holding out mitres, crowns, and scrolls—probably symbolical of the temporal and eternal rewards given to Christians. In the ninth, or last row, there are sixty-two niches, nearly all of which are, alas! empty, having been wantonly destroyed by the iconoclasts, both of the Reformation and of the sacrilegious hands of the

Cromwell, who stabled his horses in this very cathedral. They are said to have contained once the figures of the Prophets and earliest missionaries of the Gospel; but round the north-west corner the figures are in a better state of preservation, and in this retired limbo to which the Saxons assigned what did not especially belong to them, we find the very fact which we have been urging all along petrified before us—well understood then and evidently well appreciated—that the Augustinian mission was, in point of historical importance, a subsidiary and secondary one. By virtue of this, we find placed away from the west front—the position of chief glory—all the heroes of the Augustine period. There is Augustine himself, holding the pallium; Liudhard the Bishop, Bertha, Ethelburga, and St. Birinus, who preached amongst the West Saxons, recognisable from his holding in his hands the corporalia, or elements of the sacrament, the badge by which he may be known in art. No doubt the Augustinians in those days wished to persuade the Normans that the whole country was indebted to them for its Christianity, and it was a theory likely to be embraced by the Normans as tending to depress Saxon independence; but the Saxons knew the truth, and consequently, in the iconography of Wells Cathedral the representatives of the Augustinian Church were placed behind the north tower, away from that galaxy of piety, some of whom had flourished and died long before *they* had set a foot on the island, and, therefore, were justly elevated to the place of honour. A hint has been thrown out that Wells Cathedral is a glorious *Te Deum* of praise. It is not impossible that the representation of the aspirations of the *Te Deum* may have entered into the design of the decorator, or, at any rate, that the leading points in that magnificent hymn of St. Ambrose should be delineated—if this really were so, it is impossible to ascertain; but if we examine it we shall be astonished to find that not only are the principal incidents of the *Te Deum* represented, but that the whole spirit of praise which pervades it, pervades also this marvellous sculpture. Let us try it. The work

was begun, no doubt, with the chanting of that song, then and now, for the inauguration or completion of great undertakings, the favourite of Christendom: "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." It was in this spirit, and to illustrate this faith, the building was erected, and the work of embellishment undertaken. Let us examine the decoration in the reverse order to that in which we have described them. The first row, beginning from the bottom or basement of the cathedral, originally contained the earliest missionaries of the Gospel, together with the four greater and twelve minor Prophets—that was the expression of the sentence, "The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee." The second row contains angels ascending and descending; its burden, therefore, is, "To Thee all angels cry aloud; the Heavens and all the powers therein." In the third row, immediately over the great western doorway, is a grand and elaborate display of the coronation of the Virgin, which recalls, "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb." The fourth and fifth rows, which contain all the nobles of the Church—kings, queens, bishops, priests, martyrs, and saints—may be the expression of the verse, "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory. The noble army of martyrs praise Thee. The whole Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee." In the sixth, where the Resurrection is displayed, we have the declaration, "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers." The seventh gives us the hierarchy of angels, with this—"To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth." Above these, in the eighth row, are the twelve Apostles—"The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee;" and then, mounting to a climax in the representation of Christ himself, we have "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father." The continued uses of the cathedral were the expression of "Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy

name ever, world without end ;" and doubtless, the prayer was often put up during the labour of its perfection, "We therefore pray Thee help thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood : make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting." So that in its construction, its edification, and its decoration, this noble building was nothing but a magnificent *Te Deum* of praise offered to the Almighty.

Such is the west front of Wells Cathedral, the work of an age which we moderns are apt to speak of as dark and ignorant, but with which we compete in vain, either as regards artistic conception or execution. It is but another confirmation of Apostolic teaching—"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." It was in an age when the world was what we sometimes call foolish that these mighty cathedrals were built all over Europe, and God was honoured, as he has never since been, with the choicest and best productions of human skill, and the first-fruits of human effort ; but now the world has grown old and garrulous, views things by the light of rational interpretation, reasons round and round the circle in weary gyrations, to find where it begins and where it terminates, till its brain has grown giddy, and it reels and staggers like one drunken with wine. Surely if at any time it were true that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, the wisdom of the world as it is at present, with its imbecile objections and childish expostulation with revealed truth, must, in the eyes of God, seem foolishness indeed. It was a grand and noble devotion, that mania which possessed men in those times for building cathedrals. It was illustrative of the progress of Christianity, and typical of its work in the heart. The building up of a great church is like the building up of the soul. The Divine and human artificer select the spot, mark out the dimensions of the temple, and the workmen commence their labours. It is begun in penitence and prayer, frequently watered by the tears of the labourers, enlivened occasionally by bright gleams of hope, but often overshadowed with the gloom of doubt. It

is a slow work, and has to be maintained against persistent opposition. The workmen rest from their toil, weary and worn, and the enemy comes during their slumber, and with sacrilegious hands tears down the result of their labours ; and thus they continue, building and rebuilding, until by-and-by the pile gradually increases, the towers are to be seen rising boldly in the sky, the pinnacles are placed, the altar is set up in its midst, and the Divine Worship commences. But the work is not yet over. The foundations have to be watched, for the enemy insidiously plots to their injury ; evilspirits creep noiselessly into its most sacred places, and must be exorcised with redoubled labour ; and still, though the temple be complete as regards its superstructure, though the altar is set up in the soul, there must be a continual exercise of watchful and assiduous labour, until the time comes when the soul rests peacefully in the conscious security of its own faith, and the church stands firm upon its deep-laid foundations, no more to be shaken nor assailed ; for as it is absolutely true of the inner temple, the soul, that it can never die, so has it been declared by Truth Himself of the outer temple, the Church, that it shall never be removed.

After granting a charter to Glas-tonbury Abbey, and procuring for it the Papal protection, and soon after establishing the collegiate church at Wells, which ultimately became the great cathedral we have been trying to describe, Ina resigned his crown, went to Rome, and lived in retirement as a Benedictine monk. This he did at the instigation of his wife, Ethelburga, who went with him, and shared his retirement. William of Malmesbury gives a touching account of the last days of this royal couple, who had seen so much worldly glory, and done so much for the Church. He says—"Nor did his Queen, the author of this noble deed, desert him ; but as she had before incited him to undertake it, so afterwards she made it her constant care to soothe him, when sorrowing, by her conversation—to stimulate him, when wavering, by her example ; in short, to neglect nothing that would tend towards his salvation. Thus

united in mutual affection, they in due time went the way of all flesh.”\*

In the year 729, one year after the death of King Ina, *Cengille* was elected to the abbatial chair of Glastonbury, then vacant by the death of *Cechfrid*; *Edelard*, who succeeded to the throne of the West Saxons after Ina's retirement, bestowed several hides of land upon the abbey, as did also his wife, *Fredogipa*. In 744 *Outhred*, who became king after *Edelard*, granted another charter,† confirming all the privileges to the abbey which his predecessors had given. During this monarch's reign *Cumbert* was made abbot, to whom he gave several hides of land, amongst which were ten hides at *Baltensbeorghe*, now known as *Baltonsborough*. In the year 746 *Ethelbald*, King of Mercia, sold to the Abbot of Glastonbury, for 400 shillings, four hides of land at *Jetelig* and *Brandanlegh*. Monarchs who were not ruling over kingdoms in which a monastery was situated, frequently sold lands to them, but at such a price as to be regarded as almost equivalent to a gift. To *Cumbert* succeeded *Tican*, to whom *Sigebert* sold, for fifty shillings in gold, twenty-two hides of land at *Pololtsham*, now well known by the name of *Polsham*. This abbot ruled six years, and was buried in the abbey. Over his tomb was the following inscription:—

“Tumba hæc mirifico fulget fabricata de-  
core  
Desuper exculptum condit sub culmine  
Tican.”

To him succeeded *Guban*, to whom King *Kenulph* gave five hides of land at *Wudeton*, now called *Wootton*. A minister of this king, by name *Ethelard*, gave land also; and a certain venerable lady, *Sulia*, a “servant of Christ,” gave *Culum* and *Cumbe*, which latter place is now *Coombe*. *Waldum* next filled the chair, in 772, to whom *Kenulph* bestowed *Cunctum*, now *Compton*. This abbot ruled the monastery for twenty-two years,

when he was succeeded by *Beadewulf*, in 794, to whom *Offa*, King of the Mercians, gave ten hides of land at *Eswirth*, now *Worth*. In the year 796 Pope *Leo III.* confirmed to the King the liberty of the donation of the monastery of Glastonbury, with all its lands, then amounting to 800 hides, to him and his heirs for ever; yet upon this condition, that the monastery should always continue in its order and establishment.‡ This was the first step towards royal aggression upon the privilege of the monks.

To this abbot succeeded *Cuman*, who only ruled for two years, and was followed by *Mucan*, to whom *Egbert*, then King only of the West Saxons, gave several manses. *Guthlac* followed him in the year 824, and during his abbacy, the glory of the West Saxons mounted to its climax, for, in the year 827, *Egbert*, having conquered the other kingdoms, was declared King of all England, and the Heptarchy ceased to exist. To *Guthlac* succeeded *Elmund*, in the year 851, when King *Ethelwulph*, the successor of *Egbert*, outvied all his predecessors in charity, inasmuch as he is said to have bestowed upon Glastonbury one-tenth of his wealth. Amongst the donations may be recognised *Pennard*, now well known; *Searampton*, now *Shireampton*; *Sowey*, or *Stowey*. *Earl Ethelstan* also gave *Chilton*, which still bears its name, in order that he might be buried in the abbey. *Dicheast*, now *Dicheat*, was given by *Earl Enulph*. In the year 857 *Hereferth* was made abbot, to whom King *Ethelbald*, son of *Ethelwulph*, gave lands and a fishery. *Alfred* the younger, brother of King *Ethelbald*, afterwards *Alfred the Great*, probably having no lands to bestow, gave to the monastery a piece of the wood of the Holy Cross, which he had received from Pope *Martin*. *Ethelbald* reigned two years, died, and was buried at *Schirburne*, now *Sherbourne*, which was one of the two ancient bishop-

\* “Nec deerat tanti dux femina facti, quæ cum antea virum ad hec audendum incitasset, tunc merentem verbis lenire et labantem exemplis erigere, prorsus quod ad salutem ejus spectaret, nihil dimittere. Ita mutua caritate connexi temporibus suis viam hominum ingressi sunt.”—*Gulielm. Malms.*—*De Gestis Regum Anglor.* lib. i. c. 2.

† All these charters may be seen in the Appendix to *Dugdale's Monasticon*.

‡ Appendix, *Dugdale*, vol. ii. Nos. 97 & 98.

rics of the West Saxon kingdom. He had married his father's widow—a custom prevalent in those times to that extent that it became almost an injunction; it was long before even the power of Christianity could suppress this scandal. In fact, the very existence of the Church in Kent was imperilled through Eadbald, son of the first convert, Ethelbert, having married the widow of his father—the people lapsed into idolatry—the bishops fled, and it was only by a miracle which bears strong evidence of being a stratagem, that a reconciliation was effected.

During the abbacy of Hereferth the Danes made an irruption into Britain, and ravaged the whole country. Again the Christian Church suffered, for, during a century and a half, the history of the whole kingdom is a long tale of pillage, warfare, and struggling—the monasteries suffered a great deal, and Glastonbury amongst them. It is said that the numbers diminished as the disturbed state of the country engaged all men's minds, and novices could not be procured—the buildings, too, fell into decay, and gifts were no longer coming in to swell the rent-roll of the abbey. However, the last gifts bestowed upon Glastonbury during this period of trouble were in the abbacy of *Elfric*, who succeeded Hereferth, amongst which we can recognise Wrington, given by Duke Ethelstan upon the occasion of his becoming a monk at Glastonbury, Weston, Foxcote, and Stoke. To him succeeded in 922, *Stiward*, who ill-treated the monks, and was represented in pictures as armed with a scourge. He ruled ten years and was followed by *Aldhun* in 932, during which two abbacies there is no record of gifts or glories in the archives of the monastery, which suffered bitterly from the misfortunes of the country; its old church was nearly deserted, its walls tumbled down, its inmates were dejected, but still lived on, though forgotten by royal favour, which was diverted into another and more worldly channel, for every crown became more insecure than its predecessor; yet it was protected and preserved. Prayer and praise were still offered at its altars by the few devotees who were left, and in course of time that prayer and praise was

answered. There was still an obscure monk praying at its shrines who was destined to ascend the chair after the death of the then Abbot Aldhun—to raise up the tottering abbey, to reform its constitution, to infuse new life into its members, to become the master-spirit of his age, to attain to the highest honours as a statesman and a priest, and to lay the foundation of that spiritual power which competed with royalty, vanquished it, and kept it in subjection at its feet for centuries. That man was Dunstan, whose work in the kingdom and at Glastonbury we shall have next to examine. But at this point it behoves us to just review the three centuries we have gone over.

There can be no question that the Augustinian mission to the shores of Kent gave an impulse to Christianity in the whole kingdom. Whilst contending against the false historical importance which has been accorded to it, we are compelled to admit this as the truth. There had been no good feeling between the ancient British Christians and their Saxon conquerors, and it is not impossible that the reproach of Augustine was in a measure deserved—that they had to a certain extent neglected the conversion of the Saxons, but we must remember also on their side that they had been eye-witnesses to Saxon desolation, that they had seen their monasteries rifled—their treasures stolen, their most holy places given up to ruthless sacrilege, and to wild drunken orgies which were the national peculiarity of these Saxon heroes. They had witnessed the desecration of temples and the burning of sacred books, and in all fairness we must allow something for the horror and terror which these acts would naturally inspire, in extenuation of the charge that they neglected to preach the Gospel to these ruthless foes. When Augustine went to Canterbury it was different; he was not a Briton, and the way, too, had already been paved by a Christian bishop and a Christian queen. This brings us to another point which was a characteristic of the progress of early Christianity in these dominions, and not only here but in almost every other country. In the annals of early conversion the names of women figure largely, as the most active and

effective instruments on the behalf of religion. It is recorded by Gregory the Great that had it not been for the kindness and zeal of Brunehaut, Queen of France, the Augustinian mission would have failed before putting its foot on English soil. Then came the influence of Bertha, the Christian wife of Ethelbert, who had kept true to her faith though amongst pagans, and had done everything in her power long before the mission of Gregory to induce her husband to forego idolatry. It was again the influence of her daughter Ethelberga which introduced Christianity into the kingdom of Northumbria, whose king, Edwin, she had married, and who was baptized by Paulinus, as already described. Penda, King of the Mercians, also owed his conversion to his Christian wife. In fine, it is a marked historical fact that in no periods of ecclesiastical annals has woman's devotion been more prominent than in the earliest and most adverse fortunes of the Church.

The seventh century was characterized by a series of great monastic foundations. In Ireland, however, there had been monasteries flourishing for many years, and it is now universally acknowledged that the first ray of light which penetrated through the dense darkness of the age emanated from the vigil lamps of an Irish monastery. But it was not till the seventh century that the monastic system fastened itself firmly upon the soil of England, and the man who contributed towards its consolidation more than any other was Benedict Biscop, the founder of the celebrated monasteries of Weremouth and Jarrow. He was one of the greatest benefactors to the church of his age, born of a noble race, he forsook the pursuits of the world, went to Rome, became an ecclesiastic, returned to England, received a grant of land from Egfrid, upon which he built first the monastery of Weremouth, in 674, and ten years later that of Jarrow: they were dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and in their cloisters under the watchful eye of this good man Bede was educated. The learning of these monasteries must have been very advanced, for Bede was well versed in Greek, and is even thought to have

known Hebrew. Biscop also brought books, works of art, and relics from Rome: he was the first man who introduced pictures into the church, who brought glass into the country, and with the assistance of John, the chanter of St. Peter's, whom he brought to Britain, taught the monks to chant. Weremouth was destroyed by the Danes in 867; was restored and ultimately destroyed by fire in an incursion of Malcolm in 1070. Jarrow was also destroyed by the Danes, rebuilt, and again destroyed by William I. Lindisfarne, another renowned monastery was founded in 635, upon the arrival of St. Aidan out of Scotland, to preach Christianity to the Northumbrians. The celebrated St. Cuthbert was abbot of this monastery, and Ceolwolph, King of Northumbria, abdicated his throne to become a monk within its walls. The Danes who were infesting the shores often made attacks upon this holy place, and in 793 pillaged and plundered it, overthrew its altars, carried off its treasures, slew many of the monks, carried others off into captivity, and left the building a ruin. Whitby was another foundation of this period; it is renowned as having been the abode of Cædmon, whose name stands out boldly amongst the earliest literature of the country, having written a paraphrase of large portions of the Holy Scriptures in metre. Medeshamstead, another great monastery, afterwards known by the name of Peterborough, was commenced by Peada, King of Mercia, in the year 656, and finished by his brothers Wulfhere and Ethelred. The "Saxon Chronicle," under the year 657, gives a full account of the founding of this monastery, with a list of the lands bestowed upon it by the king, and a description of the "hallowing" at which Deusdedit, Archbishop of Canterbury was present. The whole ceremony appears to have been regarded with great importance and carried out with much splendour. After the dedication or "hallowing" was concluded, a host of celebrities met together, kings, abbots, bishops, priests, and ealdormen, to witness the charter, and we are told that King Wulfhere was the first to confirm it in words, and afterwards subscribed it with his fingers on the

cross of Christ. "I, King Wulfhere, with the kings and earls, dukes and thames, witnesses of my gift, do confirm it before the Archbishop Deusdedit with the cross of Christ+. And I, Oswy, the friend of the monastery, and of Abbot Sexwulf, approve of it with the cross of Christ+. And we, the king's sisters, Kyneburg and Kyneswith, we approve it+. And I Deusdedit, Archbishop of Canterbury, grant it+." After that they all signed it with the cross of Christ+, a long array of princes and nobles. Then the charter was sent to Vitalian the Pope, for his signature and blessing, and he returned it with this rescript. "I, Vitalian, Pope, concede to thee, King Wulfhere and Archbishop Deusdedit, and Abbot Sexwulf, all the things which ye desire, and I forbid that any king or any man have any claims thereon, except the abbot alone; nor let him obey any man except the Pope of Rome and the Archbishop of Canterbury. If anyone break this in anything, may St. Peter exterminate him with his sword: if anyone observe it, may St. Peter with the keys of heaven undo for him the kingdom of heaven." A somewhat different strain of communication from any that had formerly come from Rome, from Eleutherius and Gregory, but as the centuries rolled on, the church grew strong and mighty in the world, and the preliminaries were being gradually arranged for that terrible duel between Rome and royalty, which in its first stage brought such bitter humiliations upon crowned heads.

The incessant and increasing grants of land made by the rulers of this period, whose devotion, sometimes genuine, but often aroused by remorse for crimes, finding a penitential vent

in contributing to swell the coffers of the monastery, laid the foundation of that wealth and power which in unworthier hands were to outvie that of their royal descendants, and in the long revolution of time to recoil in ruin upon the heads of the successors of those who had been the recipients of their charity. Little did they imagine as they poured their wealth into the abbot's coffers, and received his blessing, that an unborn emperor should stand shivering in the winter's snow for three days and nights before a castle, the refuge of an implacable Pope, in penitential dress, and with penitential supplications, and as little did the others imagine as they locked up these offerings of royal devotion in their treasure house, that an unborn king should seize upon those very monasteries, rifle them of their treasures, and drive their occupants out into a hostile world, to work, to beg, or to starve. Six centuries from the period we are now approaching, saw the whole of this drama played out in the world. From the first scene with Archbishop Dunstan, who dared the king, to the last with Henry VIII., who dared the Pope, there is a panorama of event to be unrolled, which displays the workings of the mightiest passions of humanity raised to their very catastrophe. Power abused with the most merciless atrocity; pride humbled to the very dust of degradation; nations plunged into the depths of misery and woe; depositions, rebellions, wars, persecutions, a whole Walpurgis Night's Dream of horrors, whose darkness is made vocal with the clashing of arms, the cries of lamentation, the shrieks of martyred saints, and the crash of the stronghold as it fell.



## NUMBER FIVE BROOKE-STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

## BOOK THE FIRST.

## CHAPTER V.

LORD JOHN.

AGAIN a pleasant scene had set in; this was what *he* called cozy, Sir John said, and he was fairly right, if there was "coziness" in a warm room with sharp frost outside, and light, and cheerful faces, and an unfashionable appetite. "I can tell you," said Captain Philips, "this is an uncommonly good bird. They have done him not a minute too long. Here! don't take that away," (this was to the servant carrying off the bird), "and see, get a lemon here, will you—and the Harvey sauce, will you?"

At this moment the door was opened softly, and a red, elderly face, much heated, was put in. The eyes of the red face were very strained and bloodshot, and there was a wig over the eyes. "Ah! at work," said the voice belonging to the face, "and uncommonly good work, too; am I in time, eh?"

"Come in, come in, Lord John!" said Sir John, heartily, "you are in time, and I am glad of it. Put your coat in the corner there."

Lord John came in at once, pulling off gloves and a comforter and a coat.

"I was dining with them at the barracks, and couldn't pass the house—just for a finish. I told them below to put up the gig."

Captain Philips had looked round with disgust the moment he saw the red face.

"Here's that drunken Lord! Close up well, can't you, or they'll be sticking him beside us. Really, it is too bad! No room for a man's arms; always the way in these houses; can't let you eat your bit in comfort."

"Over there, Lord John," said Sir John, heartily, "next to Philips. He'll make room for you."

Lord John had gone over.

"Push up, will you?" he said, dragging in his chair. "Send that bird here, Philips; don't swallow him all up, you know. Wait and I'll begin with a nip of the brandy to

drive the frost out of my chest. Here, Sam, cordials in this direction!"

Captain Philips said nothing, but with yet more marked disgust moved away.

"Just let me," he said, retaining "the bird," "I had this breast half off before you came in."

"It's an infernal night out," said Lord John; "not sorry I took that nip now. I wanted something warm inside."

This was Lord John Radley, an elderly bachelor, and duke's younger son, who had a small box close by, where he farmed a little, hunted a great deal, and to a far greater extent ranged the country, preying on his neighbours, and dropping in without ceremony at all hours and with the same freedom, always asked for "something warm." He had been in a fast cavalry regiment, and was said to have done something about which hung a little mist that was disreputable. He had lived a good deal in Paris when he was young, was full of strange stories, and had a curiously free manner.

They were very gay at the round table. Mrs. Lepell, the new guest, was now quite at home, unrestrained, and very amusing. She said she was not ashamed to own that *she was very hungry*, for they had had a very long and weary day of it.

"I am glad you are hungry—very glad," said Sir John, "and have the sense to say so. I like a woman that is not ashamed to take her food. All the fine young girls of my day eat plenty, and got all their good looks from eating, I can tell you."

"I begin not to care what they say," said Mrs. Lepell. "We were always Conservatives in *that*, as in other points. And I always think and say, in *my little way*, that you should be *consistent*, Sir John, and carry out whatever you believe, even in small details. That is *our* creed, is it not, Sir John?"

"It is!" said he, with delight, "'pon my soul it is! No shaming and skulking for us. Be whatever you are to the very backbone."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lepell, "I would have it even in the colour of our dress, Sir John."

Mrs. Severne smiled.

"Really you are quite an ardent believer," she said.

"It is quite refreshing to meet such enthusiasm," said her son. "You put our sluggish consciences to the blush."

"Who is she?" asked Lord John; "where did he pick her up? Fine woman, I say."

"Came to-night," said Captain Philips; "if you're quite done with that sherry wine, you know—thanks. No bread in the room," he added, getting up, "every one must learn to wait on himself in this house."

In a few moments the ladies had gone, and it was past midnight. The gentlemen had risen. "Just one snip more, Digby; want lining sadly in this frost, and then for the gig."

"Let the gig stay where she is," said Sir John, "take my advice; there's a room ready with a fire, so you may take it or not, as you like."

"Egad then, I will," said Lord John. "You make your house too snug, Sir John. That notion of the fire did the business; quite a picture, you see, and with a cigar——"

"Here, and take the balance of that cognac with you. You may as well."

"Egad then, I will," said Lord John. "'For these and all other blessings Dean.' Bless the cheerful giver, I say. Good night to every one. You shouldn't have mentioned the fire, Sir John. That did the business!"

"You'd better look after his curtains," said Captain Philips. "You can tell Duncan, or some of them. He'll fuddle himself and set the place on fire. You may as well. I won't sleep comfortable unless you promise me. That beast!" he said, later, as he went to his room, "a greedy, guzzling, selfish sot. Took the whole of the breast of that bird, without a word. He has taken to driving over to our mess at ten and eleven at night. But I'm never at home. And as I told him plainly last week, I don't keep a club or a bar. The other fellers may do as they please. Goodness, what a ramshackle house this is?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN THE LIBRARY—THE "SHORT WAY."

NEXT morning every one was down betimes—a point on which Sir John was a little particular—a point, too, at which Captain Philips grumbled a good deal. It did well enough fifty years ago; but really forcing people out of their nightgowns, with a fire just lit, and in weather like that, was rather too much, &c. Every one was in at the breakfast-room in time, excepting the Miss Fentons, and another lady; indeed Sir John strictly required attendance at a sort of ritual which he performed himself; but, as Captain Philips said, "he *supposed* he knew how to say his 'Our Father,' at least without going to school *again*; and to be tumbled out from your warm sheets at *that* hour, &c., &c."

The Miss Fentons fluttered in when breakfast was half over in the most unconcerned way, although Sir John's eyes was upon them, and he bade them good morning very testily.

"It's no use scolding us, Sir John," said the younger, "we do our best,

you know; and if you keep us so agreeably every night we can't help it. Why we are not *half* of us down! Where's Mrs. Lepell?"

This was not an unskilful diversion; and at the moment Mrs. Lepell entered, very demure, and with an expression that might be composed, or sad, or sober.

"Well, Mrs. Lepell," called out Sir John, in his hearty way, "come up near me. (You are late, but this is your first morning.) Now, how is the patient?"

"Oh, I don't know, Sir John," she answered, settling her napkin. "A very wretched night—restless and troubled. He may be better, and he says he is."

"O come," said Sir John, "that looks well."

Severne was at a side table helping some cold game.

"A wretched night, and looks better. I don't think that promises well. We had better send for the doctor."

"He is to be here, you know," said Mrs. Lepell, "the first thing in the morning, without losing a moment."

"Yes," said Severne, cutting up briskly, "it was the last thing I said to him."

"There's a fellow riding up the avenue now," said Captain Philips. "By the way, will you"—he never addressed the host as Sir John, "will you let me get some toast done? I always like it very thin and short, you know; and I'd recommend you to have it that way. You see," he added, bending a piece with a sort of half restrained disgust, "it gets soddened and damp *this* way. It is quite as little trouble for them, you know."

It was the doctor, who came in cheerily in a few minutes. Mrs. Lepell rose nervously. "Now we shall know," she said, in a low voice.

"Well, Watson," said Sir John, "been up?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, who walked in without notice. "Bad night he says, pain here. But all that's natural, Sir John, after a shock of *that* kind. We want a little fillip, you know. I have no doubt he'll be all straight in a day or so."

There was great delight in Mrs. Lepell's face.

"Thank heaven!" her neighbour heard her murmur.

"I am glad of it—very glad, to hear this," said Sir John; "poor Jack Lepell's brother, too. I'll just step up and say good morning to him."

Mrs. Lepell rose hastily. "We shall go together, Sir John," she said with a smile.

"If you will take me—that is. I should lose my way in these *wonderful* rooms and corridors. It bewilders me! Everything is so *vast and long*!"

"Then you must stay here until you learn them by heart, ma'am," said Sir John. "You must take me with you now, to show you the road." (It almost seemed as if it was Mrs. Lepell had proposed to go and see her husband, and that Sir John wished to go with her.)

He entered the bedroom cheerfully. "Well, how are we to-day?" he called out. "Better, I am told. Nothing but a rib gone, after all. It's happened to me over and over again—huntin', you know, and egad we'll have you huntin', sir, before the week's out—that is," he added, a

little gravely, "if this frost *would* go."

A sad-looking, dejected, classical head lifted itself from the pillow. It had a deep iron-grey beard and moustache; the eyes were soft and melancholy; there were lines of care about the cheeks, but over all was a sweet, gentle expression, full of nature and simplicity and kindness. The age of that face was about forty-five years.

He spoke now, but with some pain. "I don't know how to thank you, Sir John, for this goodness. I only heard this morning where I was—in what good hands."

"We'll take care of you, never fear," said Sir John. "Of course you've heard Jack Lepell speak of me?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Lepell, "indeed yes. You recollect, dear?"

Mr. Lepell put his hand to his forehead. "It seems like a dream to me that I have heard the name before, somewhere. Poor Jack, you know. I saw very little."

"But you told me dear," said Mrs. Lepell, reproachfully, "just think—you recollect—"

"Then I knew him well," said Sir John, "and I helped him too;" and a fine fellow he was. No matter. I tell you what, we *must* put you on your legs. We are sending in to Whalley—and there is the county Doctor there. Lord Bulstrode always has him—fine fellow Bulstrode—goes up, literally *roaring*, ma'am, with his gout—not able to stiffen his back—to fight against that—that Maynooth!"

"Dreadful—oh, *dreadful*!" said Mrs. Lepell, in protest against that foundation.

"Yes, ma'am, I could tell you stories about the intrigues of men that should know better. I assure you, sir, she is sound; and I congratulate you, for in these days the women do mischief enough. I tell you what, Lepell, will you get up?—try, you know it may do you good fighting against a thing."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Lepell, trying to move.

"Yes, try, dear," said she, laying her hand on his shoulder. "As Sir John says, make an effort. I am afraid we shall be such a constraint."

But an expression of pain came into his face.

"If you could," said Sir John. "We have a party to-day, you know. No, no! it's not to be thought of. I'll send you up lots of books to amuse. I'll take Mrs. L. to the library—fine standard collection, and ~~we~~ shall pick you out something. By the way, Fireirons sent me in by this morning his great book, 'England in Leprosy,' a fine thing, but I haven't had time to cut the leaves as yet. Come, Mrs. Lepell."

She fluttered back a moment. "Let me put this pillow higher, dear." But the classic iron-grey head seemed to shrink away from any alteration in his position. When they got in to the old library, whose walls were comfortably clad with books, perhaps the warmest of all furniture, and with books whose backs were all rusted and oxydized.

"Here's 'England in the Leprosy,'" said Sir John. "We'll send it up to him at once. See here—look here, Mrs. Lepell. Pitt's life, five volumes; Sir Robert Inghis's pamphlets all bound together, very fine reading, I can tell you; Hume and Smollett. Here's good Constitutional reading to put into the hands of the young, not the swash and water of that low Jacobin, Mc-Mcaulay."

Mrs. Lepell was delighted with these treasures. She looked at the first volume of Hume, his binding and his type and paper, with an interest that was not unnatural, considering the praises bestowed on that fine master of writing. Then she recollected herself.

"Oh, Sir John, you promised last night, you know you did—that charming picture of the bishop in your family—"The Sure Way to Heaven."

"I know," Sir John had said with enthusiasm, and was at the end of the room on a ladder dragging down Bishop Digby's work before he had heard Mrs. Lepell's most natural mistake as to the title of the book.

"Here it is! A great work—"The Short Way with Dissenters." I tell you what, ma'am, if the Bishop's plan had been followed—and it would have been, only there was a gang of schemers governing the country at the time—England would have been a different place from what it is now. Take it to your room, ma'am, and read it (every word is worth gold in

these times) and tell me what you think of it," and Sir John placed "The Short Way,"—an old calf-bound, dingy, dusty, and as yellow as the Bishop's own face in the picture—in Mrs. Lepell's willing arms. She received it with delight.

At this moment Severne and his friend Selby came in.

"Have you seen his lordship, Sir John? No; I dare say he's not down yet."

"He was not at breakfast," said Sir John; "I must go round the farm though, so will you look after Mrs. Lepell here?"

That lady was left suddenly with the two gentlemen.

"Well, what do you *wish* to do," said Severne; "some of us are going to skate. By the way, that looks an appalling volume you have got there. What is it—a Latin dictionary?"

Mrs. Lepell almost blushed as he took it from her; he looked at her with an amused look.

"What! 'The Short Way!—' Oh, Selby, look here, my friend! So you are going to read 'The Short Way?'"

Selby smiled too. She bit her lip, and coloured yet more.

"He *wished* me to read it," she said. "Of course it would not be much in my way; perhaps I would not understand a word of it. But still, I think there would be not much harm in trying, especially as it is a little fancy of his, and he has been so kind to us—"

"Well, after all," said Selby, "where's the crime? I had to take it once; but a page was about the allowance I could manage."

"Who talks of crimes?" said Severne, with gaiety. "Heaven forbid that I should interfere between Mrs. Lepell and her 'Short Way!' Will you come down and see us skate—at least such of us as don't tumble flat; a pretty exhibition it will be. There's a sleigh, too, with bells, if you like going down in *that*. The carpenter knocked it up yesterday, out of an old gig, I believe; but we have grand Russian furs to cover the multitude of sins—that is, the old leather."

Mrs. Lepell shook her head sadly. "I am to be a nurse to-day. Tomorrow, perhaps."

"The 'Short Way' also," said Severne; "I forgot *that*. Very well

I must go and look up the skates." He went away joyously.

Selby approached her a little shyly. "Severne is such a rattling fellow; says whatever comes into his head. You mustn't mind him. And as for the 'Short Way'"—he added, stopping short.

They both laughed.

"You understand me," she said. "It is Sir John's little fancy, and I am not ashamed to humour it. It will give me a little trouble, I confess, and is not so pleasant as a French novel—I mean, as a novel. But still, Mr. Selby, he was a bishop, and a good and a holy bishop, and this seems a good thick book, and with some reputation; and surely, in all these pages there must be some sense, or something that could improve one, or be profitable. That is *my* little view, Mr. Selby." And with a heightened colour and a toss of her head she passed out of the room, carrying her tawny volume with her. Selby looked after her in a dreamy way, then went out slowly by another door.

The ice was on the two long Dutch ponds, between which ran the avenue. They looked now as dark as ebony, and any one coming down the avenue—Hodge, perhaps, with his team—heard the faint grinding on the ice, like the click and whirring of wheels. Stopping a moment, he saw some little black figures, like flies, fluttering up and down—swooping, soaring—in that most marvellous of human motions. One or two were twirling like tops, waltzing, spinning, and performing the most surprising evolutions. The clergyman's son, the doctor's brothers, a commercial traveller up from the village—for a pond is a republic, and skating the very essence of democracy—were all busy with this delightful exercise, with the feeling that Christmas day had been but yesterday; that the holly

was still fresh and green, that the great house was full, and that there were cheerful evenings to come, when the red curtains would be drawn. Fresh days, flowing days, with a sense of healthful enjoyment, born of this delightful exercise; which to some schoolboys, home for a week, to the clergyman's house, and barely over the rudiments, getting terrific falls, and cruel injuries, and not in the least daunted, seemed almost paradise upon earth. The gentlemen found it "well enough" for an hour or two; but these lads had begun with the light, and would go on until darkness came; and certainly, of a fresh Christmas evening, when the shadows were drawing on, and a cold, steel blueness was settling down, and a light or two was twinkling up and down in the house, then the ponds stood out like a great sheet of frosted cake, and the skating acquired a new charm from this time, and it seemed almost impossible to tear oneself from its fascinations.

Severne was soon tired of it. "What shall we do, now," he said, dragging off his skates. "Good, gracious! How frantic I used to be about this sort of thing at college! Let us get a gun, and take a shooting stroll, without any fuss or preparation, after the rabbits."

"Or take the ladies a drive," said Selby. "We ought to make ourselves civil and useful in some way."

"You mean my mother," said Severne, with a curious look; "you are getting quite devoted. I must go and tell her. I can go shooting by myself." "Hallo! what is this now?"

They heard the jingling of the Norwegian bells, and saw the improvised sleigh, covered up in the rich furs Severne had spoken of. There were two horses cantering along, and a lady and gentleman. They stopped a moment to look at the skating.

"Why it's that woman," said Severne, "and Lord John!"

## CHAPTER VII.

LORD JOHN AND MRS. LEPELL.

MRS. LEPELL went back to her husband's room, but soon returned to the library. Perhaps she had forgotten the "Short Way," or perhaps the patient had fallen into a doze. It was a little hard to expect "a fine fresh young woman to be chained to a bed

side, in this fine, stirring weather." This was the view of Lord John, who had lain long in bed, as was his wont, had had his "morning" very late, also his wont; and was now, as he said, all fresh and light for the day—(as if the day itself was a

serious Herculean labour, to be faced). He was roaming through the house trying to find some one to "have a turn at the cues" with—for he felt his head tolerably steady now—when he came upon Mrs. Lepell in the library. He was not in the least likely to be put off his centre by such a meeting, though he had not yet spoken to her. In fact, he entered with great confidence, and said "Good morning," with the greatest heartiness and delight. "How are you," he said, "very glad you have come—will shake us up a bit here? You saw me come in last night. Lord John, you know. Digby has sent over for my little kit; so I'm going to stay."

Mrs. Lepell was not in the least disturbed. She met him in the same cordial fashion. "I am so glad, too," she said, smiling. "We shall be here some days, I suppose? It depends—"

"By the way," said Lord John, "how is he? Egad, I'm only down myself ten minutes. Had to breakfast in bed. What with the sitting up last night and the other things, it's impossible to do it. Besides, why should you? I don't want to make my soul in *that* sort of way—prudence, temperance, and the rest. I declare it wouldn't repay, you know. Leave all that to the professionals. Shocked, eh?"

But the lady was not in the least shocked. At least she was so amused at Lord John's droll profanity that with the best intentions to reprove her lips gave way. "I am afraid, Lord John, *you have not much reverence*. Those French men of the world are dreadful people."

"Are they?" said he, "are they now? My dear, if you only knew the French women you would say they were funny people to teach a sucking youth."

"Now you must not, Lord John," said she. "No wicked French stories."

Lord John laughed loudly, and took a chair. "Nothing you'd like better Mrs. L. I see it in your eye; and a very fine one it is, as fine as any French one."

"Now, Lord John, you are getting bold; you will have to be scolded."

"Scold away, my dear woman." (Lord John was noted for these little familiarities, but everybody made allowance—French life, &c.) "What

are you doing among these old-fusty things here? This isn't the place for you, Mrs. L. You are out of keeping."

"But I like reading, Lord John; I do, indeed."

"She does, indeed!" said he, with great enjoyment. "O, listen to her! Of course she does. Likes the Fathers, I'll swear. Prefers St. Chrysostom, what's-his-name, to George Sand. May be you'd oblige a friend with the loan of an odd volume of St. Thomas—come, only for ten minutes? Why shouldn't I make my soul as well as another man? Come, give it. I see it in your pocket there."

Mrs. Lepell half rose. Perhaps she was a little alarmed at his familiarity.

Very naturally she hesitated. "I don't think I can," she said. "What would they say, Lord John? Alone with you, and no other lady. No; I am afraid not."

He laughed. "Uncommon good, on my soul, yes; and why should you be afraid of me now? Have they been telling you any stories? But I am not the man I was; I am not, indeed. I have turned over a new leaf; I have indeed. I am converted. You may see me with a gown on one of these days. My brother has two livings, you know, and his own regular fellow is seventy-eight, if he is a day."

This wicked lord was so diverting and in such good spirits this morning, that even with a wish to reprove, the lady could not help smiling.

"Well, come now," he said; "don't let us be squeamish; and I tell you what, they've a new horse that I chose for the baronet, and he'll go nobly under the sleigh. Old Sir John doesn't like him, I believe; but that's not much. At this moment there isn't a judge of a horse under the roof but myself; and do you know I think *you* have an eye for a bit of blood. On my soul I do. By my old grandmother (who left me an old prayer-book in her will, a skinny old skin-flint!) I think you have. I see it in the corner of your eye! Hallo, Sir John, we are going to have out Toby under the sleigh."

"Then take Mrs. Lepell a turn round the park. The very thing; and I say go by the pond, where there is a good view of the house."

"All right, baronet," said his lordship; "she knows about horses, too."

"I am sure she does," said Sir John,

"Every Lepell I met did. Not, understand me, living in stables with grooms and jobbers, which it seems is the fashion now; but enough to have a pretty seat in your saddle, and know a fine horse when you see one. Yes, you must go, Mrs. Lepell; take her round by the pond and the high plantation; then by Mangerton, whence you get another capital view of the house. Then, let me see——"

"All right," said his lordship, winking, "leave us to ourselves. We'll pass over nothing, depend upon it."

"But I think, Sir John," said she timorously, "I could hardly—with Lord John?—perhaps Mrs. Severn would be coming?"

"Egad, you've been telling her something, Digby," said his lordship in convulsions of enjoyment. "But it's a hard case now that the wild oats should be brought up against a man in this way. Tell her I'm like a child at a mother's knee, or next door to a bishop. I am, on my soul."

Sir John looked grave. Bishops were part of the State. "I have met many a bishop at your brother's table," he said; "men of real sound principle. The sleigh only holds two, you see. So there would not be room, you see. I want you to see this view, and you were so wishing it yourself last night."

"Indeed I do," she said eagerly, "and I am sure by daylight."

"How far have you got in the Bishop's book, ma'am?" said Sir John, looking down suddenly.

"I have not begun yet, Sir John," said she smiling; "I am keeping it for a quiet moment at the fire, when I shall have it all to myself—the curtains drawn—a regular *bonne bouche*, Sir John."

"You must take care of it," said he a little testily. "Don't hold it that way, please."

(Mrs. Lepell was supporting the Short Way under her arm, with her fingers absently playing among their leaves).

"I suppose if anything happened to this I should not know where to look for a copy. This is worth gold, ma'am, so please take care. Well, you won't go and see the views?"

"Nothing I should like more," said she. "Do let us go, Lord John, I am sure I should enjoy it."

"Well, then, let us look sharp," said his lordship, "or it may be gone before we get there; ha, ha, O this is great, great!" and with much secret enjoyment he went out of the room to order the vehicle round, leaving the lady a little disquieted as to what he was alluding to as "great."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DRIVE.

In a few moments it was at the door, with Lord John, in an enormous cloak, with capes (which he may have borrowed from the coachman or had made for himself on the coachman model), busy examining the legs of the new horse, Toby. Sir John came out with them.

"You can't patch him up into a gentleman," said he, "he's a low horse, low in cut and blood."

"You are out utterly, Sir John," said the other eagerly; "I know a horse as well as my own head, and this fellow is as good a beast as you are a Conservative. Why Mrs. Lepell here gives it against you."

That lady startled.

"Indeed I did not," she said warmly.

"But you did, you know, up in the library there. Come jump in and make yourself snug. I tell you

what, Sir John, Toby's been badly driven by some Radicals on the box. I'll make him go. Though as for that there's not a horse born that I wouldn't make go,—or mare either. Fuah! Get up! Go away from his head—stewpid!" And with a grinding not unmusical, the sleigh started off very smoothly, and Toby in particular more than bore out his purchaser's warrant.

"There! what did I say?" said his lordship. "That old Tory, he thinks, knows wine and horses, and he's as ignorant as an owl. And politics, too. It makes me sick to hear him talk! He's damaging the party, so he is, with those old saws and screws. Upon my soul, I believe he'd put us into wigs and steel chokers to-morrow. How would you like me, Mrs. L., in a wig or a steel collar? Speak out, my dear lady, you know we're in con-

fidence here. Let me tuck this rug about you, and we can both be snug together!"

But he was mistaken if he fancied they were both to be snug together.

"I am not cold," she said, with a voice that was a little decided, "nor am I Lord John's dear lady. You must call me Mrs. Lepell, Lord John, in future, if you wish us to be good friends."

Lord John burst into a roar, and gave Toby a sudden "cut" that made him fling his heels well up. "O Lord! this is great, great!"

"In fact, I must lecture you a little," she said, in the same grave tone, "as I say, to prevent us coming to a quarrel later. In the first place, what is great? I think I know what you mean."

"Bet you a sovereign you don't," said his lordship, again cutting at Toby, who really did not deserve such persecution, and resented it as before.

"I suspect," said she, "you mean some reference to my sincerity—that I am acting a part. You are amused at the notion, and laugh in my face. Not very respectful to poor me, Lord John."

"What an odd woman you are!" said Lord John. "On my soul, I never met your match."

"There again, Lord John," she said, "'woman,' you know, to a lady whom you have spoken to for the first time to-day. I am afraid you must think not very complementarily of me, or else I must think ——" She stopped.

"Not very complementarily of me. Eh? Go ahead; don't be afraid. You won't catch me blushing. Why, my dear gir—Mrs. Lepell I mean (I was near stumbling then)—I have had too much of that sort of thing to mind, and if I chose at this moment I could astonish you—I could. There was a woman I once knew in Paris——"

"I don't want to hear about her," said Mrs. Lepell, with a half comic air of reproof. "You are incorrigible, Lord John, I fear, and will die impenitent."

"It's uncommonly likely," said his lordship, gravely. "I suppose they'll put on the parsons you know. I say, what did I say about Toby? Isn't he going nobly! And to think old baronet talking about gentlemanly horses. I say that was very good about the old bishop's book. Why didn't you take it out in the sleigh with you?"

The gentlemen were just leaving the pond when the sleigh came up.

They were coming to the skaters. "We can take *this* turn, if you like," he said, "if you don't wish to face them. It'll be half a mile round."

"Why should we do that?" she answered in wonder. "What do you mean I am to be afraid of, Lord John?"

"Confound it," said he, a little impatiently (and again lashing Toby). "You must be wonderfully simple, or just out of school, or brought up in a convent. You don't take a hint; but must have everything explained to you in black and white. Are you a shepherdess, eh? 'Phyllis is my only joy! Rum ti-ti, rum ti-ti.' After all one sees droll things every day, if one only keeps their eyes open. Of course, I mean that tumbling on his nose there. Thus you go smash, stupid, and crack your nose!"

Mrs. Lepell's face changed. There was a maliciousness in his face that showed he was not to be trifled with.

"I am afraid you are a little unkind," she said, "or take dislikes, and have some special dislike to me."

"No," said he, carelessly. "But let me give you a little advice. Don't be too cautious. Now see here. A woman of the world would have liked to have *seen the view* round there, and avoided them ponds, which are flat and poor; especially a lady who is so fond of views."

"But then you will tell me I like a Short way, Lord John," she said slyly, with her eyes down on the fur.

Lord John nearly choked with laughter, and with genuine laughter. "Ah, *that's* good—really good. O, I see we'll do! You said that uncommonly well. Ah! Mrs. Lepell, you're very smart—not a shepherdess exactly. No offence, I hope?"

Mrs. Lepell looked at him a little puzzled, and with an expression of dread. "I am afraid you are vindictive," she said.

"Not I," said his lordship, again dealing severely with Toby, against whom he had conceived some sudden animosity. "I don't know what's the matter with this brute to-day. I'll make him go, though;" and he began scourging the round quarters of the horse with fresh vigour. Toby's companion was speeding along with great gravity and earnestness; but Toby himself—no "gentleman" in-



deed, as Sir John had said with perfect truth—he had the “low drop” in him, as he presently showed by stopping short with sudden violence, flinging his head into the air, and setting his fore feet firmly against the ground, as if to resist the efforts of some one dragging him down into the bowels of the earth. That unjust lashing of his sides was beginning to bear fruit. His lordship grew angry.

“What a brute—an ill-conditioned brute!” he said. “Did you ever see his like? I wish to heaven I had brought a good cutting whip.” (His lordship was so confident of the merits of the animal he had chosen that he had declined to take a whip of that sort.)

Then began a struggle which alarmed the lady not a little, for the consort of the “brute” was willing to go forward, and at every stroke that fell upon him, his companion made a plunge, thinking that it was intended for her, and at each plunge Toby made a corresponding motion to keep himself in position, and set his legs more firmly to resist the powers who were striving to drag him below.

Was that an oath that Mrs. Lepell fancied she heard upon his lordship’s lips? “I think I had better get out,” she said, timorously. “I do, indeed.”

“Do as you like,” said he, almost infuriated by his struggle. “I won’t be beaten by any brute, man, woman, or animal. Stay where you are, I recommend you. I’ll just get a stake out of the hedge here that’ll make him go, I promise you. You hold these.”

He jumped out and put the reins into her hands. She was alarmed, but said nothing. Lord John walked on, stamping with cold and vexation, for the hedge was but ill stocked with suitable stakes; but there was a cottage a little way on, and he should find something that would do there. In a second Toby had looked back over his shoulder, saw that his enemy was gone, and being a “low” fellow, shabby, and with the bad plebeian “drop” in him, thought he would take advantage of a lady and escape. In another moment he had given up struggling against the underground powers, had tossed his head, flung up his heels, to the speechless consternation of the poor lady, and, with some secret understanding with his companion, had started at full speed.

The road was narrow. It was more a “green lane” than a road; about wide enough for a single cart. His lordship was about twenty yards in front. He turned and saw the sleigh coming furiously down on him. There was hardly a second to prepare or devise a plan; but still, with wonderful presence of mind he had time to throw himself into the ditch against the hedge, and let the sleigh and its unhappy freight dash by.

(His lordship often told the story afterwards, in Paris and to Frenchmen, but always substituting a gentleman as the tenant of the sleigh: “By G—d, my presence of mind saved me. It shaved me as close as this table. Luckily I had my wits about me, or I shouldn’t be telling you the story or drinking this cognac of yours, *mon cher*.”)

Our poor Mrs. Lepell, what nerves could there be left to her if a fresh accident was to be in store for her every day? Her rosy cheek seemed ghastly almost to the cottager as she flew by him, the sleigh bounding and tossing in the air as if it were of india-rubber. She did not let go the reins—not from presence of mind, poor woman, but merely because they happened to be in her hand. Toby, the “brute,” was as “mad as any hatter,” and was really enjoying his furious race. The cottager, looking after them, scratched his head doubtfully and said “It wur a bad job.”

So it was, or would have been, but for a gentleman who was coming down the narrow road. He, too, had plenty of presence of mind, and would have plenty of time to get over the hedge into the field, and let the dangerous vehicle go safely by. The road here even got narrower, and when cart met cart one had to go back, at a great inconvenience, which led to angry passions on the part of the carters. But the behaviour of the gentleman was different, he stood in the middle of the road, shouting and tossing his arms wildly, even jumping into the air—all which behaviour was meant to scare Toby. For a little behind him the road turned sharply, and here directly in front, was that pond which Mrs. Lepell was so anxious to see, as being the point from which was the very best view of the house.

Toby did not in the least heed this

protest, but came on as if he were cavalry making a charge. Then the gentleman, with extraordinary dexterity, jumped aside lightly, as if he were a matador at a bull fight, and let Toby pass him for a second, in another second had caught Toby's bridle, and in a third had lost his footing, and was being dragged along almost on his back, hanging to Toby's rein. The screams of the lady were now piteous, for the weight at his head had dragged Toby out of the straight course, and it seemed that the sleigh was about being upset. But luckily this getting out of the straight course, drew Toby himself into the hedge, and the whole was now stopped, a mixed mass—hedge, Jenny, Toby and companion, and the gentleman somewhere underneath. But in a moment he had struggled to his feet, a little confused, and was feeling his arm. Mrs. Lepell had recovered, and with presence of mind jumped out.

"O Mr. Severne! Mr. Severne!" she cried, running to him; "You are not hurt?" she asked, in a sort of agony. "O my saviour! my brave, gallant deliverer!" and in the instinct of the moment she caught his arm tenderly, and felt the *cloth* (you understand)—and then, with an instinct as sudden, let it go, and stood blushing, terrified and confused before him.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "compose yourself now—are you all right yourself—nothing hurt? I am a little crushed here," he added, touching his arm, "that brute must have stood on me I think. Where's Lord John; was he flung out?"

Here was Lord John, hurrying on from behind to reach the wreck. As he came up he slackened his pace, and looked at them with a sort of defiant self-justification. "It was all that beast's fault. I couldn't help it, Mrs. Lepell. You may say what you like; but you know number one—"

She interrupted him eagerly. "Indeed it was not your fault, Lord John. I saw you try and clutch at the rein as it passed; and, oh! Lord John, I was so frightened! I thought you would be down under the horse's hoofs."

Lord John looked at her inquiringly, and with a very curious glance; then said, "I did my best, you know. The

fault was in my getting down at all. If I could have just reached the rein; but I missed it by, I suppose, a quarter of an inch."

"I saw it, indeed," said the lady. "How you escaped was a miracle. Oh! Mr. Severne, what shall I say—what shall I do—to my deliverer—*my two deliverers?*"

Lord John laughed. "That's good. No, no; I ain't a hero to do. Our friend there was more in luck. Thank *him*. We must get this thing straight. Here, you fellow"—this was to the cottager—"stir yourself, can't you? Why didn't you come up? I suppose you'd stand by, and see us all killed, before you'd hurry yourself. Don't stand gaping there, you bumpkin, but put your shoulder to it."

Thus rebuked, the rustic set to work to disentangle the mass, under his lordship's direction. "Loose that rein first, stupid!" "Don't you see a buckle there? D'ye want to break the horse's leg—do you? Here, let me. I believe you don't care if you smash the whole thing," &c.

The lady's soft eyes were on Severne, and there was real feeling in her voice—"I don't know what to say to you—your bravery, your nobleness and gallantry. Only for you I might be insensible at this moment, or lying at the bottom of that pond. Not so much matter, you will say. After all, it is a little hard—like a persecution; yesterday one escape from death, to-day another. Who knows what to-morrow may bring?"

There was something piteous in this complaint. It did seem a little more than just measure that this poor lady should be pursued with accidents. He spoke to her softly and kindly. "I am very sorry, indeed, very," he said; "and very glad I came up so opportunely. Here, take my arm. No wonder you are flurried. We shall have to walk some way. Or stay; let us look at this. You must have frightened these horses, Lord John?"

"Not I," said his lordship; "its this infernal savage system of driving. Who ever heard of such a thing? Does well enough in Russia."

"And does well enough here," said Severne, "if it gets fair play. Steady, Toby. Poor old boy! Come up. Good fellow. That's it. I tell you what, it's two miles to the house, and very rough walking; so what do

you say, Mrs. Lepell—will you try again, and trust me?"

She turned pale, and shrank back. Lord John laughed. "Burnt child, you know. I don't blame her."

"I'll take you back; yes," said Severne, patting the horses, "as if we were going over the lawn. No? Well, then, you and Lord John must walk part of the way, and take care of each other, and I'll send the carriage."

"But you won't go yourself," said Mrs. Lepell, in an agony of terror. "Those dreadful horses. No; you must not."

"Foolhardy, my friend," said Lord John, taking out a cigar case.

"Then I'll change my mind," said she; "I'll go too. I should like it; nothing shall prevent me. I am not in the least afraid."

"I was only joking," said Severne, a little surprised. "You had better go with Lord John. You had indeed."

But Mrs. Lepell was excited. "I

shall have my own way," she said. "Forgive me for being so positive. I want to redeem my character, and show you that I am not such a *dreadful* coward."

"Well, with all my heart," said he, looking mystified. "I don't quite follow. I don't think there is much danger; but still——"

She had got in. "No room for you, Lord John," he said.

"No one can turn me out now," she said, looking round and smiling. "As for Lord John, he has run sufficient risk already. I would not hear of *him*."

"Now then," said Severne. "Good Toby! Good Toby! Get along. That's it."

And Toby, after a moment's hesitation, and a sudden impulse to launch out as he had done before; but thinking better of it, and assuming a more sober carriage, he began to canter along swiftly, with the sleigh grinding on musically behind.

### THREE CYNICAL SPECTATORS.

#### PART II.

GULLIVER certainly deprecates war; he shows us the King of Brobdingnag horrified at the project of manufacturing powder, and the virtuous Houyhnhmn shocked at the description of the horrors of war. But two-thirds of his satire treat of moral evils—the intrigues of courts, the corruption of the great, the malice and meanness of the law, the pride and ingratitude of mankind, the conceit and pedantry of scholars, the delays of law, the grasping of an avaricious spirit, the rottenness of a state where ministers are destitute of good moral qualities. His picture of the age is very true and practical. He gives hints for reform; sets forth, for instance, in the voyage to Lilliput, a scheme of national education such as Daniel Defoe would not have disapproved of. He hints that the prime movers of the State should be men of good morals rather than great abilities. Exaggerated as his statements may at first seem, they are a most accurate picture of his times. That eccentric cynic, Horace Walpole, has shown us quite as revolting a state of things. "The characteristics

of the age," according to him, "are frenzy, folly, extravagance, and insensibility. No wonder, when such stars are predominant, that ruin stalks on and is not felt or apprehended. Dissipation is at high-water mark, but it is either without variety, novelty, or imagination; or the moroseness of age makes me see no taste in their pleasures." Some years later, Cowper, who has never been accused of harshness or cynicism, gave vent to a cry of grief and indignation at the vices of the land. He called upon the clergy to resign their holy commission:

"Send your dishonoured gown to Monmouth-street."

He compared England to Israel of old, at that time when the prophets wept for the people, whom they saw

"Slaves to every lust,  
Lewd, avaricious, arrogant, unjust."

Some years later still, before the characteristics of the eighteenth century had passed away, we find Wordsworth taking up the strain, and complaining that England is become a fen of stagnant waters:

"Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry, and these we adore."

"We are selfish men;  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
power."

These lines were written in 1802. If they are compared with Cowper's expostulations, we shall have, from men whom no one has ever thought of calling cynical, a faint reflection of that gloomy image of the times, which looms frightful and distorted in the gloomy mirror held up by Swift.

While Swift was in the zenith of his popularity, a young Frenchman residing in London was eagerly exploring a civilization which was a new world to himself and his countrymen. Voltaire was imbibing in England those principles of scepticism which he afterwards scattered over France and Europe. Swift's writings delighted and influenced his genius. He wrote to Swift, asking permission to mention, in the forthcoming account of his journey, the name of so illustrious an author. "Pray forgive," he wrote, "an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing English. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name; let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you as posterity will do." Swift's writings influenced the young Frenchman's satirical genius, as Bolingbroke had stimulated with philosophical or pseudo-philosophical arguments, that tendency to scepticism which Voltaire had evinced from his youth.

He returned to France, and, when many years had elapsed, he gave "Candide" to the world. That work is Voltaire's essay on man—a quintessence of Voltaire's view of man and things. It is the fullest expression of his philosophy. Considered merely as a tale, it is a masterpiece, written in the most racy, natural, fascinating manner. It placed Voltaire at the head of the narrators of his country. Even as a mere fiction—were no philosophical interest attached to it,

it would be Voltaire's masterpiece—a tiny diamond, glittering among the more massive, but less brilliant, gold and silver.

But it is more than a racy fiction. It is a representative work. *Candide* is a fictitious, or rather a fictional,\* type of his age.

Voltaire is universally admitted to have been the representative man of his age; and he made *Candide* a personification of his brilliant, versatile, irreverent, yet withal generous spirit.

*Candide*, like *Gulliver*, is a cosmopolitan spectator. The philosophical doctrine which he advocates is a refutation of Pope's optimism. But that optimism was never in danger of being widely entertained. It was a brilliant conceit, sufficiently remote from the modes of thought of most men, even of most thinkers. Its paradoxical nature was so evident that it could exercise very little influence. It is undoubtedly true in a transcendent manner, but false in its application of transcendental truth to everyday matters, and everyday reasoning. We know that whatever is, is right; as we know that God's ways are not our ways. But to attempt demonstrating that great mystery is as fruitless as attempting to reach to the comprehension of the Creator by the survey of some of His works. Things which pertain to a higher sphere cannot be explained by earthly things. We must trust the inklings given to us by our conscience, but our reason remains powerless.

Optimism being, then, a subtle aspiration to explain and formulate what must ever be mystery, it could not have much influence over the minds of mankind at large. However successfully, then, optimism might have been refuted by Voltaire, such an achievement would have fallen far short of obtaining the wide popularity won by "*Candide*." There are other causes to account for the success of that tale—principles of which the brilliant author himself was, perhaps, unconscious. He perhaps overlooked what his readers instinctively, though but dimly, felt—that this great work

\* That is, one that appears in a fiction, although it contains within itself all the elements of truth. Thus Shakespeare's characters are fictional, while those in a trashy novel are fictitious—mere puppets.

was a living and enduring type of its time—that it considered the great problem of evil, according to the mode of thought peculiar to the period ; that problem the solution of which it was afterwards so terribly to attempt. “Candide” revealed the Gordian knot which France cut in two with the sword of the Revolution.

Candide and Gulliver have one point in common—the investigation of evil. Both are cynical and merciless. But something fantastical always hangs about Gulliver's adventures, though not about the man himself. Notwithstanding his repeated asseverations of truthfulness, and the unquestionable proofs he brings forward, by exhibiting objects from the countries he has visited ; although he shows us a Brobdingnagian lady's corn, hollowed out into a cup and set in silver, his adventures scarcely appear earthly, and we rub our eyes in wonder, as if we saw a man just arrived from the moon. His narratives have startled us by the wildness of their conception. Such monstrosities as the dwarfs of Lilliput, the giants of Brobdingnag, the Yahoos, the Houyhnhnms, never before had entered into human imagination. In the short compass of his travels, Gulliver has contrived to heap together more wonders than could be found in all other travellers put together, whether real or fictitious, truthful or addicted to hyperbole, from Mandeville and Du Chaillu to Sinbad the Sailor and Burton. Our imagination is delighted by Gulliver's recital ; but, although the author considerably diminishes the marvellous of his tale, by skillfully intertwining it with minute details of real life, all his art cannot take away the wonder which oppresses us, and tends to divert us from the satire ; for as in the rarified atmosphere of high aerial regions a voice can with difficulty be heard, so in the atmosphere of unreality, of high fiction, the strictures of Gulliver on society lose much of their force, and their applicableness to real life.

Far different is the effect produced by Candide. There is no mist hanging about him. He is a living man, not a spectre of the Brocken. He is more outspoken, though less practical than Gulliver ; and this because he

is less humorous. In a purely literary point of view, this constitutes his inferiority to Gulliver. Voltaire, on comparing his work with that of Swift, must have felt that little was left to fancy after the extraordinary conceptions of the English humorist. Candide was made to remain in the actual world. His descriptions, being free from allegory or marvellous machinery, might be more prosaic, but they were more likely to reach the hearts of men. In one part of the tale, indeed, Candide wanders into fairyland ; but this is the weak point of the narrative. His description of the Utopian country, El Dorado, was not necessary to set in relief the abuses existing in the real world. Gulliver is consistent throughout ; his element is the fantastical ; but Candide in El Dorado is as out of place as a fish on dry land.

There were causes which contributed to make Candide more practical—in the teachings evolved from his narrative, though not in the character himself—than Gulliver ; for the latter was the fruit of the personal grievances of a sensitive mind. Swift in his fiction tells us how the phenomenon of evil affected him. We see that the fruit of his speculations is an intensely bitter one ; so bitter, indeed, that many have deemed it poisonous. In writing Gulliver, Swift seems to have had no end but giving vent to his bile ; his end, at any rate, was not a practical one. He did not for one moment imagine that his work would have any social consequences beyond exciting a disgust of everything low and false. It is difficult to see what practical changes could have been effected by the most scathing satire in that time and country, except with respect to the circumstances which called forth the “Drapier's Letters.” There were, indeed, many abuses ; but liberty was consolidated ; the abuses were moral rather than political ; they had to do with the heart of man, and not with the constitution of society ; they could not be eradicated by legislation. Whatever the raging of parties might be, the people lived in peace and prosperity. The shopkeeper who had never heard of Sir Robert Walpole was doubtless a prosperous man, though never troubling himself about the minister in power.

In France the state of society was very different. The French were suffering under the worst evils of despotism. Their country had been weakened by ages of arbitrary government, now austere, now licentious, but always oppressive. The resources of the country were well-nigh exhausted; long wars had drained the treasury; morals, whatever they may have been under the Grand Monarch, were now in a frightfully licentious state; religion, which is the life of a nation, had become despised, in the persons of her ministers; Jesuits, fanatics, hirelings, and libertines filled the Church, which Bossuet and Fénelon had once adorned. To the attacks against Christianity, or rather against the Church, which were continually and systematically being made by Voltaire and his disciples, scarcely one or two men of any ability could reply. The Abbé Guéné was the only churchman who, with an irony worthy of the great adversary against whom it was directed—with an irony, the power of which Voltaire, with his usual candour, acknowledged—showed how superficial were the objections brought by the patriarch against the Sacred Writings. A degenerate Church and a corrupt court were the rotten and unsound heads of a wretched nation. The fierce flames of the Revolution soon showed in a lurid light what poverty and what oppression the common people had been forced to undergo.

The Government was ridiculously sensitive to anything which seemed to savour of liberty. Voltaire had seen his writings proscribed by the censure. His aspiring spirit could not witness meanness and tyranny without protest. He maintained the cry for reform in all his writings; the whole of his long life was spent in advocating liberty and equity. *Candide* is the pearl of his writings—the diamond concentrating in itself all the rays which that great genius scintillated forth.

The practical tendencies of *Candide*—the reality of the evils of which he was the spectator—were fully apprehended by the French nation. For Voltaire's novel was replete with lively interest. Its avowed object was, indeed, to ridicule optimism; but shallow would be the opinion that Voltaire wasted

the resources of his brilliant wit to refute a philosophical theory advocated by Pope some years before. It was not because of the intrinsic importance of that theory that Voltaire wrote against it; but because optimism was the creed of the court and the aristocracy—the creed which left the people to perish for lack of bread. Blind selfishness would maintain that all was well, as long as it promenaded the galleries of Versailles, enjoyed the opera, and spent half the night in "petits soupers." Brilliant couriers and perfumed abbés spoke peace when there was no peace: they boasted of the advanced civilization of France while the people was crushed to the earth—languishing in misery and starvation. But the great reformer of the eighteenth century lifted up his mighty voice; he lent his matchless powers to the expression of that craving for a change, which was in the hearts of the nation at large; he boldly discovered the sores which festered on the social body. He told France that the world was a scene of misery and not a Versailles terrace, with trees clipped and promenaders dressed in the best possible style. He told truths which the great had forgotten, or from which, ostrich-like, they had hidden their eyes; truths which, within a few years, were to be proclaimed by an infuriated nation to terrified Europe.

*Candide* was, then, a great social manifesto—not a mere "jeu d'esprit"—not merely the effusion of a railer at human kind—not "the dull product of a scoffer's pen." Condensing in one whole both the philosophy and the practical tendencies of the greatest observer of the time, *Candide* thereby becomes a type that faithfully portrays the characteristics of the age. His counterpart in reality might well have been some generous young nobleman brought up in affluence, but suddenly cast adrift upon the world, in the struggles of which he is at last forced to abandon the optimist prejudices of his education. *Candide*, brought up in a baron's castle, is at first firmly convinced that all is for the best in this, the best possible of worlds. But great misfortunes fall upon him. He passes through a series of adventures, in which he beholds all the forms of earthly woe. He witnesses the

horrors of war. Voltaire hated that barbarous practice—the legacy of barbarous ages—and here hurls against it some of his most formidable thunderbolts. Candide being in distress and craving for aid, but not being sure that the Pope is Antichrist, is repulsed by a man who had just been preaching for an hour on charity. Driven through the world by a relentless fate, he successively experiences storms, wrecks, earthquakes, persecution, the tender mercies of the Holy Inquisition; he becomes acquainted with Jesuits; he witnesses the horrors of slavery; he meets with Pocourante—a worn-out Dives, who finds all things insipid, who has utterly lost the faculty of wonder, and may be said to represent the aristocracy of Voltaire's period. The adventurer falls in with six dethroned kings. He marries Cunegonde, who has gone through as many peregrinations and misfortunes as himself; he settles down at last in a small farm, somewhere near Constantinople, and comes to the conclusion that the rationale of evil is beyond the reach of man, who must be content with holding his tongue and doing his work.

This short tale may not inaptly be termed Voltaire's masterpiece. Its satire and banter were more suited to his genius than any other kind of composition. It condenses Voltaire's philosophy into a racy, concise, inimitably ironical narrative. Considered from our vantage-ground as an inquiry into the problem of evil, it teaches that the earth is a pitiful repository of all manner of woes, that those woes are intrinsically evil, and not designed to educe good, that man must accept them submissively, without either glossing them over or repining at them. The subject of evil is beyond man's comprehension; a consideration of it is the grossest and most absurd anthropomorphism. As an old Dervish tells Candide, "when His Highness the Sultan sends a ship to Egypt, does he care whether the rats in the hold are, or are not, comfortable?"

In his survey of evil Candide considers chiefly physical calamities—wars, earthquakes, and the effects of persecution. He scarcely glances at moral evil. The most striking instance of it, given by him, is that of

the Calvinistic bigot above alluded to, who, after preaching for an hour on charity, refuses to help Candide because that unfortunate wanderer is not firmly convinced of the Pope's antichristianity. War, persecution, and other effects of moral evil are considered without any reference to the passions from which they arise.

On the other hand, we have seen Gulliver viewing moral as well as physical evil. With him it is a great grievance under the sun that men should be hypocrites, avaricious, licentious; and this independently of the tangible effects of such vices. Whence this difference of aspect between the two spectators? Since we have looked upon them as historical types, their manner of inquiring into evil will be a key to a characteristic of the ages they respectively personate. The history of their time seems to us to present a sufficient confirmation of this opinion.

The age in which Swift wrote in England was very different from the period during which Voltaire wrote in France. Not, indeed, in the general characteristics belonging to the eighteenth century as such. That age was everywhere an age of scepticism and social fermentation. But it presented peculiar features in every country. The members of the same family resemble each other as to the general type; yet each possesses an individuality of lineaments that differentiates him from his nearest kindred. In England liberty had been attained by the nation; prosperity and ease were widely spread; the strife of parties could do little to improve the people's condition, the progress of which was owing to commerce and liberal institutions. The chief requisite of political schemes was merely to avoid marring the good already achieved. The edifice of the commonwealth was complete; there remained only the care of fitting it up in a manner worthy of it. It was social improvement that England still needed; the amendment of morals, the extension of commerce, the wider diffusion of knowledge. A war against moral evil, against ignorance, irreligion, and immorality, was the appointed work of England. Swift struck the first blow. He was a moral Hercules, who undauntedly attacked the monsters of his time. His vigorous

onslaught on vice was eminently suited to his age. In the nineteenth century he is deemed needlessly harsh and coarse; but our writers would have been accounted supercilious and effeminate in that less refined period. Swift was not a whit too hard for the coarse manners of the last century.

In France, while Versailles was blazing in splendour and giving laws to Europe on etiquette, little real civilization had been achieved. The gigantic, splendid statue had feet of clay; its basis had not been consolidated by liberty. The abuses of the feudal system were still extant, without its advantages. The privileges were all for the Church and the aristocracy; the people were ground to the earth. Education was neglected; the press, through which alone the masses could derive enlightenment, was shackled by a timid Government; authors were often prosecuted; and yet, notwithstanding those efforts at repression, the minds of men were moved with the abnormal state of things. The youth of the educated classes met daily in coffee-houses, where they discussed the state of the country. The masses were abiding their time in silent suffering. At the opening of the eighteenth century, the state of the rural districts in France was terrible. De Boulainvilliers caused reports to be drawn up, and from them it appeared that "the number of the people was considerably diminished by the retreat of the Huguenots, mortality, misery, and the milices. Half the houses everywhere are decaying, in want of repairs." As Voltaire expressed it, "under Louis XIV., people were perishing of hunger, with Te Deums resounding in their ears. Commerce, activity, and life had ceased." Massillon in vain interceded for the oppressed masses. He says, in one of his letters on the subject, "There is no poorer or more wretched people than this one. The negroes of our islands are infinitely happier; for if they work they are fed and clothed, they and their children; while the most industrious of our peasants cannot obtain bread for themselves and for their families, and pay their taxes at the same time."

Such was France in the middle of the eighteenth century.\* At the very time that the people were thus dying of hunger, the clergy were in receipt of revenues amounting to 1,200,000,000 of livres; and when an income-tax of one-fiftieth had been proposed by the Minister of Finance, the clergy, appalled at the thought that their sacred revenues should be in any way diminished, agitated and petitioned so successfully as to obtain the royal exemption from the tax.

Such was the state of things amid which *Candide* was written. What wonder that his adventures should represent the national grievances in their crude aspect, in their *reductio ad absurdum*, so to speak? His witty narrative, though it sometimes borders on fairy romance, was but too true a picture of the actual state of things. There was just enough appearance of unreality in it to save it from being annihilated by the censure of the press. But, at the same time, it was clearly enough a protest against ignorant or selfish optimism, an assertion of the preponderance of evils begotten by despotism, war, and Jesuitism; so that it immediately touched a chord in the hearts of the numerous persons who had been occupied with the problems of the age. These observers saw their own questionings reflected by the greatest wit of the day, their own thoughts expressed with great power, under the veil of humour; for it is the privilege of that wonderful faculty which we call humour to represent, under the guise of what at first sight appears to be mere banter and nonsense, great facts and great thoughts which preoccupy the minds of men. Voltaire has not usually been ranked among humorists, properly so called; and yet his *Candide* is entitled to take his place beside *Gulliver* and *Tristram Shandy*; for while it displays irresistible power of ridicule directed against absurdity and vice, it is also consonant with sympathy for all that is true and beautiful, and with love of mankind. Its irony against evils afflicting humanity arises from that very sympathy and love. To those who cannot appreciate humour, *Candide* appears

\* Bonnemere's Hist. des Paysans.



to be a libel on mankind, and so does Gulliver. Yet, had these detractors lived in the eighteenth century, even they might have felt the truth contained in those celebrated narratives. Such writings are the epics of modern times; they portray, in imperishable colours, modern inquisitiveness, modern sympathy, smiling when tears would be useless; while the epics of heroic periods only represented times of wonder, when man had not yet recovered from the astonishment produced by nature's works, when he had not yet begun to place his chief interest in the vicissitudes of his own species.

The humorous type of *Candide* was then so much in accordance with the tendencies of the time, that its influence was immense. Of all the works of Voltaire it perhaps most contributed to acquire for him that wonderful reputation which resulted in his apotheosis—in his being, as he termed it, stifled under rose-leaves. It was rumoured throughout France, that the greatest mind of the eighteenth century had given its verdict on the age, and had pronounced it to be a mere semblance of civilization. The weight of Voltaire's opinion was added to that of the nation at large, and the age was found wanting. Contemporaneous history gave Voltaire facts in accordance with his theory of the world. When the Calas and Sirven families had fallen victims to judicial injustice, he spared none of the resources of his genius to rouse the indignation of Europe. Pouring forth pamphlet after pamphlet, replete with entreaty and invective, he raised the cry for toleration; he became the exponent of the great need of the age. In thousands of breasts was kindled that noble fire which glowed in the genius of Voltaire. Hence arose that great man's influence, which has perhaps never been equalled by that of any other man of letters. In a society where literature is a mere luxury, it will, however attractive, engage the minds of the few only; and admiration, rather than enthusiasm, will be the impression produced. But in the France of the last century, literature was felt by the masses to be a living power, a power which alone could be looked up to as the advocate of reform—a power accordingly feared and persecuted by

the Government. Massillon had in vain pleaded on behalf of the masses; churchmen were mute, even they did not join the oppressors. Literature was to the excited minds of men as a beacon that sends forth its light over the troubled waters, and warns drifting mariners of imminent danger; no longer the light illuminating the frontal of a palace. Strict, therefore, as were the restrictions imposed upon writers, the literary class obtained wide sympathy and influence whenever they touched upon the problems of the age. Voltaire, the great head of that class, had from his youth given evidence of an inquiring, aspiring spirit; and his love of mankind, his hatred of oppression, were undiminished in his old age. His character, as well as his writings, was the cause of his immense popularity. The common people, whose instinct soon finds out worth, idolized him on account of his philanthropy; and the polite learned to appreciate the geniality, as well as the wit, of his writings. Walpole wrote to him "It is your benevolence, sir, and your zeal for softening the manners of mankind; it is the doctrine of peace and amity which you preach, that have raised my esteem for you even more than the brightness of your genius. France may claim you in the latter light, but all nations have a right to call you their countryman, "du côté du cœur!"

With the characteristic impulsiveness of Frenchmen, the upper classes joined in the movement that was definitively to overwhelm them. The tenets of the philosophers gained every day more and more influence; in elegant theories and subtle disquisitions were clothed, among the upper classes, those aspirations of the time which the people were to realize in so terrible a manner. Whether in the groans and curses of the famishing labourer, or in the startling free-thinking of salons, the signs of approaching change became everywhere apparent. The great exponents and promoters of reform, the men who were most instrumental in delivering France from the accumulated abuses of ages, were Voltaire and his school. Hence the wide-spread popularity which they retain in France to this day.

In England, Swift had also been

the idol of the people, when he had taken their part against an odious monopoly. But this popularity, owing its rise to mediation against evils, which were as molehills to the mountains of woes that rose in France, could not approach in intensity to the feeling with which the French regarded Voltaire. And yet Swift was incontestably the most influent writer of his time and country. More than Voltaire, he wrote on temporary and social subjects; but in his country literature, though a valuable ally, was not the sole hope of the people. The edifice of English freedom was raised, a moral kingship, such as that which Voltaire exercised, was impossible in England, where the political king was neither a mere myth nor a mere tyrant.

The age of Swift and Voltaire passed away, and the works of those great men followed them. History illustrates the teachings of "Gulliver and "Candide." England needed a moral change, a final cleansing from the taint left by the age of the Restoration. She had it; there was a moral revolution, which was not without its excesses, and Puritanism was partly restored. At the end of the eighteenth century, the religious movement had reached its greatest point of intensity; Methodism had thrown deep roots throughout the kingdom. The cry of indignation uttered by Swift had been heard, "Gulliver," which we deem cynical, had doubtless been esteemed in its time as a most moral, as well as most entertaining book. Its effects in promoting the reaction against looseness of manners were such as the nation cannot regret, although, like all human things, they were not exempt from excess and error.

In France, on the other hand, there was that great reaction against physical evil, which is called the Revolution. Optimism was exploded on the day when the triumphant masses led the king from Versailles to Paris. Placid courtiers said that the long days of dogged popular resignation were over; the people, rising as from an evil dream, saw the phantasms of the long night dispelled by the dawning of a new day; with sad labour and civil strife they won deliverance from great abuses; the spirit of equality, of the rights of man, was

infused into politics; a spirit, the results of which were incontestably glorious, which is still leavening Europe, and preparing salutary reforms. Voltaire little thought that the problem of the existence of evil, which he had attempted to solve, would be answered, not with the silent resignation of *Candide*, but with the sword, and the overthrow of the oldest monarchy in Europe. Had that great man suspected that he was acting as a firebrand, had he foreseen the excesses of the Revolution, he would have thrown his pen aside, or employed it only to assuage the smouldering passions of men. But it is not always given to genius to discern the signs of approaching events; and Voltaire's energies had been so exclusively directed against the abuses of religion, falsely so called, that he had not perceived how decayed was the governmental structure, and how imminent was its fall.

When the eighteenth century had passed away, leaving its philosophy and the Revolution to Europe, there was a strong reaction against its doctrines, at the same time that their influence was imperceptibly active. This will not seem a paradox when it is recollected that, of every doctrine under the sun, the chaff must be burned by a reaction of thought, more destructive than any flame which persecution ever lighted; while the valuable grains of truth are hoarded to serve for the mental pabulum of mankind. The great error of the eighteenth century philosophers was the war they waged against Christianity. The reaction swept away their tower of Babel—the flimsy system by which, according to them, the human soul could reach to heaven; the Church rose again as powerful as ever, like those Egyptian monuments, which, when disincumbered of the refuse under which they have been buried, appear in all their original freshness. This was because she answered to the eternal want of human nature, to that craving for worship, which, as Voltaire says, would make mankind invent a God if there existed none. But no less important to the minds of men were the truths contained in Voltaire's system. These truths, transmitted from the writings of Locke and Bayle, were the ideas of

tolerance and a healthy scepticism ; a spirit of examination, which, rejecting vain theories, investigated things by the light of reason ; a spirit of charity, which accounts forms and theories unimportant compared with the good-will due from man to man ; a spirit of inquiry into natural phenomena, giving rise to an active cultivation of the physical sciences—to the exclusion of those subtle disputes concerning first causes, which had, during so many ages, diverted the minds of men to a labour fruitless as that of the Danaïds. In France, especially, metaphysics were superseded by natural philosophy. The generation next to that which had seen the speculations of Malebranche, Bossuet, and Fenelon, saw Voltaire introducing the French to Newton's philosophy, and the experiments of Coulomb, Fresnel, and Lavoisier. Even in the most metaphysical countries, Scotland and Germany, the influence of the eighteenth century became apparent. The Scotch school, abandoning metaphysical hypotheses, declared that psychological observation only can be profitably cultivated. In Germany, Kant, after much wading through schematisms, conceptions *a priori*, objectives and subjectives, came to the conclusion, that metaphysics were not entitled to rank as a science, being incapable of receiving certitude. In vain did the followers of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, erect the most airy fabrics, and build a wall of *egos* and *non-egos* between the world and themselves. All the endeavours of those great thinkers have not been able to persuade the nineteenth century that philosophy is a branch of knowledge to be cultivated for its own sake, and apart from other sciences. The labours of those great men have not indeed been useless, for they have established that the end of philosophy is, not the pursuit of *a priori* considerations on the problems of being, but the formation of a synthesis between the various branches of knowledge—history, criticism, the physical sciences—and the deduction of the principles or laws that govern them ; that, in a word, philosophy is to be a handmaid to human knowledge, because as an independent scheme it sinks into unfathomable, unprofitable depths, where the human

intellect is lost ; and, like Shelley's Alastor, pursuing an unattainable ideal, buries in an unexplored wilderness those faculties and aspirations which, if socially exercised, would have proved so beneficial to mankind.

But we are anticipating. What we have now to consider is—what has been the characteristic of the nineteenth century, and whether that characteristic has been expressed by a literary type.

The early part of the century was all violent change. All Europe felt the shock of the earthquake. Various and manifold doctrines sprang up on every side. There were great wars, and rumours of war. Science was preparing in silence for the peaceful revolution she has accomplished in our own days. While Napoleon was over-running Europe, Kant and Fichte were building up their idealism. Cuvier was revealing the evolutions of the globe. There was everywhere fermentation and febrile change—a disorder from which we have scarcely emerged. Sphinx-like, all the great "questions" of humanity were proposing their enigmas, and the answers were of the most opposite kinds. There were idealist philosophies, and positive philosophies. There were Childe Harold schools, and Lake schools. Europe was teeming with a tropical luxuriance of thought and fancy. Goethe was incontestably the king of that epoch. It is strange that this great man should have enriched literature with so many numerous and brilliant works without painting the type of his age. Neither Faust nor Werther, his two most characteristic and powerful creations, are entitled to the name of literary types. The one belongs entirely to the realms of high imagination ; the drama of his life is not of the earth. He may be allegorical ; but a type is very different from an allegory. An allegorical character represents a real character ; a type is a real character in itself, containing the essence of a character. The Fairy Queen was Elizabeth under the veil of allegory ; but Gulliver is the personification of an epoch, without any veil or haziness whatever, with the stamp of reality on him. Spenser allegorizing, made virtuous men and women ; but Swift paints men and women virtuous or

vicious. The one gives us realized ideals; the other idealized realities. *Faust* belongs to the former or allegorical kind. As for *Werther*, the shiftings of his soul make him an interesting dramatic personage, a good study of human nature; but there is nothing wide in his aspirations; nothing giving him the universality of a type. Love, despair, are indeed common enough everywhere, and in all ages; in fact, they are too common to form the characteristics of any particular age; *Werther* interests us as *Romeo* does, but not as *Candide* or *Gulliver*. But, as we have before observed, it is not always given to the greatest genius to create a type of his age. He may be too much aloof from it. He may use his powers to portray human nature as it is in all ages, rather than those minor characteristics belonging to a particular period. Such was the case with *Goethe*. We must look elsewhere than to that great man's writings for the literary type of the first epoch of the nineteenth century.

Years passed away, and the first agitation of Europe subsided; not indeed to a state of rest, but to a less irregular energy. In our own era, intellectual activity has not diminished, but it runs in better defined paths. Every branch of science has been accurately classified and traced out. It is known what work there is to do, long before it is accomplished; such are the generalizing habits of scientific inquirers. Nations are watching each other—inquiringly investigating one another's mode of existence, drawing closer the chain which unites the civilized world into one consistent whole. The age of *Goethe* and *Byron* is no more; great original writers are for the most part succeeded by great students, who indefatigably collect, compare, compile, examine, and search out all branches of knowledge. While natural science is progressing with giant strides, history is being reviewed by the antiquarian and the philosopher—the methods of philosophy are applied to history and science. Morals are on the whole undoubtedly purer than they have been in any other age. There is no end of books, whether good, bad, or indifferent. Every one writes, and even mediocre authors often contribute to popularizing

knowledge, or exciting a desire for it. The age is one of unlimited inquiry. It has continued the examining movements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but has widely extended its radius. The mighty river of knowledge, fed during a long course by innumerable tributary rills, has at last attained such proportions, that a single human life is not sufficient to span its wondrous breadth.

Under such stirring circumstances was the perennial problem of the existence of evil again set forth. This has been done by a great living writer, whose genius has felt the pulse of this age. *Teufelsdröckh*, type of the first half of the nineteenth century, has been given to literature by Mr. Carlyle.

Thoughts restless even to morbidness, treating of the most familiar as well as the most sublime subjects; a thirst to ascertain the reasons—and reasons perceptible to human sentiment and intention, as well as to human intellect—for every possible conjuncture of earthly events—for wars, conflicts of opinions, political and religious systems—in a word, a philosophical consideration of evil in all its relations—such are the characteristics of *Teufelsdröckh*.

It will be seen at once that he is a much more profound and complicated being than any of his predecessors. He is more dreamy, more unreal; and yet more philosophical than either. He has more than *Gulliver's* stolid sense and *Candide's* easy good-nature. He is a thinker; every subject becomes food for his mind—from the revolutions of States to a seller of old clothes. He is not only good-natured, he loves all mankind; could clasp the whole universe to his bosom. He is more than clear and witty; he is an earnest, impassioned soul, whose "burning thoughts step forth in fit burning words, like so many full-formed *Minervas*, issuing amid flame and splendour from *Jove's* head."

Though so imaginative, this man is in no danger of falling into *Candide's* exaggeration, who strove to conciliate all facts with the Optimist theory. He will also be more discursive than *Candide*. The eighteenth century had but one idea—liberty of thought and action. *Teufelsdröckh*, enjoying that liberty, avails himself of it to range through all manner of ideas. Like him, the

men of our day review many ideas on all subjects ; their horizon has expanded, and the mind casts a wider glance over the boundless field of human knowledge. The phenomena of nature, the vicissitudes of man, the mysteries of the human soul, are eliciting in modern minds a wonder and a love of truth ; and of this tendency *Teufelsdröckh* is a fitting ideal representative.

His clothes-philosophy is an admirable symbol of the philosophical spirit of the age. If philosophy mingles with history, science, and social economics, why should not *Teufelsdröckh* have his theory of clothes ? He accordingly unfolds his system with much ponderous humour, such as Scotch humour seems to be ; not like the withering sarcasm of *Gulliver*, or the epigram of *Candide* ; but a grave irony, which arises from investing the most trivial things with the importance usually attached only to things of a higher order ; as if a broomstick were clothed in regal costume, and set on a royal throne. *Teufelsdröckh* is too grave, too wise, perhaps, for laughter ; there is always some sadness in his sardonic smile.

In philosophy (not that of clothes) he denies, with Kant, the reality and certainty of metaphysical speculation. What remains, then, but to bring philosophy to bear on man himself ? Doing so, he points out how wonderful man is, even in the most trivial of his conditions and actions. The dreamy spectator sometimes carries this element of wonder to a morbid stretch. Mystery is certainly inherent to every action and mode of our existence ; but we do not see that it was intended to be everywhere recognised. The organs which the skin veils over—bones, muscles, and vessels, are most wondrous and beautiful after their kind ; but they were not intended to be seen. The contemplating them would drive some persons mad. It is the same with respect to the ordinary phenomena of life. Let the element of wonder be too much insisted upon with respect to them, and the boundary of healthy, normal, natural speculation is past. It has been observed that a man could not, at the end of a fortnight's meditation, explain the meaning of any given word on which his thoughts

would, during that time, have been concentrated. In his reaction against those who would deny mystery, *Teufelsdröckh* gives mystery too great importance in human life ; but this excess is perfectly in accordance with his character and the character of his age—it is the searching spirit, accounting nothing whatever as unworthy of consideration.

This doctrine of wonder may be termed mysticism. Here, then, is seen the constructive tendency of this spectator, contrasted with the destructive philosophy of the other two. It was time to rear some structure on the ruins of the eighteenth century ; and *Teufelsdröckh*, if he does not entirely succeed, at least makes an attempt. He is so zealous for his cause that he would have universal acceptance of his philosophy ; the masses should emerge from a state of gross insensibility ; they should open their eyes to the wonder lying in and around them. The element of wonder is the leading idea pervading *Teufelsdröckh*'s speculations ; so that his tendencies are theoretically the reverse of *Candide*'s and *Gulliver*'s. There is in him more moral force, more religious feeling, than in his two prototypes ; and in this characteristic *Teufelsdröckh* shows himself to be the type of his age. The eighteenth century had lost the sense of wonder ; had it been otherwise, a better state of things would not have been yearned for ; no new structure would have been erected on the heaps of ruins that strewed the ground. But the generation which came after *Candide* saw events, the importance and grandeur of which had been unparalleled in modern times. The imaginations of men were struck ; wonder and enthusiasm became elements in the literary revival that ensued. Fichte initiated Germany to a mysterious influence that pervades the universe. *Teufelsdröckh* often shows himself to be the disciple of Fichte. That great philosopher, who was the apostle of all that is noble and elevating in human life—to whose eyes the world was invested with a Divine idea, to be perceived only by those who have clean hands and a pure heart, who, their vision becoming raised above the scene of trifling cares which engross vulgar lives, re-

semble the sage portrayed by Young :—

"He sees with other eyes than theirs;  
where they

Behold a sun, he spies a deity."

These noble sentiments, which were prevalent at that time, have been stigmatized as Pantheism by persons whose range of vision does not extend enough to perceive that the only true manner of considering the world is to recognise with the sacred writer that in God, and through God, are all things. The views of Fichte are far from implying any denial of the Divine personality.

Teufelsdröckh, then, in conformity with his age, drank at the pure fountain of a noble philosophy, while Candide had imbibed a pedantic and strained theory, which is to healthy philosophy what drugged and artificial wines, elaborated with all the resources of chemistry, are to the real, sparkling juice of the grape. Candide's beverage was intoxicating and stupifying; Teufelsdröckh's was cheering and invigorating. He well needed it to be able to withstand his misfortunes, against which he triumphantly stood his ground in motionless majesty, while Candide only escaped destruction by bending to the blast.

Teufelsdröckh's philosophy contains two elements—the derived, and the original; that of the eighteenth century, and that of the nineteenth. By the first he denies the reality of metaphysics, in this respect being as sceptical as Voltaire; by the second, he partakes of a mysticism, which is reactional against the unenthusiastic vision of the last age.

Applying his philosophy to the observation of common life, Teufelsdröckh considers mankind far more completely, more methodically, than his brother spectators. These had not seen the whole drama of life—they had seen man fretting upon the stage during one or two acts only. Teufelsdröckh becomes a spectator of human life from its beginning; he undertakes to observe the sensations, sentiments, and thoughts, not only of that period when contact is experienced with the rough world, but of that time when the sap of life is just beginning to move in the young plant, and the buds of childhood have not yet blossomed into youth.

He relates the story of his own youth, before going abroad to observe the world. He thus gives the spirit of inquiry a wider field. In the last century that spirit was abroad, questioning external society, investigating external phenomena; in our age it has not been less active in the outlying sphere, but it has also been concentrated upon itself, seeking to penetrate the heart of things, beginning by searching self-contemplation. Whether in metaphysics, science, or theology, we seek to know the essence, free from the layers of extraneous matter accumulated by time, the reality as it acts upon every individuality, and not merely the outward and historical effects. Thus has the spirit of research been widened from Candide to Teufelsdröckh.

So deep is the latter, that there is at times something morbid in his earnestness and wonder. The sight of a child, for instance, may doubtless move the soul "to solemn thought and heavenly musing" respecting the existence of that being, who has been called into the world to endure, to learn, to perform a certain part, to have a certain influence, of which it may not yet be foretold whether it shall be good or evil, whether it shall ennoble hearts or pervert them. But the following accumulation of images round the child may be somewhat too pompous:—"Thus encircled by the mystery of existence, under the deep heavenly firmament, waited on by the four golden seasons, with their vicissitudes of contribution, for even grim winter brought its skating-matches and shooting matches, its snow-storms and Christmas carols—did the child sit and learn."

In the chapter on Pædago<sup>gy</sup>, Teufelsdröckh gives us the rational theory of education, which has not yet been thoroughly acted upon, although it is beginning to be felt that education does not consist in cramming a pupil with vocables. "Thought can only be kindled at the fire of thought." Here the philosopher's suggestion has a practical import, which Gulliver had foreshadowed in his educational hints.

Teufelsdröckh having lost his father, meditates in a strain worthy of the "Night Thoughts," on the meaning of the word "never." By this time

it has become clear that Teufelsdröckh is a poet as well as a philosopher. While viewing the drama of life, he gives free scope to his emotions as well as to his observing powers. He observes pain in himself, and records his sensations. Like his age, he is profoundly religious. He thus co-ordinates the noblest faculties of man by the ties of religion, reverence, sympathy, deriving a wider insight from their harmonious union. This is what the other spectators could not do. They had so much evil to contend with—so many Jesuits and Yahoos—that they had no leisure to sympathise with the common and universal sorrows of humanity, such as family bereavements.

It is, then, from a synthetical reconstructive point of view, with the feelings of the whole man, as well as acute observation, and with sarcastic humour, that Teufelsdröckh looks abroad upon the world. He is imbued with that lofty philosophy which Fichte terms the perception of the Divine idea. The eighteenth century, overburdened with the contemplation of itself, being an anthropomorphical age, had lost that Divine idea. The crash had not yet come to show the worthlessness of a building that was not based on the rock of religion. But the great events that ushered in the nineteenth century, recalled society to a sense of the smallness of man, of the claims of the lower classes, of the necessity of something higher for the human soul than what Versailles gardens, wigs, and patched beauties, could yield. Some minds took refuge in the worship of nature; while others, doomed by circumstances to a state of transition which was ungenial to them, conscious that the old state of things was barren, and yet lingeringly regretting it, uttered a cry of despair. Childe Harold was the greatest of these; wanting faith and hope, he could not be a representative type of his time, although he drank deeply at its fountain of enthusiasm for the beauty of nature. Teufelsdröckh, coming after the first agitation had passed away, and the character of the age had been determined, concentrated in himself its various moods and aspirations, its searching spirit, its religious feeling, its poetical ardour, its scepticism as to merely

human doctrines, its reverence for the Divine. He will, then, live as a representative type of his age.

From his characteristics, it will naturally be expected that he should express himself respecting the problem of evil very differently from his predecessors—more calmly, more deeply, more genially. He does not end with the sneering hypochondriacism of Gulliver, who shrank with loathing from his family; not with Candide's bantering resignation, who tells us that men must not complain, inasmuch, that when his Highness the Sultan sends a ship to Egypt he does not care whether the rats in the hold are comfortable or not. Teufelsdröckh, after having been an Atheist, and having almost despaired of life, after having hurled thunderbolts of ridicule at all manner of quacks and dandies, after having surveyed evil almost throughout the world, finally merges into what he quaintly calls the "everlasting Yea." That verdict, and the state of mind giving rise to it, may be summed up in these words:—"The universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres, but God-like, and my Father's! With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow-men, with an infinite love, an infinite pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man!"

A beautiful conclusion, surely; words of faith and love, which Gulliver and Candide could not have uttered. Swift and Voltaire were great philanthropists after their own fashion; but their age was not yet ripe for the full expression of such sentiments as Teufelsdröckh's. The idea of charity—that mainspring of civilization, of which we are now beginning to feel the wonderful effects—had not yet fully risen; it was only casting above the gloomy horizon the first feeble rays of its dawn. It rose at the French Revolution, with a splendour which astonished the nations, and produced on them the effects of some dire phenomenon that "fires the length of Ophiucus huge." It is now shining brightly, and its vivifying effects are beginning to be felt. In the very bowels of the earth it is silently and secretly elaborating precious metals; on the surface its power is more immediately visible. An enlightened humanism, a high

standard of individual worth and individual effort, a ceaseless activity in channels for the most part conducive to mankind's true welfare, thirstings for peace and goodwill between all nations, are noble characteristics of our age.

The enforcement of charity towards men is eminently practical; but Teufelsdröckh is even more palpably practical. With all his mysticism, with all his speculations on space, time, and eternity, he has not lost sight of the earth. He sets forth the dignity of labour; he inculcates the idea of duty, which is to uphold the labourer. His religious feeling vivifies his practical tendencies; he thus becomes, not a phantom or a machine, but a complete man. In his quaint, spirit-stirring manner he cries—"Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin! produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name!"

It is the glory of our age that men should work with this religious motive to action. Great are, no doubt, the follies and vices of our time. Follies and vices have been great in all ages; but the vital principle of the age, its normal life, the heart that pulsates through it, giving it motion and power, is a religious idea. It is not an idea of merely intellectual examination. Voltaire, with his encyclopaedical knowledge, was "old dog at physiology," and was often repeating that animals have the faculty of thought. Remembering this, our age perceives that the moral and religious faculties must be adequately developed, in order to form the perfect man. Worship and duty must be observed, as well as the spirit of intellectual research.

The humour with which Teufelsdröckh teaches his thoughts is quite in the tenor of his age. It is cynicism; but it is neither the cold sarcasm of Gulliver, which, placid and artless in appearance, sears with the very excess of its cold, like iron in the Arctic regions. It is not the frolicsome irony of *Candide*. It is as earnest as the former, as averse to conventional forms, but without its relentless sting: it is as sharp as the latter, but more serious. It answers more fully to the proper sense of the word humour; which is not a mood

of constant uniformity of love throughout, but varies with all the moods of human nature. Like man—that inconstant and changeable animal, as the old Gascon cynic calls him—it shifts from smiles to tears, from sallies of wonder and delight to indignant denunciations of evil. It is as variable as the English sky—now unclouded, now sprinkled with rosy cloudlets, then darkened with lowering masses of black clouds. The irony of *Candide* and Gulliver is like the sky of the Sahara, which day after day shows its ardent, ever-recurring, pitiless blue. Passion and shifting thought give Teufelsdröckh's irony so many various shades and meanings, that he moves the reader to tears, to laughter, to aversion, to pity; thus ascending to the highest phase, to the perfection of humour.

But in whatever way the thoughts of great men are expressed—whatever hues the bright creations of their fancy may assume; whether they express, in imperishable types, the spirit of an analytical age, which destroys superstition, or of a synthetic age, which ardently strives to unite mankind in common sympathy and knowledge; whatever may be the characteristics and meanings of great humorists, their writings must be studied, and must receive merited homage. Their beauty and value are depreciated only by the ignorant and narrow-minded. Satire is a natural propensity of man; it is a weapon which may be right nobly used; it is a powerful remedy against evil, meanness, and vulgarity. Its virtue is like that of Ithuriel's spear—it reveals the insidious monster of evil in all his horrible shape, and forces him to the alternative of fight or of flight. Wielded by true and virtuous power, satire enlarges the heart and mind; it fosters love for mankind, and "desire to make them blest;" it burns up in the soul all manner of noxious weeds, hollowness, hypocrisy, selfishness, and prepares the soil for the implantation of noble truths and high aspirations. It shows us how men can be rebuked, not with fanaticism and hatred, but by the superior thought of men who had in them a brighter spark of the Divine nature than that ordinarily vouchsafed to mortals.



## ALL IN THE DARK.

## A WINTER'S TALE—IN FOUR PARTS.

BY J. S. LEFANU.

## CHAPTER I.

## GILROYD HALL AND ITS MISTRESS.

NEAR the ancient and pretty village of Saxton, with its gabled side to the road, stands an old red-brick house of moderate dimensions, called Gilroyd Hall, with some tall elms of very old date about it; and an ancient, brick-walled garden, overtopping the road with standard fruit-trees that have quite outgrown the common stature of such timber, and have acquired a sylvan and venerable appearance.

Here dwelt my aunt, an old maid, Miss Dinah Perfect by name; and here my cousin William Maubray, the nephew whom she had in effect adopted, used to spend his holidays.

I shall have a good deal to say of her by-and-by, though my story chiefly concerns William Maubray, who was an orphan, and very nearly absolutely dependent upon the kindness of his aunt. Her love was true, but crossed and ruffled now and then by temper and caprice. Not an ill temper was hers, but whimsical and despotic, and excited oftenest upon the absurdities which she liked letting into her active and perverse little head, which must have been the proper nidus of all odd fancies, they so prospered and multiplied there.

On the whole, Gilroyd Hall and the village of Saxton were rather slow quarters for the holidays. Besides his aunt, William had but one companion under that steep and hospitable roof. This was little Violet Darkwell, a child of about eleven years, when he had attained to the matured importance of seventeen, and was in the first eleven at Digby, had his cap, and was, in fact, a person with a career to look back upon, and who had long left childish things behind him.

This little girl was—in some round-about way, which, as a lazy man, I had rather take for granted than investigate—a kinswoman; and Miss Dinah Perfect had made her in some sort her property, and had her at least eight months out of the twelve

down at Gilroyd Hall. Little Violet was lonely at home—an only daughter, with a father working sternly at the bar, not every day seen by her, and who seemed like a visiter in his own house—hurried, reserved, unobtrusive, and a little awful.

To the slim, prettily-formed little girl, with the large dark eyes, brown hair, and delicate bright tints, the country was delightful—the air, the flowers, the liberty; and old Aunt Dinah, though with a will and a temper, still so much kindlier and pleasanter than Miss Placey, her governess, in town; and good old Winnie Dobbs was so cosy and good-natured.

To this little maid, in her pleasant solitude, the arrival of William Maubray for the holidays, was an event full of interest and even of excitement. Shy as he was, and much in awe of all the young lady-kind, she was far too young to be in his way. Her sparkling fuss and silvery prattle were even pleasant to him. There was life and something of comicality in her interruptions and unreasonableness. She made him visit her kittens and kiss them all round, and learn and recite their names; whistle after tea for her bullfinch, dig in her garden, mend and even nurse her doll, and perform many such tasks, quite beneath his dignity as a “swell” at Digby, which, however, the gentle fellow did very merrily and industriously for the imperious little woman, with scant thanks, but some liking for his guerdon.

So, in his fancy, she grew to be mixed up with the pleasant influences of Gilroyd Hall, with the flowers and the birds, with the freaks of the little dog Pixie, with the stories he read there, and with his kindly welcomes and good-byes.

Sitting, after breakfast, deep in his novel in the “study,” with his white flannel cricket trousers on, for he was to play against Winderbroke for

the town of Saxton that day, he received a smart tweak by the hair, at the back of his head, and, looking round, saw little Vi, perched on the rung of his old-fashioned chair, and dimly recollected having received several gentler tweaks in succession, without evincing the due attention.

"Pert little Vi! what's all this?" said the stalworth Digby boy, turning round with a little shake of his head, and his sweet smile, and leaning on his elbow. The sunny landscape from the window, which was clustered round with roses, and a slanting sunbeam that just touched her hair, helped to make the picture very pretty.

"Great, big, old bear! you never listen to one word I say."

"Don't you call names, Miss," said Aunt Dinah, who had just glided into the room.

"What was little Silver-hair saying? What does she want?" he replied, laughing at the child's indignation, and pursuing the nomenclature of Southey's pleasant little nursery tale. "Golden-hair, I must call you, though," he said, looking on her sun-lit head; "and not quite golden either; it is brown, and very pretty brown, too. Who called you Violet?" He was holding the tip of her pretty chin between his fingers, and looking in her large deep eyes; "Who called you Violet?"

"How should I know, Willie?" she replied, disengaging her chin with a little toss.

"Why, your poor mamma called you Violet. I told you so fifty times," said Aunt Dinah sharply.

"You said it was my godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, grannie!" said Miss Vi, not really meaning to be pert.

"Don't answer me, Miss—that's, of course, your catechism—we're speaking of your poor mamma. 'Twas her mamma who called her Violet. What about it?"

"Nothing," answered William, gently looking up at his aunt, "only it is such a pretty name;" and, glancing again at the child, "it goes so well with her eyes. She is a jolly little creature."

"She has some good features, I suppose, like every other child, and you should not try to turn her head. Nothing extraordinary. There's

vanity enough in the world, and I insist, William, you don't try to spoil her."

"And what do you want of me, little woman?" asked William.

"You come out and sow my lupins for me."

"Why, foolish little woman, it isn't the season; they would not grow."

"Yes, they would though—you say that just because you don't like; you story!"

"Violet!" exclaimed Aunt Dinah, tapping the table with the seal end of her silver pencil-case.

"Well, but he is, grannie, very dis-obliging. You do nothing now but read your tiresome old books, and never do anything I bid you."

"Really! Well, that's very bad; I really must do better," said William, getting up with a smile; "I will sow the lupins."

"What folly!" murmured Aunt Dinah, grimly.

"We'll get the hoe and trowel. But—but what's to be done? I forgot I'm to play for the town; and I don't think I have time—no, certainly—no time to-day for the lupins," and William shook his head, smiling disconsolately.

"Then I'll never ask you to do anything for me again as long as I live—never—never—never!" she vowed, with a tiny stamp.

"Yes you shall—you shall, indeed, and I'll do ever so much; and may she come and look at the cricket?"

So, leave granted, she did, under old Winnie's care; and when she returned, and for days after, she boasted of Willie's long score, and how he caught the ball.

When he returned at the end of next "half" he found old Miss Dinah Perfect with her spectacles on, in her comfortable old drawing-room, in the cheer of a Christmas fire, with her head full of the fancies and terrors of a certain American tome, now laid with its face downward upon the table—as she jumped up full of glee and affection, to greet him at the threshold.

It was about this period, as we all remember, that hats began to turn and heads with them, and tables approved themselves the most intelligent of quadrupeds; chests of drawers and other grave pieces of furniture babled of family secrets, and houses re-

sounded with those creaks and cracks with which Bacon, Shakespeare, and Lord Byron communicated their several inspirations in detestable grammar, to all who pleased to consult them.

Aunt Dinah was charmed. Her rapid genius loved a short-cut, and here was, by something better than a post-office, a direct gossiping intimacy opened between her and the people on t'other side the Styx.

She ran into this as into her other whimsies, might and main, with all her heart and soul. She spent money very wildly, for her, upon the gospels of the new religion, with which the transatlantic press was teeming; and in her little green-papered dressing-room was accumulating a library upon her favourite craze, which might have grown to the dimensions of Don Quixote's.

She had been practising for a year, however, and all the minor tables in her house had repeatedly prophesied before she disclosed her conversion to her nephew, or to anyone else except old Winnie.

It was no particular business of his if his aunt chose to converse with ghosts and angels by the mediation of her furniture. So, except that he now and then assisted at a *séance*, the phenomena of which were not very clear to him, though perfectly so to his aunt, and acquiesced in dimly and submissively by good old Winnie, things went on in their old course; and so, for some three or four years more, during which William Maubray read a great deal of all sorts of lore, and acquired an erudite smattering of old English authors, dramatists, divines, poets, and essayists, and time was tracing fine wrinkles about Aunt Dinah's kind eyes and candid forehead, and adding graceful inches to the lithe figure of Violet Darkwell; and the great law of decay and renewal was asserting itself everywhere, and snows shrouding the dead world in winter, and summer fragrance, and glow of many hues in the gardens and fields succeeding, and births and deaths in all the newspapers every morning.

## CHAPTER II.

### A LETTER.

THE following letter, posted at Saxton, reached a rather solitary student in — College, Cambridge.

"DEAR WILLIAM,—You will be sorry—I know you will—to hear that poor old auntie is not long for this world; I don't know exactly what is wrong, but something I am certain very bad. As for Doctor Drake, I have no faith in him, or, indeed, in medicine, and don't mean to trouble him except as a friend. I am quite happy in the expectation of the coming change, and have had within the last week, with the assistance of good old Winnie Dobbs some very delightful *communications*, you know, I dare say, what I mean. Bring with you—for you *must* come *immediately*, if you care to see poor Aunt Dinah before she departs—a basket-bottle of eau de Cologne, like the former, you know the kind I mean, and buy it at the same place. You need not get the cameo ring for Doctor Drake, I shan't make him a present—in fact, we are not now on terms. I had heard from many people of his incivility and want of temper; God

forgive him his *ingratitude*, however, as I do. The basket-bottle holds about a pint, *remember*. I want to tell you exactly what I can do for you by my will; I always told you, dear William, it was very *small*; still, as people used to say, 'every little makes a muckle,' and though little, it will be a *help*. I cannot rest till you come; I know, and am sure you love poor old auntie, and would like to close her eyes when the hour comes; therefore, dear Willie, come without delay. Also bring with you half a pound of the snuff, the same mixture as before; they make it up at Figgs's—*get it there*—not in paper, observe; in a canister, and *rolled in lead*, as will be poor auntie before long! Old Dobbs will have your room and bed comfortable, as usual; come by the cross coach, at eight o'clock. Tea, and anything else you like, will *await* you.

"Ever your fond old

"AUNTIE.

"P.S.—I send you, *to guard against mistakes*, the exact proportions of the mixture—the *snuff* I mean, of course.

I quite forgot a new collar for Psyche, plated. Make them engrave 'Mrs. Perfect, Gilroyd Hall,' upon it. Heaven bless you. We are all progressing upward. Amen! says your poor old Aunt Dinah, who loves you."

It was in his quiet college room by candle-light that William Maubray read this letter from his kind, wild, preposterous, old aunt, who had been to him as a mother from his early days.

Aunt Dinah! was it possible that he was about to lose that familiar friend and face, the only person on earth who cared about him.

He read the letter over again. A person who did not know Aunt Dinah so well as he, would have argued from the commissions about scents, dog-collars, and snuff, that the old lady had no honest intention of dying. But he knew that incongruous and volatile soul too well to infer reliable consolation from those levities.

"Yes, yes—I shall lose her—she's gone," said the young man in great distress, laying the letter, with the gentleness of despair, upon the table, and looking down upon it in pain and rumination.

It would certainly make a change—possibly a fatal one in his prospects. A sudden change. He read the letter through again, and then, with a sinking heart, he opened the window and looked out upon the moonlighted prospect. There are times when in her sweetest moods nature seems unkind. Why all this smiling light—this cheer and serenity of sky and earth—when he was stricken only five minutes since, perhaps undone, by the message of that letter—that sorrow-laden burlesque?

This sort of suggestion, in such a moment, comes despairingly. The vastness of creation—the inflexibility of its laws, and "What is man," and what am I among men, that the great Projector of all this should look after ephemeral me and my concerns? The human sympathy that I could rely upon, and human power—frail and fleeting—but still enough—is gone, and in this solitary hour, as in the coming one of death, experience fails me, and I must rest all upon that which, according to my light, is faith, or theory, or chance!"

With a great sigh, and a heavy heart, William Maubray turned away

from the window, and a gush of very true affection flooded his heart as he thought of kind, old Aunt Dinah. He read the letter once more, to make out what gleams of comfort he could.

A handsome fellow was William Maubray—nearly three-and-twenty by this time—good at cricket—great at football: three years ago, in the school days, now, so old—tall, and lithe. A studious man in his own way—a little pale, with broad forehead, good blue eyes, and delicately-formed, but somewhat sad features.

He looked round his room. He had grown very fond of that homely apartment. His eyes wandered over his few shelves of beloved old books, in all manner of dingy and decayed bindings—some of them two centuries and a half old, very few of later birth than a hundred years ago. Delightful companions—ready at a moment's call—ready to open their minds, and say their best sayings on any subject he might choose—resenting no neglect—obtruding no counsel—always the same serene, cheerful, inalienable friends.

The idea of parting with them was insupportable, nearly. But if the break-up came, they *must* part company, and the world be a new one for him. The young man spent much of that night in diurnal reveries and speculations over his future schemes and chances—all which I spare the reader.

Good Dr. Sprague, whom he saw next day, heard the news with much concern. He had known Miss Perfect long ago, and was decorously sorry on her account. But his real regrets were for the young man.

"Well, you go, of course, and see your aunt, and I do trust it mayn't be quite so bad. Stay, you know, as long as she wants you, and don't despond. I could wish your reading had been in a more available direction; but rely on it, you'll find a way to make a start and get into a profession, and with your abilities, I've no doubt you'll make your way in the world."

And the Doctor, who was a shrewd as well as a kindly little gentleman, having buttoned the last button of his gaiter, stood, cap in hand, erect, and smiling confidently, he shook his hand, with a "God bless you, Maubray," and a few minutes later William Maubray, with all his commissions stowed away in his portmanteau, had

commenced his little journey to Gilroyd Hall.

The moon was up and the little town of Saxton very quiet, as Her Majesty's mail, dropping a bag at the post office, whirled through it, and pulled up at the further end, at the gate of Gilroyd Hall, there to drop our friend, an outside passenger.

The tall, florid iron gate was already locked. William tugged at the bell, and drew back a little to reconnoitre the premises. One of the old brick gables overhangs the road, with only a couple of windows high up, and he saw that his summons had put a light in motion within them. So he rejoined his hat-case, and his portmanteau, awaiting him on its end, in front of the white iron gate that looked like lace-work in the moonlight.

"Ha! Tom; glad to see you."

"Welcome, Mr. William, Sir; she's a wearyin' to see ye, and scarce thought you'd a come to-night."

The wicket beside the "great gate" was now open, and William shook hands with the old retainer, and looking anxiously up at the stone-faced windows, as it were to read the countenance of the old house, he asked: "And how is she, Tom, to-night?"

"Complainin' an' down-hearted a bit for *her*, that is now and again. She cried a good bout to-day wi' old Winnie, in the little parlour."

"She's up, then?"

"Ooh, ay; she's not a body to lay down while she's a leg to stan' on. But I do think she's nigh her endin'. Gie't to me," this referred to the portmanteau. "I do, poor old girl! and we's all be sorry, Master Willie."

William's heart sank.

"Where is she?" he inquired.

"In the drawing-room, I think."

By this time they were standing in the oak-panelled hall, and some one looked over the banister from the lobby, upon them. It was old Winnie, the light of her candle shining pleasantly on her ruddy and kindly face.

"Oh! Master Willie. Thank God, you're come at last. Glad she'll be to see you."

Old Winnie ambled down the stairs with the corner of her apron to her eye, and shook him by both hands, and greeted him again very kindly, and even kissed him according to the tradition of a score of years.

"Is she *very* ill, Dobbs?" whispered he, looking pale.

"Well not to say *very* to look at, you'd say, but she's 'ad a warnin'; her and me sittin' in the bedroom, an' she's bin an' made a new will; the lawyer's bin up from Saxton. Don't ye say I said nothing, mind; 'twould only fret her, maybe."

### CHAPTER III.

#### MISS DINAH PERFECT AND HER GUESTS.

"Is she alone?" he asked, postponing the trying moment of seeing her.

"No, the Doctor's with her still—Dr. Drake, and Miss Letty, his sister, you remember; they're drinkin' a cup o' tea, and some crumpets, and they'll all be right glad you're come."

"They ought to go away, don't you think?" mildly suggested William Maubray, a good deal shocked. "However let me get to my room for two or three minutes and I shall be ready then."

They passed the drawing-room door, and Miss Letty Drake's deliberate tones were audible from within. When he had got to his room he asked Dobbs—

"What was the *warning* you spoke of?"

"Well, dear me! It was the table; she and me, she makes me sit before her, poor thing, and we;—well, there is cracks, sure, on and off! And she puts this an' that together; and so one way or other—it puzzles my poor head, how—she does make out a deal."

William Maubray was an odd, rather solitary young man, and more given to reading and thinking than is usual at his years, and he detested these incantations to which his aunt, Miss Perfect, had addicted herself, of late years, with her usual capricious impetuosity; and he was very uncomfortable on hearing that she was occupying her last days with these questionable divinations.

When, in a few minutes, William

ran down to the drawing-room, and with a chill of anticipation opened the door of that comfortable rather than imposing chamber, the tall slim figure of his aunt rose up from her arm-chair, beside the fire, for though it was early autumn, the fire was pleasant, and the night-air was frosty, and with light and wiry tread, stepped across the carpet to meet him. Her kind, energetic face was pale, and the smile she used to greet him with was nowhere, and she was arrayed from head to foot in deep mourning, in which, particularly as she abhorred the modern embellishment of crinoline, she looked more slim and tall even than she was.

The presence of her guests in no wise affected the greeting of the aunt and nephew, which was very affectionate, and even agitated, though silent.

"Good Willie, to come so quickly—I knew you would." Miss Perfect never wept, but she was very near tears at that moment, and there was a little silence, during which she held his hands, and then recollecting herself, dropt them, and continued more like herself.

"You did not expect to see me up and here; everything happens oddly with me. Here I am you see, apparently, I dare say, much as usual. By half-past twelve o'clock, to-morrow night, I shall be dead! There, don't mind now—I'll tell you all by and by. This is my friend, Miss Drake, you know her."

They shook hands, Miss Drake smiling as brisk a smile as in a scene so awful she could hazard.

"And this my kind friend, Doctor Drake."

William had occasionally seen Doctor Drake in the streets of Saxton, and on the surrounding high-roads at a distance, but he had never before had the honour of an interview.

The doctor was short and fat—a little bald, and rather dusty, and somehow, William thought, resembled a jolly old sexton a good deal more than a physician. He rose up, with his hands in his trowsers pockets, and some snuff in the wrinkles of his black cloth waistcoat, and bowed, with raised eyebrows and pursed mouth, gravely to his plate of crumpet.

William Maubray looked again on his aunt who was adjusting her black

draperies in her chair, and then once more at the doctor, whose little eye he caught for a second, with a curious and even cunning expression in it; but it averted with a sudden accession of melancholy once more—and William asked—

"I—I hope, sir, there is nothing very imminent?"

The doctor cleared his voice, uneasily, and Aunt Dinah interposed with a nod, a little dryly—

"It is not quite in *his* department."

And whose department is it in? the student thought.

"I dare say Doctor Drake would tell you I'm very well—so, perhaps, in a sense, I am; but—but Doctor Drake has kindly come here as a friend."

Doctor Drake bowed, looking steadfastly into his cup.

"As a friend, dear Willie, just as you have come—an old friend." Miss Perfect spoke low, with a little tremor in her voice, and was, I believe, near crying, but braced her resolution. William drew near gently and sat down beside her, and placing her hand upon his, she proceeded.

"My dear friend Miss Drake, there, does not agree with me I'm aware; but Doctor Drake who has read more, and perhaps, *thought* more, thinks otherwise—at least, so I'm led to suppose."

The doctor coughed a little; Miss Drake raised her long chin, and with raised eyebrows, looked down on her finger-tips which were drumming on the table, and my cousin William glanced from one to the other, not quite understanding her drift.

"But," she continued, "I've apprized them already, and I tell *you* of course; it is—you'll remember the name—an intimation from Henbane."

"Poison!" said William, under his breadth, with a look of pale inquiry at Doctor Drake, who at the moment was swallowing his tea very fast, and was seized on a sudden with an explosion of coughing, sneezing and strangling, which compelled him to jump to his feet, and stagger about the room with his face in his pocket-handkerchief and his back to the tea-table.

"When Doctor Henbane," said my aunt with severity, "I mean a—Doctor Drake—has quite done coughing, I'll go on."

There was a little pause.

"Confound it," thought William, who was half beside himself. "It's a very odd dying scene!"

The doctor, blowing his nose, returned very red and solemn, and explained, still coughing at intervals, that it was a little tea in the trachea; it invariably occurred to him when he drank tea in the evening; he *must* give it up; "*you know, Letty.*"

Miss Drake did not deign to assist him.

"She does not seem to know so much about it as you do," observed Aunt Dinah with an irony.

"Owing to my not *thinking* so much," replied Miss Letty sarcastically.

"Henbane!" murmured William again, in a puzzled horror.

"H'm!—yes!—Henbane? you seem to have forgotten; one of those—one of the spirits who have attached themselves to me," and Aunt Dinah shot a quick glance at the doctor, who though looking again at his crumplet, seemed to cower awfully under it.

"Oh—ay—Henbane!" exclaimed William in a tone of familiarity, which indicated anything but respect for that supernatural acquaintance. "Henbane, to be *sure.*"

And he looked on his aunt with a half amused recognition which seemed to say "Well—and what about that humbug?"

But Aunt Dinah said decisively—"So much for the present; you shall hear *more*—everything, by-and-by."

And there followed a silence.

"Did you remember the snuff, dear William?" inquired the doomed lady, with rather an abrupt transition.

"Certainly; shall I fetch it?" said William, half rising.

Miss Perfect nodded, and away he went, somehow vastly relieved, and with his bed-room candle in his hand, mounted the oak stairs which were broad and handsome in proportion to the other dimensions of that snug old house.

#### CHAPTER IV.

VIOLET DARKWELL.

AT the head of the stairs, the top-most step of which had been their bench, there rose to him two female figures. He did not instantly recognise them, for one candle only was burning, and it was on the little table nearly behind them. One was old Winnie Dobbs, the other Violet Darkwell; she stood up slight and girlish still, but looking taller than he had expected, with an old faded silk quilted shawl of Aunt Dinah's about her shoulders, and hood-wise over her head, for the night was frosty.

"Ha! Vi—little Vi, I was going to say; dear me! How you have grown! So glad to see you." He had the girl's slim hand in his and was speaking, as he felt, very kindly.

"We've been waiting here, Winnie and I, to hear what you thought of dear grannie," (grannie was merely a pet name in this case, defining no relationship); "and what do you think William?"

"I really don't understand it," he answered. "I—I hope it's all nonsense; I really think so. She says she

is very well; and the doctor—Drake, you know—I really think he was laughing, and one thing I'm quite certain of—it is connected in her mind with that foolish spirit-rapping."

"And you don't believe in it?" inquired the young lady.

"All bosh and nonsense. Not a bit of it," he replied.

"Oh, William, I am so delighted to hear you say so!" she exclaimed, much relieved by the promulgation of so valuable an opinion. "And you're quite right, I *know*, about grannie. It is, really—is not it, Winnie?—all about that awful spirit-rapping. Grannie never speaks of it to me; I believe she's afraid of frightening me; but old Winnie, here—you must not tell of her—she tells me all about it—everything; and I *am* so afraid of it; and it is *entirely* that. Grannie thinks she has got a message; fancy! How awful! And Winnie does not know what the words were; for grannie writes down the letters with a pencil, and tells her only what

she thinks fit ; and I am so delighted —you can't think !"

"You good little Vi, I'm so glad to see you !" She laughed a low little laugh—the first for several days—as he shook her hand again ; and he said—

"Winnie, do, like a dear old thing, open my portmanteau—here's the key—and fetch me a canister you'll see at the top, with a great paper label, blue and red, on it."

Away went Winnie Dobbs, with his key and candle, and he said to the pretty girl who stood leaning lightly against the banister—

"My old friend, Vi ! When I went into the drawing-room just now, I looked all round for you, and could not think what had become of you, and was really afraid you had gone away to London. I don't think I should ever care to come to Gilroyd Hall again ; I should prefer seeing my aunt anywhere else—it would not be like itself if you were gone."

"So you really missed me, William !" she laughed.

"I should think so. And another thing—you are not to call me William. Why don't you call me Willie, or old bear, as you used to do ? If you change old names, I'll begin and call you Miss Darkwell."

"How awful !"

"Indeed I will, and be as formal as you please, and treat you like a young lady, and you'll never be 'wicked little Vi' any more."

She was laughing as she leaned back, and he could see her small teeth, and he bethought him that she was looking really quite lovely ; so with two fingers he picked up her little hand again, as it lay at her side, and he said—

"And we are always to be good friends, you know—great friends ; and although you've no more dolls to mend, I'll still be of use. I'm going to the bar, and I'll manage all your lawsuits, if you let me ; and when you're going to be married, I'll draw your settlements, and you are to have me always for your counsel."

She was still smiling, but said nothing, and looked wonderfully pretty, with the old gray silk hood wrapped all about her, so that sober old William was on the very point of kissing the slender hand he held in his. But a new feeling of shyness

prevented, and he only shook her hand gently once more, and laid it by her side again, as you replace some precious thing you have been admiring where you found it.

"And you really think we may be happy about dear old grannie again ?" she said.

The sound of Winnie's footsteps was heard approaching.

"Yes ; certainly. I'll try to get a word with Doctor Drake. I can't imagine anything serious. Won't you come to the drawing-room now ?"

"No ; not to-night ; not while those people are there. I was so wretched about dear grannie, I could not bear to go in at first ; and now it would be odd, I think, going down when tea is over."

"As if I had brought you down from the nursery, as I often did, Vi, on my back. Well, old Winnie, have you got it ?"

"Here, I think, Master William," answered Winnie.

"Yes ; all right. So you won't come, Vi ?"

"No."

"Quite made up your mind ?"

"Quite, Willie."

"That's right—*Willie*," said he, with a smile, and a nod of approbation. "I should so like to stay here a little longer, as you won't come, and hear all the news, and tell you mine ; but Aunt Dinah would lose patience—I'm afraid she *has*."

"Yes, indeed ; you had better go. Good night, bear."

"Good night, wicked little Vi. Remember we meet at breakfast—shan't we ?"

"Oh, certainly. Good night."

"Good night."

And so the gray silk hood vanished, with a smile, prettily, round the corner, and William Maubray descended with his snuff to the drawing-room, with the pretty oval portrait of that young face still hovering before him in the air.

Miss Letty Drake, whose countenance was unpleasantly long in proportion to her height, and pallid, and her small figure bony, and who was dressed on this sad occasion in her silk "half-mourning," a sad and, it was thought, a dyed garment, which had done duty during many periods of affliction, as William entered the room was concluding a sentence with



a low and pointed asperity, thus—"which seems to me hardly compatible with Saint Paul's description of Christian charity," and a short silence followed these words.

"I was going to ring the bell, William," said the doomed lady of the house. "One would have thought you were *making* that snuff. Let me see it—h'm. See, get off this cover. Mo! what is this? A lead wrapper!"

"You said, Aunt Dinah, you wished it."

"Did I? Well, no matter. Get it open. Thanks. Yes; that's it. Yes; very good. You take snuff, Doctor, don't you?"

"A *yes*, certainly, nothing like it, I do believe—where a man is obliged

to work his head—aw haw—a stimulus and a sedative."

The doctor, it was averred, "worked" his occasionally with brandy and water, and not a great deal otherwise.

"No, many thanks; don't care for perfumes; high toast is my snuff." And Doctor Drake illustrated the fact by a huge pinch, which shed another brown shower over the wrinkles of his waistcoat.

"Letty, dear," said Aunt Dinah, turning suddenly to Miss Drake, "we won't quarrel; we can't agree, but I won't quarrel."

"Well, dear, I'm glad to hear you say so. I'm sure, for my part, I never quarrel. 'Be ye angry, and let not the sun go down on your wrath.'"

## CHAPTER V.

AUNT DINAH IS IN THE HORRORS, AND DOCTOR DRAKE PUTS HIS NIGHTCAP IN HIS POCKET.

"I wish to say good-by to you very kindly," said Aunt Dinah, quite sadly and gently, and somehow not like herself, "and—and I've tried to keep up; I know it must happen, and I'm sure it is for the best, but"—

"I hope and expect, my dear Dinah," interposed Miss Letty, sharply—she was pulling on her worsted "wrists"—"to see you in the enjoyment of many years of your accustomed health and spirits, and I have no doubt, humanly speaking, that I shall."

Miss Letty was quiet and peremptory, but also a little excited. And the Doctor, for want of something better to do, cleared his voice, in a grand abstraction, and wound up his watch slowly, and held it to his ear, nobody knew exactly why.

"You won't believe me, but I know it, and so will you—too late; to-morrow night at twelve o'clock I shall be dead. I've tried to keep up—I have; I've tried it; but oh! Ho, ho, hoo, ooh," and poor Aunt Dinah quite broke down, and cried and hooted hysterically.

Doctor Drake had now before him an intelligible case, and took the command accordingly with decision. Up went the window; cold water was there, and spirit of hartshorn. And when she had a little recovered, the Doctor, who was a good-natured fellow, said—

"Now, Miss Perfect, ma'am, it won't do, I tell you; it's only right; you may want some assistance; and if, as an old friend, you'll allow me to return and remain here for the night, a sofa, or an arm-chair, anything, I'll be most happy, I do assure you."

But Aunt Dinah, with many thanks, said "No," peremptorily, and wilful man or woman, who will contend with?

So, like the awful banquet in Macbeth, Miss Dinah Perfect's tea-party broke down and up, and the guests, somewhat scared, got into their walking wrappers, rather silently, and their entertainer remained behind unstrung and melancholic.

But William Maubray, who came down to assist in the rummage for cloaks and umbrellas, asked leave, in his blunt modest way, to accompany Miss Letty and her brother, the doctor, to Saxton.

Now there seemed something real and grisly in Aunt Dinah's terror which a little infected William Maubray; and the little party marched in silence along the frost-hardened road, white in the moonlight, with the bare switch-like shadows of the trees across it, on their way to the pretty old town of Saxton.

At last the doctor said—

"She won't miss you, do you think?"

"She told me she'd like to be quiet for half an hour, and I should be so

much obliged if you could tell me, whether you really, that is, *still* think that she ought to have a medical man in attendance to-night."

"Why, you know what hysteria is. Well, she is in a highly hysterical state. She's a woman who resists; it would be safer, you see, if she gave way, and cried a bit, now and then, when nature prompts, but she won't, except under awful high pressure, and then it might be serious; those things sometimes run off into fits."

And so the doctor lectured William upon his aunt's nerves, until they had arrived at the door of his snug house in the high street.

Here they shook hands; but William Maubray, who was unhappy about Aunt Dinah, after Miss Letty had mounted to her chamber, very urgently entreated the doctor to return and see how it might end.

With a bottle of valerian, his slippers, and a night-cap, in his pocket, Doctor Drake did consent to return, and be smuggled into Gilroyd Hall.

"I don't know what to make of that spirit-rapping quite," said the Doctor, as side by side they approached the Hall. "There's a quantity of books published on it—very unaccountable, if half what they say is true. I suppose you've read it all. You read a lot, Miss Perfect tells me."

"I've read very little about it, except in the papers. She fancies she has had a message, telling her she is to die sometime to-morrow. I can't believe there's really anything more than self-deception; but is there not a danger?"

"How?" asked the doctor.

"I mean, being so nervous as you suppose, and quite convinced that she is to die at a particular time; might not her own mind—you know Lord Lyttelton died in consequence of such a persuasion."

William paused, Doctor Drake lowered, between his fingers, the cigar he was smoking, and they came to a halt, with a little wheel to the left, and the doctor, with his head aside, blowing the smoke up in a thin stream, looked with a thoughtful scrutiny, up at the clear bright moon; perhaps a not unsuitable source of inspiration upon their crazy theme.

"I forget *which* Lord Lyttelton that was," said the doctor, wisely. "Isn't

it *Lyttelton*, you say? But the thing is quite possible. There's a spirit you know she's always talking about. She calls him Henbane. Egad, sir, I was devilish near laughing at tea when she named him so suddenly that time, I'd have been up a tree if I had, you know. You did not see what she was at, but I did. That Henbane's her gospel, egad, and she thinks it was he who told her—d'y'e see? Come along. She'll be wondering where you are."

So on they went towards Gilroyd Hall, whose outline, black and sharp, against the luminous sky, was relieved at one point by the dull glow of candle-light through the red curtains, of what William Maubray knew to be Aunt Dinah's bedchamber window.

"She is in her room, I think—there's light in her window," said William. The doctor nodded, chucking his cigar stump far away, for he knew Aunt Dinah's antipathy to tobacco, and they were now on the door-step. He was thinking, if the case were to end tragically, what a capital paper he would make of it, beside the interesting letter he would send to the editor of the *Spatula*.

"Winnie's bin a callin' over the stairs for you, Master Willie. Misses wants ye to her room," said Tom, who awaited them on the door-steps.

"I'll sit by the fire in the study," whispered the doctor. "I don't mind sitting up a night now and then. Give me a cloak or something. There's a sofa, and I'll do very well."

The principle of life was strong in Aunt Dinah, and three hours later that active-minded lady was lying wide awake on her bed, with a variety of topics, not all consisting with the assumed shortness of her hours, drifting in succession through her head. The last idea that struck her was the most congruous, and up she jumped, made a wild toilet, whose sole principle was warmth, tied a faded silk handkerchief over her nightcap, across her ears, and with her long white flannel dressing-gown about her, and a taper in her hand, issued, like the apparition of the Bleeding Nun, upon the gallery, and tapped sharply on William Maubray's door.

"William, William!" she called as she tapped, and from within William answered drowsily to the summons.

"Wait a moment," said the lady, and

"In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet."

"We *must* have a *séance*, my dear boy; I'm going to wake up old Winnie. It certainly has a connexion with your arrival; but anything like the cracking, knocking, and creaking of *everything*, I've never yet heard. I have no doubt—so sure as you sit there"—(William was sitting up in his

bed with glazed eyes, and senses only half awake)—"that your poor dear mother is here to-night. We're *sure* of Henbane; and—just get your clothes on—I'm going for Winnie, and we meet in the study, mind, in five minutes."

And Aunt Dinah, having lighted William's candle, disappeared, leaving him with a fund of cheerful ideas to make his yawning and bewildered toilet.

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN WHICH THE WITCHES ASSEMBLE.

A FEW minutes later she glided into the study, overthrowing a small table, round which her little *séances* were accustomed to be made, and which the doctor had providently placed against the door.

Aunt Dinah held under her arm the 8vo "Revelations of Elihu Bung, the Pennsylvanian Prophet," a contribution to spiritual science which distanced all contemporary competition; and the chapter which shows that a table of a light, smart build, after having served a proper apprenticeship to "rapping," may acquire the faculty of locomotion and self-direction, flashed on her recollection as she recognised prostrate at her feet, in the glimmer of the taper, the altar of their mysteries, which she had with reverent hands herself placed that evening in its wonted corner, at the opposite end of the room.

Such a manifestation was new to her. She looked on it, a little paler than usual, and bethought her of that other terrible chapter in which Elihu Bung avers that spirits, grown intimate by long familiarity, will, in a properly regulated twilight—and her light at the moment was no more—make themselves visible to those whom they habitually favour with their advices.

Therefore she was strangely thrilled at sight of the indistinct and shadowy doctor, who awakened by the noise, rose at the opposite end of the room from the sofa on which he had fallen asleep. Tall and thin, and quite unrecognisable by him, was the white figure at the door, with a taper elevated above its head, and

which whispered with a horrid distinctness the word "Henbane!"—the first heard on his awaking, the last in his fancy as he dropped asleep, and which sounded to him like the apparition's considerate announcement of its name on entering the room; he echoed "Henbane" in a suppressed diapason, and Aunt Dinah, with an awful ejaculation, repeated the word from the distance, and sank into a chair.

"Henbane!" cried the doctor briskly, having no other exclamation ready, and reassured by these evidences of timidity in the spectre, he exclaimed, "Hey, by Jove! what the plague!" and for some seconds he did not know distinctly where he was.

"Merciful goodness! Doctor Drake, why *will* you try to frighten people in this manner? Do you want to *kill* me, sir?"

"I? Ho! Ha, ha! ma'am," replied the learned gentleman, incoherently.

"What are you doing *here*, sir? I think you're *mad*!" exclaimed Aunt Dinah, fiercely.

The doctor cleared his voice, and addressed himself to explain, and before his first period was reached, William and old Winnie, wofully sleepy, had arrived.

Luckily the person who approaches such oracles as "Henbane," it is well known, must do so with a peaceful and charitable soul. So Miss Perfect was appeasable, and apologies being made and accepted, she thus opened her mind to the doctor—

"I don't complain, Doctor Drake—William, light the candles over the

chimney-piece — although you terrified me a great deal more than in my circumstances I ought to have been capable of."

The candles were now lighted, and shone cheerfully upon the short, fat figure, and ruddy, roguish face of Doctor Drake, and as he was taking one of his huge pinches of snuff, she added—

"And I won't deny that I *did* fancy for a moment you might be a spirit-form, and possibly that of Hensbane."

William Maubray, who was looking at the doctor, as Miss Perfect reverently lowered her voice at these words, exploded into something so like a laugh, though he tried to pass it off for a cough, that his aunt looked sharply on him in silence for a moment.

"And I'm blown but I was a bit frightened too, ma'am, when I saw you at the door there," said the doctor.

"Well, let us try," said Miss Perfect. "Come, we are four; let us try who are present—what spirits, and seek to communicate. You don't object, Dr. Drake?"

"I? Ho! oh! dear no. I should not desire better—aw-haw—*instruction*, ma'am," answered the doctor.

"Winnie, place the table as usual. There, yes. Now let us arrange ourselves."

The doctor sat down, still blinking, and with a great yawn inquired—

"Do we waw—haw—wa—w—want any particular information?"

"Let us first try whether they will communicate. We *always* want information," said Miss Perfect. "William, sit you there; Winnie, *there*. I'll take pencil and paper and record."

All being prepared, fingers extended, company intent, Aunt Dinah propounded the first question—

"Is there any spirit present?"

There was a long wait and no rejoinder.

"Didn't you hear something?" inquired the doctor.

William shook his head.

"I thought I *felt* it," persisted the doctor. "What do *you* say, ma'am?" addressing himself to Winnie, who looked, after her wont, towards her mistress for help.

"Did you feel anything?" demanded Miss Perfect, sharply.

"Nothing but a little wind like on

the back of my head, as I think," replied Winnie, driven to the wall.

"Wind on her head! That's odd," said Miss Perfect, looking in the air, as if she possessed the porcine gift of seeing it, "*very odd!*" she continued, with her small hand expanded in the air. "Not a breath stirring, and Winnie has no more imagination than that sofa pillow. You never fancy anything, Winnie?"

"Do I, ma'am?" inquired Winnie Dobbs, mildly.

"Well, do you, I say? No, you don't; of course, you don't. You know you don't as well as I do."

"Well, I did think so, sure, ma'am," answered Winnie.

"Pity we can't get an answer," remarked the doctor, and at the same moment William felt the pressure of a large foot in a slipper—under the table. It had the air of an intentional squeeze, and he looked innocently at the doctor, who was, however, so entirely unconscious, that it must have been an accident.

"I say it is a pity, Mr. Maubray, isn't it? for we *might* hear something that might interest Miss Perfect very much, possibly, I say?"

"I don't know; I can't say. I've never heard anything," answered William, who would have liked to kick the table up to the ceiling and go off to his bed.

"Suppose, ma'am, we try again," inquired Doctor Drake.

"Certainly," replied Aunt Dinah, "we must have patience."

"Will you ask, ma'am, please, again if there's a spirit in the room?" solicited the doctor; and the question being put, there came an upward heave of the table.

"Well?" exclaimed the doctor, looking at Winnie, "did you feel that?"

"Tilt, ma'am," said Winnie, who knew the intelligence would be welcome.

"What do *you* say?" inquired Miss Perfect triumphantly of William.

"Doctor Drake was changing his position just at the moment, and I perceived no other motion in the table—nothing but the little push he gave it," answered William.

"Oh, pooh! yes, of course, there was that," said the doctor a little crossly; "but I meant a sort of a start—a crack like, in the leaf of the table."

"I felt nothing of the kind," said William Maubray.

The doctor looked disgusted, and, leaning back, took a large pinch of snuff. There was a silence. Aunt Dinah's lips were closed with a thoughtful frown as she looked down upon the top of the table.

"It is very strange. I certainly never witnessed in this house more unequivocal evidences—*preliminary* evidences, of course—of spiritual activity."

"I think, ma'am, I have read," said the doctor, with his hands in his pockets, "I *think*, somewhere, that if any one of the manipulators happens to be an unbeliever"—

"In the manifestations, of course the spirits won't communicate," interposed Miss Perfect, volubly laying down the law. "Winnie is a believer

as much as I. We all know *that*. Nephew, how are you? Do you *believe*? You shake your head. Speak out. Yes or no?"

"Well, I don't," said he, a little sheepishly.

"You don't? And, not believing, you sit here with your fingers on the table, keeping Doctor Drake out of his—his"—

She could not say *bed*, and the doctor relieved her by saying, "Oh, as to me, ma'am, I'm only too happy; but you know it's a pity, all the same."

"Very true, doctor. Much obliged. We shall set it to rights. My dear William, you might have told us at starting; but we'll commence again. Sit by the fire, William, and I trust in a little time you may be convinced."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE FAMILIAR SPEAKS.

So the excommunicated William, with his feet upon the fender, leaning upon his elbow in the great chair, made himself comfortable by the fire, and heard his aunt propound the questions, and the answers by the previously appointed manifestations, duly noted down.

"Is there a spirit present?"

"Yes."

"Are there more than one?"

"No."

"Is it a male or female spirit?"

No answer.

"Is it Henbane?"

"Yes" (emphatically).

William *was* surprised. All was now going smoothly, and he could not for a moment suspect a gentleman of Dr. Drake's respectability of participating in a trick. But there was a monotony in the matter of a quieting kind, and William grew too drowsy to keep his eyes long open.

"Did you give Miss Dinah Perfect a message on Monday last?"

"Yes."

"Did it concern her death?"

"Yes."

"Is her death to take place at the time then appointed?"

Here the table made a positive jump, and in spite of a grasp made at it by the doctor's fingers, it fell flat on the floor, and it must have been a

very violent impulse, for Dr. Drake's slipper was off, and he, very red, no doubt from his effort to prevent the wilful fall of the table.

"Very extraordinary!" exclaimed he, standing up.

"Most wonderful!" said my aunt.

Good old fat Winnie sat with her fingers raised in the air, looking at the prostrate table with placid astonishment.

"That's a tilt," said the doctor, "that means *no*—a very *emphatic* tilt."

"I think it was a *jump*," said my aunt, sadly.

"No, ma'am, no—a tilt, a tilt, I'll take my oath. Besides, a *jump* has no meaning," urged he with energy.

"Pardon me; when a question is received with marked impatience a jump is no unfrequent consequence."

"Oh, ho!" groaned the doctor, reflectively. "Then it counts for nothing?"

"Nothing," said Miss Perfect in a low tone. "Winnie, get the table up again."

"Suppose, ma'am, to avoid mistakes," said the doctor, after reflection, "suppose we put it upon it to express itself in language. Just ask it what about Miss Dinah Perfect's death."

"I've no objection," said Miss Per-

fect; and in the terms prescribed by Dr. Drake the momentous question was put.

Hereupon the spelling commenced—  
“A-D-J-O-U-R-N-E-D.”

“Postponed, put off, ma’am!” said the doctor, expounding eagerly.

“I know; good Heaven! I understand,” answered Aunt Dinah, faintly.

“Give her some water. *Here*, ma’am,” said he, presenting a glass at her pale lips. She sipped a little.

“Now we’ll ask, ma’am, please, for how long?” suggested the doctor.

And this question likewise having been propounded, the table proceeded once more to spell—

“S-I-N-E-D-I-E.”

“It ends with *die*,” said my poor aunt, faintly.

“*Sine die*, ma’am. It means indefinitely, ma’am; your death is postponed without a day named—for ever, ma’am! It’s all over; and I’m very happy it has ended so. What a marvellous thing, ma’am—give her some more water, please—those manifestations are. I hope, ma’am, your mind is quite relieved—perfectly, ma’am.”

Miss Dinah Perfect was taken with a violent shivering, in which her very teeth chattered. Then she cried, and then she laughed; and finally Doctor Drake administered some of his ammonia and valerian, and she became, at last, composed.

With audible thanksgivings old Winnie accompanied her mistress upstairs to her room, where Aunt Dinah herself, who, notwithstanding her necromancy, was a well-intending, pious churchwoman, descended to her knees at her bedside, and poured forth her gratitude for the reprieve, and then in a loud and distinct voice read to old Winnie Dobbs the Twentieth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, in which we read how the good King Hezekiah obtained by prayer ten years more of the light of life.

Then old Winnie persuaded her to have a glass of very hot port wine-negus, which agreed with her so well that she quickly fell asleep; and never did poor lady need repose more, or drink deeper and more tranquil draughts of that Lethe.

William Maubray was now wide awake, and he and the doctor, being a little chilly, sat before the study fire.

“It’s jolly, isn’t it?” exclaimed William, for the seventh time. But isn’t it all very odd, sir, and very unaccountable—I—I think?”

“Very, very odd, to be sure,” said the doctor, poking the corner of a lump of coal—“very, no doubt.”

“I wish I had been awake. I should like to see one of those things—those *séances*. I had no idea there really was anything so coherent.”

“Very lucky for her,” replied the doctor, with a sly little wink to William.

William looked inquiringly at the doctor, who smiled on the poker’s end, and pushed the embers gently with it.

“You don’t believe in it, sir—do you?” inquired William, puzzled.

“I? Well, I don’t know exactly what to say, you know. I put my foot in it on Sunday last, when I told her I did not believe a bit of it; no more I *did*. Egad, you never saw a woman so angry, when I called it all bosh. You’d better not vex her that way, my boy—d’ye see? She lent me one of those wonderful queer books from America—very odd they are—and I read it to please her. So, you see, that’s how we stand; very good friends again.”

“And you are convinced it’s true?” urged William, who, like other young men who sit up late, and read wild books, and drink strong coffee, was, under the rose, addicted to the supernatural.

“Why, you see, as Shakespeare says, there are more bubbles between heaven and earth than are dreamt of by the philosophers,” observed the doctor, with a little paraphrase. I wish to live at peace with my neighbours; and I’d advise you to think over this subject, old fellow, and not to tease the old lady upstairs about it—that’s all.”

“I wish he’d speak out, and tell me what happened to-night, and tell me his real opinion,” thought William Maubray. “I’ve read in some old medical book,” he continued aloud, “that the vital electricity escapes and diffuses itself at the finger-tips.”

“Oh, to be sure! All sorts of theories. The hand’s a very mysterious organ. The hand of glory, you may be certain, was not altogether a story. The electric light has been seen at the finger-tips in consumptive

cases in the dark ; and a patient convulsed, or in a state of extreme nervous exhaustion, will clench the hand so as to prevent the escape of this influence at the finger-points, and then joining hands, in love, you know, or friendship—and in fact it is, sir, a very mysterious organ ; and I'm prepared to believe a great deal that's curious about its occult powers. Your aunt told you about the toad she saw climb over her coverlet one night, and turn into a hand and grasp her wrist."

"No," said William.

"Egad, she's ready to swear to it. Last winter she was so frightened, she was not fit to stand for a week after. She reads too much of those books. Egad, sir, she'll turn her head, and that will be the end of it. However, we've pulled her through this, and I hope she'll give it up, true or

false. You see, there's no good in it ; and if she goes on, sooner or later she'll frighten herself out of her wits."

"But that toad was a very curious idea," said William. "What does she make of it ? Does she think it was a fancy only, or a real thing ?"

"Pooh ! A spirit, of course. She calls it the key-spirit that unlocks the spirit-world, you see ; and from the time it touches you, you are in rapport with the invisible world, and subject, as she says she is, to their visitations, you see—ha, ha, ha !"

William laughed too.

"Last winter ?" he said. "She never told me."

"Pooh ! All fancies," observed the doctor. "Better she should not talk of them. Those American people are all going mad. She'll get touched in the upper story if she does not mind."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WILLIAM MAUBRAY'S VISION.

AFTER some more talk of this kind, they parted, and William Maubray, as he lay down again in his bed, wondered whether the doctor, whom he had heard described as a shrewd man, believed in the revelations at which he had assisted ; or—was it possible—could he have been accessory to. Oh ! no, it could not be.

The student, as I have said, had a sort of liking for the supernatural, and although now and then he had experienced a qualm in his solitary college chamber at dead of night, when, as he read a well-authenticated horror, the old press creaked suddenly, or the door of the inner room swung slowly open of itself, it yet was "a pleasing terror" that thrilled him ; and now as he lay this night awake, with a patch of moonlight spread askance on the floor—for Aunt Dinah insisted on a curfew, and he, preferring "the light that heaven sheds" to no lamp at all, left the window-shutter a little open, and for a while allowed his eyes to wander over the old-fashioned and faded furniture of the apartment, and his fancy to wander among those dreams of superstition with which he rather liked to try his courage.

He coned over his aunt's story of

the toad, recounted to him by Doctor Drake, and which he had never heard before, until the nodding shadow of the sprig of jessamine on the floor took the shape of the sprawling reptile, and seemed to swagger clumsily toward his bed, and every noise in the curtains suggested its slimy clamberings.

Youth, fatigue, pure country air, in a little while overpowered these whimsies, and William Maubray fell into a deep sleep.

I am now going to relate a very extraordinary incident ; but upon my honour the narrative is true. William Maubray dreamed that he was in the room in which he actually lay ; that he was in bed, and that the moonlight entered the room, just as he had seen it before going to sleep. He thought that he heard a heavy tread traverse the room over his head ; he heard the same slow and ponderous step descend the narrow back stair, that was separated from him only by the wall at the back of his bed. He knew intuitively that the person thus approaching came in quest of him, and lay expecting his entrance, in a state of unaccountable terror. The handle of his door turned, and it seemed that his intending visitor

paused, having opened the door about a hand's breadth, and William knew that he had only suspended, not abandoned his purpose, be it what it might. Then the door swung slowly open, and in the deep shadow, a figure, of gigantic stature, entered, paused beside his bed, and seized his wrist with a tremendous gripe.

For a time, unable to stir, he remained passively under its pressure. Then with a horrified and unavailing struggle he awoke. There was no figure visible, but his wrist was actually compressed in a cold grasp, and with a ghastly ejaculation he sprang from his bed and was released.

He had no means of lighting a candle; he had nothing for it but to bounce to the window, fling curtains and shutters wide, and admit the full flood of moonlight, which revealed the contents of the room, and showed that no figure but his own was there. But there were the marks of the grasp that had held him, still visible. He secured his door, and made search, in a state of horror, but was convinced. There was no visible intruder in the chamber.

Now William got back into his bed. For the first time in his life he had experienced a paroxysm of that wild fear with which it had been so often his delight to trifle. He heard the clock at the stair-head strike hour after hour, and at last, after having experienced every stage in the subsidence of such horrors, fairly overcome by fatigue, he sunk to sleep.

How welcome and how beautiful shone the morning! Slanting by his window the sunbeam touched the quivering jessamine leaves and the clustering roses, and in the dewy air he heard the chirp and whistle of the happy birds. He threw up his window and breathed the perfumed air, and welcomed all the pleasant sounds of morning in that pleasant season.

"The cock he crew,  
Away then flew  
The fiends from the church-door."

And so the uncomfortable and odious shadows of the night winged their foul flight before these cheerful influences, and William Maubray, though he felt the want of his accustomed sleep, ran down the well-known stairs, and heard with a happy heart

from Winnie Dobbs that his kind old aunt was ever so much better.

Doctor Drake had withdrawn from his uncomfortable bivouac, carrying with him his night-cap and slippers, and hastening to his toilet in the pleasant town of Saxton, where, no doubt, Miss Letty cross-questioned him minutely upon the occurrences of the night.

I have said before that the resources of Gilroyd were nothing very remarkable, still there was the Saxton Cricket Club, who practised zealously, and always welcomed William, whose hit to leg was famous, and even recorded as commendable in the annual volume of the great Mr. Lillywhite; where he was noted as a promising young bat, with a good defence. He fished a little; and he played at fives with young Trevor of Revington, whom nobody very much liked. The squire of Saxton, who assumed territorial and other airs that were oppressive, although Revington was only £2,500 a year. But in that modest neighbourhood he was a very important person, and knew that fact very well.

He had of late distinguished Violet with a slight admiration, that ought to have been gratifying. Once or twice he paid old Miss Perfect a little neighbourly, condescending visit, and loitered a good deal about the garden, and that acre and a half of shrubbery, which she called "the grounds." He sometimes joined in the walk home from church, and sometimes in other walks; and Aunt Perfect was pleased and favorable, and many of the Saxton mothers and daughters were moved to envy and malice.

"I played to-day," said William, giving an account of his hours at tea to the ladies, "two rubbers of fives; with whom do you think?"

He stopped, smiling slyly on Violet, who was stedfastly looking down on Miss Perfect's crest on her tea-spoon.

"Well, I'm sure you know, by that unerring instinct that poets speak of," said William; "but it is hardly fair to ask you to name him."

Violet looked up, having blushed very prettily, but not very well pleased.

"Of course I mean Trevor—Vane Trevor—of Revington. It sounds very well. Trevor was two years my



senior at school ; he left at the end of the third half after I came ; that makes him nearly twenty-five now. How old are you Vi—you'd make a very pretty mistress of Revington ; yes, indeed, Vi, or anywhere else. Don't be vexed, but tell me exactly how old you are."

He tapped with his pencil on the table to hasten her answer, as he looked at her, smiling a little sadly.

"How old?" she repeated.

"Well?"

"Past sixteen—why do you want to know?" she added, laughing.

"Well, he's not quite five-and-

twenty yet ; only twenty-four to your sixteen. Eight years is a very pretty difference."

"What are you talking about, William? This kind of thing is thought very funny ; it is very disagreeable. If people will talk nonsense do let it be amusing. You used to be sometimes amusing."

"That was long ago when I told you 'Sinbad the Sailor,' and 'The Romance of the Forest ;' before the romance of the shrubbery had commenced."

"Folly!" exclaimed Violet.

## CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH MISS VIOLET SAYS WHAT SHE THINKS OF MR. VANE TREVOR, AND IS VIOLET NO LONGER.

"Now, I tell you," continued William Maubray, and he glanced at Aunt Dinah, but she was reading with her gold spectacles on, the second of a series of old letters which she had in an old stamped leather box beside her, and had forgotten all else. "You really must tell me what you think of Vane Trevor?"

Miss Vi fixed her glowing eyes full upon his for a moment, and then dropped them suddenly. His were full of their old, gentle, good-natured mirth.

There was a little pause, and, suddenly looking up, she said, rather petulantly.

"Think of him? Why, I suppose I think what every one else does. I think him handsome ; I think him agreeable ; I think he has an estate ; I think he looks like a gentleman ; and I think he is the only man who ever appears in this neighbourhood that is not in one way or other a bore. Shall I sing you a song?"

And with heightened colour and bright eyes, this handsome girl sat down to the piano, which had a cracked and ancient voice like the reedy thrum of a hurdy-gurdy, contrasting quaintly with her own mellow tones, and she sang—nothing to the purpose, nothing with a sly, allegoric satire in it, but the first thing that came into her head—sweet and sad as a song of old times ; and ancient Miss Perfect, for a verse or so, lowered her letter, and listened,

smiling, with a little sigh ; and William, listening also, fell into a brown study, as he looked on the pretty songstress, and her warblings mingled with his dreams.

"Thank you, little Vi," said he, rising with a sudden smile, and, standing beside her as the music ceased. "Very pretty—very sweet."

"I am glad you like it, William," she said, kindly.

"William, again!" he repeated.

"Well—yes."

"And why not *Willie* as it used to be?" he persisted.

"Because it sounds foolish, somehow. I'm sure you think so. I do."

It seemed to him as, with a sad smile, he looked at her, thinking over the words that sounded so like a farewell, so light and cruel, too, that there yet was wisdom—that precocious wisdom with which nature accomplishes the weaker sex—in her decision ; and something of approval lighted up his sad smile, and he said, with a little nod :

"I believe the young lady says wisely ; yes, you are a wise little woman, and I submit."

Perhaps she was a little disappointed at his ready acquiescence ; at all events she wound up with a loud chord on the piano, and, standing up, said :

"Yes, it sounds foolish, and so, indeed, I think, does *William* ; and people can't go on being children always, and talking nonsense ; and you know we are no relations, at least that

I know of, and I'll call you—yes I will—*Mr. Maubray*. People may be just as friendly, and yet—and yet call one another by their right names. And now, *Mr. Maubray*, will you have some tea?"

"No—thanks; no more tea to-night. I'm sure it has lost its flavour. It would not taste like tea."

"What's the matter with the tea?" asked Miss Perfect, over the edge of her letter. "You don't like your tea, William? Is not it strong enough?"

"Quite; too much; almost bitter, and a little cold."

"Fancy, child," said Aunt Dinah, who apprehended a new attack on her tea-chest, and hated waste. "I think it particularly good this evening," and she sipped a little in evidence of her liking, and once more relapsed into reading.

"I can add water," said Violet, touching the little ivory handle of the tea-urn with the tip of her finger, and not choosing to apprehend William's allegory.

"No, thank you, Vi—Violet, I mean—Miss Darkwell; indeed, I forgot. What shall I read to-night?" and he strode listlessly to the little book-case, whose polished surface flashed pleasantly to the flicker of the wood fire. '*Boswell's Johnson*,' '*Sir Charles Grandison*,' '*Bishop Horsley's Sermons*,' '*Trimmer's Works*,' '*A Simple Story*,' '*Watts's Sacred Songs*,' '*Rasselas*,' '*Poems*, by Alfred Tennyson.'"

His quiet voice as he read the names on the backs of Aunt Dinah's miscellaneous collection, sounded changed and older, ever so much, in Violet's ear. All on a sudden for both, a part of their lives had been cut off, and a very pleasant time changed irrevocably to a retrospect.

"I think '*Tennyson*.' What do you?" he asked, turning a smile that seemed faded now, but kindly as ever, upon her.

As the old name was gone, and the new intolerable, he compounded by calling her by none; and she, likewise, in her answer:

"Oh! yes, Tennyson, Tennyson, by all means; that is, if Miss Perfect wishes."

"Yes—oh! to be sure; but haven't you read it before?" acquiesced Miss Perfect.

William smiled at Violet, and said

to Miss Dinah, "I think—and don't you?"—this was to Vi, parenthetically, "that poetry is never heard fairly on a first reading. It resembles music—you must know it a little to enjoy it."

"That's just what I think," said Violet, eagerly.

"Very good, young people," said my aunt, with a little toss of her head. "For my part, I think there's but one Book will bear repeated reading, and that is the Bible."

"Not even '*Elihu Bung*'?" suggested William.

"There—read your poetry," said Miss Perfect. I shan't interrupt; I'm reading these," looking back for the date of a family event.

This was an exercise not unfrequently imposed on her by Henbane, who now and then made a slip in such matters, and thus perplexed and troubled Aunt Dinah, who had sometimes her secret misgivings about his accuracy and morality.

"What shall I read?" asked William in a lower tone.

"Anything, '*Mariana*,'" she answered.

"The '*Moated Grange*,'" repeated William, and smiled. "'The poetry of monotony.' I could fancy, if a few pleasant faces were gone, this Gilroyd Hall, much as I like it, very like the Moated Grange."

And without more preface he read that exquisite little poem through, and then leaned back in his chair, the book open upon the table, pretty Violet sat opposite, working at her crochet, in a reverie, as was he as he gazed on her.

"Where did she learn all that? How much wiser they are than we. What a jolly ass I was at sixteen, and all the fellows. What fools—weren't they?—in things like that; and by Jove! she's quite right, I could not go on visiting her all my days, just because when she was a child she used to be here. They are certainly awfully wise in that sort of thing. Pretty head she has—busy, busy—quite a little world within it now, I dare say. What a wonder of wonders, that little casket! Pretty hair, awfully pretty; and the shape of her head, so pretty, and yet the oval reminds me, right or wrong, of a serpent's head; but she has nothing of that in her, only the wisdom; yes,

the wisdom, and, perhaps, the fascination. She'll make some fellow's heart sore yet; she'll make some great match, I dare say; but that's a long way off, eight years; yes, she'll be twenty-four then; time enough before her."

"Is there any cricket for to-morrow?" asked Vi on a sudden.

"No match, no. I'm going up to look at Revington. Trevor said he'd call for me early—eleven o'clock—for me, mind; and you know I begin to feel an interest in Revington."

"Oh! it's very pretty, great old timber," she said, "and a handsome place, and a good estate—three thousand a year, only it owes some money. What an ambitious, audacious person I must be. I'm certain you think so, because it is quite plain I covet my

neighbour's house, and his ox, and his ass, and everything that is his; and coveting, Dr. Mainwaring tells us, is the fountain-head of all iniquity, for how could a person so poor as I ever obtain all these fine things without fraud and chicanery?"

Miss Violet was talking a little recklessly and angrily, but she looked unusually handsome, her colour was so beautiful, and there was so strange a fire in her vexed eyes. What was the meaning of this half-suppressed scorn, and who its real object? How enigmatical they grow so soon as the summer hours of fascination, and of passion with its disguises and its sorrows, in all their transient glow and beauty, approach—the season of hope, of triumph, and of aching hearts.

#### CHAPTER X.

VANE TREVOR IS DISCUSSED AND APPEARS.

It was in this mysteriously turbulent frame of mind that old Winnie Dobbs, bearing the Bible and book of family prayers, surprised Miss Violet Darkwell, and recalled Aunt Dinah from the sound and fury of forty years ago, now signifying no more than the discoloured paper on which they were recorded.

"Dear me! can it be a quarter to ten already?" exclaimed Miss Perfect, plucking her watch from her side and inspecting it. "So it is; come in."

And fat Mrs. Podgers, the cook, and Tom, with his grimmest countenance, and the little girl with a cap on, looking mild and frightened.

So, according to the ancient usage of Gilroyd Hall, to William's lot fell the reading of the Bible, and to Aunt Dinah's that of the prayers, and then the little congregation broke up, and away went Vi to her bed-room, with old Winnie.

William was not worse, nor, I dare say, much better than other young Cambridge men of his day and college; but he liked these little "services" in which he officiated, and they entered into his serene and pleasant recollections of that sequestered habitation.

"Well, William dear, I thank God I am spared to be with you a little longer."

"Amen," he said, "you dear aunt, dear, dear old Aunt Dinah."

And they kissed very lovingly, and there was a silence, which Aunt Dinah in a few minutes broke by mentioning the very subject at that moment in his mind.

"You saw Violet a good deal grown—very pretty figure—in fact, I think her lovely; but we must not tell her so, you know. She has been very much admired, and a good, affectionate, amiable little soul she is. There's young Mr. Trevor. I can tell you people are beginning to talk about it. What do you think?"

William set down his bedroom candle on the tea table, rubbed the apex of its extinguisher with the tip of his finger, and returned an answerless.

"He's very good-looking; isn't he? But he thinks a lot of himself; and don't you think it would be an awful pity little Vi should be married so soon?"

"Then you think he means to ask her?" said Miss Perfect, her silver pencil-case to her chin, her head a little aside, and looking very curiously into her nephew's eyes.

"I don't know; I haven't a notion. He said yesterday he thought her very pretty; but Trevor always talks like no end of a swell, and I really think he fancies a princess, or some-

thing of the sort, would hardly be good enough for him."

"It would, of course, be a very good match for Vi," said Miss Perfect, dropping her eyes, perhaps a little disappointed, and running her pencil-case back and forward slowly on the edge of William's plated candlestick, from which they both seemed to look for inspiration; "but a girl as pretty as she may look higher than Mr. Trevor without presumption."

"Yes, indeed, and there's no hurry, Heaven knows. I don't think Trevor half good enough for her," said William.

"Oh, I don't say that; but—but more unlikely things have happened."

"Does he—does he make *love* to her?" said William, who drew altogether upon the circulating library for his wisdom in those matters.

"He certainly admires her very much; he has been very attentive. I'm sure he likes her, and I can't hear that he is anything but a straightforward, honourable young man."

"I suppose he is," said William, "I'm sure he's that. And what does Violet—Miss Darkwell—say?"

"Say! Why, of course I can't ask her to say anything till he speaks. I dare say she likes him, as why should she not? But that's only conjecture, you know, and you are not to hint it to him, mind, if he should question or poke you on the subject."

"Oh, no, certainly," answered William, and there came a long pause. "But indeed, aunt, I don't think Vane Trevor half good enough for her."

"Oh! that's for *them*, my dear, to settle. There's nothing, in point of prudence, against it."

"No; oh, no. Everything *very* well. Lucky fellow, to be able to marry when he likes."

"And—but I forgot you don't mind. You think there's nothing in it. Still I may tell you. I have had—old Winnie and I—some answers."

"Table-rapping?" said William.

"A little *séance*. We sit down together, Winnie and I; and some responses, in my mind, can hardly refer to anything else, and most sweet and comforting they have been."

Once on this subject, my aunt was soon deep in it, and told her story of the toad which turned into a hand; whereupon William related his dream, and the evidences afforded by his

waking senses of the reality of the visitation. My aunt was at once awestruck and delighted.

"Now, William, you'll read, I've no doubt, the wonderful experiences of others, having had such remarkable ones of your own. Since my hand was held in that spirit-hand—no doubt the same which seized yours—I have become accessible to impressions from the invisible world, such as I had no idea of before. You need not be uncomfortable or nervous. It is all benevolent—or at worst, just. I've never seen or felt that hand but once; the relation is established for ever by a single pressure. I have satisfied Dr. Drake—a very intelligent man, and who will be reasoned with—convinced him, he admits. And now, dear William, there is another link between us; and if, in the mysterious ways of Providence, you should after all be taken first, I shall have the happiness of communion with you. Good night, dear, and God bless you, and be careful to put out your candle."

So William departed, and notwithstanding Miss Perfect's grisly conversation, he slept soundly, and did not dream of the shadowy giant, nor even of Trevor and Violet.

Pleasant, listless Gilroyd Hall! thought William, as, after breakfast, he loitered up and down before the rich, red-brick front of the old gabled house, with its profusion of small windows, with such thick, white sashes, and casings of white stone; and the pointed gables, with stone cornice and glittering weather-vane on the summit. That house, somehow, bore a rude resemblance to the old world dandyism which reigned in its younger days, and reminded William of the crimson coats, the bars of lace and quaint, gable-like cocked hats, which had, no doubt, for many a year passed in and out at its deep-porched door; where I could fancy lovers loitering in a charmed murmur, in summer shade, for an enchanted hour, till old Sir Harry's voice and whistle, and the pound of his crutch-handled cane, and the scamper and yelp of the dogs, were heard in the oak hall approaching.

Under the old chestnuts, clustered with ivy, Violet joined him.

"Well, how are we to-day? I think we were a little cross last night,

weren't we?" said William, with his old trick of lecturing little Vi.

"We! One of us may have been, but it was not I," she answered.

"I think my watch is wrong. Did you happen to look at the clock as you passed?"

"Half-past eleven."

"Ah! so I thought. How many hours long, Miss" (Vi he was going to say) "Darkwell, are contained in half an hour's waiting? The spirit of Mariana has come upon me:

'She only said, "My life is dreary,"

"He cometh not," she said;

She said, "I am a-weary, a-weary,  
I would that I were dead!"'

Can't you a little understand it, too? not, of course quite like me, but a little?"

Vi was not going to answer, but suddenly she changed her mind, and said—

"I don't know, but I think you were a great deal more agreeable when you were a schoolboy. I assure you, I'm serious. I think you've grown so tiresome and conceited. I suppose all young men in the universities are. 'A little learning is a dangerous thing,' you used to tell

me, and I think I can now agree with you—at least, it seems to make people vain and disagreeable."

Maubray answered looking on her gently, but speaking as if in a pensive soliloquy, and wondering as he went along whether he had really turned into a coxcomb; for he was one of those sensitive, because diffident souls on whom the lightest reproof tells, and induces self-examination.

"I don't know," he said, "that I've even got the little learning that qualifies for danger. I don't think I am vain—that is, not a bit vainer than I used to be; but I'm sure I'm more disagreeable—that is, to you. My babble and dull jokes were very well for a child, but the child has grown up, and left childish things behind; and a young lady in her teens is more fastidious, and—and, in fact, is a sort of an angel whom I am not formed to talk to with a chance of being anything but a bore. Very unlearned, and yet a book-worm; very young, and yet not very merry; not a bad fellow, I think, and yet, with hardly a friend on earth, and—by Jove! here comes Trevor at last."

And Trevor entered the gate, and approached them.

#### IMPOSTURE AND CREDULITY.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat."—HUDIBRAS.

IF we are to judge by the avidity with which men in all ages have swallowed, and still continue to swallow the most palpable deceptions, we must conclude that the aphorism we have prefixed to our present article, is not, as the satiric poet intended, a mere jest, but a positive fact. Many people, not very deep thinkers, who are half induced by sophistical statements to doubt the genuineness of the Books of Moses, are more than half convinced of the spiritual endowments of Mr. Hume. It is in vain to remind them that no rational or useful discovery has yet established itself through the agency of these self-elected *medii*. That the means are unworthy of the supposed end, and that no definite end has yet been propounded or attained. Very little evidence is required, even in this enlightened age, to give currency to

an adroit juggle, a bold imposture, an ingenious guess, an accidental solution of an apparent difficulty, or an assumption of peculiar gifts. We verily believe that another Cock-lane ghost would draw a congregation, and a second Joanna Southcote would find followers.

Some living ancients are old enough to remember that noted fortune-teller, Mrs. Williams, whose levee was attended by all classes, high and low, from the duchess to the kitchen-maid, and whose predictions were long considered as oracular as the Sibylline books. She drove a flourishing trade for many years, asking and receiving from ten shillings to ten guineas a visit, according to the means and station of the inquirer. Moore tells us in the life of Lord Byron, that in the summer of 1801, when the noble poet was at

Cheltenham with his mother, he being then a boy of thirteen, this artful schemer being consulted by Mrs. Byron, pronounced a prediction concerning him, which for some time left a strong impression on his mind. "Mrs. Byron endeavoured to pass herself off as a maiden lady. The sibyl, however, was not so easily deceived; she pronounced her wise consultor to be not only a married woman, but the mother of a son who was lame, and to whom, amongst other evils which she read in the stars, it was predestined that his life should be in danger from poison before he was of age; and that he should be twice married,—the second time to a foreign lady." Moore adds, "About two years afterwards Lord Byron himself mentioned these particulars to the person from whom I heard the story, and said that the thought of the first part of the prophecy very often occurred to him. The latter part, however, seems to have been the nearer guess of the two." We ourselves knew three or four elderly ladies, in our young days, who said they had been induced to consult Mrs. Williams, and related wondrous stories of the manner in which she had astonished them by revelations concerning themselves which they thought it impossible she could have hit upon by mere chance-guessing. Perhaps, like Cadwallader, in Peregrine Pickle, she had confederates, or "touters," who played into her hand, and conveyed *a priori* information relative to her intended visitors, the questions they proposed to ask, and the answers they wished to receive.

In Reginald Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," a curious old quarto, published as far back as A.D. 1584, we find an amusing anecdote of an old beldam, in one of the southern counties, who cured everything, barrenness in matrons, croup and small-pox in children, murrain in cattle, rot in sheep, pigs, and poultry, tooth-ache, earache, headache, and all the physical ills that flesh is heir to. Her fee was always a penny and a small loaf, on receipt of which she mumbled some jargon as an infallible charm. Being at last suspected of dealings with the Evil One, and in imminent danger of the horse-pond and tar barrel, she confessed

that her one invariable specific consisted in repeating the following harmless couplet:—

"My loaf in my hand, and my penny in my purse,  
I am all the better, and you are none the worse."

Sir Walter Scott's "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," originally published in Murray's Family Library, one of the great novelist's latest but not most vigorous compositions, contain many curious instances of concert and detected imposture, and also of the strange hallucinations by which diseased, temporarily-disturbed, or imaginative minds have sometimes deceived themselves. He himself relates that he fancied he saw the apparition of Lord Byron, soon after the noble bard's decease, in his own house at Abbotsford. The account runs thus: "Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom he had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visiter was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious writer. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy

of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured, with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to retire into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured." Sir Walter spoke of the strange incident, at the time, without reserve; and there could be no doubt it was a very remarkable deception of the optical powers. Many *authentic* ghost stories rest on the same class of evidence. In this category we should feel inclined to include the spectral head which haunted the late Earl Grey, but that it repeated its appearances, and, as we have heard or read, was also seen by other members of his family.

Many persons who are not at all given to superstition, have, nevertheless, feelings of weakness they cannot entirely subdue. Some consider a squint unlucky, and would not willingly retain a servant with obliquity of vision. Few like to sit down to dinner with a company of thirteen; and no sailor would commence a voyage on Friday if he could help it. In all ages and countries, up to a comparatively recent period, and under every degree of civilization, a belief in witchcraft, sorcery, and astrology has been prevalent. Strong and highly cultivated minds have bowed under this conviction. Amongst them we may enumerate Luther, Bacon, and Dr. Johnson. When the inquisitive Boswell asked the great lexicographer what witches properly meant, "Why, sir," replied he, "they properly mean those who make use of the aid of evil spirits." Boswell—"There is no doubt, sir, a general report and belief of their having existed." Johnson—"Sir, you have not only the general re-

port and belief, but you have many voluntary, solemn confessions." In his Folio Dictionary, he defines "Witch—a woman given to unlawful acts."

Addison, on the other hand, takes a less decided view. He says (Spectator, No. 117): "When I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather, to speak my thoughts freely, I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it;" and he concludes the paper with a sort of apology for professors of the unholy art. "When an old woman begins to dote, and grows chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the meantime, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage."

This is all very well as special pleading in defence, and in some instances may be founded in fact; but we have no doubt that many astute female practitioners, not at all in their dotage or under particular persecution, have chosen witchcraft as a lucrative calling, and have extracted from the credulity, fears, or ignorant superstition of their neighbours, a very comfortable and consoling income. The profit was immediate; the probability of detection and its consequences remote. Current credit will always carry the day against possible or even probable exposure. Hence the great inducement to all the *commercial* bubbles which float on the surface of society in our present year of grace, and have superseded the more palpable juggleries of the middle ages. An educated citizen of the world, Anno Domini

1665, who laughs at the credulity of his grandmother in going to have her fortune told by Mrs. Williams, or in putting faith in a dream or prediction, believes with unbounded confidence in joint stock, limited liability companies and their promoters, and dreams of a realized El Dorado, until awakened from his "baseless vision" by the bare but substantial walls of Whitecross-street, and the ruin and confiscation of the Court of Bankruptcy. The present enlightened age looks back with contempt on mediæval Europe as utterly given over to ignorance and superstition, but affords daily, hourly instances of gullibility, calculated to disturb our remote ancestors in their graves, and to throw into the shade all that man's crafty and tortuous devices have heretofore imagined against his unsuspecting brethren. And still more strange is it that as fast as one gudgeon is hooked and strangled, another gorges the bait with equal greediness, although he sees his late companion of the calm water whirling and writhing in the air. It is useless to moralize on facts so numerous and palpable. There they are, but they pass by almost unheeded, scarcely exciting a partial notice, "and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder."

It is surely not credible that witches should have effected what they are said in tales and legends to have done. Yet wise and great men have condemned witches to die. All mankind, in rude and civilized ages, have agreed in the agency of preternatural powers. The Act of Parliament which some suppose was intended to put an end to witchcraft, was passed, as Dr. Johnson said, to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Men had ceased to believe in it; why and exactly when, we cannot tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things. Our British Solomon, King James, who was a staunch believer in the supernatural, classifies its professors. He says, in his *Demonology*, "Magicians command the devils, witches are their servants." This opinion found many followers.

Robert Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," who had in his strange cranium more quaint, crude, and useless learning than even William Prynne, dilates *con gusto* on

the doings of witches, and gives a long list of erudite sages, in all times and countries, who have either believed or repudiated those recorded miracles. Henderson, the actor, who died in 1785, was also a bibliomaniac. His peculiar taste led him to the accumulation of everything he could lay his hands on, on the subject of necromancy and witchcraft in all their branches. His collection in this line, sold after his decease, was considered unique, until entirely cast into the shade by that of Heber, dispersed in 1834.

The word *witch* is derived, according to Dr. Johnson, from the Saxon *wicca*. Pullein gives it from the Dutch, *witchelen*, which signifies whinnying and neighing like a horse; in a secondary sense also, to foretell and prophesy; because the Germans, as Tacitus informs us, used to divine and foretell things to come by the neighing of their horses. His words are, *hinnitu et fremitu*.

The Sabbath of witches was supposed to be a nocturnal assembly on a Saturday, in which the devil was said to appear in the shape of a goat, round whom they danced and enacted magical ceremonies. They had caldrons into which they cast various loathsome ingredients, shrieking and uttering hideous noises. Shakespeare has made ample use of this in "Macbeth." A cat, an animal held in reverence by the ancient Egyptians and Romans, was the indispensable medium of communication between witches and their familiar spirits. Knighton mentions persons accused of keeping devils in the shape of cats. A witch who was tried about fifty years before Shakespeare's time, was said to have had a cat named Rutterkin, and when any mischief was to be done, she would bid Rutterkin "go and fly." The witch herself, when she took the air for business or pleasure, rode on a broomstick, previously endowed with locomotive property by being rubbed with a peculiar ointment. Witches were particularly malicious to pigs. One of Shakespeare's hags says she has been killing swine. Dr. Harsnett, in his "Declaration of Popish Impostures," printed in 1603, says that in his time "a sow could not be ill of the measles, or a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft."



Toads were long reproached as abettors of the black art. When Vaninus, or Vanini, was seized at Toulouse, there was found in his lodgings "a great toad, shut in a phial," upon which his persecutors immediately denounced him as a wizard. For this, rather than for the atheism in his work entitled *De admirandis Naturæ arcanis*, he was burnt in 1619. When brought to the stake, a priest, or official in attendance, desired him to ask "pardon of God, of the King, and of justice." The hardened maniac replied, "I don't believe in God, I never offended the King, and I wish justice was at the devil." A contradiction of his own system; a man who denies a great Creator cannot seriously give credit to an arch destroyer.

We still see horse-shoes, owls, hawks, &c., nailed on the doors of old barns. These supposed charms against sorcery were used even in pagan times, and date back to the Romans. Persons accused of witchcraft have been subjected to the most barbarous and unrelenting punishments. In thousands of cases, the victims, often quite innocent, were burnt alive, while others were drowned by the test applied. If, on being thrown into a pond, they did not sink, they were pronounced witches, and either stoned on the spot or reserved for the stake. Five hundred witches were burnt at Genoa, in three months, in 1515. One thousand in the diocese of Como, in a year. An incredible number in France, about 1520, when one sorcerer confessed to having 1,200 associates. More than 100,000 perished, mostly by the flames in Germany. Grandaïs, the parish priest of Loudan, in France, was burnt on a charge of having bewitched a whole convent of nuns, A.D. 1634. In Bretagne, twenty poor women were put to death as witches in 1654. Maria Renata was burnt at Wurtzburg, in 1749. At Kalisch, in Poland, nine old women were burnt in January, 1775. And so recently as 1802, five were condemned by the Bramins, in Patna, for sorcery, and executed.

In England, under the reign of Henry the Eighth, A.D. 1541, a statute was enacted declaring all witchcraft and sorcery to be felony, without benefit of clergy. Again,

in the 5th of Elizabeth and first of James. Barrington estimates the judicial murders for witchcraft in England, in two hundred years, at 30,000. Sir Matthew Hale burnt two persons for witchcraft in 1664. Three thousand suffered for this imputed crime under the Long Parliament. Northamptonshire and Huntingdon preserved the superstition longer than any other counties. Two pretended witches were executed at Northampton in 1705, while the *Spectator* was in course of publication in London, and five others some years afterwards. In 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, a child of nine years of age, were hanged as witches at Huntingdon. In Scotland thousands suffered. The last was at Dornoch, in 1722. The laws against witchcraft had lain dormant for many years, when an ignorant or malicious person attempting to revive them by finding a bill against a poor old woman in Surrey, they were formally repealed, in the tenth year of George the Second, A.D. 1736.

Examples bearing upon the subject of which we are now treating crowd upon us in numbers that would speedily fill a volume. Let us endeavour to select a few of the most remarkable and least familiar. Martin Delrio, in the sixteenth century, put forth a curious compilation in Latin, which has never been translated, called *Disquisitiones Magicæ*. Burton frequently quotes from it, as a book of authority. Here follow five samples of the staple of which it is composed. 1. Clemens Romanus, one of the early fathers, of the Church, said to have been contemporary with St. Paul, and fourth Bishop of Rome, records of Simon Magus,—the same who is spoken of in Acts, ch. 8,—that he framed a man out of the air; that he became invisible as often as he pleased; he animated statues; stood unhurt in the midst of flames; sometimes he would appear with two faces, as another Janus, and change himself into a sheep or goat; and at other times would fly in the air. That he commanded a scythe to mow of its own accord, and that it mowed down ten times more grass than any other. When Selene, a celebrated courtesan, was shut up in a tower, and thousands of people went to see her, and had surrounded the castle

with that object, he caused her face to show itself out at every window at the same time. To which Anastasius Nicenus adds, that when he pleased he would seem all made of gold; sometimes a serpent or other reptile. In feasts he exhibited all kinds of spectres, made dishes come to the table without any visible servant, and caused many shadows to go before him, which he gave out were the souls of persons deceased. Perhaps he did as much of all these marvels as are not invented or exaggerated, through what moderns understand by the term phantasmagoria. Josephus also mentions a Simon, who pretended to be a magician, and was employed by Felix, procurator of Judæa, to persuade the beautiful Drusilla, sister to King Agrippa, to forsake her husband, Azizus, King of Emesa, and marry him. Either through sorcery or lawful eloquence he succeeded in his mission; but it is not agreed by learned commentators whether there were two impostors named Simon, or only one.

2. Flavius Philostratus, a celebrated sophist of Lemnos, or, as some say, of Athens, came to Rome towards the end of the second century, under the patronage of the Empress Julia Domna, wife of Septimius Severus, equally celebrated for her beauty, learning, and debauchery. Very few of the Imperial consorts of Rome were ripe scholars, and a still smaller number failed to obtain high degrees in the college of vice. Julia confided to Philostratus all the papers in her possession, containing memoirs or anecdotes of Apollonius Tyanensis, with orders to mould them into a history. This "Life" has reached our times, and is written with elegance, but so loaded with fabulous details that they can scarcely be considered more authentic than the "Arabian Nights." According to his biographer, this Apollonius professed the philosophy of Pythagoras, with which he combined magic and sorcery. Being at Rome, in the presence of the Emperor Domitian, and by him commanded to be bound hand and foot, he suddenly disappeared and vanished out of the sight of all then present, being at the same moment hurried to Puteoli, to keep a former appointment with some he had promised to meet there. He had the knowledge of

things done at a great distance in the very moment of their performance. The day and hour that Domitian was killed at Rome by Stephanus and other conspirators, the philosopher was delivering a public lecture in the city of Ephesus, to a very numerous company of auditors; suddenly, as one amazed, he made a pause in his discourse, and continued several moments without speaking a word. He then cried out aloud, "Courage, Stephanus! Strike the villain hard! Thou hast stricken him; thou hast wounded him; thou hast slain him!" News arrived in due course that the Emperor was assassinated on that same day and at the exact hour. Hierocles, a persecutor of the Christians under Diocletian, whose writings were edited, with a learned dissertation, by Bishop Pearson, in 1654, preferred the miracles of Apollonius to those of Christ. So did Tacitus, a much greater and abler authority, with regard to the imputed supernatural acts of Vespasian.

3. Wenceslaus, son to the Emperor Charles the Fourth, married Sophia, the Duke of Bavaria's daughter. When the union was to be solemnized, the Duke, knowing that his son-in-law delighted in magical tricks, sent to Prague for a waggon-load of conjurors. While the most skilful amongst them were studying for some rare and unusual illusion, Wenceslaus's magician, called Zyto, who had sneaked in and hid himself in the crowd, suddenly appeared, with his mouth, as it seemed, cloven on both sides, and open to his very ears. He pounced upon the Duke's chief necromancer, and swallowed him up bodily, in his clothes as he stood, spitting out only his shoes, because they were dirty, and studded with large nails. He then vomited him up again into a huge cistern of water, and brought him in wringing wet, to the infinite delight of the whole company. The tale is gravely related, says Delrio, in the history of Bohemia, written by Dubravius, Bishop of Olmutz. This Zyto assumed now one face, now another, and heightened or diminished his stature at pleasure. When the king was carried in a litter with horses, Zyto seemed to follow him in another drawn by cocks. When at the royal table, he played strange pranks with the guests, changing

their hands into the feet of an ox or the hoofs of a horse, so that they were unable to help themselves to anything in the dishes before them. If they looked out of the window, he beautified their heads with horns. To show that he could command money for his use, at any time, he changed so many wisps of hay into thirty well-fattened swine, and sold them to a rich baker, at the price named by the latter, stipulating only that he should not suffer them to enter any water. The baker, unmindful of the condition, allowed them to run into a pool, and, in a trice, found only so many wisps floating on the surface. Whereupon, in a fume, he sought out Zyto, and finding him asleep, at full length, on a form, pulled him violently by one leg to awaken him. To his horror and amazement, both the leg and thigh seemed to come off and remain in his hands. He rushed from the court and was never seen within its precincts again. But this terrible Zyto was at last carried away alive, body and soul, by the devil *in propria persona*; "which event," adds the worthy bishop, "afterwards begat a care in Wenceslaus to bethink himself of more serious and religious matters."

4. Delrio tells the following strange tale of a contest between two magicians. The one had stolen a beautiful maiden, mounted her behind him on a wooden horse, and so careered aloft in the air with his prize. While they were thus on their journey, the other necromancer happened to be at a great feast in the castle of a Burgundian nobleman, and being sensible of their transit over the castle, compelled them by superior art to descend and present themselves to the view of all present, taken in *fragrante delicto*, and unable to stir. But the detected necromancer had his turn, and privately enchanted his brother in the art who had thus entrapped him. As he was looking from a high window into the court below, he fixed on his head a large and spreading pair of horns, so that he could neither draw back within the strong iron bars nor venture to cast himself down from so high a place. In this dilemma, he compromised with his antagonist, on the understanding that he should be released from his horns and return to

the feast, while the other departed with his prey, involved in a friendly cloud.

5. Again, the same writer tells, on the authority, as he says, of unquestionable witnesses, of two magicians who met by accident in the Queen of England's court, and agreed that in any one specific thing, each should infallibly obey the other. The first therefore commanded the second to thrust his head out of the casement of a window, with which he at once complied. Immediately a gigantic pair of stag's horns sprouted from his forehead, to the great delight of the spectators, who flouted him with a thousand mocks and taunts. He, resenting the disgrace, and thirsting after revenge, when his turn came to be obeyed, drew with a piece of charcoal the lineaments of a man upon the wall, and then commanded his brother sorcerer to stand under that picture, and that forthwith the wall should give place to receive him. The other, apprehensive of the extreme danger he was in, began to beseech his rival that he would hold him excused. But the other stood on the bond and insisted on compliance. Magician number one, thus compelled, took the position assigned; then the wall seemed to open, and he being entered therein, was never afterwards seen.

From the two last instances we collect two important facts in the science of witchcraft. Although its professors studied the same art under the same master, they were not necessarily gifted with equal powers, or aware of the attainments of each other.

We are all familiar with the story of Faustus and his compact with Satan, under the guise of Mephistopheles, in the dramas of Marlowe and Goethe. This Faustus must not be confounded with Fust, one of the three artists to whom the invention of printing has been ascribed. They were distinct individuals, living at different periods. Dr. John Faustus was a native of Kundlingen, in Suabia, and flourished in the sixteenth century, after printing had been many years in practice. He was a learned physician, who to the study of medicine added astrology and magic, and occupied much time in alchemical experiments, tending to discover what

was called the philosopher's stone. He was, without doubt, a man of great scientific acquirements, and, according to legendary tradition, used his power in a manner to impress on his less educated countrymen a conviction that he had familiar dealings with the devil. Hence the inseparable association of his name with a companion few are desirous of cultivating intimately. The learned Camerarius, in his *Opercula Subseciva*, relates the following anecdote :—"There was within the memory of our fathers, Dr. John Faustus, a German, who had learned the black-art at Cracovia, in Poland. Being one day at table with a company who had heard much of his conjuring tricks, he was earnestly entreated to show them some sport. Seeing they were all well fuddled with wine, he undertook to exhibit to them anything they wished to behold. They, with general consent, required him to place upon the table a vine laden with grapes, ready to be gathered. They thought, because it was in the month of December, that Faustus could not show them what was not in existence. He agreed to the feat, saying that forthwith it should be accomplished; but upon this condition, that no one should speak a word, or offer to rise from his seat, but all should tarry till he bade them cut the grapes; and added, that whoever should do otherwise would be in danger of losing his life. They all promised to obey, and Faustus so charmed the eyes of these drunken revellers that they saw, as it seemed to them, a marvellous goodly vine rise before them, and upon the same, as many bunches of large, ripe grapes as there were men sitting round. Excited by such a dainty appearance, and thirsty with much strong drinking, each seized his knife, expecting Faustus to give the word, and bid them help themselves. But he, having held them a while in suspense with this vain piece of witchcraft, suddenly, in the turn of a hand, the vine and grapes vanished away, and the parched expectants were seen each holding his nose with one hand, and the keen knife in the other, to lop the prominent feature off; so that if any had forgot the conjuror's lesson, and been a trifle hasty, instead of cutting a bunch of grapes, he had

whipt off his own nose." It does not appear that the party called upon the doctor for "a second exhibition of his skill." This Faustus, says Weirus (*De Præstigiis Dæmonum*), was found dead by his bedside, in a certain village within the duchy of Wirtemberg, with his neck broken, and the house wherein he lay, beaten down in a whirlwind at midnight. Of course, it was said, and universally believed, that his compact with the fiend having expired, his life and soul were then and there forfeited.

In the same work of Camerarius, from which we have quoted above, we find the following recital. Anno Domini 1323, Frederick Duke of Austria, who was chosen Emperor, in opposition to Louis, was overcome in a great battle at Molensdorf, and sent by his successful rival to be kept prisoner in a strong castle. Some time afterwards, a magician came into Austria to Leopold, his brother, promising that by his art and the assistance of spirits, he would free Frederick, and within the space of an hour set him in his presence if he would give him a good reward. Duke Leopold replied that if he performed his promise he would worthily reward him. The magician then placed himself, together with Leopold, in a circle, and summoned the familiar spirit that was wont to obey him, who appeared in the form of an ordinary man. His master commanded him to go speedily, liberate Frederick, and bring him to Austria without hurt. The spirit answered, "I will do thy bidding willingly, if the captive prince consents to come with me." This said, he flew instantly to Bavaria, and in the form of a stranger came to the prince in custody, to whom he said, "If thou wilt be freed from thy captivity, mount this horse, and I will carry thee safe into Austria to Leopold, thy brother."

"Who art thou?" said the prince. "Ask me not," replied the spirit, "who I am, for that is nothing to the purpose; but do as I desire, and I will perform what I say."

On hearing this, a certain horror seized upon the prince, though otherwise a man of courageous heart. He refused to accompany his mysterious visitor, and signed himself with the cross. Whereupon the spirit, with

his horse, disappeared, and returned to the conjuror, by whom he was severely rebuked for not bringing with him the prisoner. He related exactly what had passed, and concluded thus, "Thou knowest that I could not *compel* his obedience." Frederick being at last liberated, repeated what had been proposed to him with great exactness as to the time and circumstance. Leopold received such a fright from the spirit he had seen that he died within a short space.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa was another learned man in a superstitious age, who achieved the unenviable reputation of being in league with unholy agencies. He was born at Cologne, in 1486, of a noble family, and became secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, by whom he was knighted for his bravery in the Italian wars. He next travelled through various parts of Europe, and while in England, wrote a commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. In 1518 he settled at Metz, but was driven away by the monks, who denounced him as a sorcerer. In 1530 he published his treatises on the "Vanity of the Sciences," and on "Occult Philosophy." In 1535 he was imprisoned at Lyons, for defaming the mother of King Francis the First of France, but soon obtained his liberty, and died the same year, aged forty-nine. Jovius, or Paolo Giovio, Bishop of Nocera, A.D. 1552, a celebrated Italian historian, who wrote an account of his own times, says of Cornelius Agrippa, that with immense understanding and vast memory, he comprehended the accounts of all arts and sciences, with the inmost secrets and highest heads of them all. He then adds, "that not being as yet old, he departed this life at Lyons in a base and obscure inn, with the curses of many persons as one that was infamous, and under the suspicion of necromancy; for that he was ever accompanied by a devil in the shape of a large black dog; so that when by approaching death, he was moved to terror and repentance, he took off the collar from his dog's neck, which was inscribed with magical characters by the nails that were in it, and uttered despairingly these last words, *Abi perditia bestia, quæ me perdidisti*: 'Begone, thou lost

beast, which hast utterly destroyed me.' Nor was that familiar dog from that time forth ever seen more, but in hasty flight leaped into the river hard by, and being plunged therein over head, never swam out again, *as is affirmed by all who saw it.*"

In Archbishop Spotiswood's "History of the Church of Scotland," we find the following anecdote:—"Amongst the witches and sorcerers in Scotland, Agnes Sampson, commonly called the wise wife of Keith, was most remarkable: a woman not of the base and ignorant sort of impostors, but matron-like, grave, and consistent in her answers. In her examination she declared that she had a familiar spirit, who, upon her call, appeared in a visible form, and resolved her of any doubtful matter, especially concerning the life or death of persons lying sick; and being asked what words she used when she called the spirit, she said her invocation was 'Holla, master!' and this he had taught her to say. She also avowed that her spirit had undertaken to make away with the king, James the Sixth, but failing in the performance, and being reproached by her, confessed it was beyond his power, speaking words she understood not, but which appeared to her to be, *Il est homme de Dieu.*" This happened Anno 1591.

Spotiswood, in the same history, says that, Anno Christi, 1279, there lived in Scotland one Thomas Lermouth, a man very greatly admired for his gift of foretelling things to come. He was justly to be wondered at for predicting, so many ages before, the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland, in the ninth degree of Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, with no such prospect, and many other things which subsequent events made good. The day preceding the death of King Alexander the Third, he told the Earl of March that before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow as Scotland had not felt many years before. The next morning proving a clear sky, the Earl challenged Lermouth as an impostor; he replied that noon was not yet past, about which time a post came to inform the Earl of the King's sudden

death, who was accidentally killed while hunting. Then Thomas said, "This is the tempest I foretold, and so it shall prove to Scotland;" as indeed it did.

One of the most renowned of the wizards of the middle ages was Michael Scott, of Balwearie, commemorated in glowing verse by his namesake in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*." You will as readily persuade a true, loyal North Briton that Wallace and Bruce were not heroes and patriots of the first class, as that Michael Scott was not gifted with supernatural powers. Grave historians and biographers, amongst others, Dante, Dempster, Lesly, and Satchells, bear testimony to his knowledge and practise of the occult sciences. A reputation thus sanctioned and established is sure to be increased by popular tradition. Accordingly, it supplies the subject of countless legends. In the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, or of the devil. Michael, who flourished in the thirteenth century, was knighted by Alexander the Third, and employed in more than one important embassy. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496, and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chromancy. These pursuits, as a matter of course, stamped him amongst his contemporaries as a first-rate magician. Dempster, writing in 1627 (*Ecclesiastical History*) tells us that he remembered to have heard in his youth that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who would be thereby evoked. It is not quite certain that he was buried in Melrose abbey, according to the "*Lay*;" some traditions contend for Home Cottage, in Cumberland, but all agree that his books of magic were interred with him in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died.

Amongst the numerous and well attested legends connected with Sir Michael Scott, we find it stated that when sent on an embassy to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of the King of Scotland, instead of preparing a suitable equipage and train of attendants, he retired to his study, opened his book, and called up a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the demon courser insidiously asked him what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the *Pater Noster*, which would have licensed immediate precipitation from his back. But Michael, quite on his guard, sternly replied, "What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When they reached Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered without announcement, and boldly declared his errand. An ambassador, unattended by the pomp and circumstance befitting his position, was received with slight respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael gently suggested that his majesty would do well to pause until he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and set all the bells ringing; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the imperial steed had raised his hoof for the third stamp, when the King dismissed the ambassador with the most ample concessions rather than risk the probable consequences.

Michael was once much embarrassed by a spirit or familiar, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and, as Sir Walter Scott says, still does honour to the infernal architect. The seer next ordered that Eildon hill, then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered

this indefatigable demon by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

On another occasion, Michael, hearing of a famous sorceress called the witch of Falshope, who lived on the opposite side of the Tweed, went to put her skill to the test; but she, feeling intuitively that she was in the presence of a superior, stoutly denied all knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag desecrating, suddenly snatched it up and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house, but as it had given him the external semblance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, who pursued him so closely that in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jaw-hole*—*Anglice*, common sewer.

To revenge himself on the witch of Falshope, Michael, in harvest time, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent his servant down to ask a bit of bread for them from the gudewife, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. The witch refused the request contemptuously, whereupon the servant placed over the door a paper which his master had given him, containing the since often quoted and applied rhyme—

“ Master Michael Scott's man  
Sought meat and got nane.”

Immediately the old woman ceased baking bread for the reapers, her common occupation, and began to dance round the fire. Her husband sent his men to the house, one after the other, to inquire why their provision did not arrive. Each as he entered fell under the charm, and joined the fandango and chorus. At last the gudeman himself came, but remembering his wife's trick upon Sir Michael, peeped in first at the window, and saw the reapers dancing and shouting, and dragging his exhausted helpmate round and through

the fire, which was, as usual, in the middle of the room. Upon this he took a horse and rode up to Michael's abode on the hill, in the spirit of submission, and implored a cessation of the spell. The warlock was too well gifted to be spiteful, and told him to go home, enter the house backwards, and take the spell down with his left hand. He did so, and this brought the bewildering dance to an end.

But the great wizard had, like Merlin and Samson, a weak point. He fell under female seduction. In an unguarded hour his wife, or paramour, filched from him his grand secret, that his life was secure from any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *breme* sow.\* She gave him such a mess on some quarrel, and killed him. But he had still time to slay his treacherous companion. The substance of all this, and more, is written in the notes to the “*Lay of the Last Minstrel*”—a poem in our young days in everybody's hand and mouth; now seldom referred to or taken from the shelves of libraries. We venture to say that a majority of the present generation, under thirty, have never troubled themselves to look at it, so ephemeral are the quality and value of poetical taste and reputation.

In many ages and countries there have been noted impostors and enthusiasts, claiming supernatural power and connexion, apart from witchcraft or necromancy; religious fanaticism being the fertile source from whence they sprung and the ground in which they were fostered. Gonzalo Martinez, a Spaniard, burnt by the Inquisition in 1360, pretended to be the Archangel Michael. George Davich, son of a waterman at Ghent, styled himself the nephew of God, sent into the world to adopt children worthy of heaven; he denied the resurrection, preached against marriage, in favour of a community of women, and taught that the body only could be defiled by sin. He had many followers, and died unmolested at Basle, in 1556. We cannot find anything in his assumptions and

\* Savage or raging. The term, long obsolete, may be found in this sense in Spenser's pastorals.

doctrines more outrageous than in those of the Mormons and Agapemonists, who are flourishing with favour, protection, and encouragement in 1865. Sabbata Levi, a Jew, of Smyrna, mystified the inhabitants of Constantinople and other eastern cities, by personating our Saviour, in 1686.

In England, in Henry the Third's reign, 1221, two men were crucified, both pretending to be the Messiah; and two women were put to death for assuming the characters of the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene. In the twenty-fourth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth Barton, styled the Holy Maid of Kent, was spirited up to hinder the Reformation, by feigning inspirations from heaven, foretelling that the King would have an early and violent death if he divorced Catherine of Spain and married Anne Boleyn. She and her confederates were hanged at Tyburn in 1534. They were rank impostors, and deserved their fate as much as the noble-minded Joan of Arc ought to have been exempted from hers. We cannot degrade that bright heroine to a vulgar impostor; we believe, on the contrary, that she was a pure enthusiast, firmly convinced that she was inspired to say and do what she said and did—whether by dreams, visions, or revelation in any other specific form we do not pretend to decide. We mourn over the horror and national disgrace of her barbarous execution as a witch, and throw down the gauntlet in defence of her truth and patriotism.

In the first year of Queen Mary's reign, after her marriage with Philip of Spain, Elizabeth Croft, a girl of eighteen years of age, was secreted in a wall, and with a whistle, made for the purpose, uttered many seditious speeches against the Queen and her consort, and also against the mass and confession. Considering the state of the times, and the parties implicated, she escaped with wonderful lenity. Her sentence, on full detection, was to stand upon a scaffold at St. Paul's cross during the sermon, and make public confession of her imposture. She was called the Spirit of the Wall. In 1591, under Queen Elizabeth, William Hackett, a fanatic, personated our Saviour, and

was executed for blasphemy. During the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, James Naylor, a native of Yorkshire, who had served eight years in the parliamentary army, became converted to Quakerism by the preaching of George Fox, and obtained great credit with the leaders of that recently established sect. Heseon, however, offended them by his extravagant notions, and they were compelled to disown him. Misled by imaginary inspiration, or influenced by an innate love of deception, he gathered together a host of followers, and went on from one extravagance to another, until, in 1656, he made acquaintance with the interior of Exeter gaol. After a term he was liberated; but excited rather than tamed by the practical check, he now took upon himself to personate Christ, and was attended into the city of Bristol by a crowd of his deluded proselytes of both sexes, singing Hosanna before him, strewing his way with herbs and flowers, using the same expressions, and paying him the same honour as the Jews did to our Saviour when he rode into Jerusalem. This was too much for Oliver to tolerate. He summoned him before the parliament then sitting at Westminster. There was no specific law to meet the case, but they made one in a twinkling, such as the Americans are doing now, in less glaring emergencies. Naylor was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail, to stand in the pillory before the Royal Exchange, there to be burnt through the tongue, and branded with a hot iron on the head, with the letter B, signifying blasphemer. All this was carried out to the letter. He proved to be a man of nerve, repenting neither of the sin nor groaning under the punishment. That being completed, one Rich, a shopkeeper, mounted on the pillory, embraced the impostor, and kissed his forehead. From thence, Naylor was sent to Bristol, where he underwent flogging through the streets, and was finally committed as a prisoner to the castle at Guernsey for life. There he found himself in company with General Lambert, under whom he had served as a soldier in the late rebellion. When the delirium of fanaticism was finally subdued by such sharp treatment, he humbly acknowledged and repented the delusion by which he



had been seduced, and died in captivity.

The two celebrated pretenders of Henry the Seventh's day, Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, who gave themselves out respectively as the Earl of Warwick, son of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of York, second son of King Edward the Fourth, met with very different treatment when they fell into the hands of the sovereign *de facto*. Simnel, a transparent impostor, was pardoned, made a scullion in the royal kitchen, and finally promoted to be a falconer. Warbeck was hanged at once. Many thought, and think to this day, that he was the "true prince." Henry inclined to that idea, or he would have confronted him with his claimed mother and sister, the dowager queen and queen consort, who could at once have denied or admitted the fact. But he sent them to York, and gave them no opportunity of seeing him. His pretended confession, published after his execution, was unquestionably a forgery, got up by the conscientious Tudor. The probable solution appears to be, not that Perkin was the veritable Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, but an illegitimate son of Edward the Fourth. This would account for his family likeness, his knowledge of family incidents, and the patronage of the old Duchess of Burgundy. But it did not satisfy Horace Walpole, who lived and died in an opposite conviction, and left his belief on record that Perkin was "the real Simon Pure." The princes were made away with, somehow, at some time, and by somebody; but the tale propagated soon after Henry's private visit to the Tower on his arrival in London, and the bones of two boys, of corresponding age, found under a staircase in that state prison, in Charles the Second's reign, and buried with a solemn ceremony and inscription in Westminster Abbey, are neither legal nor conclusive evidence. Richard of Gloucester was an unscrupulous ambitionist, scarcely better or worse than the average of his contemporaries, few, if any, of whom would have hesitated to remove an obstacle by the shortest process. It was an age of might rather than right, of "let those keep who can." But Richard was able and sagacious, and

not likely to commit the folly of an unnecessary crime. The boys were bastardized by act of parliament, and no longer stood in his way. As their death was of as much importance to his successor, in a calculation of probabilities the latter was quite as likely to have committed or sanctioned the atrocity. This is merely an *en passant* remark. We have no wish to revive a discussion on "Historic Doubts."

In 1665, Valentine Greatrakes, in Ireland, pretended to cure all diseases by gently rubbing the patient: a harmless imposition which suited the credulous, and so was generally received in his own country that he was tempted to visit England. In 1666 he was examined before the Royal Society, but broke down entirely, fell into disrepute, and was heard of no more. Mary Tofts, of Godalming, in 1726, pretended to breed rabbits within her. Many, for a time, were deluded into a belief of this imposition, amongst others, Mr. St. André, surgeon to the King. William Parsons and wife, parents of the ventriloquizing girl who personated the Cock-lane Ghost, were condemned to pillory and imprisonment as detected cheats in 1762. The case of Joanna Southcote is too recent and monstrous to require more than a casual mention. She came from Exeter to London, and for a considerable time had thousands of followers, not entirely confined to the ignorant and vulgar, but including many of rank and education. She died December the 27th, 1814. The present writer once travelled in a stage coach from Bath to Salisbury with one of her disciples. He soon declared himself, and set to work to convert the company. In the course of his rhapsodies he repeated some horrible doggerel, which he said an angel had delivered to Joanna, and called upon us to admit its self-evident inspiration. We laughed outrageously, and said we thought Milton and Shakespeare had done better than that. He declared that he would travel no further with such blasphemers, and as soon as the coach stopped left us with an indistinctly uttered anathema, which sounded very like common swearing, but might have been a specimen of the "unknown tongue."

In 1740, one Matthew Ryan, who

was apprehended at Waterford, and transmitted to Kilkenny, being charged with several robberies committed in that county, was tried at the assizes on the 25th of July. When taken into custody, he pretended to be a lunatic, stripped himself in the gaol, threw away his clothes, and went naked to the court to stand his trial. He then affected to be dumb, and refused to plead; on which the judges of the assize ordered a jury to be impanelled to inquire and give their opinion whether he was wilfully dumb and lunatic, or stricken by the hand of God. The jury, after a short deliberation, handed in their verdict—"Wilful and affected dumbness and lunacy." Upon this, the judges again desired the prisoner to plead, which, by signs, he refused. In their great compassion they indulged him until the Monday following. Finding him still contumacious, the court then ordered him to be pressed to death, in compliance with the existing law under similar circumstances. The sentence was accordingly executed on him the Wednesday following; but before he expired he found his speech, and most earnestly entreated to be hanged, which request was refused.

Erasmus was of a nature which mingled the *seria cum joci* more liberally than grave philosophers are wont to practice. His "Colloquies" abound in humorous anecdotes. Here are two of ingenious swindlers on a small scale:—

1. Maccus, a famous cheat, came into the shop of a shoemaker at Leyden, and saluted him, at the same time casting his eye upon a pair of boots that were hanging up. The shoemaker asked if he would buy them; the other seemed willing, upon which they were taken down, drawn on, and proved as good a fit as if made to order. "I think," said Maccus, "a pair of double-soled shoes would do well over these boots!" They, too, were found and fitted. "Now," said the rogue, "tell me, friend, did it never so fall out that such as you have thus fitted for a race, ran away without paying?" "Never," replied the other. "But if it should be so, what would you do?" "I would follow him," said the shoemaker. "Well," added Maccus, "here goes for a trial," and immediately set off. The shoemaker quick-

ly pursued, shouting, "Stop thief, stop thief!" At which the citizens ran to their doors to see what was going on. But Maccus, laughing, cried out, "Let no man hinder our race, we run for a cup of ale." Whereupon none interfered, and all quietly looked on at the sport, until Maccus ran clean out of sight, and the poor shoemaker returned, panting and perspiring, and explained the trick that had been played on him.

2. At Antwerp there was a priest who had collected a pretty round sum in silver, which he put in a great purse, suspended from his girdle. A certain cheat observed it, who came and accosted him civilly, saying he was appointed by the parish where he lived to buy a new surplice for their own priest, and humbly prayed his reverence to go with him to the place where they were sold, and allow the surplice to be tried on him, as he was the same height and size with his clerical brother for whom it was intended. The priest complied, and together they proceeded to the shop. A surplice was brought out and put on him. "It fits exactly," said the seller. The cheat, when he had surveyed the priest, now before, and then behind, observed, "It is too short in front." "That is not the fault of the surplice," said the shopkeeper; "it is occasioned by the distension of the purse." The accommodating priest took the purse from his girdle and laid it down, that they might take another view. No sooner had he turned his back, than the rogue snatched up the purse and ran off at full speed. The priest followed, in the surplice as he was. The shopkeeper pursued the priest. The priest called, "Stop the thief!" The shopkeeper cried, "Stop the priest!" The thief repeated, "Stop the priest, for he is mad!" The people believed no less when they saw him running in public and so habited. Then the shopkeeper grappled the priest, the priest struggled to release himself, until they rolled over each other, while the cheat showed them a fair pair of heels, and escaped with the purse and money.

Impostors often carry on their trade through life, unchecked by conscience or repentance, if not detected and punished by law. Rarely indeed have they the hardihood to face death and

futurity with the same systematic falsehood. The following remarkable instance of the latter, with which we conclude, occurs in a book seldom met with, called "*Memoires de Misson.*" The author was a French lawyer of eminence, distinguished for his pleadings before the parliament of Paris in behalf of the Protestants. On the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he took refuge in England, in which country he resided long, and died in London in 1701. He travelled as tutor with an English nobleman, and published, amongst other works, a "*Voyage to Italy,*" and a "*Tour in England.*" The subjoined anecdote is too circumstantially and naturally told to be an invention of the writer.

A comely, respectable-looking man, who had been for many years footman to a Mr. Wickham, a gentleman of fortune at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, came to London, and took lodgings at a baker's, a man well to do in the world, opposite to Arundel-street, in the Strand. The baker being asked by his lodger what countryman he was, replied that he was of Banbury. The other, rejoiced at meeting a townsman, immediately expressed strong regard for the baker, adding, that since he was from Banbury, he must needs know Mr. Wickham, or have heard his name mentioned. The baker, who was very well acquainted with that gentleman's family, though he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was delighted to hear news of it. But he became perfectly overcome by joy when informed that the person he conversed with was Mr. Wickham himself. This inspired him with the most profound respect. The family must be called up for Mr. Wickham to see them, and that they might drink a glass together to their friends at Banbury. The baker did not for a moment doubt his having Mr. Wickham for his lodger; but yet he could not help wondering that neither footman nor portmanteau appeared. He therefore made bold to ask how a gentleman of his estate came to be unattended. The pretended Wickham, making a sign to him to speak softly, replied that his servants were in a place where he could readily find them when required; but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to

town to arrest a merchant of London, who owed him a great sum of money and was going to break. That he desired to remain incognito, for fear he should miss his stroke, and requested the landlord not to mention his name.

The next day the pretended Mr. Wickham went out to arrange measures with another of his own stamp, as to playing their parts in concert. It was arranged between them that the other should pass for Mr. Wickham's servant, and come privately, from time to time, to see his master and attend on him. That same night the servant came, and Mr. Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, fell into a great rage at him for letting him be without money, linen, or other conveniences, by his negligence in not carrying his trunk to the waggon in due time, which would cause a delay of three days. This was acted in a loud voice that the baker, who was in the next room, might hear it. The poor deluded man thereupon ran immediately to his drawers, carried to Mr. Wickham the best linen he had in the house, begged the honour of his wearing it, and at the same time laid fifty guineas on the table, that he might oblige him by accepting them also. Wickham at first refused, but with urgent pressing was prevailed upon. As soon as he had the money in possession, he had a livery made of the same colour and fashion as the true Mr. Wickham's, and gave it to another pretended footman, who brought a trunk and box full of goods, as coming from the Banbury waggon. The baker, more satisfied than ever that he had to do with Mr. Wickham, one of the richest and noblest gentlemen in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of respect and attachment. In short, Wickham got from him a hundred and fifty guineas, besides the first fifty, for all of which he gave him his note.

About three weeks after the opening of this adventure, the rogue, while enjoying himself at a tavern, was seized with a violent headache, accompanied by a burning fever, and great pains in all parts of his body. As soon as he found himself ill, he went home to his lodging, where he was waited upon by one of his

pretended footmen, and assisted in everything by the good baker, who advanced all money that was wanted, and passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and everybody else. Meanwhile Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day was given over. The baker, grieved to the heart at the condition of his illustrious friend, felt bound to tell him, though with much reluctance, what the doctors thought of his condition. Wickham received the news as calmly as if he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister to be sent for, and received the Communion the same day. Never did there appear to be more resignation to the will of God, never more outward piety, zeal, or confidence in the merits of the Redeemer. Next day, the distemper and danger increasing to an alarming height, the impostor told the baker that it was not enough to have taken care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order, and desired that he might make his will, while yet sound in mind.

A scrivener, therefore, was immediately sent for, and the will made and signed in all proper form before several witnesses. Wickham, by this, disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewels, coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colours, packs of hounds, ready money, &c., a house with all appurtenances and dependencies, to the baker; almost all his linen to the wife; five hundred guineas to their eldest son; eight hundred to the four daughters; two hundred to the parson who had comforted him in his sickness; two hundred to each of the doctors, and one hundred to the apothecary; fifty guineas and mourning to each of his footmen; fifty to embalm him; fifty for his coffin; two hundred to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges of his interment. A hundred guineas for gloves, hatbands, scarves, and gold rings; such a diamond to such a friend; and such an emerald to another. Never was anything more noble or more generous. This done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and his whole family with benedictions, and told him, that immediately after his decease he had nothing

to do but to go to the lawyer named in the will, who was acquainted with all his affairs, and would give him full instructions how to proceed. Soon after he fell into convulsions and died. Such was the utterly unaccountable climax of one of the most consummate impostures on record.

The baker first applied himself entirely to carrying out the provisions of the will, omitting nothing that was ordered by the deceased to be done. He was not to be interred until the fourth day after his death, and all was ready by the second. The baker had now time to look for the lawyer before he laid his benefactor in the ground. Having put the body into a rich coffin covered with velvet and plates of silver, and made all the other arrangements, he began to consider that it would not be improper to reimburse himself as soon as possible, and to claim possession of his new estate. He therefore went and communicated the whole affair to the lawyer. This gentleman was indeed acquainted with the true Mr. Wickham, had all his papers in his hands, and often received letters from him. He was strangely surprised to hear of the sickness and death of Mr. Wickham, who had written to him the day before. The film fell at once from the poor baker's eyes, who saw that he had been bit. We may easily imagine the discourse that passed between these two. The baker, in conclusion, was thoroughly convinced by several circumstances, unnecessary to relate here, that the true Mr. Wickham was in perfect health, and that the man he took for him was the greatest villain and most complete hypocrite that ever existed. Upon this he immediately turned the rogue's body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of the original cost. The tradespeople that had been employed towards the funeral, had compassion on the baker, and took their things again, though not without some loss to him. They dug a hole in a corner of St. Clement's church-yard, where they threw in the body with as little ceremony as possible.

M. Misson ends this strange narrative by saying:—"I was an eyewitness of most of the things which I have here related, and shall leave the reader to make his own reflections

upon them. I have been assured from several hands, that the baker has since had his loss pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr. Wickham, for whose sake the honest man had been so open-hearted."

This anecdote is repeated from Misson, in the enlarged edition of "Wanley's Wonders of the Little World," published in 1606, by W. Johnston, gent., one of the editors of the "General Biography."

### THE FRANKENSTEIN PICTURE.

#### I.

It was an ancient stately room  
Wherein at night I slept :  
The moon's wan light through the haunted gloom  
Like a shimmering streamlet crept.

#### II.

A silence in that chamber wide  
Where I lay in pillowed ease—  
A busy whisper of ghosts outside  
In the boughs of the tall elm trees.

#### III.

A portrait on the lofty wall  
Which turned sweet eyes on me—  
A girl so fair with that dim brown hair  
Should have been a joy to see !

#### IV.

So fearful fair—such sweet wild eyes—  
A mouth so sad and strange :  
From my antique bed I was fain to rise  
And through the chamber range.

#### V.

A perilous depth of fatal love  
Dwelt in her eyes' soft light :  
Would a serpent hiss, if one dared to kiss  
Those fingers strangely white ?

#### VI.

All night those sweet eyes turned on me  
From the oaken-panelled wall,  
Till sunrise came to the tall elm tree,  
And the rooks began to call.

#### VII.

Next morning, as I sat at breakfast snugly,  
I said to Smith—"That picture 's very ugly.  
You've hung it up in that old room, confound you !  
It makes all sort of ghastliness around you."

#### VIII.

Says Smith, whose face with scalding tea was fierid :—  
"I bought that picture of a rascal horrid.  
The unlucky dog who painted it is under  
The turf. It drove him mad." Quoth I, "No wonder."

## IX.

Continues Smith—his mouth half full of plovers'  
Eggs—"He was one of Nature's fondest lovers ;  
But once he thought he'd take his pick of noses,  
Eyes, chins, ears, hair, hands, cheeks like summer roses.

## X.

"Thereby he fancied he could paint a picture  
Of perfect beauty, quite defying stricture.  
He painted it 'mid various sneers invidious—  
Intensely beautiful—intensely hideous.

## XI.

The picture drove him mad, unlucky buffer !  
And soon he ceased all mundane ills to suffer.  
By its peculiar gaze the sleepest men are all  
Kept wide awake. Men sleep too much in general."

## XII.

"Cool !" I remarked to Smith with some ferocity,  
"To keep your friends awake with that monstrosity."  
Said Smith—a first-rate fellow, Smith—"My dear  
Old crony, don't be savage. Have some beer."

MORTIMER COLLINS.

## THE OPENING SESSION.

THE first Session of the Parliament elected in 1865 in all probability will be the most important sitting of the nation's Representatives since the period of the repeal of the Corn Laws. It is true that on former occasions this pre-intimation has been made apparently on fair grounds, and the debates of the year have proved, nevertheless, very stupid, and little business of moment has been done. During the next few months, however, it will be impossible to avert a serious conflict of parties, with effects, for good or evil, extending far forward into the political future of the country. It has been announced that the Government mean to introduce such a Reform Bill as satisfies Mr. Bright. It has been stated almost as positively that they intend to attempt anew the impossible achievement of conciliating the extreme Roman Catholic party in Ireland by gifts ; and out of these two undertakings, besides the special difficulties of administration which Ministers have on hands, there ought to spring strife enough. We may be permitted in these pages to state certain facts, and present a few reflections, which should be, as we think, present to the minds of those who

take a real interest in politics, at the opening of a Session whose character is, so far, defined beforehand.

It must be apparent to every one that the Government which is about to attempt the large tasks we have indicated will not have the advantage of overwhelming personal influence or ability in carrying its measures through the House of Commons. With the single exception of Mr. Gladstone, it has no first-rate man. Sir George Grey and Mr. Cardwell are dull respectables at the best. Mr. Layard is chagrined at being passed over on a late occasion, when a Cabinet vacancy occurred, and at his happiest moment is dangerously combative. In Irish matters, Mr. Chichester Fortescue will be courteous and adroit ; but where is the Palmerston to support him as the deceased chieftain did Sir Robert Peel so boldly and so well ? The great ado Lord Russell's organs have made about the young man, Mr. Goschen, shows how much poverty in the higher order of talent there is among the Ministerial company. When Mr. Goschen was first introduced into the Government as the occupant of a subordinated place, the step seemed to have been

taken with a view of pleasing the Radical section, rather than from a paucity of competent men on the Russell list of illustrious unpromoted; but when Mr. Goschen, before he had stepped into his place, was raised suddenly over his older competitors, and dragged into the Cabinet itself, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, it became manifest that the Premier's range of selection was very limited, and his political friends of standing fewer than had before been imagined. The Member for the City of London is a very clever, but necessarily an inexperienced man, and the whole burden of sustaining the Government will fall upon Mr. Gladstone. Great as his powers are, and much as he may control his temper (his flatterers promise in this respect a great deal), a Ministry depending so much upon an individual is not in good case. If Earl Russell had any of the qualities of Lord Palmerston, his prospects would be better; but for almost every excellence of the late Premier's character, the present First Minister's character has a corresponding defect. Lord Palmerston was genial: Lord Russell is petulant. Lord Palmerston never held out obstinately, although in the right, when the House and the Country did not see that he was so: Lord Russell is obstinate at all times, and most obstinate in small matters not worth contending about.

As regards its personal element the Government has yet another weakness, in the support which it is to receive from the Member for Birmingham. Already Mr. Bright's speeches in Earl Russell's favour have done the Cabinet serious injury; and what harm could the burly demagogue do to the Ministry on a platform outside, compared with the mischief he will do within the House, when he rises to sustain the propositions of the Government on Reform, on the ground that, though they do not go as far as manhood suffrage, they are a stage on the road to it, and have been accepted by the Radical party distinctly and specifically as part of something more to come? Mr. Bright will in all likelihood be the difficulty of the Government of Earl Russell during the progress of the Session. Such irritating and irrational orations as he delivered lately against the Conserva-

tive policy which prevailed in England throughout the first half of the century, such unmeasured language as he has employed on the Jamaica matter, and such extreme doctrines as he has propounded with reference to the policy proper to be pursued in Ireland, will be admirably calculated to band together against the Ministry all men of reasonable opinions and strong sense. The nature of the bargain made by Lord Russell with Mr. Bright has not transpired. Rumour has asserted that he was offered a seat in the Cabinet. Some aver that he has been placated simply by this pledge that the Reform Bill shall be put forward as what Daniel O'Connell used to call an "instalment of justice." Be that as it may, Lord Russell's gain by the compact would be much greater if he could only induce Mr. Bright to confine his support of the Ministry for the next three months to the giving of a silent vote.

Lord Russell's Government being thus weak in its composition, let us ask how it stands with regard to the bulk of the Liberal members? Are they true to its colours? Is there widespread disaffection among them? On this point it is not possible to speak otherwise than conjecturally. No one can dogmatize as to the character and course of a new Parliament. There are some things, nevertheless, plain enough, and very significant also. When the Elections had ended, the Ministerial journals boldly claimed a majority of thirty. Had Lord Palmerston lived, it is certain that this calculation would have been literally verified. He would have carried that majority with him into the lobby on any hostile motion it was possible for his adversaries to frame. But the journals we speak of never boast now of the majority of thirty, or of any majority at all. They admit that they do not know how matters will be. There has already been a great defection from the Ministerial ranks. The necessity to give the Duchy to Mr. Goschen is a sign of it. Where are the Lowes, Horsmans, Peels, Elchoes, and all the vigorous men of the constitutional Whig party? They hold strictly aloof from Earl Russell. They have other speculations and other purposes than his position and policy provide. Their numbers, too, are, we hope truly, said to be increasing

steadily. Their exact strength, in a total of votes, we cannot for some time know; but their power must not be measured by that standard alone. They are in sympathy with a very large body of the public, who are prepared to support them with earnestness, to magnify all they do, to coerce the hesitating to follow them, and to reward them if faithful and successful in defending the institutions of the country from the rash hands of destructives, with threefold honours.

This is the party—hardly yet formed, but containing the elements of the only victorious Opposition—which the Ministry really fear. They are not apprehensive of mischief from Mr. Disraeli as the leader in an attack. He is not in a position to assail the Government effectively on the Reform question, any more than on that of the concessions to the Ultramontanes. He himself stands pledged to a measure of Reform which Mr. Gladstone will probably be able to show went quite as far as the Bill the Ministry are about to introduce. The author of the *Fancy Franchises* may criticise the Russell-Gladstone scheme in its details, but he cannot make much of an opposition depending on verbal and shadowy distinctions between *lateral* and *vertical* extension. It would be easy to disarm him alone; but there are those other champions in the field—not many in number, but quite unfettered, very bold, and carrying with them the prestige of Lord Palmerston's name. The pupils of the Great Departed have a noble work, and if they only take up the task energetically, the mass of the better class of Mr. Disraeli's followers, as well as all constitutional Whigs, must needs troop round them, and leave the Member for Bucks in the naked and isolated condition in which his follies ought to have long ago left him. It has been stated by the *Morning Star*, supposed now, on account of its connexion with Mr. Bright, to be to a certain extent an authority as to Ministerial doings and apprehensions, that these men of the Middle Party mean, under the marshalling of Lord Elcho—a patriotic body of political Volunteers—to move a direct negative to the Reform Bill. It was imagined at first that they would attempt to get rid of the measure by

asking the House to refer the question to a Royal Commission. But whether the latter intention is or is not abandoned, and whether the former resolution has or has not been formed, it is certain that the party of honest and plain-spoken resistance to Brightism, in all its branches and projects, will have a large degree of public sympathy, and stand a fair chance of becoming the ruling influence in British politics for a protracted period.

Besides the Reform Bill, Mr. Bright, the Dictator over Lord Russell's Government, seems to have set his heart on promoting the ascendancy of Ultramontanism in Ireland. It is by making loud profession of this purpose he has secured for the Ministry those votes of Dr. Cullen's "tail," for which Mr. Disraeli made such high bids, only to be disappointed as well as disgraced. The programme of Mr. Bright and of the Roman Archbishops includes a great deal—a complete overturning of the Educational systems of the country, a Land-revolution, and the dis-Establishment of the Irish branch of the National Church. If the Middle Party are prepared to help us to resist Americanism and Papalism in these forms, they will get the earnest support of the Irish public. With Irish constitutional politicians the Church question takes at present the highest place; and it will be well to consider the position, claims, and prospects of the Irish Church, and the views of its friends, shortly.

The National Church in Ireland occupies in one obvious point of view a position very different from that which the Church holds in England, or even in Scotland. In England the Dissenters are the minority—those Dissenters who would despoil the Church of the State vastly the minority. In Scotland the Established Church has to a large extent recovered the loss sustained at the Disruption, its clergy are as highly educated, and as spiritual, as at any period in its history, and under their ministrations it is getting back its members rapidly. Neither in England nor in Scotland is the Church of the State likely to become less powerful: all the probabilities are that in ten more years it will embrace a larger proportion of the people in both countries, from the increased activity of the clergy, their closer sym-



pathy with the laity, and the multiplication of their joint agencies. But in Ireland we admit the existence of quite another state of things. Here, the National Church is the Church of a minority, and during the last twenty years has become less so to but a small extent. What the next twenty years will do no one can say, but to the human eye the members of the Irish Church seem destined to remain almost a fixed number; and if, consequently, as a minority, the Irish Church is an "anomaly" now, it will so continue. Legislative interference with any of its rights, functions, or possessions, cannot be deprecated on the assumption that time will change the aspect of affairs by bringing over the Roman Catholic population to Protestantism. Dreams of that description, once general even in England, have been dispelled. What the Irish Church is, that is what it shall be, and its defence must be sought in some other principle than that of its numbers in a Census, in comparison with those of other religious systems. The position of its defenders is, that it forms an essential part of the Imperial United Church, and that position is constitutionally and logically sound.

To acknowledge any other principle would be politically dangerous and financially impracticable. A few Roman Catholic bishops may hold that their claim to a simple transfer of the revenues of the Protestant Church, on the ground of their adherents being four to one, will be recognised by Parliament if they only agitate loudly and long enough; but the calculation is hasty, since to denude the Irish branch of the Church of its pecuniary resources, would not only be to confiscate what is as much property as the hereditary acres of any magnate in the land, but to dismember the Empire—to declare that Daniel O'Connell, and the long line of agitators were right, and that Ireland ought not to be regarded as an integral part of the British State, but governed as if a colony removed at the farthest point in some far-off ocean. The politics of Ireland can never be so separated from those of England, now that the Channel is a ferry, and the bonds, social and commercial, which unite the two peoples, have become numerous and in-

dissoluble. The sole alternative for British statesmen in Ireland, if change there ever should be, would be to adopt the principle of an universal Religious Endowment, which, however, would ultimately necessitate the payment of the Dissenting clergy in England and of the Free Church ministers of Scotland, as well as the priests in Ireland; or to settle down upon a complete and uniform Voluntaryism, which, as the first step towards a general overturning of the monarchical institutions under which the nation has prospered above every other in the world, would be even more sternly resisted. It seems inevitable that the Irish Church—anomaly or not—must stand: Ireland is too near to England for either of those experiments. The greatest visionary cannot imagine that Parliament, which grudges the slight additions from year to year made to the *Regium Donum*, as grants for new congregations, would largely supplement any general ecclesiastical fund out of the public taxes.

The Irish public, accordingly, expect from the Middle Party that they will support the Irish Church on constitutional principles strictly—as Sir Robert Peel, one of their number, has nobly pledged himself to do, and as Lord Palmerston, his leader, boldly did three years ago. This question, in fact, may well be made a test one with them. The Disraelite knot of "leaders" are known to be not adverse to paying the Roman Catholic priesthood, though where they are to get the money they have never condescended to say. The Radicals, on the other hand, are only anxious to abolish the National Church in Ireland, that they may be in a better position for assailing the National Church in England, in the pursuit of their plan of a wholesale American "reform." The course for a New Party is the manifest one, of treating the Roman system as exceptional in consequence of its Foreign origin and motives, and of its political character, and to refuse bluntly to admit any right on the part of the small minority of Roman Catholics in the Kingdom to ask for the subversion of the Church established by the vast majority, and for centuries the basis of our whole political structure. At the same time, the assuming of this position would not

prevent the statesmen of the Constitutional party from improving the Irish Church in any points in which it is capable of improvement, so as to remove anomalies as far as may be, to render it as a machine more efficient, and to bring it into livelier sympathy than it has been for thirty years with the ruling powers. Its own dignitaries, in fact, are pointing out to the legislator who will approach the edifice with the careful hand of the Restorer—not with the sledge-hammer of an enemy—in what ways it may be renovated, and the circumstance hopefully evinces an improved tone among the clergy themselves. The laity have long been anxious for reforms, but it is only now that the necessity for them is at all acknowledged by the occupants of the pulpit. The Primate of Ireland, the Archbishop of Dublin, at least one Dean whose opinion is of some weight, and several divines of large experience, have taken part in proposing changes, exhibiting at least an unselfish desire to increase the Church's efficiency. The feeling is general among laity and clergy alike, in Ireland, that reforms ought to be forthwith undertaken—reforms which shall, for example, tend to equalize incomes among the beneficed clergy, and to raise those of small, and especially of small and populous livings, by appropriating for their use sums taken from the excessive emoluments of bishoprics and other dignities.

It has been observed that the Irish Church is "top-heavy" from an excess of dignities. Dr. Trench points to the superfluous deans, and Dr. Atkins, at the Down Conference, described his own duties, as one of them, to consist in the making of a bow to an Archbishop once in three years at a provincial synod. But the Church is top-heavy otherwise than in having useless persons sauntering idly through her fold. There is room for some more extensive reform, when a diocese is found containing only 13,800 Church inhabitants, and paying its bishop £1,400 per annum; when another, with 17,000 Churchmen, yields to the bishop £4,038 per annum; when a third bishop, having only 116 clergy to look after, receives £5,246; when a fourth, with 108 clergy, gets £5,939; when one archbishop derives from his office £8,328, and another

£6,569. Considering the character of the country, and the number of the Church's members, these incomes are all too large. If the average salary of the ten Irish bishops were £2,000 per annum, they would more frequently be found following in the footsteps of the good Archbishop King, who, by his simple apostolic zeal, established above one hundred and fifty years ago that ascendancy of his Church's principles in the diocese of Derry which has survived the inert administration of a later race of spiritual overseers. It is notorious that the only bishop in Ireland, besides the Archbishop of Dublin, and perhaps the Bishop of Down, who goes amongst his clergy and works hand in hand with them, is the Bishop of Cork, and his revenues are the lowest of all—£2,300 per annum. An amended table of remuneration has been suggested, which would give for the Primacy £5,000; for the Archbishopric of Dublin, £5,500; for the ten bishoprics, £3,500 each; for the principal Dublin deanery, £2,000; for eleven other deaneries, £1,000 each; for eleven archdeaconries, £700 each; and probably even this, to employ Dr. Trench's figure, is carrying too much sail. There ought to be, at all events, a sufficient sum recovered from the various dignitaries to recruit a number of the smaller benefices, and to provide for stipendiary curates. A change of the sort would set the wheels that now rust agoing, and strengthen the institution by wiping away a cause of reproach. Clearly the principle of all reforms should be to remove everything obstructive, to lighten the parts unnecessarily weighty, and to sustain those that are weaker, that the whole machine may work more easily.

It is plain, too, that if the Irish Church is to make progress there must be a franker recognition of the power of the voluntary principle as a supplementary resource. Until lately every effort to build and endow new churches by the subscriptions of the laity was treated as an innovation. That ancient and cramping notion must be finally abandoned. When one member of the Church is found to restore St. Patrick's Cathedral at an outlay of over £100,000; when a few others have established a society in Belfast which contem-

plates the erection of from four to six churches; when new cathedrals are being reared up in Tuam, in Cork, and in the diocese of Down, by what the Scotch Voluntaries would call the Christian willingness of the people, it would be madness to check those energies out of reverence for any theory. The churches so erected must be welcomed into the fold, and those who shall minister in them treated not as clergymen of the Establishment by sufferance, but as the equals in all respects of the parish clergyman, and entitled to a full and fair chance of promotion side by side with the incumbent more fortunate in the enjoyment of a rentcharge. Archbishop Trench has publicly acknowledged the strength of this new spirit in language worthy of attention. "A grateful evidence," he says, in his primary Charge, "of the activity of church-life in the diocese of Dublin is the number of new churches which are being built in it, or of old which, in whole or in part, are undergoing a process of renewal. In a period of less than two years I have had the satisfaction of consecrating seven new churches—six of them additions to those already existing, the seventh an old parish church rebuilt. I have also licensed for Divine service an eighth, newly erected by the Duke of Leinster. Entirely trustworthy returns acquaint us that in the diocese of Dublin there were 82 churches in 1791, and 91 in 1826. It is satisfactory, as far as church-building is concerned, to have made in less than two years very nearly as much progress as was made half a century ago in 35." And it is certain that the free efforts and offerings of the laity would be multiplied, if the paralysing consciousness that the revenues of the Church are unfairly distributed were removed from the public mind, and if other such crying abuses as clerical non-residence were

done away with. Of the 1,500 holders of livings in Ireland there are 206 who do not reside in their parishes—who delegate their duties to ill-paid curates, and carry off considerable incomes to be spent elsewhere. In one diocese, that of Cork, out of a total of 170 clergy, as many as 41 stand in the category of the non-resident. In Limerick diocese there are 93 livings, with 23 non-residents; in Cashel, 107 livings, with 32 wandering shepherds. An absentee landlord is bad enough; but an absentee clergyman is much worse.

While work so extensive and so useful remains to be done it will not be open to anyone to say that the Parliamentary Party which shall come forward for the defence of the Irish Church is necessarily opposed to reform. All that Irish Churchmen and Conservatives expect, as the condition on which their support will be given to a new English constitutional Ministry, is that the institution of the National Church in Ireland shall be declared perpetual, and its property sacred for its own religious uses. There will be no objection to any measure calculated to render it more efficient. The Middle Party will find it their account, as we believe, to profess so much. Let them defeat the Ministry of Lord Russell on the Reform Bill—and defeat on such a measure must be followed by immediate resignation—and let them pledge themselves to such a support of the institutions of the country as a maintenance of the Irish Church, and the protection of Irish society against Ultramontaniam, would emphatically signify, and the reins of government must pass into their hands, in all probability to be held by them for a lengthened period. They have thus given to them really a great opportunity: it remains to be seen "What they will do with it."

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### THE FOLK BOOKS OF FRANCE

WE promised a second paper on the Folk Books of France—the literature of the *colporteur*—and after an interval, we here redeem our pledge. Taking the subjects in the order adopted by M. Nisard, with whose curious book we have already acquainted the reader, we find ourselves next called on to treat of those books of the people which affect to treat of morality and religion. In noticing these treatises, our author, evidently a man of religious feeling, had to proceed with much circumspection. While respecting the motives of the original writers, he felt himself obliged in many cases to object to the forms in which the instruction was conveyed and to the undue importance assigned to certain acts of assumed piety; and the implicit faith placed in their efficacy. Thus he was liable to incur the censure of many estimable and well-meaning persons, who are more occupied with the externals than the essential spirit of piety. Many of the cheap devotional treatises have suffered sad corruptions during the lapse of two hundred years, from the thorough neglect shown in their editing. The publishers of cheap books looked much more closely after the profit to be got by issuing large numbers at a minimum outlay, than

after the correctness of the subject matter.

While admitting the soundness of morality in the “Remedies against Sin and Temptations,” by an Ecclesiastic of the diocese of Besançon, M. Nisard judges that parts of the volumes are better kept from, than submitted to, the notice of the young. However, dissuasion from immorality can scarcely be made more effective than in such passages as this:—

“Behold the misfortunes into which we are drawn by impurity, the sorrows and the shameful ills it brings in its train, the cutting chagrins and the secret pangs, the cruel remorse of conscience, the shame, the confusion, the repugnance to confession, the ignominy, and the disgrace which the vicious young man brings on himself and his family. Consider the hard servitude which renders the voluptuary the slave of sin, the slave of the devil, the slave of his vile body, the slave of a wretched creature for whom he sacrifices his soul, the slave and public victim of the contempt of all good people, even the libertines themselves. The sensualist has nothing of man but the appearance. His passions brutalize him, and deprive him of the reason, the heart, and the disposition of the estimable man, and leave him nothing but the propensities of the beast.”

The worthy clergyman of Besançon had no better opinion of the military profession as a school of

morality than might a conscientious preacher of our own times.

"Whenever military men assemble, there the female sex are much to be pitied; let them be on their guard. There is no artifice which a young soldier under the influence of passion will not employ to seduce and ruin the woman whom he wishes to gain over. He resorts to disguise, to insinuation; he becomes the honourable, the polished, the graceful man. He is obliging, he even becomes the hypocrite, the devotee, to gain on prudent young women. Let her never lay aside a pious timidity, let her not listen to them, nor receive their letters nor presents. Let her despise their promises, their caresses, their railleries, and deride their menaces. If she acts otherwise she will be lost."

Mentor when most desirous of rendering Telemachus a modest, virtuous youth, never thought of leaving him among some dissolute young folk for a day or two that he might see vice in its proper ugliness; and with this trite remark we lay aside the well-intentioned work, and take up "The Wise Child of Three Years of Age; containing the questions which the Emperor Adrian proposed to him and the answers which the child made." This is a little work which has gained nothing by its numerous editions since the end of the fifteenth century. A few of the demands and replies are subjoined.

- Q. What is man?  
 A. The image of Our Lord Jesus Christ.  
 Q. What is woman?  
 A. The image of death.  
 Q. At what hour did Adam eat the forbidden fruit?  
 A. At the hour of terce (nine, A.M.), and he was cast out of Paradise at nones (three, P.M.).  
 Q. What place is that where it never rains, and water shall never fall?  
 A. The valley of Gelboaz.

#### THE PARABLES OF FATHER BONAVENTURE.

A popular book of the type of the "Legenda Aurea" of Voragine is the "Parables of Father Bonaventure," of which the first edition appeared in 1760, the author being Father Girandeau, a Jesuit, successive editions differing delightfully from each other and from the original. The story of one of the parables quoted by our author was not improbably founded on a literal fact. A viper-catcher happening once to fall asleep in the

same room where he had a basketful of these reptiles, found himself on awaking, neck, body, head, and all enveloped in their folds, the heat of his body having drawn them from their cold prison. He gave himself up for lost, but one of his family coming into the room, and seeing his danger, placed a vessel full of warm milk near the bed. One after another, they unwound themselves and hastened into the vessel, from which the terrified man soon withdrew them singly, and killed them. Henceforth he gave up his perilous trade, the sight, nay the very thought, of a viper, causing him to shudder.

Parable No. 2 is very ingenious. Two clowns seeing a young boy push with one hand a large beam across a pool began to talk to each other of the extreme lightness of the wood, which though so large was so easily moved. The carpenter to whom the beam was coming overhearing the wise discourse, addressed them: "My friends, if you lift this light piece of timber when it comes to the bank, one at each end, and lay it high and dry on the sod for me, I will give you twelve francs. If you are not able, then you must yoke your oxen to it, drag it up, and hand me six francs. My neighbour, the tavern-keeper, will hold the stakes." They cheerfully accepted the offer, and of course, had to resort to the aid of the beasts, and withdraw the six francs from their pockets. Here is the excellent application:—

"In the vast pool of the world in which we swim, our sins swim with us, and do not appear half their proper size. We conceal half of them from men by a deceptive bearing, and half from ourselves by dissimulation, by excuses, by forgetfulness. They further appear light as floating among the false maxims of the world, and in the torrent of bad examples which authorize them. But when we attempt to draw them out of this medium, and present them at the tribunal of God, then they appear as they really are, of enormous bulk and weight. When these shameful actions, these secret frauds, these calumnies, these perverse intentions, are drawn out from under the water, and confronted, not with the usages of the world, but the law of the gospel, not with the corruption of men, but with the sanctity of God, then, ah then, we shall be sensible of their enormity, their immense weight. Let us then efface them by penitence before quitting the world, that we

may not be crushed by them when we appear before the judge."

A third parable, equally ingenious, but requiring nicer manipulation, is the "Modern Joseph." A duchess hearing a young clergyman preach at the reception of a nun, took the liberty of falling in love with him, and inviting him on some pretence to pay her a visit. Unthinkingly he accepted the invitation, and the lady made no secret of her wishes. Seeing him somewhat surprised, she told him she had read about Potiphar's wife, and warned him to dread her resentment. Our modern Joseph had more mother wit than his great prototype. He said he was fasting the whole day, and requested some refreshment. The hint was sufficient. Bells were rung, servants came, and a good collation made its appearance. Josephus Secundus ate and drank like a man that was hungry, talked pleasantly in the presence of the attendants, and before they had removed the things, assumed his hat, gracefully thanked the lady for her hospitality, and took leave. Whatever she thought or felt on the subject, this prudent piece of management left her no pretext for an accusation against the offender.

#### THE SINNER'S MIRROR.

One of the earliest books of piety (some of the manuscripts bearing the date 1324) was the "*Speculum Humane Salvationis*." It was written in Latin verse, and adorned with 192 illustrations. It was printed in the first half of the fifteenth century (the illustrations being roughly cut on wood), and had for associates in the good work, the "*Ars bene moriendi*" (The Art of Dying well), and the "*Historia Veteris et Novi Testamenti*," commonly called "*Biblia Pauperum*" (The Bible of the Poor). These are probably the originals of a still widely diffused book alleged to be composed by some Reverend Fathers Capucins. The title begins thus, "The Mirror of the Sinner," but is too long for quotation. Every page has a representation of a heart surmounted by the human head; an eye and a star are cut in the upper part of the heart, and according as the soul is plunged in sin or restored to grace it is differently tenanted. When

sunk in sin the peacock (pride), the lion or bull (anger), the swine (gluttony), the serpent (envy), the tortoise (sloth), &c., have possession. In the plates representing a better order of things these hellish inmates are driven out, and the interior is occupied with pious emblems. Underneath are explanations and encouragements to piety.

Literature and piety would suffer no loss by the excision of nostrums, such as the one quoted below, which have crept into the carelessly edited collection of the pedlars, no one knows how.

"Copy of a blessing sent from heaven on the prayer of the venerable *Coloman* (*gu. Carloman*, eldest son of Charles Martel) to King *Tibery* (*Thierry*), his father, against all his enemies wherever they may be, and approved by Pope Charles Leo, who also sent it to his brother."

The learned writer explains how King Tibery going to the wars requested his son Coloman, the abbot, to obtain for him a blessing (*charm* would be a more appropriate term), to preserve him from the perils of the field. And the charm came in course to the devout son from heaven. The cautious king first tried its efficacy on a criminal, who on due exhortation, repeated the prescribed prayers, &c., and afterwards braved the axe, the flames, water, and poison with the utmost composure. The convinced and edified Tibery got several copies of the "blessing," nicely engrossed, sent them to his chief warriors, and the campaign came to a glorious termination. Charles Leo will be found with as much facility among the list of Popes as Coloman and Tibery among the abbots and kings.

#### CURES BY CHARMS.

While much of the literature and science of the time was confined to religious houses, it might be reasonably expected that the inmates knew as much or more of medicine as outside professors. Patients resorting to monk or nun for cures for ordinary ailments, and finding relief shared their gratitude between the sainted patron of the house and the living operator. In many instances the cure was altogether attributed to

spiritual influence, and in time, prayers having much of the character of charms, were considered by the uncritical crowd quite sufficient without swallowing pill or bolus. So among the people's books a volume insinuated itself, giving the prayers and charms effective for the cure of all mortal ills. One extract from this unauthorized volume shall be given. It prescribes a charm against the tooth-ache, which, substituting St. Peter for St. Apollina, may be, or might have been sometime since, found in vogue among our own peasantry.

"Saint Apollina the divine, sitting at the foot of a tree, on a marble stone, our Saviour (for better fortune) passing by, said to her, 'Apollina, what ails thee?' 'I am here, O Divine Master, for pain, not for grief. I am here for my head, for my blood, and for my tooth-ache.' 'Apollina, thou hast faith. Turn round, and if it be a drop of blood it shall dry, if it be a worm it shall die.'"

The rest of the charm consists merely of authorized prayers of the Roman Catholic Church, and needs no quotation.

Different saints were called on for different ailments. Our own Saint Fiachra and Saint Agricola were invoked for blessings on the crops. St. Boniface, St. Owen, St. Francis, &c., were each supposed to lend their influence in the cure of particular ailments. The Spaniards, we may mention, are less particular than even the French, in their treatment of such matters. Think of a saint swearing by the planet Venus!

#### SPECIMENS OF BAD CONFESSIONS.

For a book of sound sense, and good intention, and genuine humour into the bargain, commend us to a volume composed about the beginning of last century and having for title:

"The correct self-accusation of the true penitent, in which is taught the mode to be avoided, and the mode to be observed in declaring one's sins. By R. P. P. Chaurand, Missionary Jesuit." Traves, 1724.

The work consists of four dialogues—the 1st, between the confessor and the stupid penitent who confesses nothing; 2nd, between the confessor and the stupid, but cunning penitent, who is not explicit; the 3rd, deals with the penitent, who says

too much; the 4th, presents the instructed and judicious penitent. With the last-named we have no concern, as he plainly and contritely acknowledges his sins and their number to the best of his recollection, not so with some of the others. In this manner proceeded the improvement of the stupid, but self-willed penitent:

"*Confessor.* Have you committed any sins since you were last at confession?

"*Penitent.* Ah, my father! a great deal too many; thank God, however. We are great sinners; we offend every hour, every minute; poor wretches! *Méa culpa!*

"*C.* Explain if you have committed any sin. Have you detracted?

"*P.* Well, well! If I have sworn I beg God's pardon; if I have detracted I beg God's pardon. I was at confession six months ago.

"*C.* How many times have you sworn?

"*P.* Very often.

"*C.* Make some approach to the number of times.

"*P.* Much oftener than I ought.

"*C.* Well, make some guess.

"*P.* Oh, so often, I'm sure I can't say.

"*C.* Is it ten or a hundred times?

"*P.* Yes, father, as often as you think proper.

"*C.* Have you told lies?

"*P.* Yes, father, but who could help it?

"*C.* Have you scolded in anger?

"*P.* Yes, father, but my wife is to blame. She is so bad that she puts me in a passion every moment.

"*C.* Have you beaten her?

"*P.* Yes, father, but she richly deserved it.

"*C.* Have you stolen anything?

"*P.* Yes, father,—a bushel of wheat from my master, but that's not much.

"*C.* What is the value?

"*P.* A crown.

"*C.* You must repay it.

"*P.* But he has kept back a crown of my wages.

"*C.* Why so?

"*P.* Because I broke an instrument of that value."

The poor confessor finds it a difficult matter to convince him that he is bound to restitution, and equally difficult to persuade him that the mere intention of reconciliation with an enemy, or of making restitution at some future time is not sufficient. He is obliged to speak roundly to him.

"*C.* The will is unavailing if not efficacious. You must do what you possibly can. As you have so often deceived your confessors, I cannot depend on you. Go, and be reconciled to your brother, and make

restitution of the property stolen, and then come for absolution."

But the perverse penitent wishes for immediate absolution, and on the confessor's keeping to his fixed purpose he exclaims, "I have never seen such a confessor. You will be the cause of my not coming to confession again."

"C. Unfortunate man, you show plainly enough that you are not in a fit state to make a worthy confession. Withdraw.

"P. So you won't give me absolution?

"C. I cannot till you be reconciled with your brother, and make restitution.

"P. You will not?

"C. No.

"P. Well then I declare I'll go and turn Huguenot."

Severe exercise this for the poor priest, but let the reader reserve some additional pity for him when his next client, a village gossip, has done with him.

"P. Good day, father, and a happy festival! How are you in health?

"C. Proceed with your confession. How long since the last?

"P. Oh, not long, for, thank God, I make a constant practice of it since I heard a preacher say that we don't know the day nor the hour when we may be called away.

"C. Mention exactly the time.

"P. I always confess the first Sunday of the month, and all the principal festivals, for I belong to the order of the Rosary, the Scapular, the Cord of St. Francis, and many others. . . . I would have confessed last Sunday, but there was so much to be done at home that only last Mass was a little later than usual I would have lost it.

"C. Cannot you say at once how long since your last confession?

"P. A month exactly, for it was the 14th of last month, and we are now at the 15th current. Count, father, and you will find it correct.

"C. That will do; proceed.

"P. I have the worst boy in the world. He swears, he beats his sisters, he steals all he can to gamble with it. The other day he lost his hat—

"C. Confess your own sins only.

"P. And indeed his sister is worse. I must call her ten times in the morning before she rises, and if I send her to the town she stops at every door like the miller's ass. She gabbles with every one she meets, and then I beat her. Don't I do right, father?

"C. It is your own faults you are to reveal, not those of your children.

"P. Ah, talking of faults, there is a woman in our street I think the very worst in the world. She swears, she quarrels with

every one. No one can endure her, not even her husband. And then she drinks. Do you wish to know her name? It is—

"C. Don't name her on any account! You are not to mention people's names nor their faults.

"P. She is coming just after me. Scold her well; you can't be too severe.

"C. Silence, I say! Mention nothing at confession but your own sins."

Alas! she acknowledged that she had cursed one of her neighbours; but in order to arrive at the fact, the poor clergyman had to listen to the long history of preparation for market, half a day's delay at the market, her return home without her neighbour, and finally her swearing at some one who had stolen a portion of her manure-heap in her absence.

Being at last driven into a corner, she bursts out—

"I have sworn at my son, at my daughter, at the servant boy, at the journeyman, at my neighbour, at his wife. I have said to the child, 'May you burst! you do-nothing, you jackass, you thief, you drunkard, you wine-bag, you gallow's-bird, you brigand, you rascal, you'" &c., &c., &c.

She enters on a new system equally tiresome.

"My father, I have sworn; my father, I have lied; my father, I have murmured," &c.

"C.—Leave out 'my father.'

"P.—I have scolded, I accuse myself; I have murmured, I accuse myself; I have detracted, I accuse myself; I have sworn, I accuse myself," &c.

After ringing some further changes, she all at once breaks out—

"Ah, father, I have committed a very great sin. I'll be damned for it. I must confess it to you though my former confessor forbade me to mention it again. I beat my mother.

"C.—Beat your mother! unhappy creature, this is a reserved case; and when did it happen?

"P.—When I was four years old.

"C.—You simpleton! Whatever children do before they come to the age of reason is not imputed to them as sin. What else?

"P.—I have worked on a Sunday.

"C.—What work?

"P.—Put a stitch in my little boy's collar.

"C.—That is not worth the telling. Anything else?

"P.—Oh yes, father; I have blasphemed.



"C.—How?

"P.—I called my cow a b——, and I swore at my child ten thousand times since my last confession.

"C.—Ten thousand times!

"P.—Oh, I mean seven or eight times, but I always wish to be outside the mark."

She employs mere formulas which serve no purpose.

"P.—I have not loved God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength, nor my neighbour as myself. I have not approached the sacrament with due preparation, nor the contrition necessary.

"C.—In that case go away, and return when you are in better disposition.

"P.—But I did all I could, father.

"C.—Well then, you should not have made this last accusation.

"P.—I have not given my first thoughts to God.

"C.—Have you given Him your second or third? All this is no better than lost time."

In consideration for the readers' time we omit the rest.

The picture runs to caricature, but it gives an idea, though exaggerated, of what confessors suffer at the tongues of some of their penitents, male and female, the last especially.

#### NOELS OR CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

It is supposed that the many circumstances found added to the facts detailed in the sacred writings and the authentic lives of saints first appeared in themes written by students in their colleges at the desire of their tutors. The simple narrative being given they embroidered it with ornaments of their own invention, but which they considered suitable to the subject and homogeneous with its spirit.

The devoutly-minded but indifferently gifted composers of the "Bible of Noels" which has been in existence since the early part of the sixteenth century, felt no scruple about adding to or ornamenting the simple gospel narrative of the great mysteries connected with Christmas and the ensuing festivals. The original, printed at Lyons in 1539 by Sebastian Griffin, bears for title,—

"Natal chant, containing seven carols, one chant pastoral, one chant royal, with a mystery of the Nativity represented by

personages, composed in verbal and musical imitation of divers chants, taken from the Holy Scripture and illustrated by it."

The author was a certain Barthelmy Aneau, and he strung his 300 verses more or less to the popular airs of the day. In the simple rude minstrelsy the poet beginning with the promulgation of the decree of Augustus, tells the whole history of the winter journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, and the ensuing miraculous events. We must present a few specimens of the poetry in which the narrative is told. St. Joseph comes home after an anxious day's labour and announces to his holy Spouse—

"Marie, what a sorrow

Will now seize you,

And fill your heart

With displeasure!

Just now I have listened

To a decree,

That we must quit Nazareth

Without delay.

"I shall take the instruments

Of my trade,

All the tools and appliances

Of a carpenter,

In order to earn our support,

For I believe

That we there must remain

For more than a month."

Arriving at Bethlehem they cannot find a lodging; and at last the troubled and tender husband says to his dear and wearied companion,—

"I have searched throughout in vain

Without finding place of rest,

Nor house as yet unfilled.

Let us seek the suburb, Mary,

There without doubt

We shall obtain lodging."

Entering this suburb and still unsuccessful, Joseph goes to purchase a candle, asks its price, and the woman of business answers,—

"Its price is exactly six sous

Without reduction of a farthing.

That is my price to all buyers,

I pledge you my honest word.

But what seek you so late,

And why wandering at random?"

Learning their situation the kind creature laments her want of power to give them room. She points out a rough steep path leading to a cavern, and addressing herself to Joseph adds—

"I will not take your six sous.  
For love of the Holy Person  
Who is in your company,  
I give it with free heart."

She adds some dry billets to warm them, and sends her servants to show the way.

"Good evening then, good people:  
Good evening, good night, Madam.  
Light the way, my children.  
God send you a good night:  
Good-bye till to-morrow."

With the exception of the rhymes this version of ours is not a whit less poetical than the original. Amid the homely phraseology and the homely imagery may be discovered an earnest and pious spirit. The shepherds returning home relate to their wives the wonders which they have witnessed, and a great commotion ensues.

"Come neighbour, hasten,  
Be ready at once;  
And you, Catherine,  
Where are you loitering?  
You're surely not busy,  
Pray have you time  
To see the young mother?"  
"I am coming down  
All in a moment.  
Could any one loiter  
On such an occasion?  
I'm looking for linen  
And curtains also  
For the dear King of Angels,  
The infant so fair!"

A villager thus expresses her fears,—

"The guard at the door  
Shall drive us away,  
And such being the case  
Who then can enter?  
Not plainly-dressed women,  
Not poverty,  
But ladies so grand,  
And people of quality."

But the comforting reply is given—  
"Ill founded fear, needless care, for  
at the entry there shall be seen neither tall sentinels, nor buff-coats, nor halberts, nor muskets."

The ordinary English reader would scarcely sympathise with the learned editor in his warm appreciation of these old carols. On this side of the strait we are not prepared to regard the sublime subjects of which they sing through the homely medium furnished by the old singers. M. Nisard thus expresses his approbation little modified by those circumstances which would jar terribly on the nerves of the Briton whether of the Church of Rome or of England.

"If I were not restricted in space I would not spare the reader a line of the other two chants. I feel such pleasure in this poetry at once religious, pastoral, and domestic. In its principal object which is the most sublime and most affecting mystery of our religion and in the communication thereof made to shepherds in preference to all other classes, it sufficiently indicates its pastoral and religious character. But as to style it is the most homely imaginable, thoroughly marked by the loose and liberal fashion in which small shopkeepers discuss the news of the day. I must even remark that St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin herself are not exempt from prolixity, but their conversation is limited to answering the queries proposed to them. They speak of themselves, their household affairs, their domestic troubles, their sentiments, with the complaisance of easy citizens who are pleased to find their neighbours interested about their affairs, and are happy to afford full information."

Among the metrical legends of a religious cast the following, of which the outlines are here given, have been popular time out of mind.

#### OUR LADY OF LIMES.

Three Christian knights being made captives in the Holy Wars, were earnestly importuned by the Sultan to renounce their faith. As they remained firm, he sent his daughter into the prison to try if she could do better for the cause of Mahound. But the chevaliers spoke so feelingly to her concerning the Saviour and His divine Mother, that she earnestly begged them to show her the image of Our Lady. They requested a piece of wood to carve her resemblance, though they were ignorant of the art, but an angel coming to their aid, so sweet and heavenly was the expression given to the countenance that Ismerie became a Christian on the moment. Putting the knights at liberty she set out in their company for France. Waking out of the first sleep they took on their journey, they found themselves in Picardie as appears in these verses which are given as a specimen of the poetry.

"Voyant un jeune berger  
Jouant du flageolet,  
L'un de ces gentilhommes  
Lui a dit, 'mon ami,  
Quel pays est-ce ici,  
Et dis moi ou nous sommes.'"

"Le petit bergerot  
Répond un peu de mots,  
'Vous êtes en Picardie,  
Tout proche de Marchais,  
D'ou Monsieur pour le vrai  
Est esclave en Turquie.'"

The ease and speed of the passage can only be matched by the ease and simplicity of the style in which the legend is told.

The mother of the knights beholding her sons and the strange lady from her bower window, ran in haste to welcome and embrace them. Ismerie soon received baptism and confirmation, and a church was built to our Lady of Liesse in which the miraculous image was placed.

#### GENEVÈVE OF MABANT.

The beauteous and pious Geneviève became the wife of the Count Palatine Siffroi, who was obliged to depart for the wars soon after the marriage. Golo the steward under whose protection she had been left, not succeeding in corrupting her virtue, accused her of adultery. His accusation being strengthened by that of a sorceress, Siffroi deputed two of his followers to take her and her child into the forest and kill them. They however contented themselves with abandoning them,—and presented the tongue of a hound as that of the lady to her incensed husband. A wolf brought a skin to cover the child, and he was suckled by a hind who supplied the office of the poor mother, exhausted by the hardships of her new state.

The sorceress being about to be burned some seven years later, revealed the innocence of Geneviève, and the heart-sore husband inflicted deserved punishment on Golo. Ignorant of the preservation of his wife and son, and following the chase, he was led a long distance by a hind which at last took refuge in the cavern that had served for shelter to his innocent wife and his child. He there saw a woman crouched behind a rock, covered by her long luxuriant hair alone. At her request he threw her his cloak, and requested to know her history. She had need but of few words to convince him that his beloved countess was before him. She was soon clasped to his breast, and her *savage* life brought to a

close. After her death, Siffroi while again engaged in the chase, was conducted to the same cavern by deer and dogs. He understood the circumstance in a providential light, and he and his son ended their days as hermits, first building a magnificent church on the spot, and laying the sainted countess therein in a rich shrine. The art displayed in this legend is of a very rude order, and the illustrations absolutely frightful. There is more than one English version of it extant.

#### LEGEND OF ST. HUBERT.

This saint is the patron of hunters, as every reader of "Quentin Durward" knows. He was son of Bertrand, Duke of Aquitaine and Ueberne, sister of Saint Odo. Being disgusted while at the court in Paris with the tyrannical proceedings of the grand master of the palace, he retired to the court of his cousin, Pepin, King of Austrasia, near Liege, where he wedded Floribane, daughter of Dagobert of Louvain.

One day while chasing a stag, and thinking himself on the point of capturing him, he beheld a luminous crucifix standing between the antlers of the phantom, and heard these words as proceeding from its mouth, "Hubert, Hubert, how long will you spend your time without profit? Know you not that you were born to know, love, and serve God, your Creator?"

The astonished hunter alighted, fell on his knees, and besought instruction. This was afterwards imparted to him by the Bishop of Maestricht. In time he was consecrated bishop, founded Liege, and transferred his episcopal seat thereto. The manual detailing the legend is thus entitled—

"The Life of the Great St. Hubert, Founder and Patron of the City of Liege, and of the Ardennes. To which are added numerous Canticles."

A manuscript of his life in good preservation is shown in the Royal Library at the Hague. It is dated 1455, and is enriched with thirteen fine illuminated drawings, executed by Van Eyck and his sister. The earliest printed life was issued at

Paris 1510 to 1530, and has often been reprinted.

Our saint was, and still is, held in great veneration in the Low Countries and Northern France. His aid is invoked against madness, evil spirits, fevers, and lightning. He is the special patron of hunters, and his novena was observed in a particularly careful and zealous spirit. Besides the ordinary devotions the devout client was careful to sleep in clean white sheets. He never stooped during the nine days to drink at fountain or river. He was privileged to drink red or white wine, or claret mixed with water. He might eat white or brown bread, pork not more than a year old, fish, and hard eggs (no great mortification in all this!). He was not allowed to comb his hair for forty days! Let us hope that this regulation was not strictly enforced. But as the saint's most earnest clients were found among hunters, foresters, rangers, &c.—men using the comb only once a fortnight or so, perhaps this inconvenience was not so great as the fastidious and effeminate dwellers in cities might suppose.

#### LEGEND OF SAINT ALEXIS.

This is the subject of one of the canticles [accompanying the life of St. Hubert. Alexis (one who helps or heals), the son of a Roman senator—

“ — tout aimable,  
Des ses plus jeunes ans  
Était très charitable  
Aux pauvres indigents.  
Tous les biens et richesses  
Et superbes grandeurs  
Il avait en horreur.”\*

Alexis thus well disposed, abandoned the endearments of his family, and even of his bride on his very marriage day, and set out for Syria. There having given away all he possessed, and submitted himself to the greatest privations, he at last took ship for Tarsus. The vessel being driven out of her course made land at Ostia, and there he bethought him of a severer penance than he had hither-

to undergone. He travelled to Rome, asked for shelter in his father's house, was allowed a sleeping place under a staircase, continued for seventeen years to be the slave and the contempt of the household, to listen to the lamentations of his parents and his wife, and to look on these loving relatives pass by his wretched den without addressing a word to one of them. At last a brilliant light was seen to issue from his lair, and a voice sounded in the ears of the master and mistress of the mansion, “Alexis the beloved has expired within your walls.” The body of Alexis, with a divine beauty settled on the features, was discovered. The Pope and cardinals came in procession, and had it richly enshrined, and the name of St. Alexis was, as soon as could be, added to the calendar.

None but a determined self-tormenter could have endured the anguish depicted in this verse :

“Ses plus grandes souffrances  
C'est d'entendre les cris  
De la femme dolente,  
Tout le jour que la nuit,  
Qui pleure et qui lamente,  
Disant, ‘ou êtes-vous  
Alexis mon époux.’”†

The late Cardinal Wiseman composed a drama on this subject, which we believe continues to be a favourite piece with students when they entertain their tutors and relatives with dramatic performances at breaking up.

The author of this interesting metrical romance was scarcely as good a schoolman as a poet. However anxious a married Roman Catholic may be to assume Holy Orders, or even become a hermit, he must first obtain his wife's full and free consent. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the conduct of young Alexis in taking his departure on his marriage day rather than the day before. We would have given him permission to endure austerities in his own person, but why render the life of the love-sick Olympia a long scene of misery? These were unwarrantable poetic licenses, assumed for the purpose of

\* Alexis from his earliest years was most charitable to the indigent poor. Goods and riches and lofty grandeurs he had in horror.

† “His greatest sufferings arose from listening to the cries of his sorrowing wife, who wept and lamented day and night, crying, ‘Where art thou O Alexis my spouse?’”

"piling up the agony," and could not have occurred in the veritable acts of the saint.

We have not space for more than the titles of several other established canticles and saintly legends, such as that of St. Margaret, St. Barbax, St. Regina, the Prodigal Son, the Sacrifice of Isaac, St. Mary Magdalen's Repentance, the History of Joseph, of Judith, and of St. Eustachius, the outline of this last-named being worth the setting forth.

This saint being at first a Roman general of indifferent morals, has a conversation with the Saviour, and thoroughly converted, comes with his wife and two sons to the coast to take ship for Egypt. The impudent captain receiving his wife Theopiste on board, leaves the husband and children on the strand, boasting that she must belong to himself henceforth. She however bids her husband be of good cheer, as no power on earth is sufficient to turn her from the path of duty. At the moment when the anchor is raised and the sails unfurled, a lion runs off with one child, and a wolf with another, and Eustachius laments and folds his hands in imitation of a Greek choragus. He had been a warrior of fame in Trajan's army; he now submits to herd sheep for a farmer. Meantime, Trajan being in difficulties for want of a general, sends in all directions for our saint. He is found, and obliged again to assume the truncheon.

The two sons having survived and served in the army meet and recognise each other; soon after they find their mother, and all three search for the head of the family. Having discovered him in the general, and indulged in joy for the happy reunion, all are summoned to burn incense to the gods of the empire. They of course refuse, and the emperor exclaims :

"Enfermez le dans ce taureau d'irain,  
Sa femme aussi, ses deux enfants encore.  
C'est par le feu que j'en veux voir la fin,  
Pour apaiser nos grand dieux que j'a-  
dore."

They reply :

"Doux Jésus Christ qui possède nos cœurs,  
Embrassez-les de vos divines flammes;  
Nous vous prions de nous rendre vain-  
queurs,  
Et dans le ciel vouloir placer nos âmes.""

The martyrs after the momentary torture arrive at the ever-enduring felicity, and the curious poem concludes.

Among the rhymed legends is found a very circumstantial one of St. Nicholas of Myra, under whose guardianship is placed the churches of St. Nicholas within and St. Nicholas without the walls of old Dublin. The life and miracles of our Saviour are told in prose, and also the life of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin. It would not be easy in our days to point out the authorities for all the details of the lives of St. Joachim and St. Anne, which are given in the "*Legenda Sanctæ Annæ*" of Bart Kysteler published at Argentina (Strasbourg) in 1501. The ordinary people's edition in use in France is taken from it.

A portion of these pieces, especially those in which the dialogue form is used, had their prototypes in the mysteries and moralities of the fourteenth century. None of these are extant in a perfect form.

#### LAMENTATIONS.

These lamentations (*complaintes*) are similar to the English tragedies of sixty or a hundred years ago, of some of which, such as the "Yarmouth Tragedy, or Jemmy and Nancy," we still retain many verses in memory. Among the French "*Laments*" occurs the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, and others already well known to English readers. One, quoted at considerable length by M. Nisard, details a murder which occurred so late as 1817, at Rodez, in the south of France.

A certain M. Fualdès, a magistrate, was creditor of a couple of his neighbours named Bastide and Jausion. Besides, he had in his posses-

\* "Shut him up in this brazen bull, his wife also, his children besides. I will that by fire they meet their fate, to appease the great gods whom I adore."

The Four Martyrs.—Sweet Jesus Christ, who possesseth our hearts, enkindle them by thy flames. We beseech thee to render us victorious, and in heaven to place our souls."

sion certain papers sufficient to prove the last-named guilty of infanticide. They were aware of his having one day received a large sum of money, and on the same evening he received an invitation to a house in a certain street. Repairing to the place appointed in the dark, he was seized, blindfolded, gagged, drawn into a house of ill fame, and murdered. His body was thrown into the Aveyron, and Jausion getting into his house at the close of the same night, seized on his money and the papers criminatory of himself. Bastide and Jausion, and their accomplices, were arrested, but there was not sufficient evidence to convict them. However a young woman who had repaired in man's dress, and for no good purpose, to the same house on the fatal night, had witnessed from a neighbouring room all the circumstances of the foul crime, and after much natural hesitation, she denounced the guilty wretches. Three of the party, including Bastide and Jausion, were executed, and died impenitent.

The poetry of the Lamentation is on a par with our own Newgate Minstrelsy, a fact which the production of a couple of verses will confirm to the reader's satisfaction.

"Ecoutez, peuples de France,  
Du royaume de Chili,  
Peuples de Russie aussi,  
Du Cap de Bonne Espérance,  
Le mémorable accident  
D'un crime très conséquent.

"A trois heures et demi,  
Le troisième jour de Juin,  
Cette bande d'assassins  
De la prison est sortie,  
Pour subir leur châtimement  
Aux termes du jugement."\*

Very low and flat are many of the rhymed pieces in M. Nisard's collection, but none have succeeded in sinking beneath the level of the Rhodéz Lamentation.

#### THE DANCE OF DEATH.

The French call these pieces in which processions and dances composed of the dead and the living are represented, *Danses Macabres*, the name being a corruption of Macarius (Happy) one of the early solitaires of Egypt. An artist, by name Orcagna, in the middle of the fourteenth century, painted on the walls of the Church of the Campo Santo, of Pisa, a succession of scenes representing the Last Judgment, the torments of hell, &c. In one department he represented Death speeding on towards a delightful scene where the great and the beautiful are enjoying life. He is bent on doing execution among them, while inattentive to the cries of many wretches tired of life, and imploring him to give them their quietus. Opposite the bowers of gaiety and enjoyment are laborious and religious men on the side of a mountain, working and praying, and in the valley three kings and their mistresses going to the chase are stopped by St. Macarius, who directs their attention to the appearance they will present after death in three coffins placed upright by the side of the way. The bodies are in various stages of putrefaction, and one dismayed and disgusted monarch is holding his nose.

Orcagna had borrowed from France the idea of the "Three Living and the Three Dead," and France in turn seized on his conceptions, and on the south portal of the Church of the Innocents were represented in relief the figures of the *Légende Macabre*. Succeeding artists set the living and the dead at their dances, the grotesque enhancing (?) the good effect. It is thought that the funeral dances of ancient Egypt furnished the original notion. The bass reliefs mentioned were executed in 1408, about half a century after Orcagna's labours. In 1424 the Danse Macabre was executed by living performers at the Church of the Innocents before the Duke of Bedford and Philip the Good.

\* "Hear ye people of France, and of the realms of Chili, people of Russia also, as well as those of the Cape of Good Hope, the memorable accident of a very remarkable crime.

"At half-past three on the third day of June, this band of assassins issued from the prison to suffer their punishment according to the terms of the sentence."

The earliest edition of a printed and engraved "*Danse Macabre*" was issued by Guyot Marchand in 1485. The only copy of this curious work known to exist is in the public library of Grenoble. Guyot issued edition after edition, and the designs were copied everywhere,—on church walls, margins of prayer books, handles of knives, &c. Hans Holbein's "*Dance of Death*" was originally published at Lyons in 1538. The popular copies are all printed from the edition of 1728, which bore this title :

"The grand *Danse Macabre* of Men and Women, modernized from the old French in the politest language of this time. With the Debate between the Soul and the Body, the Complaint of the damned Soul, the Exhortation to live and die well, the Life of the evil Antichrist, and the fifteen Signs of Judgment. Troyes, printed by Jean Antoine Garnier."

Immediately under the title are represented four skeletons playing respectively on a bagpipes, an organ, a harp, and a drum, the drummer managing a flute also. On the second page, death in an imposing attitude, bearing a slender coffin on one arm, and raising the other in the act of bespeaking attention, addresses man, and exhorts him to make good use of his time. After the repetition of the four figures on the first page, each issuing a feeling exhortation, comes the long train, each personage accompanying a death, holding a discussion with him, and following him willingly or the reverse. These are the characters that fill the designs,—a pope, an emperor, a cardinal, a legate, a duke, a patriarch, a constable, an archbishop, a knight, a bishop, a squire, an abbot, a city provost, an astrologer, a citizen, a canon, a merchant, a schoolmaster, a man at arms, a chartreux, a sergeant, a monk, an usurer, a physician, a lover, a counsellor, a minstrel, a priest, a peasant, a gaoler, a pilgrim, a shepherd, a cordelier, a little child, a clerk, a hermit, an adventurer, and a sot.

In one piece a Moor, standing on the summit of a tower, is lustily sounding a bugle (savans are not agreed on the subject of his duties

and privileges), and the original design is perpetuated by the three kings meeting their three corpses. The dialogues that accompany the designs are well calculated to make a strong impression on the minds of the uneducated people for whom they were intended, and who, in order to be moved, require objects that strike the eye as well as the ear, and to be addressed through more than one sense. Here is a sample of the edition of 1728, modernized from the quaint style and orthography of 1486 :

"Femmes mirez vos doux appas  
Dans cette triste sepulture;  
Regardez ces os en un tas,  
Qui font horreur a la nature.  
Ils ont été d'états divers,—  
Reines, bergeres, grand dames,  
On ne sait plus, mangés des vers,  
S'ils sont os d'hommes ou de femmes."\*

Some artists, especially those of Nuremberg, losing sight of the original design of the work, would sketch nothing but frantic and outrageous movements of skeletons and half-decayed bodies which could have no other possible effect than to disgust and horrify the spectator. M. Nisard has preserved one wood-cut of this class, which no person of excitable nerves can look on without pain.

#### ANTICHRIST.

The prophetic historian of this horrible personage was evidently untroubled with any misgiving such as might, in quiet moments, invade the inventors of events in the lives of St. Anne or St. Joseph. It was not in any one's power to say whether his speculations concerning that future son of the devil might not prove true. Besides he might reflect that he could not say anything of him as bad as his deserts; here is his glimpse into the last times of the world, given in his own words as much as possible, premising that the father of his hero will be a Babylonian Jew, and his entry into life marked with infamy to all concerned.

"By two cities he shall be supported,  
Cursed be the son of the evil woman!  
One calls itself Bethsaida,  
The other right Corazain.

\* Women, admire your sweet charms here in this sad sepulchre; look on these bones in a heap, horrifying to nature. They have belonged to different conditions—queens, shepherdesses, noble ladies. Now gnawed by worms, we know not whether they belong to men or women.

With red gold he shall be crowned,  
Then to manifest his power  
Three Christian kings he shall slay,  
Seven more must perforce obey him.

Then to Jerusalem shall come  
The false disloyal seducer,  
And every Jew will adore him.  
There the lying traitor  
Shall have himself circumcised,  
And apostles shall send  
To preach his false faith.  
Those who believe him not  
Nor as Messiah worship him,  
Grievous pains shall endure."

Swollen with vanity he shall ape  
the miracles of the Saviour, and being  
borne up into the air on the wings  
of demons,

"He shall obstinately contest  
Of Christ the glorious ascension.  
Then Monseigneur Saint Michael,  
Archangel, prince of the Church,  
Shall hurl him from the sky  
Without a touch, but in such guise  
That all the Jews who behold him  
Ugly, powerless, intolerable of smell,  
Shall suffer intense horror.  
Then shall myriads of devils  
Crowd to bear him to his sepulchre;  
Ten millions of unbelieving Jews  
Shall enter with him the home of fire,  
That fire whence none return."

The "Danse Macabre," long popular as a book of piety, has ceased to circulate among the people, and is chiefly sought by Bibliomaniacs. Mr. Nisard deplores the circumstance and impresses on the people's publishers, the desirability of issuing a grammatically correct edition, and making some effort to revive its circulation. Amen! say we; but popular taste is most capricious and refuses to be led or driven. We willingly quote our right-minded and painstaking authority.

"What can be more proper than the perusal of the 'Danse Macabre' and its supplements to recommend to a frivolous or indifferent soul habits of self-observation and self-restraint? We scarcely read a few pages when we become feelingly convinced of the vanities of this life; and as we advance the feeling is further developed, sadness and terror increasing as we proceed. And let no one say that all these instructions with which death plies our ears on the state of the body when abandoned by life, on the decomposition which ensues, on the worms which consume the flesh, on the impossibility of preserving it from this horrible fate,—are mere common places. The earnest-

ness with which it (death) returns again and again to this subject, the eloquence which it sometimes displays, and the keen raillery with which it seasons its warnings, cannot fail, little by little to act on the imagination, and at last to completely occupy it.

"It is to be regretted that this volume has lost its place among the people's books. The Bibliophiles, however, those men who with regard to books, are possessed by a passion the most selfish, are not of our way of thinking. But what does it matter? I here express the sentiment of a being subject to death, that for the regularity of conduct and morals, nothing can be compared to meditation on death, and of one whose earnest wish is, that the ministers of education would still more popularize these tableaux, and even make them one of the instruments of education from the age when the fear of ghosts ceases, and when the true relations of things come to be understood. I earnestly recommend the publishers of pedlars' books to reprint the 'Danse Macabre,' not with the innumerable faults with which the latter editions were filled, but revised, corrected, and even lightly retouched, provided a writer capable of executing the task can be secured.

"As to the reviser of the text, we only want an intelligent man familiar with this order of poetry—rather a grammarian than a poet. As poet he could not avoid substituting his own verses for those which are too corrupt to be reparable; as grammarian he will only consult his ear and his rules to mend the damaged rhyme, and restore the perverted sense,—the sole reform permissible or possible in respect to the poetry of the 'DANSE MACABRE.'"

#### COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.

All these modern aids to the lazy, the uninstructed, and the unimaginative using the French language have for prototype,

"The Mirror of Virtue and Way of living well; containing many fine histories in quatrains and moral distichs, alphabetically arranged. To which is added, the style of composing all sorts of letters, missives, receipts, and promissory notes, the punctuation of the French language, and instruction in the secret of the Art of Writing. By Pierre Hubert. Jean Caveiller, Paris, 1559."

In the first edition of his book Pierre merely announced himself as writingmaster, but in the editions of 1574 and 1587 he announces his titles as councillor to the king (Henry III.), secretary of his chamber, of his finances, bailiff of his artillery, and keeper of the Seals. So he not only



"combated poverty with his pen" as did Honoré de Balzac in our own times, but even won riches and distinction. It would appear that he had taught the "King of the Minions" to write.

Successors to this egregious work appeared in 1608, 1614, 1665, and France has since those dates never been found to complain of her want of epistolary aids.

Would anyone living in this second half of the nineteenth century suppose that within a couple of centuries a child of five or six years old, was instructed to address this copy of verses to his mamma?

"To adorn your breast with a bouquet  
Mamma, I've selected a rose;  
In its fresh budding and brilliant hue  
Your portrait I think I see.  
The rose is the queen of the shrubbery,  
The kingdom of hearts is thine.  
Love your countenance animates  
With colours the most cheerful;  
Its perfume, its divine odour;  
From thy rosy lips we feel them exhale.  
In this thou exceedest the rose,  
Thou hast no thorn, Mamma."

Whatever faults our own epistolary manuals possess, they have never dreamed of the impudence and immorality attained by their French relatives. In the "Perfect Secretary of Lovers, or new Choice of Declarations and of Letters to facilitate success in Love, to obtain Rendez-vous, and procure happy marriages," the *Veuve Desbleds*, Paris, 1845, there are not only simple protestations of honourable love, and proposals of marriage but ingenious snares prepared for seduction, letters after the tempter has triumphed, and appeals of lovers jealous with cause, and jealous without cause. In the portion devoted to honourable proceedings, is inserted a note addressed to the young lady at the same moment that a demand of her hand is made from her parents. M. Nisard adduces this as an instance of ignorance on the part of the author, of what takes place among civilized people. But is it against etiquette for an English, or Irish, or Scotch lover, to forward a tender epistle to his darling, when he is appealing to

her parents for possession of her hand and heart?

A still more detestable volume is—"The secretary, guide, and counsellor of lovers, teaching both sexes the sure means of succeeding in affairs of the Heart. Declarations of the gallant with or without the offer of his Hand, Answer of the Person addressed, whether Maid, Wife (!) or Widow, appropriate to all cases, to all conditions; models of letters for all circumstances, fallings-out, reconciliations, forsakings, and definite ruptures. Popular library for town or country. Paris. No date."

Even when the suitor merely seeks a wife, but is dubious of success, the letter-writer, assuming him to be a man of no principle, recommends the most outrageous hypocrisy and self-mortification to attain the desired object.

"If the family consist of devotees, conform strictly to the regulations of Lent, abstain from meat on Fridays and Saturdays, never lose mass, take off your hat to Monsieur the Curé (parish priest), never laugh at the clerical fashion of dress, pay the utmost respect to monks and nuns, approach ostensibly the sacraments. In thus following the 'Way of the Cross' you will infallibly arrive at your wished destination. Afterwards you may mould your dear half to your own style of philosophy."

And this pernicious manual continued in the full blaze of popularity while the *Danse Macabre* was forgotten.

The reader could scarcely yet have an idea of the infamy and rascality of some of the books of this class without the following quotation from the same work in the guise of advice to a young man.

"If you wish to enslave a young girl who has just returned from her *pensionnat* (boarding school), commence by exalting her imagination, or giving impulse to her sentimentality. Some love stories slipped into her hands (unknown to her parents) by affecting her with pity for the lot of true-lovers tormented by fortune, will prepare the way and make smooth all difficulties. Make profession, in the eyes of this young girl, of a refined delicacy of sentiment. It is the surest means to inspire her with an unlimited confidence. Very

\* In most churches in Roman Catholic countries, are hung on the walls, fourteen paintings or coloured prints, representing the events of the passion. At appointed times the priest and people kneel before these 'stations' in succession, and join in appropriate meditations and prayers."

soon you shall be for her one of those heroes who have so delighted her. She will dream of you, she will see you where you are and where you are not."

Our readers must dispense with the cynical and thoroughly selfish marriage articles of an hospital nurse and an old man hardened in the world's ways, and the unconcern with which the lady insists on certain privileges not sanctioned by either the canon or civil law. Neither is the study of the "Lover's Catechism" very edifying, nor the correspondence of "Dame Lescombat and the Sieur Mongeot," 1760 or thereabouts. All these mischievous treatises enjoyed complete toleration till the accession of the present Emperor. He has perhaps accomplished his best work for France in thus checking the circulation of pernicious books among the impressionable and uneducated portion of his subjects.

#### THE SCIENCE OF SLANG.

As archæologists have discovered in the archives of beggary and imposture among the old Romans, the same means used for exciting pity, and extracting charity, resorted to by modern professors, it is very probable that a peculiar dialect was patronised by idlers and cheats for intercommunication in the days of Augustus.

The earliest known printed book on the subject is the lives of *Marcelots* beggars, and gipsies, containing their mode of life, knaveries, and gergon (jargon, *qu.*), brought to light by Pechon de Ruby. To which has been added a dictionary in the *Blesquin* language, with explanations in the vulgar. Lyons, 1596. Another treatise was published in the same city on the same plan in 1634. Modern editions date from Epinal and Tours, professing to be for the behoof of mercers, porters, and others, and to have received emendations from the most celebrated *argotiers* (professors of slang) of modern times. By M. B. H. D. S. *Arch-Suppôt* (Doctor) in Argot.

The plan of the work embraces the origin of Argotiers, the various titles of dignity, and the classification of the body, a dictionary, the book of the States General, and the articles accorded to the said States General. This great assembly met once a year, to transact business under the direc-

tion of their king, the *Grand Coere*. The dignity was elective, and the first use the king made of his power was to enthrone himself on the back of one of the lately received members, who set himself on hands and feet to support his monarch in dignity. The Grand Coere's coat should consist of some hundred pieces of cloth carefully stitched, and leg, or arm, or thigh be afflicted with a sore curable any time in a day or two.

A plate laid beside the throne received the tribute of all who were present to render an account of their offices during the last year. These were the *cagou* (prime minister), the doctor before named, the Orphelins (big boys), the *marcandiers* (dealers), the *malingreux* (feigners of illness), the *sabuleux* (feigners of falling sickness), the *coquillards* (pilgrims), the *capous* (begging letter writers), the *drilles* (disabled soldiers), &c. It would not be feasible within reasonable limits to enable our readers to understand a conversation held by two *forçats* in argot, nor would the acquisition be of much value, so we take leave of the subject.

#### EDUCATION.

Since the invention of printing, primers and spelling-books have continually employed the presses throughout Christendom. The printers of Lyons have long distinguished the books intended for children by a peculiar type which has got the name of *Caractère-civilité*, probably from an old book printed there and entitled "La Civilité puerile et honnête" and still popular under nearly a similar name. The earliest of these "Principles-of-Politeness" treatises still extant, the work of William Durand, is dated Paris, 1560. There has been a considerable change in the outward manifestation of politeness since the days of good William Durand. The particular breaches of good manners which he denounced are never heard of in any modern society, however humble which pretends to decency. A treatise of the 17th century dedicated to the young Duke of Chevreuse, gives such directions to readers who are invited to dine with princes and princesses, as remind one of the oration of the lucifer match seller, when recommending his wares. "Ladies and

gentlemen, you may probably find yourselves at a party given by an ambassador, a marchioness, a countess. Some clumsy person snuffs out the candle with his fingers; they call for the portereass; she is away. Then you gracefully draw your lucifer-box from your pocket, light the candle, and every one thanks you."

Were we to make extracts at any length from these "*Civilités pueriles et honnêtes*," they would only make our readers laugh or yawn. They have acquired all the usages of good society by witnessing and practising no others since they were children; but before the Revolution the classes of society in France were very distinct, and it was a desirable thing for the children of farmers or shopkeepers to acquire some little acquaintance with the usages of the upper classes, among whom chance might at some moment introduce them. We shall trouble the reader with a few points of good breeding connected with the management of the hat:—

"It is a mark of ill-breeding when you speak to any one, to twirl your hat, to scratch it with your fingers, to drum on the crown, to handle the lace or the string, to look inside or around it, to put it before your face or to your mouth, so that you cannot be heard when speaking. It is still worse to gnaw the rim when you are holding it before your mouth."

As a sample of the refinement of those days, we extract a few of the instructions in the etiquette of the drawing-room:—

"If you are asked to play or to sing, it is not wrong to make some excuse at first; but if they persevere, you must not hesitate. Compliance will excuse any defects in the execution.

"To continue to *spit* (!), to cough, or to be too long about tuning the instrument tires and displeases a company.

"You must never praise your own performance, nor say, 'mind this, pay attention to that, here's a fine passage,' &c."

#### ROMANCES, NOVELS, AND STORIES.

"John of Paris" was a favourite musical farce with the playgoers of London and Dublin some thirty years since. Few that enjoyed its representation dreamed of its being founded on a lively, agreeable story, written about the middle of the fifteenth century, and remodelled in the seven-

teenth. Yet so it is, and it appears strange to us, after reading our author's analysis of it, that it has not made an appearance in England. A French King (name omitted in the ordinary histories) betrothed his son to the daughter of the King of Spain when she was three years old, but on the death of the same French monarch, the Spanish King forgetting his promise, re-betrothed her to the King of England. This suitor setting out to visit his affianced, took Paris on his way, where he was hospitably entertained by the Queen mother in the absence of her son. The young king being determined not to resign his "Spanish Lady" to the ruler of "treacherous Albion," had set out on the way to the Pyrenees, and journeying leisurely he was overtaken by the British sovereign, on whom he imposed himself as a "John of Paris," a rich bourgeois travelling for his amusement. Crossing a large river several of the badly-mounted Britons were swept away and drowned,—and in a great shower of rain king and followers were left in a wretched plight, it not being the English fashion to wear cloaks or hoods, or bring portmanteaus or boxes with them on a journey. "Sire," said John, "you English ought to bring houses with you on your journeys." "It could not be done," answered the King of England, "too many elephants would be required to carry them."

As they journeyed on, said the King to John, "May I ask what brings you to Spain?" "Sire, my father, fifteen years ago, set a snare here for game. I am coming to see if there is anything caught." The king laughed. "Surely if anything was taken you'll now find nothing but the bones." "Ah, the snares in this country preserve the game as long as you please." "Wonderful," said the simple Briton.

After many practical jokes and jests of doubtful taste played off on the guileless British sovereign, John and his train entered into Burgos with considerable ostentation, the king, the queen, the Infanta, the kings of England, of Portugal, and of Poland, enjoying the sight from the windows. First came the furriers of John of Paris, then the chariots and their conductors, bearing tapestry and furniture, then twenty-five more chariots groaning under kitchen utensils,

and twenty-five others filled with John's robes, followed by an indefinite number conveying the plate. After these marched 200 men-at-arms, then the archers of the guard, his steward and 200 pages, and lastly John of Paris himself splendidly arrayed, and followed by 1,500 horsemen armed cap-a-pie. Hence the proverb alluding to a rich procession. "It is equal to the train of John of Paris!"

When John came in sight the Infanta sank at once into the depths of love, and the imbecile and amiable Briton, finding that things were going against him quietly withdrew.

Another popular story is "John of Calais," very romantic and a little tedious. "Peter of Provence and the Fair Maguelona" first printed in 1478 is a delightful old romance of chivalry. A hawk carrying off one of the lady's jewels, Peter pursues it till he and his true love are effectually separated, and wonderful fortunes await them before their happy union takes place. A similar incident occurs in the Arabian story of Prince Camaralzaman.

A dreadful and romantic legend, entitled "The History of the beautiful Helena of Constantinople, mother of St. Martin of Tours and St. Brice his brother," full of absurdities and improbabilities is still popular; so is the "Life of Geneviève of Brabant," already named, written by Father Le Cerisiers and first published in 1647. "The Life of Robert the Devil" was first printed at Lyons in 1496. If any reader is ignorant of the origin of his name, let it be known to him that the wife of Hubert Duke of Normandy being reproached by him for her sterility after forty years of marriage, and incensed beyond all bounds cried out, "If I ever give you a son may — have him!" Robert was born nine months after and became a hellish prodigy from his earliest years. However conversion, and penance, and reformation, and happiness, awaited his maturer age.

"The Four Sons of Aymon," a stirring romance of the days of Charlemagne, was composed in the reign of Philip Augustus by Huon de Villeneuve. The earliest edition quoted is that of Lyons, 1593. There is an edition of the work extant among

the English "Parlour-Library" books. "Valentine and Orson," author and ancient MS. unknown, was first printed in Lyons, 1495. The first edition of "Huon of Bourdeaux" is not dated, the second is marked 1516. The delightful story of "Griselda the Patient" is found in the lays of Marie de France (temp. Henry III. of England), and in the Decameron of Boccaccio. A French translation from the Italian appeared in 1546.

Among modern works that have acquired popularity among the lower classes, M. Nisard quotes the novels of Mme. Cottin, and of Ducray Duménil, who delighted in frightful stories, the very unedifying tales of a certain M. Raban, and translations of the Decameron. The first was made for poor Charles VI. in 1414, and the first copy in print appeared in 1485. St. Pierre's stories, "Numa Pompilius," "Gonzalvo de Cordova," "Belisaire," "Galatea," "Estelle," Madame d'Aulnoy's "Fairy Tales," "Telemaque," Perrault's "Household Stories," and Galland's "Arabian Nights," need scarcely be mentioned. Translations of "Gulliver" and "Robinson Crusoe" are also to be met, together with the novels of the Brothers Banim, Dr. Henry (author of "O'Halloran"), Mrs. Logan (authoress of "Restalrig"), Horace Smith, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Bennett (authoress of the "Beggar Girl"). We certainly never expected to find some of these authors attaining to a position in French popular literature. The unedifying and illustrated romances of Sue, Paul de Kock, Mme. Dudevant, Soulie and others, in their quarto form, called "Romans de quatre Sous" (per sheet, to wit), come within the means of most people who have a wish for such unhealthy literature, and must have a very pernicious effect on public morals.

Our readers must ere this time have formed a comparison between the literary taste of the lower classes in France and that in evidence among the corresponding ranks in Great Britain and Ireland, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The large amount of unhealthy literature among our Continental neighbours is much to be deplored; but in most cases those who are cursed with a taste for such studies, would, if they had no opportunity of indulging in

them, occupy their leisure hours at the cabaret, or in evil pursuits of some kind. The worst book can scarcely work so much mischief as evil society, and if we find in any individual disreputable habits united with literary tastes, we may be very certain that these tastes did not produce the habits, and that the bad man would be a worse one without them.

However the existence of a licentious literature among the populace must be considered an evil of very great magnitude, and it must be looked on as a national benefit that it has been either swept away or re-

duced to very slender proportions since 1852. Great praise is due to M. Nisard for his co-operation in the good work, and for the lucid and comprehensive sketch he has given of the literature of the people since the invention of printing, and for his rational, moral, and accurate treatment of the subject. The publication of the second edition was rendered necessary by the immediate absorption of the first by the libraries of Bibliophiles and Bibliomaniacs. May the same fate be told of this second edition, and a third, and still enlarged issue be the result.

### "NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT a great institution jaunting is; jaunting in the abstract. What a deal of insanity it prevents. High pressure on the brain makes a fat madhouse; that is my version of the old proverb. It sounds a paradox; but I am very certain that a day's idleness here and there makes a great deal more honest solid work to be done than any unintermittent labour. What a delicious sugar-plum a day's holiday is amongst the dry bread of one's ordinary work-days. Only they who toil from "morn to dewy eve" in the sweat of their brow can suck out the full sweetness of the grapes of *doing-nothingness*, but those who get through a fair average amount of work of some kind or other in the course of their lives, can give a tolerable guess at its flavour. That must be one of the disadvantages of being a king or a duke, or any other such high mightiness, their lives being according to popular notions—all holiday-making. The feast of idleness must taste no better to them than our ordinary every-day bread and butter does to us. This is going to be a chapter of jaunting, but of jaunting not in the abstract, but the concrete, telling how certain people took a small jaunt; and how some of them enjoyed it.

One fine cold bracing morning, the water in the pipes all over Queens-town was frozen, and parties of dis-

consolate bricklayers, out of work, were parading the streets, with the implements of their craft, reduced to a state of temporary mendicity. Likewise, on that morning, you, if you had been there, or any one else possessed of eyesight, might have seen standing at the railway station, waiting for the 10.12 up-train, a young man, made to look just twice as wide and plump as nature had formed him by a vast, rough great coat, comfortable, certainly; beautifying, certainly not. A young man in charge of several women, rather overdone and swamped with female accompaniments, a misogynist might have considered, seeing that he had appertaining to him, his four putty-faced sisters and his two rose-and-lily-faced cousins. Perhaps the putty-faced sisters might have been dispensed with. Anyhow, there they all were, stamping about to warm their feet, chattering and laughing, and cutting small jokes at the expense of the numerous gentlemen, with black bags, who shared the platform with them, and their voices rang out, clear and sharp on the frosty air. They were not going on a very far journey, only to see Nineveh, and Rome, and Spain come together, for their behoof, under the brittle glass domes of the eighth wonder of the world. Marvelous pitch of civilization for us to have attained to, to be able to do such

a thing ; we must come soon to the highest pinnacle we are to reach, one thinks sometimes, and then begin to retrograde. Well, it is not much consequence to us personally, which we do, advance or retreat ; it will not be in our days. The design of this mild form of excursion had emanated (during one of those afternoon tea séances from which George had been absent of late) from the fertile brain of Margaret, whose soul was always attuned to any manner of diversion whatever, except perhaps going to see a man hanged. Her plan had been received with acclamations by her cousins, and indifferently assented to by Kate—assented to not because she expected to enjoy the little outing ; (she never enjoyed anything much now, oddly enough) ; but she was beginning to feel that all work and no play were making Kate a dull girl, that it would be well to see some new objects, and get perhaps new ideas from them, and turn thought from running so perpetually in the old, well-worn, deep-hollowed channels. The train came up, puffing and snorting, and making a great fuss about itself as usual ; at last, giving one a sensation of surprise at appearing so hot and steaming on such a bitter day, and there was a rush for carriages, a rolling along of luggage, a scramble, and a perfectly unintelligible shouting of something intended to convey to the minds of the new arrivals that they had reached Queenstown station ; and in five minutes, the Chesters were whirled away. Whirled away indeed ! Heaven forgive me for telling such a lie. One might as well talk of a snail whirling along in its shell. It would be about as appropriate as applying any such expression to the mode of progression, on the line I am speaking of, which (I will do it the justice to say) is bidding fair fast to win from the Eastern Counties, the palm of unparalleled slowness.

To how few people a premonition of what is going to happen to them, either of sweet or sour, is vouchsafed. Is it a blessing or a curse ? A blessing, I suppose, on the principle of "what-ever is, is right"—a blessing even apart from that doctrine, I think. Would the delight of gloating over the com-

ing birth of one's few pleasures over-balance, even compensate the aching, stinging pain that the forecast shadows of one's many griefs would cause one ? I trow not. How is it that some few of us are gifted with a prophetic knowledge of things that will be ; live over some bits of their life, *twice*, as it were ; whilst to other some, this endowment of such doubtful advantage is so utterly denied ? As well ask, why eagles have a clearer vision ? why dogs have a stronger power of smell than human beings ? Now I come to think of it, this boding instinct is a sort of mental scent ; potent to snuff out unsavoury events prematurely ere they rise. Kate's faculty of mental scent was obtuse. Something was going to happen to her to-day ; something that would have shaken the very foundations of her being, had she known it, and she was not in the smallest degree prescient of it. It was a Saturday—I remember that—and there was on that day a concert in the Palace, as there always is, weekly. What is called, I believe, a popular concert ; all big drum, and violin, and violoncello, and piano, in which the voice of man or woman had no part. Very interesting and enjoyable, no doubt, to scientific lovers of music ; but, to ignoramuses like myself, wearisome in the highest degree ; music of that sort being utterly meaningless ; saying just nothing at all to such. This concert commenced at half-past three, and by that time the Chester party were pretty well tired of straying about up and down, of staring at everything that was to be stared at. Their eyes had had almost enough of gazing, and their ankles began to tell them that they were rather heavy to support.

"Well ! are you going in or not ? Make haste and settle," says George, standing at the opening to the concert-room, and looking vaguely round on his female covey, to try and discover decision on at least one face.

"I must sit down somewhere," grumbles putty-face No. two, rather aggrievedly, having taken it into her head to be delicate of late. "I should not wonder if I should faint else, and I have not got my salts with me."

Her family are used to threats of

swooning ; and, as they have always remained only threats, are not much disquieted.

"Tickets are five shillings apiece," gravely remonstrates Jane, who is of an economical turn of mind, and who, subsequently to this history, married a good, little, ugly parson on £300 per annum, and kept him very trim and tidy on that minute sum.

"You screw ; you old skinflint !" remarks George, becoming objurgatory, for such prudent reflections are not much in his line ; and, indeed, a young man of a saving turn is, to my thinking, a sight more to be wondered at than admired.

"As for the tickets, they are of no consequence whatever," answers Margaret, magnificently. "They're my business, of course, as the party is mine."

"Very handsome of you, I'm sure ; in that case, I must say I should like to hear that band again. It does play so magnificently. Such time."

"Yes, dear," adds Fanny, laughing, "and I wish we could introduce a little of the unanimity of the performers into our duets. They would sound better if"—

"Well, if you are coming, come, girls," interrupts Margaret ; "I am not going to wait any longer," and she leads the way down the narrow path, between the rows of chairs, to some vacant seats, her cousins following in single file.

Kate still stands where she was standing before, silent, apparently not in the least concerning herself about accompanying her female associates.

George stands there, too, at the entrance, expecting her to precede him. She makes no sign of doing anything of the sort, so he is reduced to saying to her at last, "Go along, Kate." It is the first attempt at a *tête-à-tête* they have had since his abortive *kissatory* attempt ; and he feels rather sheepish and ill at ease.

"No, thank you, George," she answers, coolly, looking, very calmly, straight into his face. "Very much obliged to you—all the same ; but I have no intention whatever of going in there, whatever any one else may do."

"Why?" asks George, surprised into brevity.

"For no particular reason," replies Kate, composedly, "only that I'm very comfortable here, thank you ; and have no particular desire to sit for two mortal hours and be banged, and squeaked, and thundered at."

"Why, Kate," cries George, pointing to the libretto, or play-bill, or whatever it is called. "Don't you see here, Arabella Goddard is to play, and it was only the other day you were all anxiety to hear her."

"Was I?" answers Kate, perfectly unmoved ; "then my anxiety is quite gone off ; not that I remember its having ever existed. *Au revoir*," she adds, and she moves off, after waving a gray kid hand mockingly at him.

"Stop, Kate," he says, quietly, "Don't be eccentric, whatever you are. What new freak is this ? You cannot go mooning about here by yourself, up in the clouds, like you do at home. It's impossible, and I will not allow it," he concluded, affecting the protecting elder brother.

Kate blazed out on him at this assumption of authority. It was only very mighty love that could make her submissive to any man born of woman. Soft and kittenish and playful, no doubt, but proud as Lucifer. "Allow me," she said, with anger in her voice. "I should just like, for curiosity's sake, to see how you would prevent me. If I were to choose to walk on my head from here to the organ, it would be a very foolish thing of me to do, but you would have no possible right to interfere."

George waxed angry too, at this snubbing ; and, consequently, obstinate in his unreasonable intentions. "Right or no right," he answered, doggedly, getting rather red in the face ; "one thing is certain, and that is, that if you do not go into that concert, neither will I. I shall stay with you, much as you may dislike my society ; I cannot have you seen sauntering about at public places, quite by yourself. It's all nonsense ; I won't have it, and there's an end of it."

Kate turned the corners of her mouth down, after a peculiarly infuriating fashion she had, smiled witheringly, and drew herself up till she looked at least an inch taller than nature had made her. "Won't you ?"

she asked, scornfully ; and then she went on, with a pale, flickering smile, "You were always a bit of a blusterer, George ; but you are not quite a fool, though you seem like one now ; you know you'll do nothing of the sort ; you'll go into that room, and take care of your sisters and Margaret ; and you'll not be so exceedingly silly as to follow me ; if you do, I warn you, I'll never speak to you again, as long as I live, and you know I can keep my word at a pinch. Good-by for the present ;" and she walked away slowly (unmolested now), in a quasi-dignified manner.

George stood and looked after her crestfallen, and said within himself that he was always worsted in these passages of arms with his cousin.

The little pleasant heat, consequent on her victory being over, Kate roamed about, in her self-chosen, self-soothing solitariness ; unremonstrated with, unrebuked, by any human being. She was not in the least afraid of being left to her own society and protection ; why should she ? There were no wolves in grandmother's guise to lure unsuspecting red ridinghoods to their destruction. What harm would these gay-clothed holiday-makers do her ? They were far too much occupied in chaffering with the young men and women (gentlemen and ladies I suppose I should say), at the stalls, in walking about, tightly hooked on to each other in pairs, in courting and eating hot pork pies, and getting their full pennyworths for their penny, to take the smallest notice of her, or appear aware of her existence. The big nave was adorned for Christmas, with flags and evergreens, and Christmas trees ; on which the unlighted lamps hung like glow-worms at high noon. There is no place so lonely as a crowd ; everybody knows that, and after five minutes of rejoicing in her delightful independence and freedom of action, Kate began to experience a sensation of soul-barrenness and dreariness, add to which the wind whistled at will through the wide expanse, where attempt at artificial warming is there none. She shivered and actually regretted the warm concert-room, despite the drawbacks of big drum and bassoon. She had sought this state of loneliness in order to have leisure to think her fill of things past, pre-

sent, and to come ; and now all these swaying, shifting crowds disturbed her. She would go to the Exotic Court, she resolved. There, at least, among the flora of Africa and South America she could not well be perished with cold, nor rendered blue fingered and red-nosed. One grievance at least would be done away with. So she passed through the folding doors, into another climate. Ah, that was comfortable, luxurious ! So she thought at first, leaning restfully back on a seat, over against the bronze mermaids that support the fountain so untiringly on their dark shoulders, watching the tropical plants, big leaved and spiky, flourishing and greening under the cold glass dome, so utterly forgetful of the blazing sun that saw their birth ; at the large feathery fern, bathing their feet in the still water ; very peaceful and quiet, and soporific—no sound but the gentle rustling of a few women's dresses, the murmurs of a few voices. But Kate was hard to please to-day ; thought would not come when she wooed it. It was too quiet, and warm and comfortable ; perhaps she should fall asleep, and be locked in for the night with the bronze mermaids, and the ferns, and the spiky plants. So she jumped up with a sort of Wandering Jew restlessness upon her, and sauntered off again. Was the shadow of her destiny falling dark and cold upon her, to make her so discomposed and ill at ease ? Wandering about, doing nothing, and grumbling, take time ; and almost half an hour had elapsed when she found herself at last at the entrance to that court where stand together the casts of the greatest marvels of statuary the world ever saw—ever will see (unless it improves very fast on its late efforts), the Venuses and Apollos that try so hard by their dumb influence to convince us, contrary to our reason, that the art which expresses form alone, is superior to that other sister art which can express both form and colour. Ah ! she would go in and rest there, among those silent petrified demigods. She had not had a good long look at them for ever so long, and it was so much pleasanter and more satisfactory to study them, all by one's self, than with a whole party of unintelligent men and women, who knew even less about



them than she herself did ; who could not point out any new excellences in them, nor share her love for the old. She would go in, and feast her eyes till they should be sated and saturated with loveliness. There is a bench running round that rich-dowered room, and on this bench Kate sat down, and made herself comfortable, establishing herself in full view of the noblest, most grandly-composed group that ever entered into the heaven-raised imagination of a sculptor to create, or his fingers to execute, the Laocoon. What the Australian aborigines, flat-nosed, dwindle-limbed are to us, such are we to those colourless, lifeless, motionless wonders. Generation after generation of short-spanned living creatures has ripened and rotted (they looking calmly on, superior in their unwithering, amaranthine bloom). Generation after generation has gaped, open-mouthed, awed by their solemn presence ; generation after generation will so gaze and stare until the world is overrun with a new deluge of barbarians from the far west, or till it comes to its final ending. That happy man, to whose deathless glory it was granted to fashion the Laocoon, must have had in his mind to excite the envy and shame of puny, feeble after-ages, long after he and his chisel should be dust together ; showing them what manner of men there were in the old time, in blue-skied, templed Hellas. But then, again, one feels inclined (perhaps from aversion to acknowledge that we have degenerated) to doubt whether those god-faces and Titan frames could have been copied from any mere flesh-and-blood creature that, while in life, drudged away on the earth, and had material blood flowing in his veins. Could such stainless, triumphant beauty and might have been ever found in our world, where perfection in anything is proverbially unattainable ? Rather must it have been some Divine afflatus breathed into the fashioner's soul, speaking to him of a flawlessness of outward build such as had never been patent to his bodily eyes. Assuredly the gods must have revealed themselves to him in visions of the night ; and even after they vanished have haunted him ceaselessly, driving him to reproduce in the plastic clay

those features and limbs of immortal majesty which before had been graven on the tables of his soul. And yet, despite all my reasoning to the contrary, I feel that the father and sons in the Laocoon are men and not gods. In their suffering we recognise their humanity. That is a badge that all the bond-servants of the flesh wear without exception ; there is no mistaking it. In the dignity of their eternal agony we recognise their brotherhood to ourselves. At the end of her reverie, Kate fell a-despising her fellow beings, her acquaintances—their physique, at least. In fancy she compared the men and women who walked and talked around her, in her daily life, to these Venuses, and wrestlers, and Diskoboloi. Oh, me ! How poor they were—how wretched, and slight-framed, and sketchy—the men especially ; such laths and May-poles ! It diverted her in imagination to set plump George Chester by the side of that fighting gladiator, with the close-shorn, shapely head, and the extended arms. Ah, yes ! there was only one man she had ever known who could stand a comparison with that deathless athlete. A heavy sigh supervened. I do not believe in coincidences generally ; but I think that was a coincidence, that, as she sighed, two voices burst upon her ; two voices talking, close to her in the next court—a man's and a woman's. The woman first saying lackadaisically, "There's no privacy in this horrid place, and nowhere hardly to sit down."

And then the man answering : "Come in here and we shall find both, if I am not mistaken."

At that man's voice Kate started so violently that she almost fell off her seat ; her small fingers dug unconsciously into the palms of her hands, and her heart surged and beat so loud that it seemed to shut out all other sounds. Was there only a torturing resemblance in these cathedral bell tones ; or was it—could it be really the one voice that had ever sounded in the world for her ? As she sat there stricken, parted-lipped, wide-eyed, that man and woman came in together. A tall woman, silk-and-velvet clad, with trailing garments, sweeping amply round her ; a woman not old nor young ; at that

dangerous age when a handsome woman has not faded but ripened ; when one, whose whole profession in life has been flirting, has, through many years' practice, attained a master's proficiency in that art. That lady was "*somebody*," certainly ; so one said to one's self at the first glance, and not a nice "*somebody*," one added, after the second. The purple and the tiara of Livia or Agrippina would have well besemed that low, lineless brow ; a woman with a bold, sensual, snaring face, with a lissome, undulating empress form. And the man. Ay, one with a dark, ugly face ; a man, you would infallibly turn to look back at, if you passed him in the street. One which approached more nearly in physical conformation to Achilles, or Telamonian Ajax, than to most of the men one sees in the present small-boned days. Lean flanked, with shoulders that looked as if, Atlas-like, they could support the burden of the world ; and a vast chest that five-and-forty inches could not have compassed. Yes, it was he ; there were not many like him, thought the girl, cowering and shaking there on the bench. They came in sauntering ; did not see her, they were so much taken up with each other ; sat down side by side on the other side of the court, away from her, and began to talk in an intimate, confidential way, or rather continued a conversation which had evidently been begun before.

"It was very good of you to come to-day," said Colonel Stamer, bending familiarly over his companion. "I hardly thought you would have been able to compass it."

"To tell you the truth," she answered, looking up with her bold eyes at him, "no more did I, though I did not say anything about it in my note. He has taken to watching me like a lynx lately. Rather foolish of him, is not it, to do such a useless thing ? as if a woman could not outwit a man any day," she ended, with a careless, scornful laugh.

"I'd back them, indeed," said Dare, grimly ; "but, let's hear how you managed it this time ?"

"Oh," she answered, shrugging her shoulders, "easily enough, as it turned out. He is gone down to that dreary swamp of his in Lincolnshire to-day, and he is going to drag me

down there to-morrow, I believe ; so I suppose he thought I might be trusted by myself for four-and-twenty hours ;" and again she laughed quite heartily at the thought of how cleverly she had circumvented her lord.

Dare laughed too. "Poor thing," he said, taking her hand carelessly ; but, even as he spoke, he smothered a yawn ; even this intrigue could not keep at bay the old persecuting sense of ennui.

"He threatened to chaperon me to Elise's the other day," continued the fair complainant, pouting at the recollection of her wrongs. "There would have been a nice *esclandre* if he had—would not there ? Good gracious !" she added, hastily changing her tone, "we are not alone here. Look at that girl sitting over there listening to us."

Dare put his glass to his eye, and turned round haughtily, intending to *look over* the impertinent intruder who had dared to play eaves-dropper to him ; but when his eyes did fall on that intruder, he gave just such another start as Kate had done. "Good God !" he exclaimed, involuntarily, and he paled visibly, even through his bronzed skin ; and a flood of light flowed over his face, such as the woman by his side would never have had power to call there.

"What's the matter ?" she asked, eagerly, in great surprise.

With a great effort he mastered himself sufficiently to answer, almost coolly, "Oh, nothing ; only it's an unpleasant idea being spied upon. Let us come away from here, if you are rested—are you ?"

"Yes," she said, and she began leisurely to put on again a little lace veil she had taken off.

"Come," he urged impatiently, not quite master of himself ; and he hurried away, without giving her time to ask any more questions, or make any more remarks. What became of that virtuous matron, Lady —, that second Cornelia, after this ? I am unable to state whether Colonel Stamer had the good luck to meet with some mutual acquaintance who took her off his hands ; whether he hurried her to the railway station, and into the train ; whether he made some lame excuse for leaving her in the lurch ; or whether he made no excuse at all, I cannot pretend to

say. Certain it is, that in what seemed about five minutes time, he found himself again at the entrance to that statued court, ascertained, by one swift glance that that girl was still sitting there, huddled up on the bench in the same attitude as he had left her in, and came striding towards her, with an eager haste, that formed a strange contrast to his usual proud laziness.

"Is it you, Kate?" he asked rapidly, in a low thick voice; "is it the little Kate Chester I used to know such a long time ago? Let me touch you, that I may see whether it is really you, or whether it is only some cursed phantom that the foul fiend has sent to tantalize me as he has so often done before. Am I mad or drunk, I wonder. I should not be surprised at either. Speak to me quick, Kate, if it is you, and tell me so."

"It is I," answered Kate, almost under her breath, and the room seemed to be going round and round with her, the statues tumbling off their pedestals, and dancing up and down, and a general blackness coming over the face of everything.

"Thank God!" came through the blackness to her ears in the deep soft voice, like the low notes of a rich-toned organ. "Kate, I never thought so before; but I do believe now that there are some higher powers that have a hand in human affairs. To think that you and I should be meeting again, after all these weary months and years, as we never thought we should. Did we, child?"

"No," answered Kate, faintly; gradually, by a great struggle, getting the better of an inclination to swoon.

Dare stretched out his arms, in his triumphant joy, to take her to himself, in the old possessive way, despite all that had come and gone; despite that cruel story, which, told and listened to, under the solemn stars on that June night, had placed so unspannable a gulf between them. But she shrank away from him, bent on keeping strong and bright before her mind's eye, the bare freezing truth that this man was another woman's property; though now that she was in his presence once again she felt plain enough how entirely futile and gainless had been all her struggles, and self-discipline, and ar-

guments; how that she loved him far, *far* more intensely and measurelessly than ever. Her capacity and ability for loving had, with all these smotherings and chastenings, only grown broader, more profound. She experienced, in bitter strength, the old temptation, to pitch away shame, and conscience, and religion, and nestle her head once again on the broad breast, that might never pillow it more, guiltlessly.

"My darling, my darling," went on the rich voice, shaking and quivering, "*how* glad I am to see you again."

No oath of a dying man could have borne with it more conviction of its entire truthfulness than that simple assertion. He took both her hands in his, and bending down, gazed greedily, devouringly, on the small face almost as pale as the statued Venus above her, on the glorious hair rippling away in its old wealth under the simple bonnet.

"It cannot be chance, Kate, that brought us both here to-day," he urges, speaking low, while the little white hands tremble and thrill in his; "it must be Providence. The Almighty (if there is such a One) has seen that the sacrifice you made was too great for you. He has given it back into your hands. He has brought us together again, never to part any more now, child, never again."

And the voice that had sounded like a brazen trumpet, shouting the word of command to his men through the mists and the fog on Inkerman morning, wavered in uttering those few sweet last words.

"No, it is not God's doing; I know it is not," murmured Kate, feebly.

She did not seem to see or hear anything quite right yet; but still dimly perceived and resisted the sophistry of his reasoning.

"It is, it must be," pressed Dare, vehemently. "You are ready enough to see the hand of God, in every little finger-ache, in every shower of rain, or any such every-day occurrence, and you won't see it now where it is so plain. You say that this God of yours desires his creatures' happiness. Well, he sees that you and I cannot live without one another, so He has given us back to each other. He's omnipotent. What are the wretched rotten straws with which men tie and bind themselves in His eyes?"

"Not live without me!" said Kate, in a distincter, louder tone than she had yet said anything,—almost bitterly, for the recollection of that pang of jealousy she had felt, roused her, and brought her back to herself. "Then, who was that woman whose society you seemed to be enjoying so much just now? She is much more worthy of your love than I, with her beautiful face, and her yellow hair. I look hideous and deformed beside her."

"Don't speak of her, darling," said Dare, reddening a little; "she is a bad woman, not fit for you to take her name between your lips, my little pure snowdrop."

"Why do you talk to her, and make love to her then, Dare?" asks Kate, earnestly, hating to picture her Dare caressing this yellow-haired rival; and the full lips quiver mutely; and just one big tear steals into the corner of each troubled eye.

"Because she amuses me," answers Dare, lightly, disliking the subject, and longing to dismiss it; "because she keeps me from thinking," he went on, with a gloomy shadow stealing over his face. "I'm beginning to think, Kate, that thought and madness are synonymous. It is so pleasant sitting down in one's own society, and letting one's fancy run riot amongst the joys that every step of one's life unfold to one. I wonder you have not found it so."

"Of course I have," answers Kate, a little eased of her jealous fears. "My whole life for the last year and a half has been a hard fight against thought and memory. I have given up fighting against anything now," she added, shaking her head wearily, "I'm so tired of everything. What's the good of kicking against Fate? It's Kismet."

She said no more then, and he was too busy to make her any answer, busy gloating, miser-like, with bold, unfettered eyes, over his recovered pearl; eyes, that she did not blush, or wince under, as in the old coy, girlish days. She was a woman now, not a girl; past blushing or hiding away from those orbs of fire. In a little while, the low man's voice sounded again, wooingly, through the tenantless room.

"Are not you going to look up at

me once, Kate? I want to have one look into the odd, big green eyes. Have not you got *one* kind word to say to a poor fellow, after all this dreary time?"

Kate had purposely kept her eyes downcast; their bright lashes sweeping the stainless cheeks. She had not dared to raise them. Dare's had lost none of their old magic. She felt that, throbbing veined. She remembered how, formerly, they had thrilled and maddened her—drawn her with a fascination far exceeding that of the charming serpent; had swayed her as the moon sways the ocean tides. But she could not resist that appeal. Slowly she raised her own, and rested them on his, in which the light was flashing and dancing a wild hell-dance.

"Oh, Dare, Dare!" she groaned, "why have you come back to torment me, when I was so much better and happier without you?"

"Happier!" echoed Dare, catching at the word, while the pent-house brows drew together thunderously. "I see you have found some one to fill my place, much more satisfactorily. Woman's fickleness is a worn-out old proverb," he went on, sneeringly. "It's a story nearly as old as Adam. I expect the only reason that Eve was faithful to him, was that there was no one to teach her unfaithfulness. Unstable as water is a weak comparison, I am beginning to think. Unstable as woman would be more to the purpose." And then his hands tightened their grasp of her slender wrists; and the eyes, late so tender, glared tiger-like upon her, as he whispered, "So Kate, you had quite forgotten the old love, till his ugly face intruded on you so unseasonably to-day, had you? Well, I warn you that your Damon will do wisest to keep out of my way to-day, or he may chance not to go home with a whole skin."

"Forgotten you!" answered Kate, not flinching a bit under the wrathful, questioning face, with concentrated passion, not a girl's milk and water love, in every eloquent feature. "Forgotten you; I wish to God I could. Every hour of my life I curse the day when I first saw you, standing—oh, what a fool I am to remember it so well—on the shore, in, your

boating dress, with your hat off, and you looked down upon me, and smiled away my stupid senses."

"Curse it you may, if it gives you any satisfaction," replied Dare, morosely, biting his lips, "but for all that you cannot deny that neither you nor I were ever half so happy before, never shall be again, as long as we live. No, if you must curse any day, Kate, curse that one, when a wretched, prudish quirk, a namby-pamby sentimentalism for that great coarse mass of flesh and blood that I have the happiness to call wife, made you utterly blight, and take all savour out of two lives; when you tore yourself—you little cruel, beautiful fool—out of the arms that would have sheltered you all your life from the smallest gust of ill luck or harm; tore yourself away and left me standing there so frightfully desolate without you. There has never been a warm night since, Kate, with the south wind blowing coolly over the sea, that I have not lived those tortures over again, thanks to you." He had grown vehement, rapid as he went on; and now he loosed one of Kate's hands, and, with his own freed one, pushed off the short twining rings of silky hair impatiently from his forehead, as if with them he could push off the load of sin and suffering that was weighing on that sun-kissed ample brow.

"Poor, poor fellow," sighed Kate, pityingly. That is the best of women; they always feel their friend's pains and aches so much more keenly than their own. Kate lost sight of consistency, decorum, and the usages of society, bent down her little head and laid a light warm kiss on the iron hand that, cased in lavender kid, still held hers in a willing bondage.

"Ay, Kate," went on Dare, softening a little under the influence of this blandishment, but still looking down very ruefully upon her from his commanding height, with reproach in his anxious, covetous eyes, "you're grown very prudish, and cold, and correct of late, I'm afraid, but even you would have pitied me, I think, if you could have looked into my soul that night, and seen the utter lackness there. When you took she self away, you knew that you she everything, and yet you did it. futile and struggles, and

Oh, child! how could you be so inhuman? I think, if you could have seen the frightful nothingness and emptiness you caused, you'd have repented, good and strong-minded as you were, and come back to the sinner that loved you better far than all the cold-blooded saints in paradise, or out of it, could ever do. Kate, do you think you'd have pitied me? Say you would, anyhow."

Kate's heart was torn and rent by the unstudied, unwitting pathos of that broken husky voice, of those world-weary, wicked, miserable eyes. "Oh Dare, stop, do stop," she prayed earnestly, while her white-rose cheeks were watered by streaming tears. "I cannot pity you more than I pitied myself. You were then, you are now, all the world to me. I love your sins better than any one else's virtues. I think of you all day long, and I dream of your grand eyes all the night; I beg God every hour to let me die and forget you, for that's the only way I ever could, but he won't. Do you suppose it was no trial to me to go away from you, and give you up? Ah, my darling, you don't know how ill I was after that terrible night; they all thought I was going to die; if I had, I should infallibly have gone to hell. I sometimes doubt," she added, with a look of awed reflection, "whether I could have been much more hopelessly unhappy even there."

"Child, don't cry," said Dare, harshly, "I cannot bear to see it; you'll drive me to kiss away the tears, and ruin your character for your whole life, I suppose," he added, sardonically; "you'd better dry your eyes quick, or you'll run a very good chance of such pollution."

Kate dried her eyes, obediently, and he went on—

"Every word you utter only confirms what I said at first. Apart from each other, you and I are like galvanized dead bodies that have a mechanic motion, but no life; we cannot live anything that is worthy the name of life without one another."

"I can live without you, Dare," answered Kate, looking up simply into that long-unseen, haughty face, with eyes mist-obsured still, hard as she was trying to swallow down the fresh torrent of tears that seemed

rising in her throat. "I have done it now for a year and a-half, and I'm not dead; I'm not even sick or ailing."

"You're crying again," exclaimed Dare, angrily. "What's come to you, child? you used not to be such a puling, weak-spirited thing. I hate tears, I tell you; are you bent on making me kiss you? I swear I will soon, whether you like it or not. No, don't be afraid," he added, proudly, seeing her draw herself away a little, "I do not force my caresses on any one."

"I'm not afraid," said Kate, "I never was afraid of you yet; I never was a cowardly woman either."

"You say you're not sick or ailing," said Dare, harking back to her former speech, and then he led her to a mirror that hung on the wall in a corner of the court. "Look there," he said, "do you see how changed you are? I never saw a person so much altered in the whole course of my life; you were always a pale little lily, but you are almost as white as snow now; and see what dark marks you have got under those great melancholy eyes of yours; you used to be such a cheery, laughing little thing, and now you have got the saddest face I ever saw. You are not sick or ailing, no doubt, but if you do not look out, you'll be in your grave soon."

"I'm sorry I have grown such a scarecrow, Dare," says Kate, looking sadly at her own image in the glass with a very faint, poor smile.

"What! you care about your beauty, still, do you, Kate?" asked Dare, smiling too; one of his well-remembered curving smiles, half seen under the heavy moustache, quite a pleasant glad smile; "that's more like the wicked, vain, little flirt I used to know in the dear old dead-and-gone days."

"Dare, am I grown very ugly?" inquired Kate, turning to him with a grave face. "Tell me the truth, please. I know I never was very pretty; but am I much gone off?"

"Ugly!" said Dare, laughing, despite all his bitter griefs and mortifications, "God forbid! You may set your mind at rest on that point, Kate, I think. Why, child, have you no eyes? Cannot you see that you are six times as tormentingly bewitching as ever? A fellow might

well go wild with longing for one kiss from those rare soft lips of yours. I'm doing it myself as fast as I can."

"No, no; you must not," whispers Kate, hurriedly.

Dare, even before, when they did not meet under such moving circumstances, after so long a parting, could never keep very cool in Kate's presence. He was anything but cool now, Heaven knows! He sat down on the bench, and pulled Kate down beside him (poor little girl! she resisted feebly, ridiculously feebly); drew her close to his side without much ceremony, or consulting of her wishes, and kept her fast prisoned there by an iron arm binding her. "I could never make out what devilry there was in your little face; do you remember, Kate?" he said, excitedly, bending down his lips so close to her that his breath fanned her round white ear, and gently agitated the hair sweeping away behind it. "It puzzles me more than ever now, do you know? I have seen scores of women a thousand times as pretty and as witty as you, and I felt that they might all go to the dogs together, for all I'd do to stop them. You are the one woman in the world for me; do you know that, little one?"

Kate did not answer. "You're changed, too, Dare, now I come to look at you," she said, scanning his rough-hewn, massive features. "It is not for the better you are changed. You were always a bad man, as I know to my cost; but you are wicked and more reckless than ever now. I can tell that. How haggard you are, too, and hollow-eyed! Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

"Yes, Kate," answered Dare, calmly, with a very dreary laugh that the heart denied all partnership in: "that nice, pious, half-hour's work you did on that night you know of sent me galloping along the road to hell at an edifying rate. You saved your own soul, I dare say, very snugly and properly, but you damned mine. You do not mind plain speaking, I hope; at least you used not to."

"I am not squeamish any more than I used to be," answered Kate, taking no notice of his wild assertions; "I'm not changed in any way. I'm exactly the same as I always was, unluckily for me."

"No, you're not," contradicted

Dare, with impassioned mournfulness. "You're not the little girl, with the big, loving eyes, that sat on that garden seat beside me, in the conservatory at Jlyn; whose arms I have felt warm and soft about my neck, incredible as such familiarity seems now."

"Ah Dare," sighed Kate, interceding for forgiveness, "I did not know then."

"Oh, of course not," cried Dare, with the bitterness of a soul cut off from friendship and companionship with its equals, "of course, I know that my boyish folly has shut me out for ever from all good women's endearments."

"My darling, my own lost Dare; I am unutterably, frightfully glad to see you again. I do not care how wicked it is. I must say so just this once. I should die if I did not."

Dare answered not with words, but he caught her to him and held her as a man might hold the delight of his eyes, raised up to him again by a miracle from among the shrouded dead. At last Dare's voice, sounding unsteady and thick—

"You're mine, Kate. You cannot go back. You'll stay with me always, in life and death. Do you hear, child? I shall hold you here till you say yes."

His words roused the girl from a happy, baleful trance. She struggled a little; she freed herself to a certain extent; that is to say, she raised her chestnut head, and answered him, with startled, self-condemning eyes, coming back from the gardens of the Hesperides to the world's dusty highway—

"I'd give all the world to be able to say 'yes,' but I dare not." And then this weak girl's good angel, who had been hovering near, heavy-winged, unseen, mourning over her folly—her almost fall—drew near, endowed with holy strength to save, and whispered good words to her heart to say: "Oh, Dare," she went on, with that blessed impulse driving her forward, "just think what a little, short, wretched span, life is. How soon it is over and passed away for ever; and I'm sure, too—I do not know why—but I am sure that mine will be even shorter, and sooner over than it is the general lot to be. Dare, Dare, I know—I feel certain—that

Heaven will be pitiful to us; and not let either you or me drag out weary days to anywhere near threescore-and-ten. But then, Dare, there'd have to come another worse parting at the end—worse, because it would be so utterly hopeless. Oh, love!" she said, with a purer, better light replacing the passion glow on her face, "you know what you are to me. You know that I'm like a reed in your hands, to be bent and broken as you will. Oh! have pity on me. Don't tempt me any longer. Let me go away, and try to struggle on a little bit in that good path that I hoped I had made a few steps in, before some devil threw me in your way again to-day."

Dare stroked his great moustache with an impatient, angry movement, and answered with fierce irritability:

"You're selfish, Kate; you think of nothing but yourself. It's the old story of your profound affection for me, and your determination to blast my life with your confounded piety. I have no doubt that good books, and good works, and good men, perhaps" (with a sneer), "would soon compensate you for my loss; but what am I to do, child? tell me that. Do I forget so easily? If you steal yourself away from me again so meanly, so heartlessly, what substitute can I ever find for you?"

"Oh, my own," she said, with tearful caressingness, "my only love, don't you suppose I was thinking of you, too? Have not we both been sinning and suffering in the same way? Won't the same receipt do for us both? Ah, Dare," she went on, softly laying her head down on his shoulder (she had released herself from his embrace at last, and was sitting beside him on the bench again)—"Ah, Dare, won't you try and walk in another path, too? You will, I know, for my sake, for the sake of the poor, stupid girl that has loved you better than ever woman loved man before. You'll try to be a better man, darling, won't you? instead of such a dreadfully wicked one; and then, who knows," she added, trying to smile through her tears, "God is very merciful; perhaps He'll let our paths meet at the end. Say you'll try, Dare. Oh do! for my sake!"

"I'll tell no such preposterous lies," exclaimed Dare, savagely shaking her

off. "D—d if I do. To think of my turning saint, and quoting scripture at this time of day! I'm rather too old to cry *peccavi* and slobber over my sins, thank you. No, Kate," he went on, clenching a great sledge-hammer fist, and bringing it down emphatically on his knee, "I warn you that if you rob me now of the one treasure I have got in the world, I'll go to the deuce as hard as I can drive; and whatever evil deeds I do will lie at your door, for this day's work; mind that."

"No they won't," replied Kate quickly, too spirited not to resist this injustice. "If you go to the bad as you say, it'll break my heart most likely, and not much matter either; but the guilt of your sins will not fall on my head."

Dare left his raving, and his threats—he saw they did no good; his voice fell into the old wooing key, infinitely tender.

"It shall not fall on any one's head; they shall not be committed at all, if you will but stay with me, Kate. Child I never asked a favour of human being before, but I implore you now to grant me this one little request; just say 'I will.' Those two short words will marry us so effectually in the sight of God. Say them, Kate, say them!"

"No, no, no," cried Kate sobbing and gasping, in this terrible conflict, but held up still by an unseen arm, and kept from succumbing utterly. "I will not listen to you," she said, stopping her ears, "nor look at you," and she covered her face with her hands.

"You *shall* look at me then," answered Dare, pulling down the poor little guarding hands roughly. "You *shall*!" and he glared upon her with frantic, wild-beast eyes—frantic at the thought of his prey slipping out of his grasp this second time.

"Let me go, let me go," moans Kate, incoherently. "What's the good of making me stay any longer? Give me one last kiss, darling, to comfort me afterwards, and let me go away—let me go!"

"Let you go!" repeated Dare, actually laughing in his utter scorn and ridicule of this proposal. "Let you go indeed; a likely joke, when I have hardly seen you for five minutes yet; when you have not told me

where you live, or when you'll meet me again, or any of the thousand and one things that I intend you to tell me before we part, if we ever do again."

"We shall never meet again, Dare," said Kate, solemnly; and by a great exertion of self-command she said it with a steady voice.

"What!" asked Dare in a hoarse whisper, and further could he say nothing.

"We shall never meet again if I can help it," reiterated Kate; "I shall pray God to keep us apart. Never again, dear love, never again," and she groaned as she uttered those funeral words.

Dare fought with the rage and fear that were gnawing and almost mastering him, and said at last, rapidly, harshly—

"Don't be theatrical! Do you think to come over me with your upturned eyes, and your 'never agains'?" (mimicking her tones as he spoke). "You had better find out your mistake before it is too late, and give a plain answer to a plain question. Tell me," he said, seizing both her hands again, "once for all, where is it you are living at now? Answer me, I say."

"I must not, I cannot, I *won't*!" said Kate, and at the last word, boldly spoken, she turned and faced him, braved him and his wrath, through that new strength that was given her in her need.

Dare's swarthy face turned very white, livid even; but he governed his outward demeanour still, and only replied ironically—

"Civil and explicit. But perhaps you'll be so kind as to tell me then at what place it would be most convenient for you to meet me to-morrow, or the day after? You see I leave you a wide choice."

"I'll meet you nowhere, Dare," answered Kate, low-voiced from intense excitement, but firm as a rock.

Dare set his strong white teeth hard, and his clean-cut nostrils dilated; then he forced himself to say, coldly, sternly—

"You *must* meet me somewhere, I tell you child. It is only a question of where. Will you be here to-morrow if I come down by the 12.30 train from town to meet you? 'You see,' he added sardonically,



cally, I "your feminine fancy of mystery as to your place of residence prevents my deciding on a more desirable *rendezvous* for you. Do you hear? Will you meet me here or no?"

"No, I will not," answered Kate, enunciating each word slowly and distinctly. "I told you so before," she went on, goaded to indignation by his pertinacity. "What do you mean by tormenting me so? It is not gentlemanlike of you to persecute any woman so."

Dare's eyes flamed with fury at this taunt; but a man, and a big man especially, must not slay a little woman, or even knock her down, however impertinent she may be; so he only bit his lip hard, and answered her with a pale, fierce smile.

"Ungentlemanlike I am, very likely; I do not deny your charge, Kate, but a man does not stick upon forms and ceremonies much, when he is wrestling for the last hope he has in the world, and sees it vanishing away without power to detain it."

His wrath yielded to intense self-pity as he spoke, and the deep voice almost broke down in the utterance of his desolation. She could bear his anger, his threats, his pent-house-browed frowns, but could she bear the bitter plaintiveness of those ringing tones, that had whispered away her soul long ago by the summer sea. Her storm-shattered heart wavered still. Should she stay with him after all for better, for worse, in sickness and in health, till death should them part. They would be married in the sight of God, he had said. They would lead together a life chaster than many whom a parson binds together in a kindred-filled church, amongst flowers and music. Could it be right to send this man back, desperate, hopeless, to his evil companions—to bad men and worse women? Could it be right, for the sake of a miserable prejudice of society, to damn this soul utterly? But then there rose up before her dazed eyes, a pale, thin, holy face; the face of one

hand again as a friend. What a load of sorrow and care she should, by this act of hers, add to the already pressing burden that weighed on the bowed shoulders of that poor, good man! Dare, watching her lynx-eyed, saw her slacken, hesitating, and seized his opportunity; he had not space to lose many now.

"Kate, a drowning man catches at straws, you know. I saw you waver just now, I know your face so well. After all, you care about me enough to be a little sorry at throwing me away, like an old glove, that you have no further use for. Kate, it's not too late to repent even at this eleventh hour. I adjure you not to send me back, a ruined, undone man, to the society of devils, or to my own, which is worse than any devil's. Oh child, child! I'm so lonely. Stay with me."

The cold perspiration stood on Kate's satin-smooth brow; the sweat of that hard fight. Such a half hour as she had been living through, takes ten years off man's or woman's life, I think.

"God have mercy upon me," she groaned, "what have I done to deserve such a horrible trial?"

"Don't call on God!" said Dare, with rash blasphemy. "Even he cannot save you out of my hands now. I have been very enduring to you. I have borne long enough with your womanish caprices. I have tried persuasion and soft words. Thanks to your cursed obstinacy, I must try harder means now. You *must* stay with me, I say. I'll kill you if you don't."

"You threatened me that once before," answered the girl with a dreary smile, "and I believe you'll do it, too, some day."

"No, no, I shan't," muttered Dare, growing quickly remorseful. "I shan't kill you, Kate, whatever you do. I could not have the heart to stop that sweet breath, nor close those dear, big, cruel eyes, for ever; but, Kate, darling, I'm not over-patient; you know I never was a very patient fellow; you must not thwart me much longer. I cannot bear such persistent opposition. Just say you'll not cut a poor beggar, because he made a fool of himself, when he was a boy; just say you'll stay with me; only those few words; such simple easy words, too; 'I will stay Dare.'"

"Within whose ears an angel ever sang  
Good tidings of great joy."

If she did this thing, if she took this step, she could never look in that pure, kind, saintly face again; could never be worthy to shake him by the

But Kate only murmured the old tune, "Let me go, let me go," and tried with little trembling fingers to pluck off and thrust away the great arm that, like a close pressing iron girdle, almost hindered respiration.

"You shall go this minute, Kate," said Dare, breathing quick and short, "if you will only promise to meet me here to-morrow, at the time I mentioned. We shall both be less stupid and muddle-headed then, perhaps. To-morrow, mind; can anything be fairer or plainer than that?"

"No, no," cried Kate, turning restless, tortured eyes around, seeking for the help that was not forthcoming. And then another fear got hold of her, and she said, in a quick, terrified tone, "Oh, Dare, I hear Margaret's voice; she and my cousins are coming this way. Oh, what shall I do? I *must* go. If they find me here with you, I shall be done for, for ever!"

"D—n Margaret and your cousins," said Dare, savagely, "let them come if they choose. I have no character to lose, and I wish to heavens you could get rid of yours, for then we should be on a par."

Again the voices; Margaret's clear treble alarmingly distinct and near.

"Let me go, let me go," cried Kate, struggling frantically. "You villain! How dare you?"

"Tiger cat!" said Dare, pale to the lips with rage, and barked passion, while two-edged swords of flame came forth from his devil-lit eyes. "Stop fighting and struggling. Just listen a minute. If you'll say the monosyllable 'yes,' you shall go this minute; if not, *never*."

Light laughter heard. George's manly tones apparently close to the entrance. Kate was driven to despe-

ration. "They'll be in, in a second," she whispered, horror-struck. "Oh, I'll say anything! Yes, yes, I'll come. Let me go now, I say. You said you would."

Dare bent down his haggard face to the level of hers, and, as if he could not help it, snatched one last, wild, fierce kiss from her trembling lips, while he said very hoarsely, "Kate, if you foil me, if you deceive me a second time, I'll be the death of you. There, be off now." Then he took off the iron manacles, and she stood a free woman before him. Not a second did she wait. With one lightning-swift, parting glance, in which all the pent-up love of her poor, rent heart, found vent, at last, she fled away like a hunted hare, unable to face those gay, laughing, questioning girls, with her tear-stained face, and her battered, dishevelled *tout ensemble*. In two minutes they entered the court, sauntering, and found it empty, save of one, big, magnificent-looking man, standing with his back to them, attentively studying the Venus Victrix. Margaret started, when first her eyes fell on that stalwart form; and she tried by various clever dodgings to get a view of his face, in which she was completely unsuccessful. "No, no," she said to herself, "it must be my fancy; it cannot be he; what should he be doing here?"

"What have you been doing to your bonnet, Kate? Why, it's all manner of shapes. Have you been sitting upon it?" enquired one of her cousins, as they stood under the flaring gas, on the railway platform, waiting for the down train, and that was all the result, to all appearance, of her unlucky rencounter with Colonel Stamer.

#### THE WILD GEESSE\* ON THE WING.

Oh! are they foam-flakes on the ocean,  
In the winds of early spring;  
Or are they trembling sails in motion,  
Or wild geese on the wing?

Oh! they're the wild geese, pretty daughter,  
That fly before the spring—  
The wild geese o'er the roaring water—  
The wild geese on the wing.

\* The native Irish who enlisted in the army of Louis XIV. and of his successors.  
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Oh ! they've escaped the fowler's snare,  
 The bullet, and the sling,  
 They're free to suffer and to dare—  
 These wild geese on the wing.

They're lost to sight in sea-mist white,  
 But another year will bring  
 Some day or night, in stronger flight,  
 These wild geese on the wing.

### GARRICK.—PART III.

#### THE DAYS OF OLD DRURY-LANE.

BUT now, if managerial office was to bring with it the charm of authority and despotic dominion, it was also to be accompanied with what, to a sensitive mind, was absolute torture—a tide of personal criticism, a shower of coarse pamphlets, all coloured by disappointment, spite, and a sense of injury, which, for a great part of his life, was the shape chosen to annoy him. Almost with the first day of his management it began.\*

Not less offensive was the anonymous and "friendly" advice of outsiders, who thus publicly thrust on him their counsels, mixed with a good deal of plain speaking. One would remind him very plainly of that "exorbitant and glaring passion, it is reported, you have for money;" and that "on the least diminution of your enormous receipts, you feel the greatest agonies." With something like the spirit of true prophecy, the same hand warns him against the airs and insubordination of actors, sure to be in store for him; hints at Garrick's own extravagance in dress, requiring a new one every night, and gives a picture of Garrick's own "lofty" manner, when asked to take a part, "Name it no more! Another word that way makes me your mortal foe! Begone!"†

Another "hand" at the close of his first year's management as freely canvassed what he had done. Why had he not opened with a new part instead of merely a prologue, printed and sold for sixpence, which was as good as telling his public that he knew they were so grieved that he did not continue to speak it; that he must at least take that way of putting it in their reach. It would appear that Mr. Garrick disdained to play, except for noble persons and people of quality. Then, as to reformation of the stage, and Garrick's profession of giving a moral tone, this critic would wish to know if "The Scornful Lady and Parson Roger," a scandalous and atheistical part, "was a proper piece to offer to a decent audience, a charge for which there might be some foundation. But it should be borne in mind that Garrick was hardly settled in his chair, and such a reformation could only be brought about gradually.

The newly-married actor presently took a house in Southampton-street, and fitted it up handsomely for his bride. It was in a good and central quarter, was convenient to the theatre, and for years after Southampton-street was lifted into a kind of notoriety by its association with so great a name. Walking up from the Strand, we can see it now on the left hand, the most substantial and important of the old

\* A complete collection of these "Garrick Pamphlets" would be curious. In the British Museum is a very imperfect gathering, but whose number is still very respectable. Every "hack" whose play or offer of service was rejected took his revenge in a pamphlet. Ned Purdon, "who led such a — life in this world," wrote a whole string.

† A letter to David Garrick, Esq., on his becoming manager of Drury-lane, 1747.—See *Pamphlets in British Museum*.

pattern houses that almost fill the street, of a cold chocolate colour, with its four narrow, "lanky" windows, almost touching each other, and an architectural door way. To that house many wistful eyes were to be raised, and to that house found its way all the wit and genius of London. It is number twenty-seven, and was recently converted into an hotel.

He was, indeed, a favourite with the Burlingtons, and his testimony to Lady Burlington's merit may be found in some verses in her prayer-book which she had presented to him.\*

In the mean time the actor and his wife took up their abode at Burlington House, and sometimes passed to Ohiswick. Thus the honeymoon went by, until with August came round the new season and business, and Roscius had now to face the bantering that he so dreaded. But as he had anticipated ridicule, or fancied he had, by having a pasquinade written on himself, so he now boldly came on the boards in the character of *Benedick*, and from behind his foot lights boldly defied the wits. This rather questionable course was said, however, to have been perfectly successful, and when he said, "Here you may see *Benedick*, the married man! I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage." Mingled applause and laughter burst out. But it may be questioned whether this was the most dignified fashion of meeting ridicule.

Alternately with this lively comedy was played *Othello*, and a fresh proof of the manager's good sense and moderation was his resigning the part of *Othello* to Barry. This, indeed, was Barry's "great part," and the town had already pronounced for the surprising tenderness and abundant power with which he played it. Still, with a rival—a rival too who might reasonably exercise his power of choice—this might become almost

a reason for taking the part for himself. But the manager, undisturbed by the petty currents of theatrical jealousy, looked calmly but to the interests of his house; and in the end, even found his account in shaking himself free of characters which did not suit him. He contented himself with *Iago*, who, it must be recollected, was not then raised into almost equal importance with the Moor. Yet, with this burden of responsibility on his shoulders, he could find time to reason calmly and gently with what might be only too indulgently called "sensitiveness" and querulousness on the part of those who called themselves friends; but which was difficult in the case of a man of the quality and temper of Foote. This wit, whose dangerous "trade" was mimicry and public "taking off," and who kept this odious talent by him like a horse pistol, to draw on the harmless and foolish, like any highwayman on the road of his time, must have been one of the nuisances of society. The weak and helpless, like Mrs. Dodd—not Dodd, as is generally supposed; or like Apreece, the foolish country provincial—were his favourite victims—not the strong and dangerous like Johnson, from whose wholesome menace he shrank. And yet how absurdly sensitive this professional mimic could be, where some inferior artist thought of turning his own arts against him, and taking *him* off, may be seen in Wilkin's case and in an instance of Garrick. About this time a comedy, "Friendship in Fashion," was about being revived at Drury-lane, and Foote had heard a rumour that Woodward, who was to play *Malagene*, intended "dressing" that character at him. There was some likeness in these two characters, and a little closer imitation in the dress would be quite in Foote's own line, and make the town laugh as Foote himself would have done. In a tumult of alarm and rage, he wrote to Garrick a true "threatening" letter in a tone there was no mis-

\* This book passed into the possession of the Rev. Mr. Rackett.

This sacred book has Dorothea given,  
To show a straying sheep the way to heaven.  
With forms of righteousness she well may part,  
Who bears the spirit in her upright heart.

taking, the professional mimic said scornfully, that *he* could have no dread from the manager's "passive wit," or his "actors' active humour," but he would just hint that he had by him "a plan for a short Farce," that was to be wormwood to some, entertaining to many, and very beneficial to, sir, yours, S. FOOTE. In what shape the wormwood was to be administered, might be guessed from an insulting postscript in which the popular jest at the manager's saving habits, was made to his very face.

Foote tossed him back his free admission, saying that he would always pay his five shillings for admission to the boxes, "*a sum not very contemptible to you.*"

With perfect dignity, good humour, and kind reasoning, Garrick wrote back plainly declining to interfere. He explained that he knew not what views Woodward had in the business, that he even intended "taking off" his own manager, whose full permission he had. As for calling Woodward "contemptible," that was a little indiscreet, considering what a dangerous rival of Foote's that actor had been.

Besides, supposing he did "dress at him," was it not a compliment, for the character of *Malagene* is that of a very smart, pleasant, conceited little fellow, and a good mimic? Then with exquisite good humour, he deals with the thrust about the five shillings. "If I had such a regard for five shillings, surely then, my giving you the liberty of the house was a still greater favour."

Pleasant, too, is it to see him in his relations with a man like Hogarth. The rude coarse work of the theatre, and the rough, plain passions of the green-room had no effect on the delicacy of his mind, and when the painter sent round to him that he was aggrieved by his neglect, fancied or real, he wrote an exquisite letter of excuse, which has an interest that reaches to all friendships. He knew what Montaigne had said about a debtor and ledger account of "cal-

lings," &c., as a fatal sign of decaying regard, and could "cap" it by an instance of his experience. "Poor Draper,\* whom I loved better than any man breathing, once asked me smiling, 'how long is it since you were at my house—how long?' 'Why a month or six weeks.' 'A year and five days,' replied he, 'but don't imagine that I have kept an account; *my wife told me so this morning, and bid me scold you for it.*'" In this there is dramatic effect and almost true pathos; and "dear Draper's" speech has the air of one of Steel's little stories. "Could I follow my own wishes," he goes on, "I would see you every day in the week, and not care whether it was in Leicester fields or Southampton street." With this sweet and affectionate tone it was no wonder Mr. Garrick made many and fast friends.

He felt now that it was time to introduce a novelty, and he brought out a cold declamatory piece entitled "Edward the Black Prince," by a Mr. Shirley, and which was one of the long series of bald, dreary, tedious plays, constructed on the French model, which was to be such a feature of his management. There seems to have been but the one strict pattern for these chilling dramas, and we look back through that long management on the procession of Roman generals, Sultans, Greek matrons, Persian kings, and almost mythological heroes, who purposely selected out of eras, whose details, costume, feelings, religion, were wrapped in hopeless mists, and removed from all dramatic interest and sympathy. How the taste of the audiences already trained by Garrick's realism could have relished these cold abstractions, these colourless heroes, fetched out of the Roman History; how they could have crowded to hear scraps of Plutarch dramatized, and chapters out of the History of the Turks and Davila's Wars, made into tragedies seems now a surprising mystery.†

Even one of the contemporary play-

\* Draper had helped to negotiate for the Theatre.

† It is amusing to turn over the collection of plays, published during this era, and come on the engravings of Barry and Garrick, arrayed in what was conceived to be the correct costumes of remote countries, and more remote ages. These usurpers and tyrants and generals stride and gesticulate in nodding plumes and fur tippets—huge "Blue Beard"

wrights was sensible enough to see the monstrosities of the existing school, and could ridicule what he well called the paltry blasts of art employed in raising storms in a tea-cup, or even ludicrous situations, as for example, the adventures of a London apprentice, or the whine of a true girl like Demetrius, in the Brothers, who when for the sake of a half jade, half idiot, he strikes a dagger to his heart, who can feel the blow. . . . The pathetic. Is it in a man's making high love to his own dear wife, as in the Earl of Essex? Or as, in Boadicea, Dunmorin expending for two or three acts, his whole stock of pathos, in persuading his to take, very unnecessarily a cup of poison, when all he says might be reduced to these two or three kind words: "*I prithee die, my dear!*"\*

He had already inaugurated ten series with Aaron Hill's "Bombastic Merope," translated, though not professedly, from Voltaire's play. This seems to have had success,† and perhaps encouraged him to produce Mr. Shirley's "Black Prince," or the "Battle of Poitiers." The author was a merchant living at Lisbon, and who had not the satisfaction of seeing his play brought out.‡

Garriek undertook the "Prince," an energetic fighting part; while Barry was fitted with "Lord Ribemont," a chivalrous French marshal. How the correct taste of Garriek could accept such stuff seems sur-

prising. Bathos like the following has rarely been surpassed.

"In the midst of the battle, enter Archbishop of Sens *with a drawn sword*.

"Sens. — Confusion seize—but there's no need to wish it. Too much it rages in our host already."

Arnold meets his death on the same field. A bystander, watching his agonies, says,

"He dies!—Is gone!

Prince.—Proving my noble friend,—his soul was genuine English."

In another scene, Barry has to say that he is "unsoldiered and unmanned;" and Garriek has to declaim such prose as the following:—

"Having thus fairly stated our account,  
How great's the balance that appears  
against thee!"

A sentiment scarcely prompted by the Lisbon counting-house.

A little later, in February, 1760, another dreary bit of ancient history was brought out, and the English stage was "enriched," says Murphy, with a chapter of Livy in blank verse, called "The Roman Father." It was founded on the story of the Horatii, and Barry, and Garriek as the Fattées; and Mrs. Pritchard bore the burden of the declamation. It seems to have had only mild success.§

scymetars, and long trains, in the laurel wreath and greaves, and general armour of the Roman Conqueror. The scenes, too, are no less curious, "the Temple of Memphis," "Corinth," "the Royal Palace of Algiers," "the City of Lima," "the Palace of Cyrrha," in Massilia, and a hundred such places.

\* This is to be found in a strange, cracked letter by Cleland, who, in the same breath, presents a drama of his own, as combining true perfection and an avoidance of all these blemishes. He says the reading "drew tears from eyes not much used to the melting mood. That this scene, however, made no such great impression upon you, it is without impeaching your taste, that I do not at all wonder at it." The letter is one of the most extraordinary ever written, whether we take it for vanity or impudence. But it is valuable besides as showing to what intrusions the manager was subject.

† Murphy, in his odd language, says that Garriek and Mrs. Pritchard "made the spectators *pant with terror and pity*; and at last drew tears of joy from every eye."

‡ In an inflated dedication to Lord Halifax, he speaks of himself "as a poet," and offers what he calls the "humble tribute of an honest heart" to that nobleman: i.e., "I have hereby the honour of introducing to you a hero of your own illustrious family. *My brave Earl of Salisbury* (whom I have endeavoured strongly to mark with but rough greatness which so gloriously distinguished our old patricians) was a Montagu!" Two lines out of the prologue are characteristic, and show in what way a British Pit was to be addressed:

"And save that tale must have for Britons charms,  
That show you France subdued by British arms."

§ Murphy, in his loose way, says it was "a great favourite during a run of several nights."

But now the manager was to have early experience of the troubles which the rule of a green-room brings with it, and which, in his instance, were to be more vexatious than ever waited on manager. It would seem as though his known moderation and superiority to the mean passions that reign behind the curtain, offered tempting inducements to malcontents. But, through all his long administration, he had not to struggle against so serious a blow as the secession of his three leading actors at the beginning of the next season.

What were Barry's grievances—how small and petty, and almost ludicrous—may be gathered from his written complaints on another occasion, when he again tried the forbearance and unruffled good temper of his master. The unworthy "whinings" of the sensitive Barry, we may be sure, were to the same key as we know they were later, and, perhaps, about as unsubstantial.

He began to take airs, and real ill-health was often put forward as an excuse for gratifying his humours. He took the unusual course of addressing the public in an almost hostile way, saying, that "he scorned all trick and evasion," and that *nothing* but illness should ever cause him to fail in his duty. He could not endure the manager's *Hamlet* drawing more than his. He then pettishly demanded that he might choose his own nights, which Garrick, with unruffled good humour, at once conceded. But nothing could satisfy this spoiled lover of the stage.

Scandal and malignancy has tried to find other motives for this separation. It has been said that Mrs. Garrick received a letter from some secret admirer a few weeks after her marriage, and that Garrick succeeded in tracing it to Barry.\* Another cause of quarrel was said to be a battle that took place behind the scenes between Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Woffington, in which Garrick took the side of Mrs. Woffington, and

Barry that of Mrs. Clive. These little whisperings are not worthy. The whole is fairly explained, even by friends of Barry, on the grounds of general dissatisfaction. The town, of course, had its verses on the revolt :

"One great Goliath, Gath could boast  
Of Philistines of yore;  
But Covent Garden's threat'ning host  
Boasts one Goliath more.  
Yet fear not, ye of Drury-lane,  
By little champion led;  
Their two Goliath's roam in vain  
While David's at your head."

Mrs. Cibber, who had expected to rule with Garrick, and who perhaps was annoyed that his regard for the first interests of his stage, made him play "*Macbeth*" and other pieces with Mrs. Pritchard, also took offence, and her playing so much with Barry, gave an opportunity for sharing their griefs. Mrs. Woffington, an old favourite, was said to have been offended at his marriage; but it is more likely that one so free, saucy, and abandoned as she was, found the reforms behind the scenes, and the new decorums quite unsuited to her ways. There was an obvious awkwardness too, in the relations of manager and actress. It was therefore obvious that she could not remain long there, and at the end of the season, 1750, these three disaffected members of the company formed a league, and at the same moment deserted to Covent Garden. What made this desertion more flagrant was, that Barry was under articles at the time.†

This was a serious blow for the manager, who thus lost the two best lovers on the stage, and a low comedy actress of incomparable spirit and power, at one "fell swoop." The other house was proportionably strengthened, and had besides Gain and Macklin.

But he was not dismayed. In truth he always felt, as he indeed wrote to one of his rebellious actresses long after, that he himself was the strength of the theatre, and his weight

\* See Lee Lewes's absurd account of this transaction. *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 89. The extraordinary verbiage, and the way in which a little fact which has been told to him is expanded into pages of actual dialogue, supplied from his own brain, make this book almost valueless. Facts that are more simply stated prove to be all wrong and perverted.

† "Espoused the conduct," says Lee Lewes.

‡ Proceedings were taken against him; but a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says, he defeated them by some subterfuge or quibble, "by no way redounding to his honour."

might be estimated as was the presence of Napoleon in Spain—as equivalent to a whole army of actors. Beyond this, he had only Woodward, a pretty Mrs. Ward, and a new actress from that wonderful Dublin nursery, Miss, or Mrs. George Anne Bellamy. The pretty Mrs. Ward had small powers as an actress, and her coldness and want of dramatic feeling had disgusted the manager. He always exacted at least the tribute of apparent interest in those who played with him; which detractors set down to weakness and vanity. With an artist who could be busy buttoning her glove during one of his most impassioned bursts in the “Fair Penitent,” it was not unnatural he should be highly offended.

But the revolvers had prepared an awful stroke, which it would be difficult to encounter. Barry and Cibber, unrivalled in tender passion, were to open in the great play of sweet and tender passion, “Romeo and Juliet,” the play too in which Garrick had trained them both. But of this plot he had early intimation, and, in secret, he carefully instructed the new Dublin actress as Juliet, taking Romeo himself.\*

In September then, he courageously drew up his thinned ranks for battle, and opened his theatre with a prologue, in which he boldly took the public into confidence, and with some evil, glanced at the desertion, and not without good humour too:

“Some few there are whom paltry passions  
guide,  
Desert each day and and fly from side to  
side.  
Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their  
trade,  
For beat or beating, they must be paid.”

With perfect consistency too, with the declarations of his first prologue, he again reminded the public, as he had done three years before, that with them rested the choice of entertainment that was to be set before them. No manager could be expected to reform the stage, and deal in pure and classic shows at the expense of his pocket. At his first season he had told them that it was still possible,

that on their classic boards, Hunt might box, or Mahomet might dance. And now he warned them plainly, that—

“If an empty house, the actors curse,  
Shows us our *Lear’s* and *Hamlet’s* loss  
their force.  
Unwilling we must change the nobler  
scene,  
And in our turn present you Harlequin.  
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,  
Show gaudy scenes, or mount the vault-  
ing Turk.”

In truth this was but open notice that he was preparing to adopt alterations of the Mahomet pattern, feeling that the legitimate drama was not sufficient to secure the public. The tone of this announcement was felt to be a little self-sufficient. And it may be conceded, that on the surface of Garrick’s nature was a thin film of vanity, very pardonable, because unconcealed, and because it principally concerned his acting and his profession. But an impartial examination of every act of his life shows us that it was no more than a harmless weakness, that it never interfered where principle, or his relations to others were concerned, and had exactly the same weight in his character, that the little parsimony which has been so often imputed to him. For this, as will be shown later, was the avarice in trifles, and the liberality in important things. Some wags, a little maliciously, affected to translate this pompous declaration into plain unvarnished prose; and it took something of this shape:

“It is true there is a formidable force against me at the other house, yet I am so possessed with the opinion of my own merit, that I am pretty sure I shall be a match for them all. . . . My women too are distracted to show how well they can act. This Drury-lane stage, of which I am now the monarch, is the only stage in the world; but if two or three of Shakespeare’s plays which I have given you over and over again every season, don’t bring full houses, I must e’en turn Harlequin and set up Pantomimes. . . . It is a glorious battle we engage in, for we fight not in order to eat ourselves, though we dread starvation exceedingly, but for you to eat.

As soon, therefore, as “Romeo and

\* Mrs. Bellamy, whose enmity to Garrick is unconcealed, makes no allusion to this training. Davies, like Murphy, strangely inaccurate where dates are concerned, makes 1749 the year of this Romeo contest.



Juliet" was announced at Covent Garden, notice was given of the same play at Drury-lane, and for the same night, and the languid town hailed the promised contest, as a new excitement. On the 28th of September the struggle began.\* Here is the Covent Garden bill :—

By the COMPANY of COMEDIANS.

At the  
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden*,  
*This present Friday, being the 28th of Sept.*  
*1750, will be represented a Play, call'd*  
ROMEO AND JULIET.

The Part of *Romeo* to be performed

By Mr. BARRY.

(Being the first Time of his appearing on that stage.)

*Capulet* by Mr. SPARKS.  
*Montague* by Mr. BRIDGEWATER.  
*Escalus* by Mr. ANDERSON.  
*Benvolio* by Mr. GIBSON.  
*Paris* by Mr. LACEY.  
*Lady Capulet* by Mrs. BARRINGTON.  
*Friar Laurence* by Mr. RIDOUT.  
*Gregory* by Mr. ARTHUR.  
*Sampson* by Mr. COLLINS.  
*Abram* by Mr. DUNSTALL.  
*Balthazar* by Mr. BRANSBY.  
*Mercutio* by Mr. MACKLIN.

*Tibalt* by Mr. DYER.  
*Nurse* by Mrs. MACKLIN.  
And the Part of *Juliet* to be performed  
By Mrs. CIBBER.

An additional scene will be introduced, representing

The Funeral Procession of JULIET,  
Which will be accompanied with  
A SOLEMN DIRGE,

*The Music composed by Mr. ARNE.*  
With an occasional Prologue to be spoken  
By Mr. BARRY.

Boxes, 5s.—Pit, 3s.—First Gal. 2s.—  
Upper Gal. 1s.

PLACES for the Boxes to be taken of Mr.  
PAGE, at the Stage-door of the  
THEATRE,

To begin exactly at Six o'Clock.

Though there was a loud division of opinion and affectation of equal merit, and even superiority claimed for "Garrick," there can be no question but that Covent Garden play was the best. Miss Bellamy could not equal the trained Mrs. Cibber. The handsome figure, the exuberant

passion, and of the Covent Garden, "Romeo" were dangerous advantages, and the tendencies of the two acting and reacting on each other, must have had its effect; and though Garrick was said to have worked out new "points," and fresh readings, his figure could not rival the others, and it is likely that his was more an elaborate and clever "reading" than the natural and impassioned conception of the other. It is hard, however, to get at an impartial view. Mr. Taylor heard that Garrick was considered superior. Miss Bellamy says that Barry was held to be the better—except in the scene with the Friar. As the matter was turned into a party question, the voice of the town does not go for much. Garrick's friends even tried to compromise it by giving Barry the palm in the first three acts—and with the true methodism of a public craze, amateurs used to go and hear the first part of the play at one theatre, and hurry away for the conclusion at another—a more absurd division could not be well conceived. Some said that Barry was an Arcadian, Garrick a fashionable lover. But the best test is that after an interval Garrick, with that excellent good sense which distinguished every act of his, quietly dropped the part out of his repertoire. Even Gentleman Smith, a good judge, and a partial friend, owned that the victory was with Barry.

Woodward was the Drury-lane *Mercutio*, far superior for his vivacity and eccentricity, to Macklin, at the other house. But then Rich, hankering after harlequinades, had his "grand funeral procession," which cost a great deal of money.

Long after, when old Macklin was about giving lectures on the drama, he told Mr. Cooke how he would illustrate this question of the best *Romeo*. "I'll tell you, sir; in the garden scene, Barry comes in, great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that by G——, sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet almost dead with sleep, they must have come out and tossed the fellow in a blanket. But how does Garrick act this? Why, sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with

\* Murphy is, therefore, mistaken in saying it began in October.

him and his house, he comes creeping in on his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him just like a thief in the night."\* This graphic but uncomplimentary sketch, seems to convey perfectly the idea of the great actor, if we take into view his short figure and abundant action.

The contest was carried on for twenty nights, until the audiences began to tire of it. Endless epigrams fluttered about; three at least of which are said to have been written by Garrick.

"'Well! what's to-night,' said angry Ned,  
As up from bed he rouses,  
'Romeo again!' and shakes his head,  
'A plague on both your houses!'"†

The public, more than absurdly interested in this contest, grew almost fantastic in the shape that interest manifested itself. Some of their criticisms verged almost on wit, and had at least the merit of point and variety. It was a gentleman's view, that of having seen "Juliet and Romeo" at Covent Garden; and "Romeo and Juliet" at Drury Lane. The ladies said that in the balcony scene they wished that Garrick would jump up to them, but that at Covent Garden they could have leaped down to Barry. Perhaps this was the nicest criticism of all; better certainly than the encouragement of a frantic admirer of Garrick's:

"Spite, fear, and envy does thy rival show;  
But scorn thou, Garrick, such a harmless foe.

Thy worth full well is known; nay,  
more—approved;  
By all admired, and by most, beloved.  
Be bold—superior merit will prevail,  
Until wit, taste, with sense and judgment, fail."

The following were on Garrick's system of ridiculing himself to prevent others ridiculing him:

"So reversed are the notions of Capulet's daughters,  
One loves a whole length, and the other three-quarters."

And, again:

"Fair Juliet, at one house, exclaims with a sigh,  
'No Romeo is clever that's not six feet high.'

Less ambitiously t'other does Romeo adore,  
Though in size he scarce reaches to five feet and four."

Barry, however, was not slow to retort publicly, with a personality that would not be endured now; indeed, the making the audience partners in such a quarrel seems indecent to the highest degree. He told the house that—

"When kings allow no merit *but their own*,  
Can it be strange that men for flight prepare,  
And seek to raise a colony elsewhere?"

And with more personality still:

"For *entre nous*, these managers of merit,  
Who fearless arm, and take the field with spirit—

O! they can torture twenty thousand ways,

Make bouncing Bajazet retire for Bayes;  
The ladies too, with every power to charm,

*Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm."*

This was going too far, and it is a surprising tribute to Garrick's sweetness of temper, that before long he had forgiven and forgotten what another in his position might have reasonably considered a perfect justification for even a life-long enmity.

On the last night of the "Romeo and Juliet" contest, Kitty Clive made a rejoinder, in which the only limit of personality was an allusion to "tall heroes" and short ones.

After the twentieth night, Rich gave way, for the audiences were dropping off; the excuse given was the illness of Mrs. Cibber. Indeed, it was hinted that "orders" had to be used profusely, to fill Garrick's house. Garrick enjoyed a little triumph in playing it for but one night more, when Mrs. Clive repeated a pert defiance to all rivals, in a lively epilogue.

It was time now to think of filling up the gaps left in his ranks, and he had presently secured from Dublin an actor of mark, Mossop, a man of education from a university, gifted with strong but unmelodious declamation, and with physical strength to carry him through such tremendous parts—as *Sir Giles, Richard, and Zanga*; but his action was noted as

\* Even in the well-known engraving of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in "Macbeth," he has this very look of "creeping on his toes."

† These lines were given to Mr. Cooke by Garrick himself.

being singularly ungraceful, suggesting to Churchill the training of a drill-sergeant, and in the more level passages fell into the wearying monotony which was the curse of old stage declamation. He was a valuable recruit.\* Garrick allowed him to come forward in his own great part of *Richard* (in September, 1751), in which his tremendous energy brought him great success. Within a few weeks he brought out the graceful Ross and Dexter, both from the Dublin boards. When the town was busy with Mossop's legitimate success in *Richard*, it was assumed, as of course, that Garrick was dying with secret spleen and envy; and when a green-room wit repeated to him some fair verses on the new actors—

"The Templars they cry Mossop,  
The ladies they cry Ross up,  
But which is the best, is a toss up,"

a very natural smile on his part was given out as an intense relish and enjoyment of "the sneer," and the author was transferred into an obsequious courtier, who had made the lines to curry favour with the manager. There was neither "sneer," nor "relish," nor currying favour. The whole was a bit of green-room nonsense, for which Mossop's name, offering a fatal facility for rhyming, was accountable. It is only noticed here as an instance of the cruel perversion to which every act of the manager was subject.

Miss Bellamy, aided by what old-fashioned writers were fond of calling "an agreeable figure," continued to have some success. But she contributed her share to the manager's troubles, still conceiving that every action of his was directed to annoy her, and gratify a deep-rooted spite; and it is almost amusing to see how she can twist even his most good-natured actions into evidence of this animosity. Yet his good-humour never varied, and the petulant young actress forfeited no advantage by her behaviour. Yet she chronicles, with extraordinary satisfaction, everything that could reflect ridicule or annoy-

ance on her enemy. As, when they were playing "The Orphan," when during its most pathetic portion, when *Monimia* was pouring out her sorrows to *Chamont*, they heard a kind of somniferous muttering in one of the side boxes which, at the first pause, took the shape of "Rumps and burrs! rumps and burrs!" This was a stout city lady, wife to a butcher, who had come to see an inferior performer at his benefit, and had fallen asleep. As she slept, the associations of her husband's profession found their way into her dreams. It was notorious that the manager had an almost morbid horror of the slightest interruption during his acting, and these extraordinary sounds threw him into confusion. He called out sharply, "What is that?" forgot his part, and introduced rambling passages from other plays; all which the young actress maliciously records.

There were, however, but indifferent houses, except on the nights when the manager played. He now brought the fine, solemn tragedy of "The Mourning Bride," with Miss Bellamy—not Mrs. Pritchard, who, perhaps, was more entitled to the part—as *Almeria*. It seems incomprehensible how this preference could be tortured into evidence of animosity; but somehow it seems to have been a fresh injury. She had sent to Dr. Young for his new piece, "The Brothers," to read over during her illness, a rather irregular proceeding, considering the piece was not yet in rehearsal, and properly belonged only to the manager and author. This she affected to believe, infuriated Garrick, who to punish her gave the part of *Zara* in the "Mourning Bride" to Mrs. Pritchard, whom he instructed in it, and *Almeria* to Miss Bellamy. *Zara* was a true "tragedy queen," and obviously the part for a stately Mrs. Pritchard, as was *Almeria* for the young and pretty Miss Bellamy; but the latter only discovered here evidence of secret animosity.

"But," she says, "notwithstanding the unbounded applause he deserved-

\* The blundering of Garrick's two biographers, where dates are concerned, has been noticed before. Murphy puts Mossop's appearance in the September of 1752. Davies says it was about two years after the *Romeo* and *Juliet* contest. So with "The Mourning Bride," whose performance Murphy, with an affectation of accuracy, fixes as "before the end of October." It was played in December.

ly met with in 'Osmyn,' and the most considerable receipts, I believe he would gladly have sacrificed both his reputation and his profit *sooner than that I should have acquired the approbation of the public as I did in the character of Almeria.*"

This is a perfect specimen of what Garrick had to suffer during his management. His moderation and natural equity would seem to have been almost unintelligible to his Company, who, according to their nature, sought an explanation of it in some of the meaner motives. They could not even believe that he was carrying out the simple programme he had laid down when he began his management, when he told the Pritchards that he had a great adventure on his hands, and that he must look strictly to the interests of his theatre. And though he may have been annoyed at Miss Bellamy's surreptitious attempt to interfere with his duties, it is obvious that he merely cast the part according to the interest of the play and of the theatre, and had not the least notion of gratifying his resentment to the sacrifice of his interest.

But in truth her impetulance and almost insolence, her insubordination and humour which the manager endured with surprising good humour, were her real offences. The manager, who so wished her to fail in the "Mourning Bride," and would have lost all the profits rather than she should have favour of the public, sent her the leading part in Moore's new comedy of "Gil Blas." This she contemptuously sent back. Garrick was deeply interested, for the author, who was a dear friend, and on this fresh provocation wrote to her with some severity.\*

And in *this* letter and after this

behaviour it is that he resents her conduct about Dr. Young's "Brothers." She replied with great asperity and pertness; she had no intention of "lessening his great dignity," but she gave him warning she was not to be tyrannized over, or "ruled with a rod of iron."†

The fate that befell "Gil Blas" must have brought great satisfaction to Miss Bellamy.‡ The only matters of note about this unfortunate drama, was its author's candid impression in his preface "of the praise and dispraise, the mirth and the graces he occasioned."

The newspaper wits were of course merry on this failure. The name of the author was unfortunate, and was twisted into all manners of quips, one ran :—

Gil Blas.—

After such a mighty fuss and puff,  
Was ever such confounded stuff;  
We're not of beings to be crammed,  
It must, it will, it *shall* be damned.  
Resolved by what we've heard before,  
Of such like sense, to hear no more.

Another asks his friend :—

"Well, Tom, what think you of Gil Blas?"

Tom shakes his head and cries "alas!"

Another was in French :—

"J'ai vu 'Gil Blas,' Helas!"

But this year, 1750, brought the manager in contact with a new enemy, and one of those mean secret enemies whom it was Garrick's misfortune to be afflicted with. This was the notorious Hill, the advertizing quack doctor, the Swedish knight, (on the strength of which distinction he had the hardihood to call himself "Sir John") the journalist. Botanical writer, pamphleteer, and "hack" of surprising industry. To him "Kit Emart" devoted a poem called "The

\* She affects to quote the words of his letter; but it is ludicrously unlike Garrick's style, and perfectly reflects the vulgarities of her own. She makes him say, "Since you have *humbugged* the town, I suppose you think you are entitled to do whatever you please."

† Even as she tells the story, the mere recollection inflames her, and *apropos de Bottles*, she turns aside in the middle, to show how "this *great* little man"—for such he was in the literal sense of the word—was possessed of as much *meanness* as merit; and she relates how he would send his boy keeper about to ladies of quality, to write to them privately, and, as a matter of favour, when the "great little man" was to play, and how the ladies of quality rewarded this information with a guinea, and eagerly took a box, and how at this very time there was not a single box taken. When we consider that Garrick almost always played to full houses, this story has little value.

‡ Murphy says it ran nine nights, Miss Bellamy three.

Hilliad," in which occurs the wonderful description of its hero,

"The insolvent tenant of incumbered space."

The origin of his quarrel with Garrick cannot be ascertained for certain. Mean natures like his often try to win the favour of popular men, like Garrick, and when their advances are rejected become furious enemies. Murphy says that this dislike was owing to reasons best known to himself, which throws but poor light on the matter. The old immemorial solution, a lady's being concerned, may have had something to do with the quarrel. For Hill wrote a novel in which the hero, "Lovell," is made to have an amour with the celebrated Mrs. Woffington. Now, it was popularly said, or given out by the knight himself, that Lovell was meant to be his own portrait, and if there be any truth in the relation thus insinuated with such characteristic effrontery, it might in part account for the feeling between the two men. In this year, however, he published an elaborate pamphlet called "The Actor," in which he very artfully, because very temperately and critically, depreciates Garrick and exalts Barry. With all his hostility he can scarcely be said in this performance to go beyond the limits of fair criticism. He even defends him in part, and notices improvements. But perhaps what Garrick would have most resented was his friendly defence of his short stature. Was there not Johnson lately on the boards, a giant in height? Sonorous and stalking majestic. He only dwarfed the rest. It was no merit in him to win stage battles. Yet in Barry's instance, his disproportion to Mrs. Cibber was quite overlooked, and on the same principle the audience now quite forgot Garrick's short stature, *and he had left off wearing cork soles in consequence.* This pseudo defence must have been very offensive to the manager. Some of his criticisms, however, it is impossible not to feel an instinct are founded in truth.\*

Following up his depreciation he

said he had been inclined to think well of Miss Bellamy on her first night; but on the second she seemed to be all wild and staring, saying the words merely and not thinking of her part. He then turned and had a stroke at Foote, when he attempted that famous rendering of *Richard* and he said that when he got to the words "the dogs bark at me, as I halt by them," the audience all burst out laughing. But in his criticism he fell into the mistake of speaking of Mrs. Porter, the well known actress, as if she were dead, whereas she was alive, and living at Hampstead. This after all was a pardonable blunder. She was of an advanced age, and belonged to a generation long passed away.† Founded on this mistake, a little epigram, attributed to Garrick—he was very fond of this shape of composition—was sent round:—

"O thou profound, polite, and wise, gay  
inspector,  
Chosen by thy gracious self our tastes'  
director!  
Who lay'st poor Porter, yet *alive*, in  
earth,  
And giv'st to Barry matchless fame and  
worth;  
Thy pen we all must reverence and  
dread,  
Which *kills the living*, and *revives the  
dead.*"

This was severely and neatly put. But they were to have many more battles. It was followed by a sort of spectacle; "Alfred," a gorgeous masque, written by Mallet, in some spare moments, snatched from his great work, "The Life of Marlborough," as he had the effrontery to tell the public. It was a poor piece, with a good declamatory part for Garrick; and was the first sign of his leaning on the aid of "carpenters and scene painters;" a series of dreary failures in the legitimate line, and given him alarm. But there was yet in it a more effectual element of success; something which, though founded on an appeal to the coarser sympathies of an audience, to help a tottering production through—an appeal rarely found to fail—has secured a more lasting existence,

\* These will fall into their natural place in the description of Garrick's acting.

† She it was who when Queen Anne dropped her fan on to the stage, said with great majesty, "Pick up our sister's fan!"

founded on a healthier appeal to immortality. For in this feeble masque, long since forgotten, was first introduced the fine song "Rule Britannia!" set to stirring music by Mrs. Ciber's brother. A bit of true English music, corrected by the knowledge of the best Italian style of the day; simple, admirably adapted for great choruses, and with a fine flavour of the sea about it. It has deserved to live, and will last as long as the naval

supremacy of the nation it sings will endure. This song alone should have saved "Johnny Arne" from Churchill's unfair, and it might be said, ignorant attack on him. Music was out of the great satirist's province, and far more competent judges have long since settled the place of the composer of "The Soldier Tired" and "Rule Britannia."\* It was not surprising that he was harassed and fatigued with these intrigues.

### NUMBER FIVE BROOKE-STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

#### BOOK THE FIRST.

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### PLANS FOR THE NIGHT.

LORD JOHN walked on by himself. After three-quarters of an hour he got to the house, and as he crossed the hall, he saw Mrs. Lepell fitting down the other end. She stopped when she saw him, and ran to him. "I have a favour to ask," she said, "a little favour. Not to make any fuss about our little adventure to-day. It will come on me—on poor me! and they will laugh at my ill luck, you know. You understand that view, Lord John—yesterday in the railway, to-day in the sleigh. Mr. Severne agrees with me, too."

Now, Lord John coming home had been turning the thing over very impatiently. "They will be examining and cross-examining—and why this and why that? I should like to know am I to have my bones broken for a creature I only met yesterday? Catch me at it, indeed!" Now he entertained much more favourable views of the creature he met only yesterday. "Anything you like," he said, "I am willing. I think, too, Sir John wouldn't be pleased to think Toby behaved so badly."

"Exactly," said she. "Though, indeed, we ought not to pass over your behaviour, Lord John, and your bravery in trying to save me."

He looked at her suspiciously. "Save you?"

"Ah! I saw what you did, Lord John, as we flew past, though there were a hundred things dancing before my poor eyes. Did you grasp at the reins of that wild creature, and did you not fall back exhausted, and *in peril of your life?*" added Mrs. Lepell slowly, and putting her hand to her forehead, "*or was it all a dream?* I must run away now, though. They are planning something for the evening, and oh! Lord John," she added, coming back, "you will be glad to hear *he is mending every hour—every moment.*"

She was gone, and Lord John looked after her with more wonder than was ever usually seen in his face. "She beats little Turlou," he said. (This was a reference to some passage in his lordship's past life).

Mr. Canby did not cultivate skating, and had said early in the day that he could not see what was in it. Of course, if you liked sticking your legs here and your legs there, and going along like a postman, it was all right. In this view the Misses Fenton cordially concurred. Skating with them seemed to be a pastime that degraded the human mind, to be classed with

\* Let Johnny Arne, with usual pomp of style,  
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile;  
Who meanly pilfering here and there, a bit,  
Deals out music, as Murphy deals out wit.

drinking. "By the way," said he to the two young ladies "where is she, that woman out of the accident? I was greatly taken with her last night. I was indeed."

"I saw you were," said the younger, taking a bold line. "She is something in your style, Mr. Canby."

Mr. Canby looked up to the ceiling, as if he was searching for the style there. "I declare yes," he said, "she is, more or less, you know. I admire that sort of sparkle, you know. O, a clever married lady, there's nothing like 'em. If ever I was to marry, ha, ha—you laugh at the notion—I'd like to marry a clever married lady. But that wouldn't be allowed, you know—again the laws!"

The sisters were immensely amused at this notion. Encouraged, the gentleman went on—

"Pon my word, I am serious! You know, about girls there's a kind of a nursery business—want training—and wisdom. I like wisdom. O no, I should never dream of marrying a girl. A widow perhaps—though there are objections *there*. Money could get over a good deal. Well, now," said he, dismissing the subject wearily, "what's this about to-night? Plays and that sort of thing! But who's to do it? you know. Have you got a programme made out?"

"The very thing!" they both said together, for they had trained their ideas to move in common, and the sudden force and unanimity of the two sisters was often found to produce a good and startling effect. "We wanted to talk it over. It will be such a surprise. No one is to know anything about it except Sir John and the actors."

"That's all very well now," said Mr. Canby, full of "common sense," "that's all very well; but you should have a programme. As for going on without a programme, we might all be as well at sea!"

It all burst with a flash on the elder sister. She had never thought of that. No one would ever have thought of it, had not Mr. Canby been providentially there and suggested it. "We forgot that," she said despondingly, "but there may be time yet to have them printed."

The younger sister saw the error; but Canby struck in first with "common sense."

"Printing!" he said, "what would you print? Of course, if any one likes it, gratify 'em by all means!" The two sisters laughed in happy concert until that periodical "dying" came on and the subsequent happy resuscitation. Their laughter was so hearty and genuine, the young ladies holding on by the chair and the wainscoat, and suffering so acutely, that his features relaxed. "You know it seemed so absurd," he said good humoredly. "A programme isn't the thing a fellow gives you at a concert, and for which you give *him* a shilling. You should have a plan of action—know where you are—like the fellows in Parliament. When a minister comes in, you know, he has to make out a line of business in his head, and tell his fellows, or they won't stick by him, you see. That's a programme."

The sisters followed this professional explanation with wonder, and looked at each other with speechless delight, as if the Philosopher's stone had been suddenly revealed, or rather, as other ordinary persons would have looked on such a communication; for, to say the truth, the sisters had no great interest in the grand Arcana of Nature; and would have received the polarization of light, the new metal, the electric telegraph, &c., with a pleasant smile. They then fell to talking on the project for the night, into which Mr. Canby entered graciously, and with more alacrity.

The sisters were clever in their way, and had already in their room arranged a "Programme" of their operations. They, indeed, had arranged it all diligently in their rooms; had in fact some "stock" charades, which they carried about with them from house to house, having the "business" well in their minds, and being ready to "mount" them at an hour's notice.

"Flirtin' would be a good word," said Mr. Canby, reflectively. "A lady and gent, you know, going on in a room, saying the regular thing, and then some one would come and ring a bell, and away they'd cut, alarmed, you know, afraid of being caught."

The two sisters screamed with delight—Flirt, ting—ting—ting of the bell, don't you see? It was so new and so original. Yes, it was. He had lain awake half the night at the bar-

racks making it out, but it was well worth it. Still in their secret hearts the sisters were embarrassed, because, to say the truth, the word was defective. The reader will see that a certain violence would have to be used to carry out Mr. Canby's view, and get the two words out; of "Flirting," to say nothing of the "whole" being the same as the first word. Yet the young ladies seemed to be indulgent enough to pass by these little defects, and accept it for all and all.

"There now," said Mr. Canby, "you work it between you. I have started you, you see, and shall go and have a pipe."

When he had gone they looked at each other.

"What a ridiculous, nonsensical notion. He'll spoil everything. Why it's no word at all."

"Then why did you take it up so greedily?" said her sister. "I won't stand up and be made a fool of acting such nonsense—ting-ting! indeed."

Severne now came up.

"What's this you have planning?" he said. "I hear you are going to entertain us to-night—most good natured of you."

"No, indeed," they said *together*; "only a notion of Mr. Canby's."

"Oh, has *he* a hand in it? Poor Canby! It will be great fun; make him come forward."

"But you must help, indeed you must; and Captain Philips and Mr. Selby, and everybody."

"Nonsense," said Severne, "we are all mere country rustics. You are well trained, and will show us how to do it properly. The carpenter is at work already, and at your orders; a very smart fellow, and will do whatever you tell him. By the way, I'll tell you now, engage that Mrs. Lepell, she's clever and a half, I can tell you, and will act like a professional."

"O! Oh! Mr. Severne!" the two young ladies broke out, with that almost supernatural *entente* which has mystified us so much before, "how *wicked* of you! How *shamefully* wicked!"

"How? No, not I," he said calmly, "Canby can be wicked in that way. I mean merely the plain, practical sense of the thing. I'll stake my reputation, which is not much, however, and my judgment—if I have any—that she has great powers, and

you could not do better than secure her."

But the sisters did not receive this proposal with alacrity.

"We could hardly, *I think*," said one, "you know her husband—it would be unfeeling."

Now came up Selby. "I hear of a surprise for to-night. Mum's the word; but I only hope it's true."

"All right, Selby," said his friend, "and we owe it all to these young ladies—manageresses, everything—have planned it all sitting at home here, while we, selfish beasts, have been amusing ourselves."

"O, I am so glad!" said Selby with immense animation; "and I'll tell you what I was thinking of as I came along the gallery—what will carry the thing off and bring down the House."

"O tell us, Mr. Selby," said the two girls, smiling and delighted.

He looked round mysteriously, and with a little shyness said—"Get that clever Mrs. Lepell to do something. She will carry it all through for you. I know she can act."

"There! What did I tell you?" said Severne. "General opinion seems that way."

A curious expression came into the faces of the two Servants of Society, as we may without disrespect call them. For a moment their discipline gave way. "Mrs. Lepell seems to be everything now," said one.

"Well, she *is* clever," said Severne gravely. "I'd recommend you secure her. If you want the thing to fall through—"

"Yes! and I tell you what," said Selby, very eagerly, "*I'll manage it*. I'll go and find Sir John, and make him ask. She can't refuse him, you know. I know where he is now," and Selby ran off.

(It seems a little hard certainly that these faithful Servants of the World should by some fatality come in always for such rude knocks. For one would think by the tone of the two gentlemen that the girls, instead of trying to contribute a little to the entertainment of the house, were carrying out some interested scheme of their own. However, just as the anchorites and ascetics who suffered tortures and privations were more than recompensed by secret joys and unspeakable inward delights, so no doubt are the faithful Virgins and



Martyrs of the world more than indemnified by secret transports and comforts, of which we have no conception.)

But, alas! were there not yet greater trials to come? Before long they saw the lady, at the end of the long gallery, with *at least four gentlemen* about her, all apparently remonstrating and pressing some request eagerly on her. One of these was Sir John, and another the "white-livered" Canby. The spectacle was not agreeable, and they turned away. But in a short time Selby was eagerly hunting for them, and, out of breath, came rushing to find them. "You are wanting," he said—here was more of the cruel trials of the world—"Come quick. She has agreed to do it. We managed it. Come along. There's no time to be lost. We are keeping her waiting." But the sisters, though suffering—they could not have been mortal else—went away with alacrity. Too much capital had, so to speak, been sunk in the officer—he was of the Norfolk Canbys, son to Sir John Canby, who owned Canby House, was Conservative colleague to Lord Toleper, of Toleper's-barn, and who had twelve thousand a year "if he had a penny," only one brother, and no mother living—to allow it all to be lost through being disheartened.

There was a busy council being held. Mrs. Lepell in a moment had struck out brilliant ideas. She gently put aside Mr. Canby's scheme. "It is very clever," she said, in deep thought, "O so clever! But I am afraid, you know. There are the servants and the tenants, I believe, and *they* will want something that appeals more to *their* sense. Anything so refined and elegant—something coarser, I fear, will only do." Then in a moment she had mapped out a scheme certainly more practical than Mr. Canby's. That gentleman accepted the withdrawal of his piece with perfect good humour. He seemed to see an intelligence in Mrs. Lepell's eyes, as who should say, "*Later and privately* I will explain the greater reasons."

On that night the table was very full. Sir John had asked a dinner party, and a very large one, of squires and their wives; good "sound" men, who would "stand by the ship," (at least in the sense of what he defined standing by the ship).

"Though, God knows," said Sir John, "the poor ship is in a pretty way!"

Clergymen, doctors, young men whose profession was hunting or cattle, and who delighted in the companionship of the beasts of the field.

Sir John went up to talk with poor Jack Lepell's brother just before dinner—arrayed in his best high-collared "skimpy" gilt-buttoned coat (same as in the picture painted for the old *anti-Reform Association*, temp. 1830, by Skrine, R.S.A., then much in fashion for political portraits).

"My dear fellow," he said, "I wish to God you were up, and could come down; it would do your heart good to see the men I could show you at my table to-day—real '88 men—the bone and sinew, sir—men of the stamp that got us Habeas Corpus and Magna Charta, and went down to Torbay, sir, to meet their King. But a few left, sir, now—only a few. There's not encouragement to be loyal."

But Mr. Lepell was not well enough to stir, even for this view of his moral interests. He was, indeed, a little feeble than in the morning, being tired out with the day.

"Well, well, perhaps it is better," said Sir John.

"We'll send you something. The *John Bull* ought to be in now. They know how to write in *that* paper. There was an article, let me see, yesterday or the day before, called "*the Whig Murrain*," as well done as Junius, every bit; get it from Duncan. He devours it, and to tell you the truth I encourage it among *them* and subscribe for another copy for the Servants' hall. It keeps up a good, pure moral tone among them. Yes, I'll tell Duncan. There's to be some sport to-night. I gave 'em the use of the carpenters, and, egad, they've put up a stage-playing thing. Goodness! it makes me think of poor Percival, as true and pure a man as ever stepped, whom those vile Whigs had shot in the lobby not two years before he died. He had some of these stage plays at his house (read his Bible though twice a day). "Your wife, I hear, is wonderful at them. I can tell you I begin to like her, for she is sound wind, limb, and body—all the women,

sir, are forced to be the other way now-a-days to get a husband at all—all them low, wandering Whigs, without an acre, except what they'll just get to buy them, and too good for them," &c.

Thus did the baronet ramble on, as he always did when this subject seized on him. Mr. Lepell, ill and weary, listened patiently and with what appeared to be devotion.

Down in the drawing-room the guests were coming in. The Bonds, of Bond Hall; Claymore, of Bushmills; Charley Ridge, Sir Thomas Hall, of Stonehall; Rev. Mr. Bish, &c., &c., &c. There were a great many, and besides that "bone and sinew" class to which Sir John had alluded, to whom we were indebted for the Habeas Corpus, landing at Torbay, &c., and amongst whom were to be found the saviours of the country. Sir Thomas Hall, of Stonehall, who was to be chief saviour, from his appearance, seemed hardly up to the physical standard, being a small, red-faced, cheerful gentleman, with a red bald head, with two flat brushes of hair on each side, like the winkers of a horse, or as one of the facetious young jesters of the party likened it to, the two tufts on each side of the clown's head in a pantomime.

They sat down "positively two and thirty strong," in the large hall. Captain Philips took in a clergyman's wife, whom he very soon found out to be a thrifty, housekeeping woman, and who had all need, poor soul, for such gifts, having some seven or eight children to housekeep for. Still her delight was in making "good things," and "our clotted cream, you know, Captain Philips, has a regular name about here. We send it to Sir John here regularly at Christmas and Easter, with currant jelly and marmalade." Captain Philips, who had been letting "the woman talk on," as he said ("always my way,") now pricked up his ears.

"O that was *yours*, was it?" he said, "uncommon good, I can tell you, if you could get it. The women here at breakfast are so greedy, there is no getting a chance. The marmalade was really fair, had flavour, and not too thick or greasy. The Scotch, I am told, thicken it with lard—only fancy."

The clergyman's wife's cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"I am so glad you liked it. If you were at all near, I am sure we should be delighted."

"Well I am," said the other, "quartered in the town, you know. I have a house there for Mrs. Philips and the children; a low beastly den, for which, of course, we have to pay double for what we do in London. O if you would, I should be much obliged to you. A few pots you know."

"O the moment I get back," said the lady, "I'll make up a little hamper."

"Just a few pots, you know—no, by the way, better make two parcels, you know. The cream might catch the taste of the other—it does, somehow. It's very kind indeed. I'll send over my man."

"No trouble, I assure you," said the lady, more delighted. "We can put it in the gig—he passes the door, you know."

"No, better say my man," said Captain Philips, firmly. "I'll lay it out *that way*." He afterwards said, truly enough, that he saw what the woman was at. "Mrs. Philips, you know—too old a soldier to be brought into an acquaintance with a parson's wife for a pot of jam."

Sir Thomas Hall, of Stonehall, was fluently talking at the end of the table, illustrating his talk with great gesticulations. He was very pleasant and fluent, and laughing cordially in every sentence he delivered. He liked his joke, and could joke even on sacred subjects—*i.e.*, Conservatism, &c.

"I am always open to the mess of pottage, you know," he said. "When a man gives that out without disguise there is no harm in it; and yet they have never tried to corrupt me. I suppose if they had I should have done like every other man they have tried to corrupt. Hey, Sir John?"

Sir John knew he was "sound in wind and limb;" "right to the back bone;" "would stand by the poor old ship;" so he could have every indulgence for these sportive sallies.

Sir Thomas Hall went on, in the same strain—"that every man had his price, you know; not in money down, my dear Sir John, or in a cheque on Coutts; but there is some-

thing that will buy us all, you know. For instance, Sir John, there—if they repealed that thing of twenty-nine, and passed an Act that no Whig should ever hold office—that might be Sir John's price."

Sir John laughed. "Utopia ! Utopia ! my dear friend. They hounded on the mob to shoot poor Percival, a pure man," &c.

There was a sort of coterie near the top of the table. Lady Hall, of Stonehall, was next Sir John ; Mrs. Severne, Severne himself, Lord John, Mrs. Lepell, and that good-natured friend of Severne's, who was actually next to her.

Mrs. Lepell had changed wonderfully within a day. She was no longer timorous and shrinking, as some of the ladies would have put it (modest, her friends would have called it), but could take her place "firmly, like the wife of Jack Lepell's brother."

She was getting down into the house. She was telling her adventure of the day ; but presently Severne began to cross-examine :

"It was a wonderful escape," he said, looking round. "I know I performed prodigies ; and must write up and claim the Humane Society's medal. Such dashing—such gallantry—such splendid chivalry should get *something*. But Lord John, how does *he* come in ? because *he* did his part too, you know, or tried to—did he not ?"

"Oh, hang it, leave me out of it," said Lord John, a little disturbed. "I claim nothing recollect."

"No—I know that," said Severne, "but from mere curiosity. Seriously, I want to know how it took place ? Who frightened the horse ?"

"I didn't, I'll swear," said Lord John. "All I know is, I did my best to stop him. Some fellows, my boy, get into a better line for that sort of thing. I was pulling a stake out of the hedge ; and it was well the pole didn't drive right through my back."

"Lord John did all that a brave gentleman could do," said Mrs. Lepell, in her calm, quiet, almost reproving tone. Then she went on, as it were, with a narrative. "He got down to try and do something with the horses. There was a switch in the hedge——"

"God bless me," said Sir John, "where was the whip?"

"The whip was no use," said she, "Sir John. We had tried everything with the horses. The question was, were they to master Lord John, or he them ? He was actually pulling a switch out, which at the moment I really thought had been put there by Providence, when the horses gave a plunge, and oh"—Mrs. Lepell covered her eyes a moment.

"Quite an adventure," said Sir Thomas Hall.

"I assure you, Sir Thomas," she continued, turning to *him*, "the carriage flew past Lord John as close as that glass is to *that*. You could not have put a sheet of paper between. My eyes seemed to swim ; I thought I should have fainted ; but, Lord John, I must tell this in spite of all your looks and nods, and cautions, as I say though there was a mist before my eyes, I saw an arm strike out wildly at the reins—and——"

"Pooh, pooh," said Lord John, heartily ; "nonsense. It was self-defence. I was frightened out of a year's growth. I'll never get to my full size, and you are the cause, Mrs. L., and no one else."

"Ah ! you may laugh, Lord John," she said excitedly, "you may, indeed, and make little of it, and I know to save a poor weak woman from a horrible death, is only a trifle, but I think it no trifle, and never shall. You would have passed it over, and not said a word about it ; but I could not in conscience."

"Ah, stop, madam," said his lordship, you are making my virgin cheeks blush."

Severne was looking on with great amusement, and yet with a little pique.

"Why, it seems it is Lord John should get the Humane Society's medal after all, not I ; quite right too."

Lord John laughed loudly.

"There's a fix for you, Mrs. L., Egad yes, it comes to that ; nothing for the fellow that saved her. O, uncommon good."

Mrs. Lepell looked down on her plate sadly ; she stole a look of reproach at Lord John, but said nothing. Suddenly Broadwood broke in with great warmth—

"I understood," he said, I followed quite. "Never mind, Mrs. Lepell, I know what you mean as well as if I

was there. None of us here understand you, except—except——” He stopped and coloured.

“Well done, my friend,” said Lord John, “spoke out like a man. ‘Pon my word, this is coming out.”

They all laughed; even Mrs. Lepell *could not but smile* at such advocacy, which only made her ridiculous to a *certain degree*, as we can all understand. But the result was this honest fellow was overwhelmed with confusion after all. The best-intentioned of the community; even the profession by righteous, resent this indiscreet advocacy and panegyric, and reasonably, because it frustrates its own ends, and makes the object a little ridiculous. Thus the dinner passed on, and the ladies “retired,” and Sir John took up politics, and Sir Thomas Hall dismissing his bantering manner, began to talk of “the county,” and then of the “election.”

The country gentlemen then became very wise and eager.

“As for young Groper,” said Sir Thomas, “he be d—d. What does the old lord mean forcing his brat on us? Does he think he has got one of his rotten boroughs here, to stuff in one of his relations.”

“I tell you what,” said Sir John, “I found out old Groper ten years ago! He’s a mere shopman, sir—sell you and me, and the party over his counter. He’s all things to all men. He’s unsound, sir, wind and limb—a mere discount in politics.”

“I suspected that, do you know,” said Sir Thomas, “but I think we can guess where to light on the right man for the right place,” and he looked round meaningly at Severne. “Unfurl the blue flag, rally your true men, Sir John.”

“Save England, sir,” said Sir John; “nail our colours to the mast, and no surrender.”

“Ah!” said Sir Thomas, “that’s the tune. There can be no mistake in *this* house. We know the sort of article that can be got here, the true sample, sir, and of the right stuff. My dear Sir John will bring him in a canter. Eh! Severne.”

Sir John looked delighted. All turned to Severne as if expecting a rapturous profession of faith, in reference to *his* nailing something to that wonderful mast which by this time must be almost “honey combed,”

with the holes of nails that have been driven in, and the invisible from the shreds of old bunting. But Severne only laughed.

“I’ll make a very poor hand of it. I haven’t energy to fight for the poor old Constitution. I don’t know how to stop the leaks. You’d better have young Groper.”

“How modest we are,” said Lord John, sneeringly.

“The true Blue is always modest,” said Sir John; “wait until you hear him on the hustings. He’ll give you doctrine. Good sound stuff, sir, the real old port.”

“Ah, if he could give us *that*,” said Lord John, “it would be worth all the politics ever unbottled. Eh, Mrs. Lepell? Sir John says you are a rank Tory. I don’t believe it; and as to Severne, there, why I’ll wait till we get him on the hustings; and until he prints his address, I doubt,” he added, in a low voice, “if he’ll turn out quite as blue as we all think. Our friend wasn’t born during the Flood. I should say he’d go with the young hounds, and run a regular buck on ‘em. However that’s their look out, not mine. I must give him my vote any way, for I owe Groper a grudge, an impudent, upsetting beggar, and as greedy as a pike. Egad, Mrs. L., you’ll canvass for us. I’m going to start myself one of these days. At this moment there’s a fellow looking out for a borough as rotten as old cheese—the more rotten the better—you’ll come down and canvass for me, won’t you, for *the man you know that saved you?* Eh, you follow me, don’t you?”

Lord John was in a half jocose, half malicious humour; but those who knew him well held that this tone was a sign of favourable disposition towards those to whom he employed it. He was, indeed, much pleased with Mrs. Lepell about the little affair of the sledge, and after dinner told Captain Philips, to that officer’s open disgust, that “she was the top lot of the whole fair.”

It was now close on nine o’clock. From the dining-hall they heard the gigs and carriages driving in. Sir John had asked all within a radius of ten miles, and those who were asked came. The doctor and wife and daughters; more clergymen, more wives and daughters; Hubbard of

the mills, and his wife and daughters. "What, Sir John, and one of those mill scoundrels under *your* roof?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir. He knows his place, as humble as my groom there. That man used to drive a little donkey cart with turnips. I respect a fellow that raises himself *and knows his place*, and sticks to his mills, and don't go buying land,

and trying to become a gentleman. No, I can distinguish." And Sir John *did* distinguish with great warmth; but at this moment, Mr. Hubbard, stimulated it must be said by Mrs. Hubbard, who was yearning to become "a lady," had actually given orders to a London agent to keep an eye out for an eligible thing about a hundred and twenty thousand or so.

#### PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

It is a lamentable thing to see youth cut off in the flower of its physical vigour, and it is, if anything, more lamentable to see the first mantling pride of maturity relentlessly laid low; but the most lamentable of all spectacles is that of a man stricken down in the meridian of life, when moral and intellectual maturity is alone attained—when the errors of youth are finished—the fever of that wild season subsiding, and the character emerging stronger, better, and more hopeful. Such, we shall endeavour to show, was the case with the subject of the present essay, and in this fact lies the secret of much of the misrepresentation which has been published concerning him. He has been extolled to the skies by those who were naturally devoted to him as a divine poet; accredited by those who were under the spell of his personal fascination with the possession of every domestic virtue—nay, even claimed as a believer by friends, who, at the sacrifice of truth, would willingly rescue his name from apostasy; whilst, on the other hand, wanton detractors and bigoted purists have declared his poetry to be without meaning or genius, and his life to have been void of all purity or religious feeling. It will be our earnest endeavour to eliminate the truth from these contradictory statements, which, we think, lies, as usual, between the two extremes; for we shall find upon examination that, whilst he was not a divine poet, in the usual acceptation of the term, yet his poetry had in it many and marked evidences of genius; that his domestic life, though characterized by much tenderness of affection, was not faultless, since he drove his deserted wife to drown her-

self, through his open and wanton adultery; and as regards his religious belief, though it is futile to endeavour to twist his creed into anything like Christianity, yet it contained the germ of a fruit which was, unfortunately, never to be matured. In our estimate of his character, therefore, we shall take into consideration this promise of better things, which was budding forth in his intellectual and moral nature, when he met his untimely death; cut off just as the sky began to brighten, the clouds to clear away, and the sun to shine forth in its glory.

Shelley has been unfortunate in his biographers. There have been memorials, and remains, and anecdotes published concerning him, but the only work which pretends to the completeness of a biography—and it ends in its pretension—is that of Mr. Hogg, his friend and fellow-student, who, with pardonable partiality, never loses an opportunity of showing what a great man Shelley was, nor with unpardonable egotism, how much greater man he was than Shelley. His work would have been more appropriately styled the "Autobiography of Thomas Jefferson Hogg, with incidents from the life of *one Shelley*." It appears to have been used as an opportunity for describing his own appearance, views, and prejudices—of telling us what he said, did, and advised—of ridiculing the Welch, whom he visited, whose national character he has blackened, but whose hospitality and old port he condescends to admire—to vent his unreasonable, but harmless, hatred of Irishmen, and his contempt for Scotchmen—to vilify Oxford, and more especially University College, which,

if his description be true, must have been little better than a common tap-room—to abuse Bulwer Lytton, for whom he wrote articles on Shelley and who, rashly venturing to make a few corrections, fell foul of Mr. Hogg, who publishes a letter from Sir Bulwer Lytton, which, compared with his own style of remonstrance, justifies the reproof and cold contempt which he received from the hands of the Editor of *Colburn*. On one occasion he met Sydney Smith, whom he declares to be “a noisy, impudent, shallow clerical jester,” but does not tell us what Sydney Smith said to him. However, this gentleman’s version of his friend’s life is useful, inasmuch as it contains many of Shelley’s letters, and descriptions of little peculiarities which came under his observation during his long and close friendship with the poet. From this work, and the various other recollections and reminiscences—more especially from the excellent papers of Mr. Peacocke, in *Fraser’s Magazine*—it may be possible to gather something like the true version of Shelley’s story; though, in using all these materials, great allowance is to be made for prejudices and predilections on the part of those who gave them to the world under the influence of the personal recollections of their subject.

In estimating the position of a poet in these latter days, it is difficult to settle what should be the criterion of excellence. It has long been the delusion of the world, that an approach to any of the great models was a sufficient criterion—not a slavish approach, which would be only an imitation, but an approach in spirit, vision, and conception. But if the accepted models are condemned, then what are we to do for a new criterion? We are driven to these remarks by a criticism passed by one of those great reviews, which are supposed to form the public taste, and to provide plain men with a means of judging on these matters. The decision of the reviewer is so important that we may be pardoned for giving the matter somewhat *in extenso*.

In the *National Review* for October, 1862, there will be found a critique upon the poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough, of which we quote two specimens, and an important

passage from the reviewer’s opinion, in order that the reader may judge for himself:—

“He has a life small happiness that gives,  
Who, friendless, in a London lodging lives;  
Dines in a dingy chop-house, and returns  
To a lone room, while all within him  
          yearns  
Forsympathy, and his whole nature burns  
With a fierce thirst for some one. Is  
there none  
To expend his human tenderness upon?  
So blank, and hard, and stony is the way  
To walk, I wonder not men go astray.”

The second piece is as follows:—

“Where are the great, whom thou would’st  
wish to praise thee?  
Where are the pure, whom thou would’st  
choose to love thee?  
Where are the brave, to stand supreme  
above thee—  
Whose high commands would cheer, whose  
chiding raise thee?  
Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find  
In the stones bread, and life in the blank  
mind.”

We do not quote these two passages for the sake of the poetic description of plethora in the one, nor the bit of false philosophy in the other, but that the reader may be more able to appreciate the criticism which follows upon Mr. Clough’s genius:—

“When, at last, he wanted to do something, or was obliged to attempt something, he had occasionally a singular difficulty—he could not get his matter out of him. In poetry he had a further difficulty, arising, perhaps, from an *over cultivated taste*. He was so good a disciple of Wordsworth, he hated so thoroughly the common sing-song metres of Moore and Byron, that he was apt to write what will seem to many persons to have scarcely any metre at all.”

It is fortunate that we have this poetry and this criticism, as a warning to us of the awful consequences of an *over cultivated taste*. However, as two of our once cherished model poets are extinguished, we must look elsewhere for a criterion by which to try the productions of Shelley. But, before doing so, we must commence with his life.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, on the 4th August, 1792. His father was Timothy Shelley, esq., son of Sir Bysshe Shelley, bart., then living. So that his father being a gentleman

in something more than the common one-horse-gig sense, his grandfather a baronet, and himself heir to the title, we are relieved from all difficulty in introducing him to the reader on the ground of his parentage. Not that we look for such things in connexion with poets, because the divine spark is more frequently dropped in the cabin than the castle, but still there is that ineradicable and praiseworthy feeling imbedded in every human heart, that it is a great blessing to have a presentable grandfather. A gentleman who has occasion to visit the library at the British Museum very often, was surprised lately at the number of pedigree hunters busily engaged in daily research, at that well known corner of the room where all the materials on the subject are kept, and upon inquiring the reason, was told that there was just now an unusual demand for pedigrees from America. Here surely is food for reflection. Universal brotherhood is at last becoming anxious to ascertain who has the best grandfather.

Of the first ten years of the poet's life we have no account, save what can be gleaned from a few letters written by his sister Helen, and published in Mr. Hogg's biography. From these we gather one or two circumstances, trifling in themselves, but suggestive of the character which was just beginning to develop itself, and also indicative of a certain peculiar affection of mind, which may, perhaps, assist us in solving the enigma of the man. It appears that he was a most beautiful child, with delicate hands and feet, best certificates of race, soft expressive eyes, a pure white skin, and bright ringlets shading his brow. In his earliest years, his mind manifested signs of that speculative tendency, which was its marked characteristic all through life. He was very inquisitive, and fond of experiment; he used to electrify his little sisters, and was once heard teaching his infant brother to say "Devil." The divine spark soon gave signs of its existence, for before he was ten years old, he and his eldest sister had written a play between them, and without saying a word to anyone, sent it off with a letter to Matthews, who read it, and returned it, with a note to the effect that he feared it would not do for acting. It is a pity that

this first fruit of his intellect is lost; there must have been evidences of genius in it, written as it was in that tender age, to have induced a man like Matthews to give it a critical perusal. The point upon which we wish to call particular attention, as furnishing us the first clue to one of Shelley's idiosyncrasies is, that at this early age, upon one occasion he declared that he had gone to see some friends a little distance away, and was even circumstantial in his account of the visit, which upon inquiry turned out to be totally untrue, as he had never been near them. This is the more remarkable, as there appears to have been no occasion for the falsehood, which was voluntarily told, and told with every appearance of truth. We mention the circumstance in the order of its occurrence, as it will assist us in connexion with other events of a similar nature, to a correct estimate of Shelley's mental constitution. At the age of ten years he was sent to his first school, Sion House Academy, Brentford; the master appears to have been an empty pedant, as there is an anecdote of Shelley, who, perceiving that he only knew the *Metamorphoses* out of all Ovid's works, one day in a copy of verses he was writing, stole a line from the *Tristia*, which the master condemned as bad Latin, just as Shelley expected, and for which he thrashed him, which was perhaps an unlooked for conclusion to the joke. He continued at the feet of this teacher for five years, when he was sent to Eton, then writhing under the dominion of Dr. Keate, Old Keate, as they called him, an ogre who seems to have lived on smarting boys, as it is related by him that he thrashed eighty in one morning. A terrible school this for the sensitive dreamy young poet to come to, and a sad time he appears to have had: first of all his Latin verses were not appreciated, on the contrary he was thrashed for them, as Lady Shelley, with an amiable partiality and unconsciousness of the imperious demands of versification, deems unjustly: no doubt Shelley's verses bore the impress of his mind upon them, and there are few things we should like to see more than some of those early efforts; but Head Masters never recognise rising genius, they persist

in looking for prosody. Then again, the fagging disgusted him, and he rebelled against, and refused to submit to it, which only tended to make his life at Eton wretched. A great deal has been said about the fagging system lately, which like many other things, has its advantages and its abuses. A most severe ordeal for a sensitive delicate youth, perhaps in a few cases injuriously so, but in its general result, there can be little question productive of some good. It is naturally a shocking thing for a tender mother to reflect sometimes that her little cherub, who has been so dangerously fondled at home, is now being engaged in obeying the caprices of some bigger tyrant; ordered to dance attendance upon his lord, to fetch the ball at cricket, carry home the bats, run here, there, and everywhere, and not unfrequently to "touch his toes," in order the more conveniently to receive the customary flagellation for want of diligence: but we must remember that the outside world is not peopled with cherubim nor seraphim, but with strong men and weak, and that all through life, in every place and capacity, the weak men are the "fags" of the strong; so that perchance it may tend to the little cherub's happiness in after life if he take his boy's share of the woes and trials of that miniature world, a public school. Before he left Eton, he appears to have written two romances, one called "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian," and the other, "Zastrozzi," as productions of a mere boy, wonderful enough, but fortunately for the poet's fame, now quite forgotten. His life at the great school was evidently an unhappy one, in the midst of the noisy crowd, with little or no sympathy for their sports or their laws, poor Shelley stood in all the solitude of genius, or strolled about the precincts of the place, his thoughts wandering far away in the wild speculations and wanton vagaries of a poet's restless soul. We can easily imagine the joy with which he hailed his release in 1809, when he returned to Field Place, freed from the horrors of fagging, the trammels of the gradus, the ferula of Dr. Keate, and ushered at once into a new world of moonlight strolls, cousin Harriet, and incipient bliss. The young lady it appears was on a

visit to the Shelleys, and the moonlight walks and beautiful scenery soon accomplished the ends for which they are supposed to be especially created. It was the old tale of first-love, that romantic undying devotion which drives young people to furtive and ungrammatical correspondence—to lingering under boarding school windows, reckless of consequence, and impervious to wind or weather—to the contemplation of celestial scenery, and struggling after rhymes to the "moon," which plunges the young heart into the sweet delirium of that fever of first love—the bright star which lights youth on at its life's starting point, and is even to be seen glimmering faintly, but still glimmering far back in the dark distance at the end of the journey. Like most first loves, this of Shelley came to nothing; but before we enter upon that subject, we must follow him to Oxford, where he was sent in 1810, to University College. Like most enthusiastic freshmen, Shelley seems to have been imbued with the idea that the university was a sort of learned paradise, where the conversation was always upon the elevated subjects of philosophy and science, the frequent discussion of metaphysical difficulties, and interchange of sentiment upon the beauties of classic lore, for we find that the very first time he dined in Hall, he addressed himself to the gentleman who sat next him, upon the comparative merits of the German and Italian literatures—fortunately that gentleman was a freshman also, and not improbably labouring under a similar idea, for we are told that the conversation became animated, lasted through the dinner, and was even continued afterwards at one of their rooms, when to their mutual astonishment and relief they discovered that neither of them could read either of the languages about whose literatures they had been so eloquent. That gentleman was Mr. Hogg, whose destinies were materially affected by the simple circumstance of sitting next this young stranger at the college dinner table. So powerful and mysterious is that influence which genius exercises in this world. A man accidentally sits down by the side of a stranger at a common dinner table in a college, that stranger is an



undeveloped genius, and the work is done, the destinies of the victim of the accident are changed, his career shall run parallel with that of the poet; he shall be the depository of his feelings, his thoughts, his secrets; he shall follow him through life with a friendship which does him honour, and write a bad biography of him, which the critics say has made him ridiculous. However, these two youths became inseparable companions, and one of the most attractive portions of Mr. Hogg's biography is where he describes the life and surroundings of Shelley at Oxford. It is said that he had then a passion for chemical experiments, which introduced an additional element of danger to the chaotic condition of his room. It appears to have been always in a hopeless state of confusion—an assemblage of crucibles, crockery, powder cans, guns, articles of hosiery, pistols, books, papers, and money; a room one could not visit, neither remain, nor move about in with safety, and over this realm ruled the restless spirit of Shelley, who plied the galvanic batteries, heated the crucibles, and filled the retorts at all hours of the night, and with such persistence that fears were entertained by those who smelt the effluvia and heard the reports, that in his eagerness for science Shelley would some day burn down or blow up the whole University of Oxford. His habits seem to have been characterized by that eccentricity which so often accompanies genius, and is so often mistaken for it. He would be seized with sudden impulses, and rush out of a room without any apparent reason; he was fond of throwing large stones into ponds, and dreamily watching the ripples on the surface; another passion he had was for making paper boats, setting them afloat, and watching their course; this he would do for hours on the coldest day in winter, and his companion, whose genius did not lie in that direction, complains with reason of the annoyance it was to him to stand on a frosty day and wait for Shelley, who at the sight of a running stream immediately began to tear up all the letters he could find in his pockets, make them into a whole flotilla of paper boats, float them, and lost in thought watch their course across the miniature ocean.

Then he took a fit of pistol shooting, and never went for a walk without carrying a brace of loaded pistols with him, which he would suddenly discharge at the first available object, a tree, a gate, or even fire in the air, much to the annoyance and confusion of animated nature; and being naturally forgetful and careless in his habits, there was a continual apprehension that in some ramble he would either shoot himself or his friend, or both. In his living he was most simple, scarcely ever drinking anything even at Oxford stronger than water, or wine diluted with water; he would sit lost in reverie, or lie asleep, curled up like a dog on his rug, before a large fire for hours: in fine, in all his ways his restlessness, his carelessness, his forgetfulness, he proved himself to be one of those wanton sons of genius, one of those wayward children whom the world like a fond parent scolds yet admires, chastises yet loves, bears with his caprices, endures his rebellions, sorrows for his vices, and when he dies cherishes the very memorials of his follies with all the tenderness of a mother's love.

The first thing he was told to do on entering the university was to read Aristotle, that philosopher being just as much the presiding genius of Oxford thought now as in the olden times, when she was the hotbed of Scholasticism. Without venturing to assert, as a theory, that Shelley's scepticism was based upon the study of Aristotle, because we shall endeavour to show that his mind was naturally sceptical, even to a morbid degree, still we submit that it is possible, nay probable, that the incessant objections and minute distinctions, the material doubting, recalcitrant reasoning, so peculiar to the Stagyrte, may have had an injurious effect upon the opening mind of Shelley, and if it did not give it the sceptical bent, confirmed it in that inclination already imparted to his thought. The tendency of the Aristotelian mode of investigation, and of the Aristotelian philosophy is towards scepticism; there exists in proof of this, happily in the obscurity of antiquarian libraries, the mass of scholastic writings which sprung out of it during the four centuries of its reign in Europe; there is also the testimony of some of the greatest lights of the

world to it. Bacon was an Aristotelian in early life, but broke away from it, and has left on record his deprecation of that philosophy; the most noted sceptics of the world were Aristotelians, and it was only when Aristotelianism was on its decline, and receded before the revival of the nobler system of Plato, that the Reformation, which was virtually a resuscitation of religious faith from the charnel house of philosophic doubt, made its firm stand in Europe, and in spite of the open opposition of statecraft on the one hand, and the sinister intrigue of priestcraft on the other, maintained its position, purged the Church, and gave to the world, in the form of the Bible, the very handbook of faith itself. Shelley did not, however, confine his reading, more especially his Greek reading, to mere college subjects; he appears to have been very fond of the Greek literature, a fact we shall have to dwell upon more fully when we come to analyze his poetry. In consequence of this fondness, he had acquired a facility in reading Greek off at sight, which would have astonished some of the great Dons themselves. Mr. Hogg tells us he read it as easily as one would French; that he would sit for hours reading the simple text without note or reference to a lexicon; and it is only by the possession of this facility that the student can really enjoy any literature, appreciate its beauties, or imbibe its spirit. We hear sometimes of men weeping over such scenes as the interview between Hector and Andromache, in Homer, or Plato's description of the death of Socrates, and it must be looked upon as an evidence, not only of a tender heart, but also of sound scholarship, because one could not conveniently weep, if between the tears he had to hunt up the words in Liddell and Scott. However, Shelley possessed this rare facility, and used it well; he devoted himself to the literature of Athens—that glory of human intellect; he devoured Greek by volumes; he was fond of Sophocles, and imbibed some of his sweetness; he has imitated *Æschylus*, not unsuccessfully; and if the bent of his mind inclined him towards Aristotle, his taste led him to Plato. His admiration for this latter philosopher was unbounded, but it was an admiration of manner,

not of matter; it was the style that charmed him not the philosophy. True, the ingenious theory of the eternity of ideas pleased his glowing fancy; he used to delight in dreamily speculating on our state of existence anterior to this, and once nearly frightened an anxious mother to death by stopping her in the street, snatching the baby from her arms, and wildly asking it to give him some information of that unknown world whence it had so recently come; but in every other respect as regards the fabric of his mind, or the inclination of his thought, he was no Platonist.

Whilst pursuing these studies at Oxford, he relieved their severity by composing burlesque verses, in which his friend joined him, which effusions were secretly published under the whimsical title of "*Remains of Peg Nicholson*" (a crazy old woman who had attempted to assassinate George III.) They took immensely, were universally read, and strange to say, were thought by some to be the old lady's genuine remains. In addition, however, to this little amateur authorship, these gentlemen, who formed a community of pursuits, were in the habit of reading the metaphysical books then in vogue, more especially Hume's "*Essays*," of which they made an analysis. Out of these analyses, Shelley compiled a pamphlet which he got printed in the country, and from that time he adopted an ingenious device to entrap unwary people into a controversial correspondence with him. He would write to a stranger, enclosing a copy of his pamphlet, saying that he had come across it casually, and could not controvert its truth, and begging assistance. Many used to enter into a discussion with him, whilst some made no reply. Things went on very well, until Lady Day, 1811, when Shelley was suddenly sent for, and upon going into the Common Room, found the Master and two Fellows, the former of whom producing the unfortunate pamphlet, demanded authoritatively of Shelley if he were the author of it. Shelley declined to answer any questions upon the subject; an angry colloquy ensued, which the Master cut short by telling him summarily that he was expelled, and handing him the sentence, which must have been already drawn up before the in-

interview. In an agony of mind which can be understood only by those who have gone through a similar ordeal, poor Shelley rushed back to his friend, and frantically stammered out the intelligence of the severe sentence which had been passed upon him. Mr. Hogg very nobly stood by his friend, and wrote to the Master and Fellows begging them, on the part of Shelley, to reconsider their decision ; in reply he received an invitation to a similar interview ; the same questions were put to him as to his friend, and upon his refusing to answer, he was summarily expelled, and the sentence of expulsion handed to him. The manner of the Master of the College seems to have been very overbearing, and to Hogg even insulting. However, that gentleman dismisses him, with the following benediction : "I thank God I have never seen that man since ; he is gone to his bed ; there let him sleep. Whilst he lived he ate freely of the scholar's bread, and drank from his cup, and was sustained throughout the whole term of his existence, wholly and most nobly by those sacred funds that were consecrated by our forefathers to the advancement of learning."

Now, although it must have been very annoying to Shelley that the University of Oxford declined to recant their religious opinions, and embrace the gospel of scepticism which he had begun to preach, still we cannot help thinking that the authorities behaved towards him with undue severity. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that a vigilant supervision should be exercised over the opinions of a body of impulsive young men, living together in the freedom of university life ; but to blast the prospects of a youth for writing a foolish pamphlet, without making any endeavour to reason with him, seems to be cruel, indeed, and when pursued by men who are under the vows of the Christian priesthood, most atrocious. How many men, who become good Christians in after-life, have gone through a little of that incontinent infidelity, so attractive to the youthful mind ; and it is not improbable that if Shelley had received more kindness, and a little parental advice from his tutors, at that critical moment of his career—if, instead of expelling him from their

halls, they had merely advised him to try "a change of air" for a time, the course of his existence might have been altered. He was one of those natures which yield instinctively to gentleness, but resist to the utmost, and even go far beyond their own intentions, when opposed by violence ; and the injustice of this treatment at Oxford sunk deep into his soul, and tintured his whole life. One result, too, of this expulsion was the breaking off the engagement which had existed between him and "Cousin Harriet," which was a severe blow for him. For some time this young lady had entertained grave misgivings as to Shelley's opinions, and had consulted her father and brother on the subject. The affair at Oxford brought this hesitation to a crisis, and from that time she declined to have any further communication with him—jilted him on theological principles—so that the position of poor Shelley was most lamentable. Dismissed from college, discarded by his mistress, forbidden the paternal roof by his father, he went out into the world with feelings which can be more easily imagined than expressed. The only marvel is, that in some of his paroxysms of grief and rage he did not use one of his pistols to a purpose. But, fortunately, youth is hard to kill, and broken hearts were not in fashion, for we find Shelley soon consoled himself with another Harriet, and the young lady found a more orthodox lover, to whom she was married shortly afterwards.

The two friends came to London, and took lodgings together, where they lived for some time—Shelley in a very precarious manner, being thrown on his own resources, the indignant father declining to allow him anything, but recommending to his perusal the works of Paley (Paley, as he used to call it). Soon after their settlement in London, Mr. Hogg, whose devotion to Shelley redeems some of his defective biography, was compelled to leave town, and go to York upon private business. During his absence Shelley, who, doubtless, found "Paley's" works more edifying than nutritive, was compelled to fall back upon his sister, who was at school in London ; and she, with all a sister's loving devotion, used to send him her pocket money, and little

presents of various kinds, generously and affectionately. This faithful girl, whose good deed is mentioned quite incidentally in the biography, deserves to be immortalized, for she stood bravely by one of the world's great ones, when all the rest frowned on him and deserted him. But the means which this good sister employed to convey her little contributions to Shelley were fraught with the most tremendous consequences. At the school was another young lady, whose father followed the praiseworthy but not very dignified occupation of coffee-house-keeper, and, as she was in the habit of going home, Shelley's sister induced her to carry little sums of money, &c., to her poor, forsaken brother. Thus met Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Westbrook—a fatal meeting for both.

Consequences which might have been easily predicted, soon ensued. Shelley was in distress and a poet, and the poor coffee-house-keeper's daughter, though not very poetical, had a heart, and that heart—touched with Shelley's misfortunes, and naturally drawn to him by the confidential familiarity resulting from these secret communications—soon yielded to a gentler feeling, when, by-and-by, it was thrown in as another contribution, to lighten the sorrows of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Ultimately, an arrangement was come to with his father, who agreed to allow him £200 per annum, and things went on better.

Some idea may be formed of the state of his opinions at this time from the following fragments of letters written by him to his friend. Speaking of one of his sisters, who was carefully and judiciously kept away from him, he complains of her being "lost." He says: "She talks cant and twaddle. A young female, who only once, for a short time, asserted her claim to the unfettered use of her reason, bred up with bigots, having before her eyes examples of the consequences of scepticism, or even of philosophy—which she must now see to lead directly to the former—how can she be rescued from its influence?" Then, speaking of his third sister, Helen, he says: "There are some hopes of this dear little girl. She would be a divine little scion of infidelity, if I could get hold of her."

Lastly, from a letter to his friend Hogg, we find him also subjecting the fresh, young mind of his new lover, Harriet Westbrook, to this philosophic training, with a view to higher things, for he says: "I am now at Miss Westbrooke's. She is reading Voltaire's '*Dictionnaire Philosophique*.'" And a little further on, he speaks of marriage as being—"the most unrequired fetter which prejudice has forged."

Six months rolled by, during which time Harriet Westbrook, having made some progress in the "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*" of Monsieur de Voltaire, and not a little in that unwritten philosophy of love, naturally felt some repugnance at returning to those suburban halls of learning, with its discipline, its monotonous exercises, and its sky-blue beverage. She was no longer a schoolgirl—she was a woman—she had made more progress under the tuition of Dr. Shelley in six months than she would have done at the "Academy for young Ladies" in sixty years. She had read M. de Voltaire's "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*;" she had been to the Delphic Oracle, where Mr. Shelley, officiating as priest, had whispered the magic words in her ear, and henceforth there could be no more schoolgoing for Harriet Westbrook. Consequently, when her prosaic father proposed a return to her studies, that young lady manifested some reluctance, and consulted the oracle upon the subject, who advised resistance, upon which she acted; but, to the astonishment of the oracle, threw herself upon his protection and the £200 per annum. This was a vigorous step, but Shelley was not slow to respond to it, and the young couple eloped to Edinburgh in August, 1811, when they found, after paying expenses, they had not sufficient money to carry out their matrimonial intentions. An appeal was made to the landlord where they lodged, who advanced the necessary funds, until Shelley should get a remittance, and they were married, not at Gretna Green but at Edinburgh.

At this point it is necessary that we should say something about the lady who was now Shelley's wife, and who, in all probability, would one day grace the honours of his baronetcy. Though not bred up in the circles of

the *haut monde*, where alone that indescribable but indigenous grace is to be acquired, her manners were polished and agreeable, with that charming ease of nature which accompanies the emanations of a pure and innocent mind. She was very fond of reading, especially of reading aloud, in which accomplishments she excelled; whilst she always graced any society to which she was introduced, yet she was satisfied and happy in retirement with her husband. She was devotedly fond of him, and did all in her power to accommodate herself to his tastes and habits; so that although the match was far from being what would be called an advantageous one—was not even a prudent one—yet it was evident that in this young and virtuous lady Shelley had become possessed of the elements of domestic happiness, and might reasonably look forward to that shelter from the storms of life—a contented home. What a wreck he made of his happiness we shall presently see. When they left Edinburgh the young couple went to Ireland, visited Cork, Killarney, and Dublin; then to the Isle of Man, Wales, and Devonshire. From here they returned to London; but, driven by some restlessness on the part of Shelley, they went into Wales again, and took a furnished house at Tanyralit, near Tremadoc, Caermarthenshire. At this place Shelley had what is now generally understood to be an imaginary attack made upon his life, and as this is the second of the instances already alluded to as bearing upon his mental constitution, we shall be pardoned if we give the matter somewhat in detail. The version given by Mrs. Shelley (Harriet Westbrook) is as follows:—They had retired between ten and eleven one evening, and in about half an hour Shelley, fancying he heard a noise from one of the parlours, went down with two loaded pistols, went into the billiard-room, where he heard footsteps as of some one retreating, followed the sound into another room, where he saw a man in the act of getting out of the window, which opened into the shrubbery; the man fired at him, but he avoided the shot, and fired in return, but the pistol flashed in the pan. The robber then knocked him down, and in the struggle Shelley fired his second pistol and

wounded him. He, however, got up and made his escape. It was then arranged that Shelley and a man-servant should sit up, and Mrs. Shelley retired; but in about three hours she heard the report of a pistol again, and, rushing down stairs, was met by Shelley, whose dressing gown appeared to be shot through. His explanation was that he had sent the man to see what hour it was, when, hearing a noise at the window, he went there, and was fired at again by the same robber, who pushed his arm through. Shelley fired at him in return, but his pistol would not go off. He then aimed a blow at him with an old sword, which the man tried to get from Shelley, when the servant's return put him once more to flight. Mrs. Shelley adds that nothing had been heard of this man, and a report had been circulated that it was all a fiction, invented by her husband to impose upon the tradesmen and leave without paying them. Mr. Hogg himself says that persons acquainted with the locality and circumstances carefully investigated the whole matter, but arrived at the conclusion that no such attack had ever been made, and ultimately it came to be regarded as a delusion—an inference which a similar fantasy towards the end of his career will support. At one time he fancied he had caught elephantiasis from an old lady in a coach, and nothing could dissuade him from the notion until a friend casually quoted the following passage from Lucretius:—

“Est elephas morbus qui propter flumina  
Nili  
Gignitur Ægypto in media neque præterea  
usquam;”

and the delusion was dispelled immediately.

We now approach that period in the poet's life when he committed an act which, in spite of our admiration of him as a poet, our pity for the misfortunes of his youth, our compassion for his errors, we can call by no other name than a deed of heartless cruelty, when he wantonly deserted his wife who loved him, had borne with all his caprices, followed him in his restless wanderings, and who was then the mother of two children. For three years this domestic happiness continued, obscured now and then

perhaps, but only by those passing clouds which drift across the brightest sky. Letters there are extant, written during this period by Shelley, in which he speaks of her in the fondest terms, and beyond the self-imposed cares of a restless mind, there is no evidence of any disagreement or dissonance arising in their home. Exception may be taken in favour of two facts which have been dwelt upon by those who have from the most natural motives become the apologists of his desertion. The first is, that a wet nurse was employed for whom Shelley conceived a great antipathy; and the second, that a sister of his wife lived with them, whom he afterwards declared he hated. Domestic history furnishes us with few instances of passionate attachment between husbands and mothers-in-law, and perhaps the same rule obtains sometimes as regards the wife's sister, but in any case it is absurd to urge the existence of these two annoyances, which might have been terminated by a word from him as an explanation, or in ever so slight a degree as a justification of Shelley's behaviour. However, without employing hypothesis, we shall be able to show from facts, as we develop this portion of the narrative, that no estrangement had ensued between the poet and his wife up to the time of his desertion. Shelley was married to Harriet Westbrook in Scotland as we have shown in August, 1811, the letters in which he speaks of her in the highest terms are up to the end of 1812; but the best and most convincing proof of their affection for each other is, that after returning from the Cumberland Lakes, just before Christmas, 1813, he took a house at Windsor, and in March, 1814, in order to avoid any ambiguity, was remarried to Harriet, at St. George's, Hanover-square, as the register book of marriages for that parish will prove, four months after which ceremony he deserted her. Now had there been a series of disagreements and estrangements gradually coming to a crisis as it has been asserted, at the catastrophe of which they separated by mutual consent, this would have been the last step they would have taken, because a divorce might easily have been procured in Scotland—in fact the theory of mutual separation is wholly untenable and inconsistent. What then was

the real cause of the separation, or to revert to the proper word, the desertion? We must go back a little. At this period there lived in London a philosopher whose influence upon the thinking of a large body of his fellow countrymen was very great, but whose works and doctrines now happily sleep the peaceful slumber of obscurity. Those who may have the patience to wade through the strange views and theories upon social laws and customs as developed in the works of William Godwin, the author of "*Caleb Williams*," will lament that the unquestionable genius of the man should have been so perverted. One of the tenets of this philosopher—that of the tyranny of the marriage tie, or the absurdity of attaching any sanctity to the marriage ceremony—has been filtered down, wofully degenerating in its progress, but by that very degeneration illustrating its nature, from the philosophical code of Godwin to the system of ethics taught in the bigamy and adultery novels which vitiate the fiction writing of these days.

For a long time Shelly had been an ardent admirer of the genius of Godwin, and become imbued with many of his doctrines: he had even opened a communication with him by writing, and long before they had met in the flesh, they were known to each other through the medium of philosophical correspondence. Ultimately an interview was arranged, and these two men met—the philosopher and his disciple—the former to enforce his peculiar doctrines by the more powerful agency of conversation—the latter to carry out those doctrines in a manner which neither had anticipated. Residing with the philosopher was a daughter, Mary Wollstoncraft Godwin, then a fascinating young lady, endowed mentally and physically with an unusual amount of charms; as a classical scholar she might have graduated in either University; as a philosopher she might have succeeded to her father's chair, and as an author she won for herself no mean place before attaining maturity. Poor Shelly gazed on this prodigy, and fell, literally fell, before her. There can be no doubt it was one of those fatuities which do occasionally befall men in their course through life, and unless

the victim possess a sufficient power of self-control, or principles of a still higher order, he yields to the tempting allurements, and is hurried on to social degradation, ruin, crime, and even death. It is one of the most subtle secrets of our moral constitution, and the most lamentable proof of our fallen nature, that the strongest amongst us, that is, the mere morally strong, is liable to be assailed at any moment by a temptation which overpowers him, to which he yields, and under which he sinks. The dark annals of crime attest this—it is the secret of all that deep guilt which springs up to the light from time to time in the most unlooked for quarters, where men who have hitherto led moral lives have suddenly given way to the impulse of some temptation, and plunged at once into the lowest depths of crime; it was that, and nothing but that, the secret operation of sudden temptation, against which no human training, nor human philosophy can guard, which prompted a hitherto honest, weak, timid youth to commit a murder upon his fellow-traveller, the bold atrocity of which shook all England with horror. This fatal liability of the unsheltered heart, that is, of the heart guarded and guided by nothing but its own strength, is a subject too often overlooked, its truth is attested by the history of many a dark crime, more especially of some recent crimes, and it was the consciousness of its importance which prompted that mystic prayer of David, "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Shelley fell in love with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, as we say, "at sight." His appearance shortly after the acquaintance betrayed the state of his feelings—his eyes were bloodshot, his face haggard, his dress neglected, he talked about suicide; he said to a friend, "Every one who knows me must know that the partner of my life must be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy: Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither."

Events soon came to a crisis, and the fruits of the philosophy which taught that marriage was a tyranny, and marriage ceremonies inventions, soon manifested themselves. On the 28th July, 1814, scarcely four

months from the date of his re-marriage with Harriet, he left her, his true wife, to the tender mercies of a scandalizing world, and fled from the country with a lady whose philosophy was her strongest virtue. Now, it has been said by one whose tenderness for the memory of Shelley is noble and praiseworthy, that if certain family papers are ever published concerning the circumstances attending his desertion of his first wife and elopement with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, they would acquit him of much of the blame which attaches to his memory. We cannot help expressing a doubt as to the probability of this, possibly a skilful pleader might dress up a clever defence; but Parish Registers are most prosaic things, and the public mind has a tendency to revert to them in matters of this kind, and the Parish Register of St. George's, Hanover-square, records that on the 24th of March, 1814, Percy Bysshe Shelley was solemnly re-married to Harriet; and we have already seen that four months after this event the same Percy Bysshe Shelley eloped to the Continent with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. We fear it would take evidence of an unheard-of character, and an immense mass of papers to divest the minds of Englishmen of the ideas that this act of Shelley was none other than a cruel desertion; that the phase of domestic life which he led up to the time of his deserted wife's suicide, was one of open, undisguised adultery, and that in the social category Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin during that time stood to him in no other relation than that of mistress. We submit that the lamentable end of his deserted wife would counteract the effect of any quantity of family papers. Strange to say, the theory of the elective affinities was fashionable just then—a sublime philosophy, preached by Goethe in his "Die Wahlverwandschaften." A word of explanation may be necessary to explain the nature of this theory to those who have not read the novel of the great German. If a sentimental gentleman suddenly finds that he has an "elective affinity" for a married lady, and the married lady having no great "elective affinity" for her husband, contracts a little for the sentimental young gentleman, the ethics

of that system justified any step they may choose to take—they being the subjects, but the unfortunate husband the victim of the “elective affinities.” In this case poor Harriet fell a victim to those of her husband for Mary Wollstoncraft Godwin. One other instance of the operation of this mysterious law we must subjoin. When Shelley and Mary Wollstoncraft Godwin left England they were accompanied by a Miss Claremont, and in their travels they fell in with Lord Byron, the ultimate consequence of which acquaintance was, that a certain child was mentioned in his lordship’s will by the name of “Allegra,” of whom this Miss Claremont was the mother by “elective affinity.” After making a pleasant trip on the Continent, during which he wrote several letters, which were published, and the lady a “Six Weeks’ Tour,” Shelley and Miss Godwin returned to London, where they found that though they were rich in philosophy, £200 per annum did very little towards house-keeping; for we hear of attempts being made to raise means by negotiations with that marvellous people who (with a sharp eye to the present) in the back slums of the Adelphi, still await in patience the restoration of Jerusalem. In the summer of 1815 he took a house at Bishopgate, near Windsor Park, where they resided till the following year. Efforts were then made to induce his obdurate father to relent towards this worthy couple, and to testify such a desirable change of feeling by an advance of cash; but that ardent admirer of the works of “Palley” turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and though unwilling to see the future Sir Percy sink down the graduated scale of indigent vagabondism, still would do nothing until Shelley had assigned to him some of his expectations, when he granted his son an annuity of £1,000 per annum. This may appear to many to be what the lawyers love to call “keen practice,” from a father to a son, and in fact poor old Sir Timothy comes out of the biography of the poet very sadly, and is much vilified. To read some of the denunciations heaped upon this unfortunate father, one would almost imagine that an old gentleman with a choleric temper was one of the most astounding and unusual forms of humanity

ever presented to the world, and only worthy of being held up to universal execration. Shelley’s widow complains very much of the cold treatment she experienced at his hands; but it must be remembered that after all, old gentlemen with choleric tempers are just the characters to conceive a strong dislike for ladies who run away with married men, especially if the victim turns out to be one of their own sons. However, the income of Shelley being now ample, he spent the winter at Bishopgate, in competence and literary ease. The charming natural scenery of the neighbourhood, the quiet, the freedom from embarrassment, combined with the chastening effects of a severe illness, found vent in a short poem, now well known by the name of *Alastor*. But during his residence here, he appears to have had another strange delusion, which we will briefly describe. Mr. Peacocke, his friend, was on a visit at Bishopgate, and one morning wishing to go out for a walk, went into the hall for his hat, but it was gone, and only one of Shelley’s remaining there; he then went into the library, when after some time Mrs. Shelley came in to tell him of a tale her husband had told her of a mysterious visitor who had called upon him, and made some communication. Mr. Peacocke expressed a doubt of the fact, and Mrs. Shelley left. Shortly afterwards Shelley himself came into the room with Peacocke’s hat in his hand, and addressing his friend, expressed his surprise that he should be doubted, assured him that he had received a visitor, that it was Williams of Tremadoc who had come to warn him of a plot laid by his father and uncle to lock him up; that he was in great haste and could not stop, and that he (Shelley) had walked with him as far as Egham. Mr. Peacocke then asked him what hat he had worn, and Shelley at once replied, “Why this, to be sure.” His friend then begged him to put it on, which he did, and it went over his face. Peacocke then asked him how it was possible for him to have walked to Egham in that hat, and Shelley made some confused remark to the effect that perhaps he carried it in his hand, but reiterated the assertion that he had walked to Egham with Williams, and complained of his word



being disputed. He also declared he could see Williams on the morrow, as he had told him he should stop at the Turk's Head Coffee-house in the Strand for two days, and asked Peacocke to walk with him there and see him. His friend being anxious to solve the mystery consented, and on the next morning they set out together, but before they had got to the bottom of Egham Hill, Shelley turned round and said, "I do not think we shall find Williams at the Turk's Head to-day;" Mr. Peacocke replied, "Neither do I." Shelley then said Williams had mentioned that he might probably leave town yesterday, and very likely he had done so. Mr. Peacocke then suggested that if they called there they should at least be certain Williams had been there, and that would be sufficient, but Shelley turned it off with the remark, "I will take every means to convince you; I will write to him; suppose we take a walk?" A few days afterwards Shelley told his friend he had received a letter from Williams with an enclosure, offered to show him the enclosure, which was a diamond necklace, but not the letter. Mr. Peacocke suggested that the fact of his showing him a diamond necklace would not prove he had received it from Williams, when Shelley refused to show him either, and the subject dropped. Such were Shelley's delusions, and they should be taken into consideration in estimating the mental calibre of the man. The old restlessness then came over him, and the quiet seclusion and beautiful scenery of Bishopgate tired him. They went again to Switzerland for a time, and returned to England at the end of August, 1816. But whilst Shelley was enjoying the luxuries of life at Bishopgate, writing beautiful poetry about veiled maidens and raving of mysterious visitors; whilst he and Miss Godwin, when they were tired of their charming and luxurious residence, turned their backs upon it, and travelled elegantly and pleasantly over Swiss mountains and through Swiss villages, gazing on the wonders of Alpine nature, and enjoying the comforts of the best hotels, what became of his unfortunate deserted wife? Time has kindly cast a veil of obscurity over this poor lady's history during that period of sorrow; but

any man with an ordinary knowledge of life, may venture to fill it up. She returned broken-hearted and outraged to her prosaic father's house; to that home which she had left in disobedience an infatuated, wayward child; she now wandered weeping back a sorrowing mother with two children, turned loose upon the world by one who, whilst he wove the expression of the affections into the most beautiful web of poetry, blotted for ever by this foul deed his character as a husband and father. That she was received we know, but there was no mother to soothe or plead for her, and there is every reason to believe that her life was made still more wretched by the only protector left. Who can tell what passed during that terrible two years and a half? the recriminations and reproaches heaped upon that broken spirit, her own absorbing grief nurtured in secret, her weeping nights, her dreams of domestic bliss and her sorrowful awakenings—the mute pleading of her fatherless children, the burning sense of wrong rankling in her bosom—who can estimate that? or who shall say that she was all guilty, when after enduring her many sorrows and her undeserved woe for so long a time, until the heart was broken, the health failed, and reason tottered on its throne, she ended her sorrows in the plunge of the suicide, rushed madly from a world which had cruelly ill-treated her, and sought mercy at the hands of One whose mercy endureth for ever? In the month of December, 1816, Mrs. Shelley drowned herself in the Serpentine—not at Bath, as it has been said, for her father had not left his house in Chapel-street, and to that house, from which she had been beguiled an innocent girl by Shelley, to which she had returned a deserted wife, she was carried back for the last time a corpse. Before that fatal month had rolled by, Shelley had married Miss Godwin (30th of December, 1816), and early in the following year they settled in a house at Marlow, which had been handsomely fitted up for them, with a large library, and every possible luxury. It was aptly said by Colton that "this world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another;" and the truth of that saying becomes appa-

rent when we reflect on the moral anomalies which ensue in the world like that of poor Harriet Westbrooke's blighted life. A young, joyous, innocent creature, with the light of hope beaming in its full morning brightness upon her, and in five short years ruined, crushed, deserted, and driven by desperation to rush madly out of existence by a violent death—what human law could adjust that? In what code or system, body of precedents, or digest of laws, is there any remedy for moral wrongs? How many sicken, totter, and fall on all sides of us, morally stricken with a death-blow as fatal as though administered by the hand of the assassin or the insidious art of the poisoner, whilst the perpetrators pass on through life untouched, unscathed, uninjured! What an anomaly this would be in a providential system, did we not know that there was a Final Tribunal where all these things can alone be settled, and how eloquently do these great unpunished moral wrongs speak of the absolute necessity of such a Tribunal, and how strongly confirm that saying of the philosopher, that "this world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another."

But we must add one remark before leaving this melancholy subject, because it illustrates the power which is invested in the hands of woman in modern society. It is her privilege to regulate not only manners, but to a certain extent morals; and what a tragedy would have been averted had Miss Godwin only exerted her privilege against the advances of the husband of Harriet Westbrooke; but even for her there is this to be said, she had been brought up in the sceptical school of philosophy, or rather the rational school, and taught to look upon matrimony as a mere human institution, having nothing divine or even obligatory in its nature.

But, strange to say, even her own case is an example of how vain it is for human nature to attempt to rebel against divine laws; against the great necessities of humanity. We have read of infidels who have fallen instinctively on their knees in the hour of extreme peril, and prayed vehemently to that God whom in security they had denied and blasphemed; and so here Miss Godwin, though a professed devotee to her father's phi-

losophy, took care to undergo the ceremony of marriage as soon as the breath was out of the body of Shelley's wife.

During the summer of 1817, the year after his wife's suicide, Shelley wrote "The Revolt of Islam," which appeared first under the title of "Laon and Cythna;" but on account of the violence of some of the opinions expressed in it, a revised edition was published, and the title altered to "The Revolt of Islam." Although only three copies of "Laon and Cythna" were issued, one of these fell into the hands of the *Quarterly Review*, who lashed it in the best *Quarterly* style.

It will be remembered that there were two children by the former marriage of Shelley with Harriet Westbrooke, and now that she was dead, he applied to her family for these children. They firmly refused to give them up, and a petition was filed in Chancery upon the question. By some extraordinary arrangement (made, it is said, with Lord Eldon's concurrence), all reports of this case were interdicted, and the judgment was not published in the newspapers. However, Lord Eldon decreed against Shelley, much to that gentleman's indignation, and contrary to the expectation of many. His decision has been often cavilled at. But, independently of judging a man's moral responsibility by his literary productions—a sad test for many, if that were ever made canonical—there were several cogent reasons for Lord Eldon's decision. There can be no doubt that he did not allow the facts that Shelley had written poetry and professed opinions which, however charming in their poesy, shocked the minds and outraged the feelings of well-ordered people to affect his estimate of the case. But there was this very awkward circumstance to be considered. Shelley had not only professed contempt for the accepted sanctity of the marriage tie, but had defied all law, divine and human, by carrying his opinions into effect—had deserted his wife, and eloped with another lady. When a man in a passion vows to take a deadly revenge upon some one, he may be laughed at; but if he carry out his threat by taking his adversary's life, he is properly deprived of the power of doing further harm.

Shelley had not only declared his contempt for the fundamental laws of society, but had practically illustrated his theory by openly violating one of the most sacred of those laws ; and society, in the person of Lord Eldon, very judiciously decreed that he was not a fitting man for the discharge of the highest social duties—that of a parent. We fear there was not much remorse in Shelley's heart for his conduct. One faint expression of such a feeling we do meet with, but its expression was so ludicrous that it can scarcely be regarded as evidence of any deep feeling. On one occasion he confided to his friend Peacocke, that as he thought so much about his dead wife, and suffered such agony of mind, he had resolved upon drinking "a large glass of ale" every night to drown his feelings. However, amongst the lace-makers at Marlow he was very much beloved, for he won their affections by going about amongst them and relieving their necessities. Indeed we are told that, as they were wretchedly paid, Shelley used to have a list of pensioners to whom he granted a weekly allowance.

But the handsomely furnished, luxurious house at Marlow, with competence and friends, embellished by the glory of literary success, all failed to bring peace to Shelley's mind. The old restlessness came on him, his home became hateful to him, and he fled from both home and country, never to return. On the last night he spent in England he went to the Opera, and heard that buffa of Rossini, which never tires English ears, "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*." He took with him his wife and their two children, both of whom afterwards died in Italy. Another, however, was born at Florence, who still survives, and bears the title.

During the year 1818, he renewed his acquaintance with Byron. But, even amidst the gay society, and under the charming sky of Italy, the troubled soul of the poet found no rest. We hear of them at Livorno, then at Florence, and last of all at Spezzia, in the bay of which Shelley had a villa. During his Italian sojourn he wrote the "*Prometheus Unbound*," and the "*Cenci*." Here we may remark that we have purposely abstained from passing any

observation upon his works, because the object of this present paper is to delineate his life ; the productions of that life we hope to examine on some future occasion. At Spezzia they made the acquaintance of Captain Williams and wife, which turned out to be a fatal acquaintance for Shelley. Williams was fond of boating, and had caused a small, light schooner to be built upon a certain principle, which appears to have been condemned by all those who were acquainted with the peculiarities of the Italian waters. However, Williams persisted in using this boat, and Shelley supported him. Just at this time Leigh Hunt and his family arrived at Spezzia, being invited by Lord Byron, at the request of Shelley. The two friends had only one interview before the end came. In the month of July, 1822, Shelley and Williams were absent from home, and in the afternoon of the 8th they set sail in Williams's pet schooner from Leghorn, on their return to Spezzia. Trelawney was to have accompanied them, but was prevented from doing so. He, however, watched them set out from Lord Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*, and continued following their course until the *Don Juan* (for such was the name of the schooner) was lost in a sudden fog. Captain Roberts watched them also with his glass from the light-house at Leghorn. It was a beautiful day, warm and calm, when, as they were off *Via Reggio*, and at a considerable distance from the shore, the sky became overcast. A storm suddenly arose, and swept over the sea, enveloping the *Don Juan* and several other vessels from the view. By-and-by it cleared off, and every other boat rode in safety on the waters, but the ill-fated *Don Juan* was nowhere to be seen. She had gone down, and Shelley had died the death of Harriet Westbrook. For some days the two ladies, the wives of Williams and Shelley, suffered the greatest anxiety and alarm. Byron says that Mrs. Shelley rushed frantically into his room, deadly pale, and shrieked into his ears, "Where is my husband?"—and that the expression of her face was such as he had never seen equalled in dramatic tragedy. However, about fourteen days after the accident, the sea gave up its dead, and the bodies of Shelley and Wil-

hams were washed ashore, that of Williams was burned, and the ashes sent to England for interment; the next day the remains of Shelley were subjected to the same treatment, in the presence of Byron and Hunt, and his ashes were buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. So ended the career of this strange individual, who has been a problem to the world ever since. He has been branded with infamy, like one for whom nothing could be said. He has been described as a madman, irresponsible for his actions, and he has found apologists for his worst errors and his greatest crime, whose zeal has done his fame more injury than the undue severity of the one, and the foolish theory of the other. The theory of his insanity is based upon the extraordinary delusions which we have noticed rather particularly, but if he were mad for that reason, there are very few sane people in the world at present. That he suffered from a mental defect is more than probable, such a defect as makes an otherwise sensible man utter things which are untrue, palpably untrue, and yet obstinately persist in asserting them. None but the victim of delusion—that species of mental aberration even yet not thoroughly understood—would venture, in spite of positive proof to the contrary, to make such assertions as did Shelley in the case of Mr. Peacocke's hat, and the mysterious visitor. A man who is what is called "a liar," tells a falsehood, but always associates that falsehood with some degree of probability; but a man who asserts things which bear on the face of them their own refutation, in the extraordinary way in which Shelley did, without reason, and to no purpose, cannot deserve that opprobrious title: he must be a victim of some subtle abnormal state of the brain. There is a slight confirmation of this in the fact that Sir Timothy, Shelley's father, had a like failing; cases are recorded of him in which he used to boldly make statements, which people could scarcely restrain themselves from laughing at, and yet they were persisted in and made with the greatest seriousness. He has been even known to tell his acquaintances, with the greatest complacency, that his friend "Palley," as he would always call it, was indebted to him for the line of

argument which has made his name famous as a defender of the faith. "As I said to Palley" was continually in his mouth. Now it would be hard to brand a man with the character of being a deliberate "liar," who gave way to such delusions as these. There are unfortunately people in the world who tell deliberate spiteful falsehoods, by which others are injured or they are benefited—this we can understand; there is also a species of what we call "white-lying," far more insidious, and far more contemptible—not exactly lying a *narratio falsi*, but a *suppressio veri*, not inaptly termed "sailing very close to the wind," a species of moral navigation at which some good people are very expert. But Shelley's idiosyncrasy belonged to neither of these: we submit, once for all, it arose not from a wilful feeling, but from a diseased abnormal mental state. He was a man of warm affections, yet we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that in some things he must have been actuated by a selfishness almost morbid; a polished gentleman in his manners, of the utmost refinement of thought and feeling, yet at times he could be irritable and abrupt; an excellent and charming conversationist, of a strong social disposition, yet he would be moody, silent, and reserved, and has been known to shut himself up in his room for a whole day, rather than meet his friends. He has left behind him proofs of the possession of an intellect of the highest order, which only required maturing and mellowing: there are passages in his poetry of a most exquisite delicacy of expression and conception: he had drunk deeply at the fountain of Grecian inspiration, until he became himself a true Greek. Another clue to his character, we may mention, lies in the peculiarity of his early training: he was unfortunate in his school discipline, and in the discipline of his home: he had the misfortune to go to Eton when the whipping block was in constant requisition: he was beaten by an empty pedagogue before that, and in his earliest years of home training he appears to have been misunderstood and wrongly dealt with. All Shelley's trainers, from his father down to Dr. Keate, and the Oxford professors, appear to have been of the

rigid school : they would have brought him up straight, as straight as a poplar, but his inclinations were too strong; and so between them all they warped the material. It is an old adage, that as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined; that is both a moral and a physical fact; but people are apt sometimes to go to the other extreme, and for fear of bending the twig the wrong way, keep it perfectly straight, and there grows up a stiff, straight unbending character, with no sinuosities or inclinations, a tall rigid specimen of the poplar tribe of human nature. Now a beautiful tree, a tree which you can not only admire, but even come to love, is one upon whose gnarled trunk you can sit and rest yourself, whose branches spread themselves out far and wide, and under whose broad foliage you can dance or recline, and enjoy its cool shade. A tall, stiff, straight tree is painful to look at long, but a rugged, irregular, mighty, far-spreading tree is that which always pleases the eye and lives in the recollection. Nature abhors a straight line; that belongs essentially to art. Nature is full of curves; the curve is the union of strength with beauty. The river, as it courses through the plain, moves in curves, bends, turns, and meanders—the wave as it raises its foaming crest, falls into a perfect curve—the heavens above us appear like an immense arch—the outline of the hills is a curve—the rainbow, the leaves of plants, flowers, the sun, moon, and stars, are all formed by curves. You will find nothing perfectly straight in nature; it is only in art and humanity that you find these painfully straight lines. Those then who have charge of humanity in the twig form, should take care to bend it, not too much nor in the wrong direction, but to bend it: a stiff, cold, straight character, is an atrocity, but the graceful gentle leaning of humanity is the thing which binds us all together. No two figures can cling together if they are perfectly straight; there is therefore no love in straight lines, they never meet, only cross each other like straight people: curves and circles kiss each other, and thus the general expression of nature, which is made up of these figures, is love. The parasite clings to the bosom of the tree,

which in turn extends its arms to its mate. An embrace is made up of curves, it cannot be done in straight lines, they belong not to lovers, but geometers. Laundresses tell us, as an axiom, that the most difficult thing in the world is to properly starch a ruffle: perhaps the next thing in point of difficulty is to properly starch humanity, for overstarched people are the most severe inflictions which can be visited upon any circle of society, and gentle people fall over them, cut themselves against them, and get impaled upon them in a manner terrible to behold.

Shelley was contemporary with Byron and Keats, and we shall conclude this essay by recounting an incident in the literary life of each of these two last-mentioned poets which, if this should meet the eye of any aspirant after literary honours, may prove an encouragement and solace to him on his arduous way; also we wish to notice a remarkable passage in Shelley's memorial of Keats, which we believe has hitherto escaped observation. The literary incident is as follows. Both Byron and Keats fell into rough hands and were most severely castigated—we venture to think too severely—at the very outset of their career. But it is instructive to notice the different operation of criticism upon the two minds. Byron, when he brought out his "Hours of Idleness," was most severely handled by the *Edinburgh Review*, which told him, amongst other things, "to forthwith abandon poetry and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities which are great, to better account;" that "mere rhyming of the final syllable was not the whole art of poetry;" that "a poem to be read must contain at least one thought either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers or differently expressed." This was severe criticism and small encouragement for a young writer; but Byron, instead of tearing his hair and giving way to melancholy despondency, sat down to his desk and wrote the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where the author of that stricture and the *Edinburgh* critics generally are ground up as fine as their own oatmeal—a sad spectacle for the contemplation of all future ages. However, vastly different was the

effect of a similar criticism upon poor Keats; he was a sensitive and excitable being, and may really be said to have died of the *Quarterly Review*. He was in bad health, it is true, but there can be no doubt that the severe and, we think, unwarranted castigation he received preyed upon his mind, and hurried his death. In the year 1818 he published "Endymion: a Poetical Romance, in four books," of which the reviewer confesses at the commencement of his article that he could only, "by an effort as superhuman as the story itself, manage to get through one." It was called "cockney poetry—the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language." He was told that he had been "bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's criticism," and more than rivalled "the insanity of his [Hunt's] poetry." Poor Keats, after this attack, sickened, drooped, and died. Byron, alluding to his death in his "Don Juan," wittily says,

"'Tis strange, the mind—that very fiery particle—  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

He, however, refused to be "snuffed out" by his article, and lived to make as many guineas by his poetry as he wrote lines. Even Keats's poetry has survived the adverse criticism of the *Quarterly*, and is read with pleasure.

Between Shelley and Keats there was a strong friendship and attachment, and one of the most beautiful of Shelley's productions is "Adonais," an elegy written to the memory of poor Keats, who is personified under this name. Towards the conclusion

of this beautiful poem the lines mount almost to a prophetic strain, and marvellously hint at that fate which was to befall their author in the short space of eighteen months. He speaks of Keats as *Adonais*.

"The soft sky smiles; the low wind whispers near.

'Tis Adonais calls; oh, hasten thither!  
No more let life divide what death can join together."

And when Shelley's body was washed ashore, they found in his pockets, together with a copy of "Sophocles," a volume of his dear friend Keats's poems. We subjoin the concluding lines, which are still more striking, and seem to sketch the very incidents of his own death:

... "My spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.  
The massy earth, the sphered skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;  
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

Let us hope that in the crisis of that terrible storm, when his bark did go down, there was time given for a hurried prayer; and, if so, that the sins and errors, the wrongs and wantonness of his restless life, were all crowded into one last pang of repentance, in answer to which—even as it was to the dying thief on Calvary—the mercy of God was extended to poor, lost, sinking Percy Bysshe Shelley.

## ALL IN THE DARK.

## A WINTER'S TALE—IN FOUR PARTS.

BY J. S. LEFANU.

## CHAPTER XI.

## UNDER THE CHESTNUTS.

VANE TREVOR was rather good-looking; a young gentleman of the slender and delicate type; his dark hair curled, and on his small forehead one of those tresses, twisted, barber-fashion, into a neat little Ionic volute, and his glossy whiskers were curled on each cheek into little rolls like pistol barrels. There was in his toilet something of elaboration and precision which was uncomfortable, and made one fear to shake hands with him, and wish him safely back again in his band-box.

He approached simpering. There was a general air of May Fair—cameos, studs, varnished boots, and lavender gloves—that had nothing of the rough and careless country in it.

"How do, Miss Darkwell—charming day, is not it? Everything really so fresh; you can't imagine—as I came along, and a—this, now really this little—a—*place*, it looks quite charming—quite, really, now—a—as you turn off the road, there's *every* thing you know to *make* it charming."

This latter period was delivered in a low tone, and with a gracious significance.

"How d'ye do, Maubray?"

"Quite well, thank you," said William, with a smile that had a flicker of unconscious amusement in it. Perhaps without knowing it, he was envying him at that moment. "He's a worse fool, by Jove! than I thought he was," was his mental criticism; but he felt more conscious of his clumsy shoes, and careless get-up. "That's the sort of thing they admire—why should a fellow be vexed—they can't help it—it's pure instinct."

"What delicious grounds for croquet; positively I never saw anything so beautiful in my life. Do you play, Miss Darkwell?"

"Sometimes, at the Rectory—not here. The Miss Mainwarings play,

and once or twice I've joined their party."

"But they have no ground there," insisted Mr. Trevor; "it's all on a slope. I happen to know it very well, because, in fact, it belongs to me. Old Mainwaring pays me a pretty smart rent for it, at least he thinks so. Ha, ha, ha!" and Vane Trevor cackled gaily over his joke, such as it was.

"Do you play?" demanded Violet of William.

"Croquet?—no, not much—just a little—once or twice—I'll do to fill a place if you want a very bad player."

"Oh, never mind, we'll pull you through, or push you—ha, ha, ha!—we will indeed. You'll learn it a—in no time, it's so simple—isn't it Miss Darkwell? And then if you can get up one of those Miss Mainwarings—awfully slow girls, I'm told, but they'll do to play with you, Maubray, just by way of ballast, he's such a fast fellow—ha, ha, ha!—you'll want a—slow partner, eh?"

"Yes, and you'll want a clever one, so I surrender Miss Darkwell, just to—to balance the game," answered William, who was a little combative that morning.

"Egad, I should like uncommonly to be balanced that way, I can tell you; much better, I assure you, Miss Darkwell, than the sort of balancing I've been at the last two days, with my steward's books—ha, ha, ha! Awful slow work, figures. A regular dose of arithmetic. Upon my honour you'd pity me if you knew; you really would."

"You really would," echoed William, "if you knew how little he knows of it."

"Come now, old fellow, none of your chaff, but get the balls and hoops, if Miss Darkwell will allow you, and we will choose the ground."

"Lots of ground—I'll choose that if you like—only you'll just run and

get the hoops and balls, for we have none here," answered Maubray.

"No croquet!" ejaculated Mr. Trevor, expanding his lavender kid fingers, and elevating his eyebrows. "I thought every one had croquet now—I mean, you know, the mallet-things, and hoops, and balls,—and— and those little painted sticks, you know—and what are we to do Miss Darkwell?"

"I really don't know. It's quite true; and besides we have not got Miss Mainwaring, you forget."

"Oh! you'll send Maubray, won't you, to fetch her."

"Yes," said Maubray, "I'll go with great pleasure, if Miss Darkwell wishes; but, as I never saw the young lady before, I'm not quite sure that she'll come away with me."

"Well no—ha, ha, ha!—I don't think she'd run away with Maubray at first sight."

"Particularly to come to you," replied Maubray.

"There now, let's be serious—there's a little fellow I saw at your gate—yes, there he is, Miss Darkwell. Suppose you let me send him to Revington. I've no end of those things there; and I'll give him a note to Sparks, and we shall have them in no time."

"A long time, I'm afraid," objected Violet.

"No, I assure you; a mere nothing; not twenty minutes. Do, pray, allow me."

And he wrote with a pencil on the back of a card, an order to Sparks for the croquet apparatus, and away trotted the messenger.

"Three can play, you know, or two for that matter, as well as twenty, and so we can do quite well without troubling Miss Mainwaring."

There was now a knocking at the drawing-room window, where William had seen dimly through the glass, the form of Aunt Dinah at her knitting, with Psyche in her new collar, seated by her. All looked towards the signal, and Miss Perfect threw up the window and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Trevor; what a sweet morning."

"Perfectly charming," responded the master of Revington, with a tender emphasis which Violet could not fail to understand, and smiling toward Miss Perfect with his hat in his hand;

and Aunt Dinah smiled and nodded again in return.

"William, I want you for a moment—here, dear, you need not come in."

The instinct which makes old ladies afford a dole now and then of a few minutes to lovers, is in harmony with the general rule of mercy and mitigation which alleviates every human situation.

As soon as Miss Dinah raised the window, William saw standing in the chiaroscuro of the apartment, a tall and rather handsome old clergyman. A little rusty was his black suit—a little dust was on his gaiters. It must have been he whom William had mistaken for the attorney who was to have visited his aunt that morning. He had seen him walk his nag up to the door about an hour ago, and dismount.

The old clergymen was looking observantly and kindly on William; and, nodding to him, and with her thin hand extended toward her nephew, she said, "This is he!" with a proud smile in her old eyes, for she thought William the handsomest fellow alive.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said the cleric stepping forward and shaking William's hand. "I knew your father, and your grandfather, and your aunt and I are very old friends; and I've just been telling her how happy I shall be!"

"This is Doctor Wagget, my very good and kind old friend; you may have heard me speak of him often, I dare say," interposed my aunt.

"And your reading, sir, has been rather desultory, your aunt tells me, like my own, sir—ha, ha, ha! We had rather give our time than pay it; read what is not exacted of us than what is. But I don't know, Miss Perfect," continued the Doctor, turning to that lady, as if they were in consultation upon William's case, "reading—that is in the case of a man who thinks, and I am sure our young friend here thinks for himself—resembles the browsing of cattle: they choose their own herbage, and the particular flowers and grasses that answer their special conditions best, eh? and so they thrive. Instinct directs us creatures, in the one as in the other; and so we read, he and I—ha, ha; what best nourishes, you see—what we can assimilate and enjoy. For plodding fel-



lows, that devour the curriculum set before them—neither more nor less—are, you see, stall-fed, bulkier fellows; higher priced in the market; but they haven't our flavour and texture. Oh, no—ha, ha!—eh?”

The ecclesiastic was cheery and kindly, and in his manner was a curious mixture of energy and simplicity, which William Maubray liked.

The conclusion of this little harangue he had addressed to William Maubray; and I am afraid that Miss Perfect was more interested by the picture on the lawn; for, without reference to the Doctor's subject, she desired to know, looking with a

pleased inquisitiveness at the young people, whether they were going to take a walk, or *what*? And prolonged her little *tête-à-tête* with William over the window-stool.

When William Maubray looked up again at Doctor Wagget, that divine had picked up a book, a trick of his, like that of the cattle from whom his illustration was borrowed, and who employ every moment's pause at the wayside, in a pluck at the nearest foliage or tuft of grass; and with the intimation, “you may as well join them,” Miss Perfect dismissed her nephew.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CROQUET.

WHILE William Maubray was thus employed, Mr. Trevor agreeably accosted Miss Violet.

“Now we are to choose the ground, you know, Miss Darkwell—you are to choose it, in fact. I think, don't you, it looks particularly smooth just there. By Jove it does!—really, now, just like a billiard-table, behind those a—those a—what-d'ye-callems—the evergreens there.”

“I think it does, really,” said Miss Vi, gliding very contentedly into his ambuscade. There's a little shade too.”

“Yes, lots of shade; I hate the sun. I'm afraid my deeds are darkness, as Dr. Mainwaring says. There's only one sort of light I really like, now, upon my honour—the light—the light, you—you know, the light that comes from Miss Darkwell's eyes—ha, ha! upon my honour.”

The idea was not quite original perhaps, but Miss Darkwell blushed a little, and smiled as it were, on the leaves, and wondered how soon the messenger with the croquet things would return. And Mr. Trevor consulted his watch, and said he would allow him a quarter of an hour more, and added that he would willingly allow the poor little beggar an hour, or any time; for his part, the—the time, in fact, went only too fast for him.

Miss Perfect, looking over her spectacles, and then with elevated chin through them, said:

“Where have they gone to; can you see?”

“Yes—that is, I don't know—I suppose sauntering about—they can't be very far,” answered William, looking a little uneasily. And somehow forgetting that he was in the midst of a dialogue with Aunt Dinah, he strode away, whistling a little air, anxiously, in the direction in which he had left them.

“We have such a charming piece of ground here,” exclaimed Violet, on whose cheeks was a flush, and in whose beautiful eyes a light which Maubray did not like.

“First rate; capital, by Jove! it is,” exclaimed Trevor in corroboration.

“I don't see anything very wonderful about it. I think the ground on the other side of these trees better, decidedly; and this is out of sight of the windows,” said William, a little drily.

“We don't want a view of the windows—do we?” asked Mr. Trevor, with an agreeable simplicity, of Miss Darkwell. “The windows? I really did not think of them; but, perhaps, Mr. Maubray wishes to be within call for lunch.”

Mr. Trevor laughed pleasantly at this cruel sally.

“Well, yes, that, of course,” said William; and, beside, “my aunt might want to speak to me again, as she did just now; and I don't want to be out of sight, in case she should.”

This was very bitter of William; and, perhaps, Miss Violet was a little put out, as she certainly was a little more flushed, and a short silence

followed, during which, looking and walking slowly toward the gate, she asked, "Is that the boy with the croquet?"

"Yes—no—yes, by Jove, it is! What wonderful eyes yours are, Miss Darkwell?"

The latter remark was in a tender under-tone, the music of which was accompanied by the long-drawn scream of the iron gate, as the boy entered with a holland bag, mallets, and hoops.

The hoops were hardly placed, when Miss Perfect once more knocked at the window, and beckoned.

"Aunt Dinah wants me again," said William, and he ran to the window, mallet in hand.

The old clergyman had gone away, and I think Aunt Dinah only wanted to give the lovers a few minutes.

"Villikens and his Dinah," said Mr. Trevor, and exploded in repeated cachinations over his joke. "I vote we call him Villikens—capital name, isn't it—I really do. But, by Jove, I hope the old lady won't go on calling him up from his game every minute. We'd have been a great deal better at the other side of the trees, where we were going to play, don't you think?"

"He is coming at last," said Miss Violet.

"Shall we be partners—you and I? Do let us, and give him two balls," urged Mr. Trevor, graciously, and a little archly.

"Well, I think that's dull, rather—isn't it?—one playing with two balls," remonstrated Miss Trevor.

And before the debate could proceed William Maubray had arrived.

"Every one for himself—eh?" said Trevor; and so the game set in, Trevor and William Maubray playing rather acrimoniously, and making savage roquets upon one another; and Miss Darkwell—though William dealt tenderly with her—was hard upon him, and, so far as her slender force would go, knocked him about inconveniently. "Capital roquet, Miss Darkwell," Trevor would cry, as William's ball bounded away into perspective, and his heart felt sore, as if her ungrateful mallet had smitten it; and his reprisals on Trevor were terrific.

Thus, amid laughter, a little hypercritical, and honest hard knocks, the

game proceeded, and Miss Darkwell, at its close, was the winner.

William Maubray could lose as good-humouredly as any fellow at other games, but he was somehow sore and angry here. He was spited by Violet's partial dealing. Violet, how unnatural! Little Vi!—his bird!—his property, it seemed—leagued with that coxcomb to whack him about—to make a butt and a fool of him.

"I'm not going to play any more. I'll sit down here, if you like, and do"—*gooseberry*, he was on the point of saying, for he was very angry, and young enough, in his wrath, to talk away like a schoolboy—"and do audience, or rather, spectator; or if you choose, Trevor, to take that walk over the Warren you promised me, I'm ready. I'll do exactly whatever Miss Darkwell prefers. If she wishes to play on with you, I'll remain, and if she has had enough of us, I'll go.

"I can't play—there is not time for another game," said Miss Vi, peeping at her watch. "My aunt will want me in a few minutes about that old woman—old Widow Gray. I—I'm afraid I must go. Good-bye."

"Awfully sorry! But, perhaps you can? Well, I suppose, no help for it," said Trevor.

And they walked slowly to the door, where Miss Vi pronounced the conventional invitation to enter, which was, however, wistfully declined, and Trevor and William Maubray set out upon their walk, and Miss Vi, in the drawing-room, sat down on the old-fashioned window-seat, and looked out, silent, and a little sulkily, after them.

Miss Perfect glanced over her spectacles, with a stealthy and grave inquisitiveness, at the pretty girl.

"Well, dear, they went away?" she said, after a silence.

"Oh! yes; I was tired playing, and, I think, William wanted to go for a walk."

"There seemed to be a great deal of fun over the game," said Aunt Dinah, who wanted to hear "everything."

"Yes, I believe so; but one tires of it. I do, I know," and saying this, Miss Violet took up her novel, and Aunt Dinah scrutinized her, from time to time, obliquely, over her

crochet needles, and silence reigned in the drawing-room.

"Very pretty Miss Darkwell is. I quite envy you. Your cousin, isn't she?" said Trevor, graciously. He felt that William would be flattered by the envy, even playful, of Vane Trevor, Esq., of Revington.

"Cousin, or something, somehow or other connected or related, I don't know exactly. Yes, I believe she is very well. She was prettier as a child, though. Isn't there a short way to the Warren?"

"Yes, I'll take you right. She looks, I'd say, about seventeen?"

"Yes, I dare say," answered William. "Do you know those Miss Mainwarings—Doctor Mainwaring's daughter's?"

But it would not do. Vane Trevor would go on talking of Violet Darkwell, in spite of William's dry answers and repeated divergences, unaccountably to that philosophical young gentleman's annoyance.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### UNSOCIABLE.

AT dinner, in the parlour of Gilroyd Hall, there was silence for some time. William looked a little gloomy, Violet rather fierce and stately, and Aunt Dinah eyed her two guests covertly, without remark, but curiously. At last she said to William.

"You took a walk with Mr. Trevor?"

"Yes, a tiresome one," he answered.

"Where?"

"All about and round that stupid warren—six or seven miles," answered William.

"How very fatiguing!" exclaimed Violet, compassionately, as if to herself.

"No, not the exercise; that was the only thing that made it endurable," answered William, a little crossly. "But the place is uglier than I fancied, and Trevor is such a donkey."

Aunt Dinah, with her eyes fixed on William's, made a nod and a frown, to arrest that line of remark, which, she felt, might possibly prejudice Vi, and could do no possible good. And Miss Vi, looking all the time on the wing of the chicken on her plate, said, "The salt, please," and nothing more.

"Vi, my dear," said Miss Perfect, endeavouring to be cheery, "he asked my leave last Sunday to send you an Italian greyhound. He has two, he says, at Revington. Did he mention it to-day?"

"I—I—perhaps he did. I really forget," said Miss Vi, carelessly, laying down her fork, and leaning back, with a languid defiance, for, as she raised her eyes, she perceived that William was smiling.

"I know what you mean," she said, with a sudden directness to William. "You want me—that is, I *think* you want me to think *you* think—"

"Oh! do stop one moment. There are so many 'thinks' there, I'm quite bewildered among them all. Let's breathe an instant. You think—I want to make you think that *I* think. Yes, now I have it, I *think*. Pray go on."

"Polite!" said Miss Vi, and turned toward Aunt Dinah.

"Well, no," said William, for the first time laughing a little like himself; "it was *not* polite, but very rude and ill-bred, and I'm very sorry; and I assure you," he continued, more earnestly, "I should be very angry, if any one else had made the stupid speech that I have just made; and, really, I believe it is just this—you have been too patient with me, and allowed me to go on lecturing you like an old tutor—and—and—really, I'm certain I've been a horrid bore."

Vi made no reply, but looked, and, no doubt, thought herself more ill-used for his apologies.

After tea she played industriously, having avowed a little cold, which prevented her singing. William had asked her. He turned over the leaves of a book, as he sat back in an elbow-chair, and Aunt Dinah was once more deep in her old box of letters, with her gold spectacles on.

They were as silent a party as could be fancied; more silent than at dinner. Still, the pleasant light of fire and candle—the handsome young faces and the kindly old one—and the gene-

ral air of old-fashioned comfort that pervaded the apartment, made the picture pleasant; and the valses and the nigger ditties, with snatches of Verdi, and who knows what composer beside, made the air ring with a merry medley, which supplied the lack of conversation.

To William, with nothing but his book to amuse him, time moved slowly enough. But Miss Violet had many things to think of; and one could see that her eyes saw other scenes and shapes far away, perhaps, from the music, and that she was reading to herself the romance that was unrolled within her pretty girlish head.

So prayers came, and William read the chapter; and I am afraid his thoughts wandered, and he felt a little sore and affronted, he could not tell why, for no one had ill-used him, and when their devotions were over, Miss Vi took her candle, and bid Grannie good night, with an embrace and a kiss, and William with a nod and a cold little smile, as he stood beside the door, having opened it for her.

He was growing formal in spite of himself, and she quite changed. What heartless, cruel creatures, these pretty girls are!

She had quite vanished up the stairs, and he still held the door-handle in his fingers, and stood looking along the vacant steps, and, as it were, listening to distant music. Then, with a little sigh, he suddenly closed the door, and sat down drowsily before the fire, and began to think that he ought to return to his Cambridge chambers, his books, and monastic life. And he thought how fortunate those fellows were, who, like Trevor—what a goose that fellow is!—were born to idleness, respect, and admiration. "Money!—d—n money—curse it! I wish I had a lot of it!" and William clutched the poker, but the fire did not want poking, and he gave it a rather vicious knock upon the bar, which startled Miss Perfect, and recalled his own thoughts from unprofitable speculations upon the preposterous injustice of Fate, and some ultimate state of poetical compensation, in which scholars and men of mind, who played all sorts of games excellently, and noodles, who never did anything decently—in fact, he and

Trevor—would be dealt with discriminately, and with common fairness.

"Don't, dear William, pray, make such a clatter. I'm so nervous."

"I beg a thousand pardons. I'm so stupid."

"Well, it does not signify—an accident—but don't mind touching the fire-irons," said Miss Perfect; "and how did your walk with Mr. Trevor—a—a—proceed? Did he—a—talk of anything?"

"Oh! didn't he? Fifty things. He's a wonderful fellow to talk, is Trevor," said William, looking with half-closed eyes into the fire.

"Oh, yes," persisted Aunt Dinah, "but was there anything—anything particular—anything that could interest us?"

"Next to nothing that could interest any one?" said William uncommunicatively.

"Well, it would interest *me*, if he talked of Violet," said Aunt Dinah, coming directly to the point. "Did he?"

"Of Violet? Yes, I believe he did," answered William, rather reluctantly.

"Well, and why did not you say so? Of course you knew that's what I meant," said Miss Perfect.

"How could I know, Auntie?"

"I think, William Maubray, you are a little disagreeable to-night."

William, at these words, recollected that there was truth in the reproof. His mood was disagreeable to himself, and therefore to others.

"My dear, Auntie, I'm very sorry. I'm sure I have been—not a little, but *very*—and I beg your pardon. What was it? Yes—about Violet. He did, a great deal. He—in fact, he talked about her till he quite tired me."

"He admires her, evidently. Did he—a—talk of her good looks? She is, you know, extremely pretty," said Aunt Dinah.

"Yes, he thinks her very pretty. She is very pretty. In fact, I don't think—judging by the women who come to church—there is a good-looking girl, except herself, in this part of the world; and she would be considered pretty anywhere—*very* pretty."

"Revington is a very nice place, and the Trevors a good old family. The—the—connexion would be a

very desirable one; and I—though, of course, not knowing, in the least, whether the young man had any serious intentions—I never alluded to the possibility to Vi herself. Yet, I do think she likes him.

"I should not wonder," said William.

"And—and—he talked pretty frankly?" continued Aunt Dinah.

"I suppose so. He did not seem to have anything to conceal; and he always talks a great deal, an enormous quantity," and William yawned, as it seemed, over the recollection.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A SUNNY MORNING.

"I SUPPOSE, if he likes her, there's nothing to conceal in that?" challenged Miss Perfect.

"No, of course," replied William, spiritedly, "I think she's a thousand times too good for him, *every way*—that's what I think; and I wonder, young as she is, Vi can be such a fool. What can she see in him? He has got two thousand a-year, and that's all you can say for him."

"I don't know that—I can't see—in fact, he strikes me as a very pretty young man, quite apart from his property," said Aunt Dinah, resolutely, "and I could quite understand a young girl's falling in love with him."

William, leaning with his elbow on the chimney-piece, smiled a little bitterly, and said, quietly, "I dare say."

"I don't say, mind, that *she* is. I don't, upon my life, know the least, whether she cares twopence about him," said Aunt Dinah.

"I hope she doesn't," rejoined William.

"And why so?" asked Aunt Dinah.

"Because, I'm perfectly certain he has not the least notion of ever asking her to marry him. He's not thinking seriously about her, and never *will*," replied he.

"Well, it's nothing to vaunt of. You need not talk as if you wished her to be mortified," said Aunt Dinah.

"I!—I wish no such thing, I assure you; but, even if she admires and adores the fellow all you say, still I can't wish her his wife—because—because I'm sure he's not the least worthy of her. I assure you he's no better than a goose. You don't know him—you *can't*—as the fellows in the same school did—and Violet ought to do fifty times better.

"You said he does not think seriously about her," said Miss Per-

fect. "Remember we are only talking, you and I, together, and—and, I assure you I never asked her whether she liked him or not, nor hinted a possibility of anything, as you say, serious coming of it; but what makes you think the young man disposed to trifle?"

"I didn't say to trifle," answered William, "but every fellow will go on like that where there's a pretty girl, and no one supposes they mean anything. And from what he said to-day, I would gather that he's thinking of some swell, whenever he marries, which he talks of like a thing so far away as to be nearly out of sight; in fact, nothing could be more contrary to any sign of there being any such notion in his head—and there isn't. I assure you he has no more idea, at present, of marrying than I have."

"H'm!" was the only sign of attention which Aunt Dinah emitted, with closed lips, as she looked gloomily into her work-basket, I believe for nothing.

William whistled "Rule Britannia," in a low key to the little oval portrait of the Very Rev. Simeon Lewis Perfect, Dean of Crutch Friars, the sainted and ascetic parent of the eccentric old lady who was poking in her work-basket, his own maternal grandfather, and a silence ensued and the conversation expired.

Next morning, William returning from his early saunter in the fields, saw the graceful head of Miss Violet peeping through the open window of the parlour, through the jessamine and roses that clustered round it. Her eyes glanced on him, and she smiled and nodded.

"Uncertain as the weather!" thought he, as he smiled and kissed his hand, approaching, "a lowering evening yesterday, and now so sunny a morning."

"How do you do, Miss Violet; you said you wanted a water-lily, so I found two in my morning's ramble, and here they are."

"How beautiful. Thank you very much. Where did you find them?" said Miss Vi quite glowing.

"In the Millar's Tarn," he answered. "I'm so glad you like them."

"Quite beautiful! The Millar's Tarn?" She remembered that she had mentioned it yesterday as a likely place, but it was two miles away; four miles there and back, for a flower. It deserved her thanks, and she did thank him; and reminded him in tone and look of that little Vi of other years, very pleasantly yet somehow sadly.

"I mean to return to Cambridge to-morrow," said William, a little regretfully; he had glanced round at the familiar scene; "and I am sorry to leave so soon."

"And *must* you go?" asked Violet.

"Not quite *must*, but I think I ought. If I had brought with me some papers I have been transcribing for Doctor Sprague, I might have stayed a little longer, but they are locked up, and he wants the copy on Tuesday, and so I can't help it."

"It was hardly worth while coming. Poor Grannie will miss you very much."

"And you, not at all."

"*I?* Oh, yes, of course we shall all miss you."

"Some, but not you, Vi."

The old "Vi" passed quite unnoticed.

"*I*, and *why* not *I?*"

"Because your time is so pleasantly occupied."

"I don't know what you mean," said the young lady coldly, with a little toss of her head. "More riddles I suppose."

"Mine are poor riddles; very easily found out. Are we to have croquet to-day?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," replied she.

"Did not Trevor tell you he was coming here at eleven?" asked William.

"I don't recollect that he said anything about coming to-day," she answered carelessly.

"I did not say *to-day*," said William provokingly.

"You did. I'm nearly certain. At all events I *understood* it, and really it does not the least signify."

"Don't be vexed—but he told me he had settled with you to come here to-day, at eleven, to play as he did yesterday," said William.

Ho! Then I suppose I have been telling fibs as usual? I remark I never do anything right when *you* are here. You can't think how pleasant it is to have some one by you always insinuating that you are about something shabby."

"You put it in a very inexcusable light," said William, laughing. It may have been a vaunt of Trevor's, for I think he's addicted to boasting a little; or a misapprehension, or—or an indistinctness; there are fibs logical and fibs ethical, and fibs logical and ethical; but you don't read logic, nor care for metaphysics."

"Nor metaphysicians," she acquiesced with cruel scorn.

"Well," said William, "he says he's coming at eleven, and——"

"I think we are going to have prayers," interrupted Miss Violet, turning coldly from the window, through which William saw the little congregation of Gilroyd Hall assembling at the row of chairs by the parlour door, and Aunt Dinah's slight figure gliding to the corner of the chimney-piece, to the right of the Very Rev. Simeon Lewis Perfect, sometime Dean of Crutch Friars, where the bible and prayer-book lay, and in the shadow her golden spectacles glimmered like a saintly glory round her chaste head.

So William hastened to do his office of deacon, and read the appointed chapter; and their serene devotions over, the little party of three, with the windows open, and the fragrance and twitterings of that summer-like morning entering through those leafy apertures, sat down to breakfast, and William did his best to entertain the ladies with recollections lively and awful of his college life.

"Half-past nine, Miss Violet; don't forget eleven," said William, leaning by the window-frame, and looking out upon the bright and beautiful landscape. "I'll go out just now and put down the hoops."

"Going to play again to-day," enquired Miss Perfect briskly; "charming morning for a game—is he coming, William?"

"Yes, at eleven."

"H'm!" murmured Aunt Dinah, in satisfactory rumination.

And William, not caring to be drawn into another discussion of this

interesting situation, jumped from the window upon the sward, and kissing his hand to Aunt Dinah, strolled away toward the river.

## CHAPTER XV.

### DINNER AT REVINGTON.

TREVOR did appear, and was received smilingly; and Aunt Dinah came out and sat a little apart on the rustic seat, and looked on cheerfully, the day was so very charming. Perhaps she fancied it a case for a *Chaperone*, and being a little more in evidence, than a seat in the drawing-room window would make her, and with her work, and with *Psyche* at her feet, she presided very cheerily.

When, after two or three games, Trevor was taking his leave, Miss Violet Darkwell having, notwithstanding various nods and small frowns from Grannie, persisted in announcing that she was tired, and had beside a long letter to write before Tom left for the town, the master of Revington said—(he and Maubray were knocking the balls about at random)—

"I say, Maubray, you must come over to Revington and have a mutton chop, or something of the kind. You really must; an old schoolfellow you know, and I want to talk to you a bit, upon my honour I do. I'm totally alone you know, at present, and you must come."

"But I'm going to-morrow, and this is my last evening here," said William, who felt unaccountably queer and reluctant.

What could Trevor want to talk to him about? There was something in Trevor's look and manner a little odd and serious—he fancied even embarrassed. Perhaps it is some nonsense about little Vi.

"I want him to come and dine with me, Miss Perfect, and he says you can't spare him," said Trevor, addressing that lady. "I really do. I've no one to talk to. Do tell him to come."

"Certainly," said Aunt Dinah, with an imperious little nod to William Maubray. "Go, William, my dear, we shall see you to night, and to-morrow morning. He'll be very happy I'm sure," said Aunt Dinah,

who, like William Maubray, possibly anticipated a revelation.

So William, having no excuses, did walk over to Revington to dine. There was almost a pain at his heart as he paused for a moment at the stile, only one field away, and saw pretty Vi on the dark green grass, looking at the flowers, with little *Psyche* frisking beside her, and the kindly old front of Gilroyd Hall, and its lofty chestnuts in the sad evening light, and he sighed, thinking—"Why won't things stay as they are, as they *were*? What is the drift of this perpetual mutation? Is it really progress? Do we improve? Don't we?" (he would have said Violet?) "grow more selfish and less high-minded? It is all a beautiful decay, and the end is death."

Violet was plainly intent on her flowers, she had her hoe and her rake, and her movements somehow were so pretty that, unseen, he paused for another moment.

"It is a blessed thing to have so little affection as that pretty creature; old times are nothing for her, and I, like a fool, yearn after them. The future for her no doubt looks all brilliant; for me it is a story, to the end of which I dare not look, and the pleasant past is a volume shut up and over; she is little Vi and Violet no longer, and even Miss Darkwell will very soon be like the song of a dead bird—a note only remembered; and—and I suppose I shall bring back the news to-night, a message from Mr. Vane Trevor, of Revington, to say that he lays his heart and his title-deeds at her feet. It's all over; I look on it as all settled."

Just at these words the edge of the red sun sank behind the hills, and the last level beams of sunset gave place to the tender gray of twilight, except on the uplands of Revington, where they lingered for a few seconds.

"Ay," said William, allegorizing; "the shade for William Maubray; the golden light of life for Vane

Trevor! Vane Trevor of Revington! William Maubray of—nothing at all!—charming contrast.”

And looking still on Gilroyd Hall, and the fading image of Violet Darkwell and Psyche frisking about, no longer white, but a moving gray spot on the sloping grass, he said, touching his finger-tips to his lip and waving them lightly towards her, “Good-by, little Vi; good-by, wicked little Vi; good-by, dear, old, wicked little Vi, and may God bless you, you darling!”

So with a sigh and a sad smile he turned and walked up to Revington. It is a good ancestral looking place, only a little too large for the estate as it now is. The Trevors had parted from time to time with many acres, and a house upon a scale which would have corresponded with three times their income, was rather a tax upon what remained.

“I never liked this place,” thought William, as the iron gate clanged behind him; “I always thought it gloomy, and stingy, and pompous. I wish he had let this dinner alone, I’d have been pleasanter at home, though it’s as well, perhaps, to hear what he has to say. I think he *has* something to say; but, hang it, why could not he tell it as well at Gilroyd, and to the people it concerns? why need he bring me this stupid walk up his hill?” And William as he talked was switching the laurel leaves at his side with his cane, and leaving here and there half a leaf or a whole one on the gravel, and sometimes half a dozen—not quite unconsciously; there was something of defiance, I am afraid, in this trespass.

William came in; the hall was not lighted; he was received in the dusk by a serious and rather broad gentleman in black, who took his hat and cane with a bow, led him through an anteroom, illuminated dimly by a single lamp, and announced his

name at the drawing-room, where Vane Trevor received him, advancing from the hearth rug to the middle of the room, in an unexceptionable evening toilet, and in French boots, and shook hands with just a little inclination which implied something of state, though smilingly performed.

Mr. Trevor was very conscious of the extent of the mansion of Revington, of the scale of the rooms, of the pictures, and in short of everything that was grand about him.

William was a little disgusted and rather uncomfortable, and eat his soup, and cutlets, and kickshaws, gloomily, while Trevor, leaning on his elbow, talked away, with a conscious superiority that was at once depressing and irritating.

They had a jug of claret—not the best even in Trevor’s cellar, I am afraid—after dinner, and sat facing the fire, and sipping that nectar.

“Snug little room this,” said Trevor, looking along the ceiling, with his napkin over his knee, and his claret glass in his hand. “It isn’t the parlour, only a sort of breakfast-room. The parlour, you know, is—it’s considered a handsome room. Thirty-five feet by twenty.”

“Yes, I know,” said William, with a dry carelessness.

“Ah! well, yes—I dare say. A good many people—it’s an old place, rather—do know something about Revington.”

“Especially those who have lived the greater part of their lives within half a mile of it,” rejoined William.

“Ah, ha!—yes; to be sure; I forgot you have been so constantly at Gilroyd. What a nice little bit of a thing it is. I could fancy growing quite in love with it—isn’t it?”

“Yes,” said William, shortly, and filled his glass, and drank it in a hurry. He fancied that Trevor was about to come to the point.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### OVER THEIR CLARET.

“**GREAT** fun, croquet, isn’t it? Awful fun with pretty girls,” exclaimed Vane Trevor, rising, and standing on the hearthrug, with his back to the fire, and his glass in his hand, and aiming agreeably, with his chin in

the air. “I think it capital fun, I know. There’s so much cheating—ha, ha!—isn’t there?—and such lots of—of—whispering and conspiring—and—and all that sort of thing, you know; and the girls like it awfully.



At Torhampton we had capital games, and such glorious ground. Do you know the Torhamptons?"

"The Marquess?—ha, ha!—no, of course I don't; how should I?" said William with a little laugh of disgust.

"Oh! well I—I thought a—but Lady Louisa, she is so sweetly pretty; I was told off pretty often to play with her, and we *had* such fun knocking the fellows about. Capital player and awfully clever—they're all clever—one of the cleverest families in England they're thought; the old lady is so witty—you can't imagine—and such a pleasant party staying there. I was almost the only fellow not a swell, by Jove, among them," and he ran his eye along his handsome cornices, with a sort of smile that seemed to say something different. "I fancy they wish to be civil; however I—from something Lady Fanny said—I rather fancy they have an idea of putting up Lord Edward—you know, for the county, but don't let that go further, and I suppose they thought I might be of some use. Won't you have some more claret?"

"I don't know them—I don't understand these things; I don't care if all the Marquesses in England were up the chimney," said William, cynically, throwing himself back in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and looking sulkily into the fire.

"Well—ha, ha!—that need not prevent your filling your glass, eh?" laughed Trevor, graciously and indulgently, as though he belonged himself to that order of Marquesses of whom Maubray spoke so slightly, and forgave him.

"Thanks; I will," and so he did, and sipped a little; and after a little silence he asked with a surly quietude, "And why don't you marry that lady—what's her name—*Louisa*—if she liked you?"

"It doesn't *follow* that she likes me, and you know there are difficulties; and even if she did, it does not follow that *I* like *her*; don't you see?" and he cackled in gay self-complacency; "that is, of course, I mean liking in the way you mean."

Again this desultory conversation flagged for a little time, and Trevor, leaning on the chimney-piece, and looking down on William, remarked profoundly—

"It's odd—*isn't it?*"—when you come to think of it, how few things follow from one another; I've observed it in conversation—almost nothing, by Jove!"

"Nothing from nothing, and nothing remains," said William drowsily, to the fire, repeating his old arithmetical formula.

"And about marrying and that sort of thing; seriously, you know—your glass is empty again; do have some more."

So William poured a little into his glass, and his heart seemed to stop and listen, although he looked as if he only half heard, and was weary of the subject.

"And as we were saying, about marrying—and, by-the-bye, Maubray, it's the sort of thing would just answer you, a quiet fellow—why don't you think about it, old fellow, eh?"

It was a way Trevor had of always forgetting those little differences of circumstance which, in contrast, redounded to his importance, and he asked such questions, of course, quite innocently.

"You know very well I couldn't," said William, poking the fire, unbidden, with a few angry stabs. "How the devil can a fellow marry in — college, and without a shilling?"

"Ah, ha, it isn't *quite* so bad; come! But of course there is a difference, and, as you say, there's lots of time to look about—only if a fellow is really spooney on a girl—I mean awfully spooney, the big wigs say—don't they? The best thing a fellow going to the bar can do is to marry, and have a wife and lots of babbies—it makes them work so hard—doesn't it? You're going to the bar, you say, and that is the way to get on, eh?"

"I'm glad there's any way, but I don't mean to try that," murmured William, a little bitterly, and after a little pause, during which who knows what a dance his fancy led him, "I know that sort of talk very well; but I never could see what right a fellow has to carry off a poor girl to his den, merely that her hunger, and torment, and cries may stimulate him to get on at the bar; and the fact is, some fellows are slaves, and some can do just as they please; and life is damnably bitter for some, and

very pleasant for others, and that's the whole story; you can marry whenever you please, and I can't."

"I'm afraid it's a true bill," said Trevor, complacently; whereupon there ensued a silence, and twice and again was William Maubray moved to break it with a question, and as often his voice seemed to fail him. At last, however, he did say, quite quietly—

"And why don't you marry, if you think it so good a thing?"

Was it something in William's tone and air, although he was trying his best to seem quite unconcerned, that elicited the quick, and somewhat cunning glance that Trevor shot on him?

At all events Trevor's manner became a little diplomatic and reserved.

"Why don't I? Oh! fifty reasons—a hundred. There are all sorts of difficulties; I don't mean, of course, anything mysterious—or—that sort of bosh; and—and this house and the property, every one knows, are very well. I've been four years in possession, and I've no fault to find with Revington—either tenants or *this*," and he nodded toward the ceiling, indicating that he meant the house. "But—but you know—for a fellow like me; we've been here, you know, a long time; there was a Trevor here in Henry the Fifth's time—but you know more history than I do."

Trevor considered his family and his domicile as a part of English history, and William, who was in an unpleasant mood just then, said—

"And the estate was larger, wasn't it?"

"Ah, ha—yes, certainly—that is, there was another estate," acquiesced Trevor, eagerly, but looking a little put out. "The Torhamptons, by-the-by, have got it now; a marriage, or something."

"A purchase, I thought," insisted Maubray.

"A purchase! very likely. It does not signify sixpence if the thing's gone, and gone it is. But you see, having been here for a longer time, I'm afraid, than you and I are likely to live; and—and having a sort of a place among the people—you understand—a kind of a—quite undeserved—only because we have been here so long—that sort of an *influence*—or whatever it is—a fellow isn't as free as you'd fancy. By Jove! he's tied up, I can tell you; horribly tied up. A poor devil like me. Egad, he's not like a man with an income out of the funds—there's that sort of thing, I suppose it is the shadow—don't you see—of the old feudal thing, but so it is. There's a sort of rural opinion, a kind of loyalty, in a very small way, of course; but it is that sort of feeling—and there's no use, you know, in blinking it; and a fellow has to consider, you know, how his tenants and people would receive it; and—ask any one—you can't conceive how a fellow's hampered, really hampered, now."

"Do you really think they care a farthing?" asked Maubray.

"Care! You've no idea," exclaimed his friend.

"Well, when I make my fortune, I'll keep it in the funds," said Maubray.

"I *strongly* advise you," said Trevor, with admirable solemnity. "Have some coffee? And—and here's curacoa."

"When will he talk about Vi," thought William, as he set down his coffee cup; "he can't have brought me here to dinner merely to hear that pompous lecture."

And, indeed, it seemed to William that Trevor had something more to say, but did not know how to begin it.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MOON-SHINE.

AND NOW, for they kept early hours at Gilroyd, William, with a peep at his watch, declared he must go, and Trevor popped on his fez and produced his cigars, and he set out with Maubray, in the moonlight, to see his friend out of the grounds.

As they walked down the slope, with the thick chestnuts of Gilroyd Hall and two of its chimneys full in view—the misty lights and impenetrable shadows of moonlight—and all the familiar distances translated into such soft and airy outline—the

landscape threw them, I dare say, somewhat into musing, and that sort of sympathy with the pensive moods of nature which has, time out of mind, made moonlight the lamp of lovers. And some special associations of the scenery induced them to smoke on in silence for some time, insensibly slackening their pace, the night scene was so well worth lingering over.

"And—and your cousin—isn't she?—down there, how awfully pretty she is," said Trevor at last, lowering his cigar between his fingers.

"Cousin; I suppose we're all cousins in some roundabout way related—I don't know how. Yes, she is—she's very pretty."

"Darkwell; connected, are they, with the Darkwells of Shropshire?" asked Trevor.

"Perhaps—I really don't know—I never knew there were Darkwells in Shropshire," said William.

"Oh, dear, yes! I thought every one knew that. Darkwell's the name of the place, too. A very old family," said Trevor.

"I did not know; but her father is a barrister, and lives in London, and has some sons, but I never saw them," answered William.

Trevor sighed. He was thinking what low fellows these sons might possibly be. A barrister! He remembered "young Boles's" father visiting Digby once, a barrister, making fifteen hundred a year, a shabby, lean-looking fellow, with a stoop, and a seedy black frock coat, and grizzled whiskers, who talked in a sharp, dry way, with sometimes a little brow-beating tendency—not a bit like a gentleman. On the other hand, to be sure, there were lots of swells among them. But still there was the image of old Boles's father intruding into the moonlight, and poking about the old trees of Gilroyd. They had come to a halt under the mighty clump of beech trees that you can see against the sky from the distant road to Audminton, and, after a silence, Trevor said—

"I remember a thing I saw in a play in London, about a fellow that married a mermaid, or something of the sort; and—and, egad, they got on capitally till her family began to appear, and—and the situation began to grow too—too fishy, in fact, for him; so, by Jove, he cut and ran;

and—and I forget how the play ends; but it was awfully funny."

"Yes," said William, "they ought to come to us like Aphrodite, from the foam of the sea, and have no kindred—in utter isolation."

"Who?" asked Trevor.

"Our beautiful brides!" exclaimed Maubray, a little mockingly.

"It's a confounded world we live in," resumed Trevor, after a little silence. "Look at me, now, for instance, how we are, and all this belongs to me, and has been ours for—goodness knows how many centuries; and I assure you I sometimes feel I'd rather be a simple fellow with a few hundreds a-year, and my way to make in the world, and my liberty along with it—than—than all this."

"Suppose we exchange," said William. "I'll take the estate off your hands, and allow you three hundred a-year, and your liberty, and wish you joy of the pleasant excitement of making your way in the world, and applaud when you get on a bit, and condole when you're in the mud."

Trevor only smiled grandly, and shook his head at William's waggery.

"But seriously, just consider. You know I'm telling you things, old fellow, that I wouldn't say to every one, and this won't, I know, go further." He resumed after a little interval spent in smoking. "But just think now: here's everything, as you see; but the estate owes some money; and I give you my honour, it does not bring me in, net, when everything's paid, three thousand a-year."

"Oh, no!" said William, in a tone which unconsciously implied, "a great deal less, as we all know."

"No, not three thousand—I wish it was," said Trevor, with an eager frankness that savoured of annoyance. He had not intended to be quite believed. "And there's the—the position. You're expected to take a lead in things, you see, as if you had your six thousand a-year, egad, or whatever it is; and how the devil are you to manage it? Don't you see. And you tumble in love with a girl; and—and you find yourself encumbered with a pedigree—a confounded family tree, by Jove! and every one expects you to—to marry accordingly. And I don't say they're not right, mind, for, by Jove! on the whole, I believe they are. So here I am with—

with all this about me, and not a soul on earth to bully me, and yet I can't do as I like. I don't say, by Jove, that I do want to marry. I dare say it would not answer at all, at least for a jolly good number of years, and then I suppose I must do as the rest of the world does. I must, you see, have some money, and I must have something of—of, you know, a—a—*family*; and that's how I stand. Come along, it's growing awfully late, and—and it's very likely—ha—ha—ha!—I may die an old bachelor."

"Well, you know," said William, who thought that Trevor had spoken with extraordinary good sense, "there's no such hurry. Fellows wait, as you say, and look about them; and it's a very serious thing—and, by Jove! here we are at the gate; and I've had a very pleasant evening—*jolly*! I did not think two fellows, by themselves, could be so jolly, and—and that capital claret!" Poor William was no great judge, nor, for that matter, indeed, was his great friend, Mr. Trevor, who, however, knew its price, and laying his hand on William's arm, said—

"Well, old fellow, I'm glad—I really am—you enjoyed yourself; and I hope when next you come, you'll have another glass or two with me. There's one thing I say about wine, be it what it may—hang it, let it be real, and get it from a good house; and give my respects to your ladies—don't forget; and when you come again we must have more croquet. Let the balls and mallets stay where they are, you know, till then; and God bless you, Maubray, old boy, and if I can give you a lift, you know, any way, tell me, and I dare say, my solicitor *can* give you a lift when you get to the bar. Sends out a lot of briefs, you know. I'll speak to him if you wish."

"A good time before that," laughed William. "Many thanks, though; I suppose I shall turn up in a few

weeks again, and I'm beginning to take to the croquet rather, and we can have lots of play; but, by Jove! I'm keeping you all night—good-bye."

So they shook hands, each thinking more highly of the other. I'm afraid our mutual estimates are seldom metaphysically justifiable.

"Well," thought Trevor, as he smoked his way up hill to the house, "no one can say I have not spoken plain enough. I should not like to have to give up that little acquaintance. It's an awfully slow part of the world. And now they know everything. If the old woman was thinking about anything, this will put it quite out of her head; and I can be careful, poor little thing! It would be a devil of a thing if she did grow to like me."

And with a lazy smile he let himself in, and had a little sherry and water, and *Bell's Life* in the drawing-room.

William Maubray experienced an unaccountable expansion of spirits and sympathies, as he strode along the pathway that debouches close upon the gate of Gilroyd Hall. Everything looked so beautiful, and so interesting, and so serene. He loitered for a moment to gaze on the moon; and recollecting how late it was he rang at the bell fiercely, hoping to find Violet Darkwell still in the drawing-room.

"Well, Tom, my aunt in the drawing-room?" said William, as he confided his coat and hat to that faithful domestic.

"Ay, sir, she be."

"And Miss Darkwell?"

"Gone up wi' Mrs. Winnie some time."

"Oh, that's all right, nothing like early sleep for young heads, Tom; and its rather late," said William Maubray, disappointed, in a cheerful tone.

So he opened the door, and found Aunt Dinah in the drawing-room.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SUPPER.

ELIHU BUNG was open upon the table, also the Bible; and in the latter volume, it is but fair to say, she had been reading as William rang the bell. With her pleasant

smile of welcome Miss Perfect greeted him.

"Now, sit down, William, and warm yourself at the fire—you are very cold, I dare say."

"Oh, no; it's quite a summer night."

"And, Thomas, tell Mrs. Podgers to send up something for Master William's supper."

Vainly William protested he could eat nothing; but Mrs. Podgers had been kept out of her bed—an allusion which was meant to make him feel, too, his late return—for the express purpose of broiling the bones with which he was to refresh himself; and Aunt Dinah, who had the military qualities strong within her, ordered Tom to obey her promptly.

"Well, dear William, how did you like your dinner. Everything very nice, I dare say. Had he anyone to meet you?"

"No, quite alone; everything very good, and very pleasant—a very jolly evening, and Trevor very chatty, chiefly about himself of course."

Aunt Dinah looked at him with expectation, and William, who understood her, was not one of those agreeable persons who love to tantalize their neighbours, and force them to put their questions broadly.

"Violet has gone to bed?" said William.

"Oh, yes, some time."

"Yes, so Tom said," pursued William. "Well, I've no great news about Trevor's suit; in fact, I'm quite certain there's nothing in it."

Aunt Dinah's countenance fell.

"And why?" she inquired.

"He mentioned her. He admires her—he thinks her very pretty, and all that," said William.

"I should think so," interposed Miss Perfect, with the scorn of one who hears that Queen Anne is dead.

"But he made quite a long speech, at the same time—I mean in continuation—and there's nothing—nothing *serious*—nothing whatever—nothing on earth in it," concluded he.

"But what did he say? Come, try and remember. You are young, and don't know how reserved, and—and hypocritical—all lovers are, they affect indifference often merely to conceal their feelings."

"I hope she does not like him," began William.

"I'm very sure she doesn't," interpolated Aunt Dinah rapidly; "no girl likes a man till she first knows that he likes her."

"Because he took care to make it

perfectly clear that he could not think of marrying her," added William.

"Upon my life," exclaimed the old lady briskly, "remarkably civil! To invite her cousin to dinner in order to entertain him with such an uncalled-for impertinence. And what did you say, pray?"

"He did not mention her, you see, in connexion with all this," said William.

"Oh! pooh! then I dare say there's nothing in it," exclaimed Aunt Dinah, vigorously grasping at this straw.

"Oh! But there is, I assure you. He made me a long speech about his—his circumstances," commenced William.

"Well, surely he can afford to keep a wife," interrupted Aunt Dinah, again.

"And the upshot of it was just this—that he could not afford to marry without money—a lot of money and rank."

"Money and rank! Pretty well for a young coxcomb like Mr. Vane Trevor, upon my word."

This was perhaps a little inconsistent, for Aunt Dinah had of late been in the habit of speaking very highly of the young gentleman.

"Yes, I assure you, and he said it all in a very pointed way. It was, you see, a kind of explanation of his position, and although there was nothing—no—no actual connecting of it at all with Violet's name, you know he couldn't do that; yet there was no mistaking what he meant."

Aunt Dinah looked with compressed lips on a verse of the Bible which lay open before her.

"Well, and what did he mean?" she resumed defiantly. "That he can't marry Violet! And pray who ever asked him? I, for one, never encouraged him, and I can answer for Violet. And *you* always thought it would be a very disadvantageous thing for her, so young, and so extremely beautiful as she unquestionably is; and I really don't know any one here who has the smallest reason to look foolish on the occasion."

"Well, I thought I'd tell you," said William, "tell you what he said, I mean."

"Of course—quite right!" exclaimed she.

"And there could be no mistake as to his intention. I know there isn't,

and—and really, as it is so, I thought it rather honourable his being so explicit. Don't you?" said William.

"That's as it may be," said Aunt Dinah, oracularly shutting the Bible and "Elihu Bung," and putting that volume on top of the other; "young people now-a-days are fuller a great deal of duplicity and—and worldliness, than old people used to be in my time. That's my opinion, and home goes his croquet in the morning. I've no notion of his coming about here, with his simpering airs and graces, getting my child, I may call her, talked about and sneered at."

"But," said William, who instinctively saw humiliation in anything that savoured of resentment, "don't you think any haste like that might connect in his view with what he said to me this evening?"

"At seven o'clock to-morrow morning, that's precisely what I wish," exclaimed Aunt Dinah.

At this moment Tom entered with the bones and other good things, and William, with the accommodating appetite of youth, on second thoughts accepted and honoured the repast.

"And, Thomas, mind, at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, let little Billy Willocks bring over those great hammers, and wooden balls, and—and iron things; they're horribly in the way in the hall, with my compliments, to Revington, to Mr. Trevor, and—and don't fail. He'll say—Billy Willocks—that they were forgotten at Gilroyd. At seven o'clock, mind, with Miss Perfect's compliments."

"And I'm very glad, on the whole," said Miss Perfect, after about a minute had elapsed, "that that matter is quite out of my mind."

William, who was eating his broiled drumstick, with diligence and in a genial mood, was agreeably abstracted and made no effort to keep the conversation alive.

"He talks very grandly, no doubt, of his family. But he'll hardly ven-

ture his high and mighty airs with you or me. The Maubrays are older than the Trevors; and, for my part, I would not change the name of Perfect with any in England. We are Athelstanes, and took the name of Perfect in the civil wars, as I've told you. As to family, William, you could not stand better. You have, thank God, splendid talents, and, as I am satisfied, excellent—indeed, magnificent prospects. Do you see much of your cousin Winston at Cambridge?"

"Nothing," said William, who was, it must be confessed, a little surprised at his aunt's glowing testimony to his genius, and particularly to "his prospects," which he knew to be of a dismal character, and he conjectured that a supernatural light had been thrown upon both by Henbane.

"Do you mean to say that Winston Maubray has not sought you out, or showed you any kindness?"

"I don't need his kindness, thank goodness. He could not be, in fact, of the least use to me; and I think he's ashamed of me, rather."

"Ha!" ejaculated Aunt Dinah, with scorn.

"I spoke to him but once in my life—when Sir Richard came to Cambridge, and he and Winston called on Dr. Sprague, who presented me to my uncle," and William laughed.

"Well?"

"Well, he gave me two fingers to shake, and that sort of thing, and he said, 'Winston, here's your cousin,' and Winston smiled, and just took my hand, with a sort of slight bow."

"A bow! Well—a first cousin, and a bow!"

"Yes, and he pretended not to know me next day at cricket. I wish he was anywhere else, or that no one knew we were connected."

"Well, never mind. They'll be of use—of immense use to you. I'll tell you how," said Aunt Dinah, nodding resolutely to William.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DEBATE.

"I'd rather work my own way, auntie. It would be intolerable to owe them anything," said William Maubray.

"I don't say *Winston*, but Sir Richard—he can be of the most im-

mense use to you, and without placing you or me under the slightest obligation."

This seemed one of Aunt Dinah's paradoxes, or of her scampish table's

promises, and made a commensurate impression on William's mind.

"You saw Doctor Waggett here yesterday?"

"I know—yes—the old clergyman, isn't he, who paid you a visit?"

"Just so; he is a very old friend—very—and thinks it a most desirable arrangement."

"What arrangement? I don't quite——"

"You shall see," interrupted Aunt Dinah. "One moment's patience. I must first show you a—a paper to read." She walked over to a little japanned cabinet, and as she fumbled at the lock, continued, "And—and when you—when you have read it—you—ah! *that's* it—when you have read it, I'll tell you exactly what I mean."

So saying, she presented a large, official-looking envelope to William, who found that it contained a letter and a paper, headed "Extract from the will and testament of the late Sir Nathaniel Maubray, of Queen's Maubray, bearing date —, and proved, &c., on —, 1831."

The letter was simply a courteous attorney's intimation that he enclosed herewith a copy extract of the will, &c., as requested, together with a note of the expenses.

The extract was to the following effect:

"And I bequeath to my said son Richard the advowson of, and right of perpetual presentation to the living and vicarage of Saint Maudlen of Caudley, otherwise Maudlin, in the diocese of Shovel-on-Headley, now absolutely vested in me, and to his heirs for ever, but upon the following conditions—namely, that if there be a kinsman, not being a son or stepson, of my said son or of his heir, &c., in possession, then, provided the said kinsman shall bear the name of Maubray, his father's name having been Maubray, and provided the said kinsman shall be in holy orders at the time of the said livings becoming vacant, and shall be a good and religious man, and a proper person to be the incumbent of the said living, he shall appoint and nominate the said kinsman; and if there be two or more kinsmen so qualified, then him that is nearest of kin; and if there be two of equal consanguinity, then the elder of them; and if they be of the same age,

then either, at the election of the bishop."

Then there was provision that in case there were no such kinsman, the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of Dawdle-cum-Drone should elect a cleric, being of the said diocese, but not of the said chapter, or of kin to any one of the said chapter; and that the said Richard, or his heir, should nominate the person so elected. And it was also conditioned that his son Richard should procure, if practicable, a private Act of Parliament to make these conditions permanent.

"He must have been a precious odd old fellow, my grand-uncle, observed William, as he sheathed the document again in the envelope.

"A conscientious man, anxious—with due regard to his family—to secure a good incumbent, and to prevent simony. The living is fifteen hundred a year, and there is this fact about it, that out of the seven last incumbents, three were made bishops. *Three!*"

"That's a great many," said William, with a yawn.

"And you'll make the fourth," said Aunt Dinah, spiritedly, and took a pinch of her famous snuff.

"I?" repeated William, not quite believing his ears. "I'm going to the bar."

"Into the Church, you mean, dear William."

"But," remonstrated William, "but, I assure you, I, without a feeling of fitness—I—in fact, I could not think of it."

"Into the Church, sir." Aunt Dinah rose up, and, as it were, mounted guard over him, as she sternly spoke these words.

William looked rather puzzled, and very much annoyed.

"Into—the—Church?" she repeated, with a terrible deliberation.

"My dear Aunt," William began, "Yes, the Church. Listen to me."

"I—I have reason to—know you'll be a bishop. Now mind, William, I'll hear no nonsense on this subject. *Henbane!* Is that what you mutter?"

"Well, speak out. *What* of Henbane? Suppose I have been favoured with a—a communication; suppose I have tried to learn by that most beautiful and innocent communion, something of the—the expediency of the

course I propose, and have succeeded?" "What then?"

William did not answer the challenge, and after a brief pause she continued—

"Come, come, my dear William, you know your poor old aunt loves you; you have been her first, and very nearly her only object, and you won't begin to vex her now, and after all, to—to break her heart about nothing."

"But I assure you," William began—

"A moment's patience," broke in Aunt Dinah, "you won't let me speak. Of course you may argue till doomsday, if you keep all the talk to yourself. I say, William, there are not six peers in England can show as good blood as you, and I'll not hear of your being shut up in a beggarly garret in Westminster Hall, or the Temple, or wherever it is they put the—the paltry young barristers, when you might and *must* have a bishopric if you choose it, and marry a peer's daughter. And choose what you will, I choose that, and into the Church you go; yes, into the *Church*, the Church, sir, the *Church*! and that's enough, I hope."

William was stunned, and looked helplessly at his aunt, whom he loved very much. But the idea of going into the Church, the image of his old friend Dykes, turned into a demure curate as he had seen him three weeks ago. The form of stout Doctor Dalrymple, with his pimples and shovel hat, and a general sense of simony and blasphemy came sickeningly over him; his likings, his conscience, his fears, his whole nature rose up against it in one abhorrent protest, and he said, very pale and in the voice of a sick man, gently placing his hand upon his aunt's arm, and looking with entreating eyes into hers:

"My dear Aunt, to go into the Church without any kind of suitability, is a tremendous thing, for mere gain, a dreadful kind of sin. I know I'm quite unfit. I *could* not."

William did not know for how many years his aunt had been brooding over this one idea, how she had lived in this air-built castle, and what a crash of hopes and darkness of despair was in its downfall. But if he had, he could not help it. Down it

must go. Orders were not for him. Deacon, priest, or bishop, William Maubray never could be.

Miss Perfect stared at him with pallid face.

"I tell you what, William," she exclaimed, "you had better think twice—you had better—"

"I *have* thought—indeed I have—for Doctor Sprague suggested the Church as a profession long ago; but I can't. I'm not fit."

"You had better grow fit, then, and give up your sins, sir, and save both your soul and your prospects. It *can* be nothing but wickedness that prevents your taking orders—holy orders. Mercy on us! A blasphemy and a sin to take holy orders! What sort of state *can* you be in?"

"I wish to heaven I *were* good enough, but I'm not. I may be no worse than many who do go into the Church. Others may, but I couldn't."

"You couldn't! You conceited, young, provoking coxcomb! As if all the world were looking for miracles of piety from *you*! *Who* on earth expects you to be one bit more pious than other curates who do their best? Who are you, pray, that anything more should be expected from you? Do your duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call you. *That's* simple. We expect no more."

"But that's everything," said William, with a hopeless shake of his head.

"What's everything? I can't see. I don't comprehend you. Of course there's a pleasure in crossing and thwarting me. But of let or hindrance to your entering the Church, there is and can be none except your secret resolution to lead a wicked life."

"I'm not worse than other fellows. I'm better, I believe, than many who do get ordained; but I do assure you, I have thought of it before now, often, and it is quite out of the question."

"You *won't*?" said Aunt Dinah, aghast, in a low tone, and she gaped at him, with flashing eyes, her gold spectacles shut up, and tightly grasped like a weapon in her hand. He had never seen her, or any one, look so pallid. And after a pause, she said slowly, in a very low tone—

"Once more, William—yes or no."

"My dear Aunt, forgive me; don't



be vexed, but I must say no," moaned poor William Maubray thus sorely pressed.

Aunt Dinah Perfect looked at him in silence; the same white, bright

stare. William was afraid that she was on the point of having a fit. Who could have imagined the discussion of his profession so convulsive and frightful an ordeal!

## CHAPTER XX.

### FAREWELL.

FOR a minute or two, I think she could not speak; she closed her lips tightly, and pressed two of her fingers on them, perhaps to hide some tremor there; and she went and placed one of her slender feet on the fender, and looked steadfastly on the macerated countenance of the Very Rev. the Dean of Crutch Friars, who, in his oval frame, over the chimney-piece, seemed to hear and endure William's perversities with the meekness of a good, sad, suffering Christian.

Aunt Dinah sighed twice, two deep, long, laborious sighs, and tapped the steel of her stays ferociously with her finger tips. In his distress and confusion, William rose irresolutely. He would have approached her, but he feared that his doing so would but precipitate an explosion, and he remained standing, with his fingers extended on the table as if on the keys of a piano, and looking wan and sad over his shoulder on the back of Aunt Dinah's natty old-fashioned cap.

"Well, young gentleman, you have made up your mind, and so have I," said Aunt Dinah, abruptly returning to the table. "You go your own way. I shall not interfere in your concerns. I shall see your face *no more—never!* I have done with you, and depend upon it, I shan't change. I never change. I put you away from me. I wash my hands of you. I have done with you. I shall send a hundred pounds to Doctor Sprague, when you leave to-morrow, first, to pay college expenses, and the balance *you* may take, and that ends all between us. I hate the world, ungrateful, stiff-necked, rebellious, *heartless*. All I have been to you, you know. What you would have been without me, you also know, a beggar—simply a beggar. I shall now find other objects. You are free, sir, henceforward. I hope you may enjoy your liberty, and that you may never have reason to repent

your perversity and ingratitude as bitterly as I now see my folly. Go, sir, good-night, and let me see your face no more."

William stood looking on his transformed aunt; he felt his ears tingle with the insult of her speech, and a great ball seemed rising in his throat.

Her face was darkened by a dismal anger; her look was hard and cold, and it seemed to him that the gates of reconciliation were closed against him for ever, and that he had come into that place of exclusion at whose entrance hope is left behind.

William was proud, too, and sensitive. It was no equal battle. His obligations had never before been weighed against his claims, and he felt the cruel truth of Aunt Dinah's words beating him down into the dust.

With her chin in the air, and averted gaze, she sat stiff and upright in her accustomed chair by the fire. William stood looking at her for a time, his thoughts not very clear, and a great vague pain throbbing at his heart. There was that in her countenance which indicated something different from anger—a cold alienation.

William Maubray silently and softly left the room.

"He thinks it will be all over in the morning, but he does not know *me*." So thought Aunt Dinah, folding her cold hands together. "Gone to bed; his last night at Gilroyd."

Holding her mind stiffly in this vein, with a corresponding pose and look she sate, and in a minute more William Maubray entered the room very pale, his outside coat was on, and his hat in his hand. He looked very near crying, and walked very quickly to the side of her chair, laid his hand softly on her shoulder, and stooping down kissed her cheek, and without a word left the room.

She heard the hall-door open, and Tom's voice talking with him as their

steps traversed the gravel, and the jarring sound of the iron gate on its hinges. "Good night," said the well-known voice, so long beloved; and "good night, Mr. William, good night, sir," in Tom's gruff voice, and a little more time the gate clanged, and Tom's lonely step came back.

"He had no business to open the gate without my order," said Miss Perfect. She was thinking of blowing Tom up, but her pride prevented; and as Tom entered in reply to her bell, she asked as nearly as she could in her usual way—

"My nephew did not take away his trunk?"

"No, mum."

"He gave directions about his things, of course?"

"Yes, they're to follow, mum, by the mornin' coach to Cambridge."

"H'm! very good—that's all—you had better get to your bed now—good night."

And thus, with a dry and stately air, dismissed, he withdrew, and Aunt Dinah said, "I'm glad that's off my mind; I've done right; I know I have. Who'd have thought? But there's no help, and I'm glad its over."

Aunt Dinah sat for a long time in the drawing-room, uttering short sentences like these, from time to time. Then she read some verses in the Bible, and I don't think she could have told you, when she closed the book, what they were about. She had thoughts of a *séance* with old Winnie Dobbs, but somehow she was not exactly in the mood.

"Master William is not in his room yet," observed that ancient domestic.

"Master William has gone to Cambridge to-night," said Miss Perfect, drily and coldly; "and his luggage follows in the morning. I can't find my night-cap."

So old Winnie, though surprised, was nothing wiser that night respecting the real character of the move-

ment. And Aunt Dinah said her prayers stiffly; and bidding old Winnie a peremptory good-night, put out her candle, and restated to herself the fact she had already frequently mentioned, "I have acted rightly; I have nothing to regret. William will, I dare say, come to his senses, and recollect all he owes me."

In the mean time William, with no very distinct ideas, and only his huge pain and humiliation at his heart, trudged along the solitary road to Saxton. He sat down on the stile, under the great ash tree by the roadside to gather up his thoughts. Little more than half an hour before he had been so unusually happy; and now, here he sat shipwrecked, wounded, and forlorn.

He looked at his watch again—a dreadful three-quarters of an hour must elapse before the Cambridge coach would draw up at the Golden Posts in High-street. Had he not better go on and await its arrival there? Yet what need he care? What was it to him whether he were late or not? In his outcast desperation he fancied he would rather like to wear out his shoes and his strength in a long march to Cambridge. He would have liked to lift his dusty hat grimly to Violet, as he strode footsore and cheerless on his way. But alas! he was leaving Violet *there*, among those dark-tufted outlines, and under the high steep roof whose edge he could just discern. There could be no chance meeting. Farewell! Back to Cambridge he was going—and through Cambridge, into space—where by those who once liked him he should be found no more—on that he was resolved.

So up he got again, without a plan, without a reason, as he had sat down; and he lifted his hat, and with extended arm, waved his farewell toward Gilroyd. And the old ash tree looked down sadly, murmuring, in the fickle night breeze, over his folly.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### WILLIAM CONSULTS A SAGE.

STARTING afresh at a pace wholly uncalled-for, by time or distance, William Maubray was soon in the silent street of Saxton, with the bright

moonlight on one side of it, and the houses and half the road black in shadow on the other.

There was a light in Doctor Drake's

front parlour, which he called his study. The doctor himself was in evidence, leaning upon the sash of the window, which he had lowered, and smoking dreamily from a "church-warden" toward the brilliant moon. It was plain that Miss Letty had retired, and in his desolation, human sympathy, some one to talk to, ever so little, on his sudden calamity—a friendly soul who knew Aunt Dinah long and well, and was even half as wise as Doctor Drake was reputed to be, would be a God-send. He yearned to shake the honest fellow's hand, and his haste was less, and subsided to a loitering pace, as he approached the window, from which he was hailed, but not in a way to make it quite clear what the learned physician exactly wanted.

"I shay, I shay—shizzy—shizhte—shizh-shizh-shizhte—V—V—Viator, I shay," said the Doctor—playfully meaning, I believe, *Siste Viator*.

And Doctor Drake's long pipe, like a shepherd's crook, was hospitably extended, so that the embers fell out on the highway, to arrest the wayfarer. So William stopped and said—

"What a sweet night—how beautiful, and I'm so glad to find you still up, Doctor Drake."

"Alwayz all sh's, alwayzh up," said the doctor oracularly, smiling rather at one side of his cheek, and with his eyes pretty nearly closed; and his long pipe swaying gently, horizontally, over the trottoir, "you'll look insh'r pleashure acquaintensh."

By this time the doctor, with his disengaged hand had seized William's, and his pipe had dropped on the pavement and was smashed.

"Bloke—bl—boke!" murmured the doctor, smiling celestially, with a little vague wave of his fingers toward the fragments of his churchwarden, from the bowl of which the sparks were flitting lightly along High-street. "Blo—boke my p—p—phife!"

"I shay, oleboy, you come in," and he beckoned William grandly through the window.

William glanced at the door, and the doctor comprehending, said with awful solemnity—

"All thingsh deeshenly in an—in or—or—orrer, I shay. Come—ole-fellow—wone ye?—toothie th'—th' door sh'r—an'—an' you'll norr regresh—no—never."

William, though not very sharp on such points, perceived that Doctor Drake had been making merry in his study, and the learned gentleman received him at the hall-door, laying his hand lovingly and grandly on his arm.

"Howzho th'—th' ladle—th' admir'bl' womr, over there, Mish Perfek?"

"My aunt is very well—perfectly well, thanks," answered William.

"No thangs—I thang you sh'r—I thang Prover'l!" and the doctor sank with a comfortable sigh, and his back against the wall, shaking William's hand slowly, and looking piously up at the cornice.

"She's quite well, but—but I've something to tell you," said William.

"Comle—comle—ong!" said the doctor encouragingly, and led the way unsteadily into his study.

There was a jug of cold water—a "tumbler," and a large black bottle on the table, to which the doctor waved a gracious introduction.

"Ole Tom, ole Tom, an' w—wawr hizh dring the chryshle brook!"

The doctor was given to quotation in his cups, and this was his paraphrase of "The Hermit."

"Thanks, no," said William, "I have had my glass long ago. I—I'm going back to Cambridge, sir; I'm going to make a push in life. I've been too long a burden on my aunt."

"Admir'al wom'le shr'?" Wurle—worry—no wurrier, ladle!" exclaimed the doctor with growing enthusiasm.

Contented with these evidences of mental vigour, William, who must have spoken to the roadside trees, rather than refrain himself, proceeded to tell his woful story—to which Doctor Drake listened, clinging rather to the chimney-piece with his right hand, and in his left sustaining a large glass of his favourite "Old Tom" and water—a little of which occasionally poured upon the hearth-rug.

"And Doctor Drake, you won't mention what I'm going to say?"

The doctor intended to say, "silent as the sepulchre," but broke down, and merely nodded, funereally pointing his finger perpendicularly toward the hearthstone; and having let go his hold on the chimney, he made an involuntary wheel backward, and sat down quite unintentionally, and rather violently, in an elbow-chair.

"You promise, really and truly, sir?" pressed William.

"Reel-reel-reelan'toorat," repeated the doctor as nearly as he could.

And upon this assurance William Maubray proceeded to state his case, and feeling relieved as he poured forth his wrongs, waxed voluble; and the doctor sat and heard, looking like Solomon, and refreshing his lips now and again, as if William's oration parched him.

"And what sir, do you think I had best do?" said William, not very wisely it must be owned, applying to Philip, certainly not sober—for judgment.

"Return to my duty?" repeated William, interpreting as well as he could the doctor's somewhat vague articulation. "Why, I am certain I never left it. I have done all I could to please her; but this you know is what no one on earth could be expected to do—what no one *ought* to do."

"Sh' *rong*, sh'r!" exclaimed the doctor with decision. "Thersh—r—r—ry, and th'rsh wrong—r—ry—an' *wrong*—moshe admira'l ladle, Mish Perfek!—moshe amiable; we all epresheay—sheniorib—bush pie—ri—pie—orbush—ole Latt'n, you know. I 'preshiay an' *love* Mish Perfey."

*Senioribus prioribus!* There was a want of clearness, William felt, in the doctor's views; still it weighed on him that such as they were they were against him.

"The principle on which I have acted, sir, can't be shaken. If I were, at my aunt's desire, now to enter the Church, I should do so entirely from worldly motives, which I know would be an impiety such as I could not endure to practise."

"Conn'ry toop—toop—rinsh'p'l—conn'ry—conn'ry," murmured the doctor, with an awful shake to his head.

The coach was now seen to pass the windows, with a couple of outside passengers, and a pile of luggage on top, and pulled up some sixty yards lower down the street, at the Golden Posts. With a hasty shake of the hand, William Maubray took his leave, and mounted to his elevated seat, as the horses, with their looped traces hanging by them, emerged from the inn-yard gate, like shadows, by the rapid slight-of-hand of groom and hostler—to replace the wayworn team, now snorting and shaking their flanks, with drooping necks, and emitting a white steam in the moonlight, as they waited to be led off to rest and comfort in the stables of the Golden Posts.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AN ADVERTISEMENT.

CHILL was the night. The slight motion of the air was against them, and made a cutting breeze as they drove on. The gentleman who sat beside him in a huge cloak and fur cap, with several yards of cashmere swathing his throat and chin and chops, was taciturn, except when he offered William a cigar. The cold, dark, and solitude helped his depression—and longing to see Doctor Sprague, to whom, in his helplessness he looked for practical counsel. The way seemed more than usually long. There was one conclusion clearly fixed in the chaos of his thoughts. He had done with dependence. No matter to what level it might reduce him, he would earn his own bread. He was leaving Gilroyd Hall behind him, and all its dreams,

to be dreamed no more. Perhaps there was in the surrounding gloom that romantic vista, which youth in its irrepressible hopefulness will open for itself. And William Maubray in the filmly perspective saw a shadow of himself as he would be a few years hence—wealthy, famous, the outcast restored, with the lawn and the chestnuts about him, and pretty old Gilroyd spreading its faint crimson gables and glittering window-frames behind, and old Aunt Dinah, and another form in the foreground, all smiles and tears, and welcome.

Poor fellow! He knows not how few succeed—how long it takes to make a fortune—how the process transforms, and how seldom that kind of gilding touches any but white heads, and when the sun is near its

setting, and all the old things past or passing away.

In the morning William Maubray presented himself before Dr. Sprague, who asked him briskly—"How is Miss Perfect?"

"Quite well sir, thank you; but—but something very serious has happened—very serious sir, and I am very anxious to ask your advice."

"Eh!" said the doctor; "wait a moment," and he quaffed what remained of his cup of tea, for William had surprised him at breakfast. "Hey?—Nothing very bad, I hope?" and the doctor put on his spectacles and looked in William's face, as a physician does into that of a patient, to read something of his case in his countenance.

So William reported the great debate, and alas! the division on the question of holy orders, to all which the good little man listened, leaning back in his chair, with his leg crossed and his chin raised.

"You're in the right, sir," he said, so soon as he had heard the young man out—"perfectly. What do you wish me to do? I'll write to Miss Perfect if you wish it."

"Very kind of you, sir; but I'd rather not, on that subject, at least till I'm quite out of the way. I should not wish her to suppose that I could seek to return to my old position of—of obligation. I must never cost her a farthing more."

So William explained his feelings fully and very candidly, and Doctor Sprague listened, and looked pleased though grave; and said he—

"You haven't been writing for any of the Magazines, or that sort of thing?"

No, he had no resource of that kind. He had a good deal of loose manuscript, he confessed with a blush, but he had no introduction.

"Well, no," said Doctor Sprague, "you'd probably have a long wait, too long for your purpose. You have, you know, a trifle of your own, about £23 a year, isn't it?" and he looked in the direction of his desk, where the memorandum was; "something thereabout, that I received for you. There's a money order for eleven pounds and something in my desk since yesterday."

"Don't you think, sir, that I should apply that little annuity to

pay back all I can to my aunt, who has been so good to me."

"Tut-tut, your aunt would not accept a guinea, and would mistake your motive; don't talk of any such thing. Her past affection is a matter of kindly recollection. You could not reduce it to money—no, no; but on the whole I think you have resolved wisely. You must undertake, for a little, something in the way of tuition; I don't mean here. You're hardly well enough up in the business for that; but we'll find out something *here*," and he tapped the *Times*, which lay open on the table, beside him, "I dare say, to suit you—not a school, that would not do either—a tutor in a country house. You need not stay away more than six months, and you'll have something to go on with then; and in the meantime you can send your manuscripts round, and try if you can't get into some of the periodicals."

"It is very odd, sir, but some months since I spoke of such a plan when I was at Gilroyd, and my Aunt was positively horrified; she is full of fancies, you know, and she told me that none of my family had ever done anything of the kind."

"I don't know about *that*; but I've done it, I can tell you, and better men than I," said the doctor.

"I only mean that she made such a point of it; she would think I had done it expressly to vex her, or she might come wherever I was, and try to make me leave it."

"So she might, said the cleric," and laughed a little to himself, for he knew her, and fancied a scene, "but what can you do? I think you *must* in fact, and the best way will be to tell her nothing about it. She has cut you, you know, for the present, and—and you need not, if you think it would vex her, go in your own name, do you see? We'll call you Mr. Herbert, you're descended maternally, you know, from Herberts; now—not for a moment, now—just hear me out; there shall be no deception, of course. I'll tell them that for certain family reasons I have advised you to take that measure. I'll take it all on myself, and say all I think of you, and know of you, and I saw, just now, in this very paper, something that I think would answer very nicely. Yes, yes, I'll make

it all quite straight and easy. But you must do as I say."

The kind little gentleman was thinking that eccentric and fierce Miss Perfect might never forgive his engaging himself as a tutor, without at least that disguise, and he looked forward, as he murmured *varium et mutabile semper*, to a much earlier *redintegratio amoris* than William dreamed of.

"It's unlucky her having made a point of it. But what is the poor fellow to do? She must not, however, be offended more than we can help, and that will show a wish as far as was practicable, to consult her feelings."

Doctor Sprague looked along a column in the *Times*, and said he, after his scrutiny—

"I think there's just one of these you'll like—say which you prefer, and I'll tell you if it's the one I think."

So William conned over the advertisements, and, in Aunt Dinah's phrase, put on his considering cap, and having pondered a good while, "This one, I think?" he half decided and half inquired.

"The very thing!" said Doctor Sprague, cheerily. "One boy—country-house—just the thing; he'll be in his bed early, you know, and you can take your books and write away till twelve at night; and now you had better drop them a line—or stay, I'll do it; you can't sign your name, you know."

So, communications being opened, in a day or two it turned out that Doctor Sprague knew the gentleman who advertised. It was a very old and long interrupted acquaintance.

"He's a quiet, kind fellow, and Kinton Hall, they say, a pretty place and old. I'll write to Knox."

The Knoxes of Kinton Hall William had heard Trevor occasionally mention, but tried in vain to recollect what he used to say of them; six months, however, was no great venture, and the experiment could hardly break down very badly in that time.

"Maubray, your cousin, has quarrelled with his father, you heard?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, just about the time when you left this—a few days ago. Young Maubray has some little property from his mother, and chooses to take his own way; and Sir Richard was in here with me yesterday, very angry and violent, poor man, and vows (the doctor would not say "swears," which would have described the procedure more accurately) he'll cut him off with a shilling; but that's all moonshine. The estates are under settlement, and the young fellow knows it, and that's at the bottom of his independence; and he's gone abroad, I believe, to amuse himself: and he has been no credit to his college, from all I hear."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### KINTON HALL.

IN the parlour of Kinton Hall the family were assembled at breakfast; Mrs. Kinton Knox dispensed tea and coffee in a queenlike way, hardly called for, seeing that her husband, daughter, and little son, formed the entire party.

Mrs. Kinton Knox was what some people call a clever woman—that is, she did nearly everything with an object, but somehow she had not succeeded. Mr. Kinton Knox was not Deputy Lieutenant or a Member for his county. Her daughter Clara—with blue eyes and golden hair—a handsome girl, now leaning back in her chair and looking listlessly through the window across the table—was admitted confidentially to be near five-

and-twenty, and was in fact past eight-and-twenty, and — unmarried still. There was not that intimacy between the Croydon family and the Kinton Knoxes for which she had laboured so cleverly and industriously. She was not among the patronesses, and only one of the committee, of the great county ball, at which the Prince figured, and which, on the plea of illness, she had with proper dignity declined attending. She blamed her daughter, she blamed her husband, she blamed the envy and combination of neighbours, for her failures. There was nothing that the wit and industry of woman could do she had not done. She was the best bred and most far-seeing woman in the country round,

radiant with a grave sort of fascination, always in supreme command, never for a moment losing sight of her object, yet, great or small, somehow never compassing it—a Vanderdecken, thwarted invisibly, and her crew growing old around her. Was ever admirable woman so persecuted by fortune?

Perhaps if the accomplished Mrs. Kinton Knox had been some twenty years before bereft of her brilliant intellect and shut up in a remote mad-house, or consigned under an unexceptionable epitaph to the family vault in Smolderton Church, the afflicted family might have prospered; for Miss Clara was really pretty, and could draw and sing better than most well-married young ladies of her rank in life. And, though he was not very bright, no man was more inoffensive and genial than portly old Kinton Knox, if only she had permitted his popularity to grow, and had left him and his belongings a little to nature.

"Hollo! What are those fellows doing?" exclaimed Kinton Knox, attracted by a sound of chopping from without. "Hollo! ho!" and with his arms extended, he made a rush at the window, which he threw up, shouting, "Hollo there! stop that!"

A man stood erect with an axe in his hand, by the trunk of one of the great walnut trees.

"What the devil are you doing, sir, cutting down my tree?" cried the old gentleman, his handsome face flushed with wrath, and his silver fork, with a bit of ham on the end of it, grasped fiercely in his left hand. "Who the devil ordered you, sir, to—to how—pow—cut down my trees, sir?"

"I've spoken to you till I'm tired, Kinton, about that tree; it buries us in perfect damp and darkness, and I"—began the dignified lady in purple silk, and lace coif.

"Don't you presume sir to cut down a tree of mine without my orders; don't you dare sir; don't—don't attempt it, sir, or it will be worse for you; take that hatchet away sir, and send Wall the gardener here this moment sir, to see what can be done, and I've a mind to send you about your business, and egad if I find you've injured the tree, I *will* too sir; send him this moment; get out of my sight, sir."

It was not more than once in two years that Mr. Kinton Knox broke out in this way, and only on extraordinary and sudden provocation. He returned to the table and sat down in his chair having shut the windows with an unnecessary display of physical force. His countenance was red and lowering, and his eyes still staring and blinking rapidly, and his white waistcoat heaving, and even the brass buttons of his blue coat uneasy. You might have observed the tremulous shuffle of his fingers as his fist rested on the tablecloth, while he gazed through the window and muttered and puffed to the agitation of his choler.

Upon such unusual occasions Mrs. Kinton Knox was a little alarmed and even crestfallen. It was a sudden accession of mania in an animal usually perfectly docile, and therefore it was startling, and called not for chastisement so much as management.

"I may be permitted to mention, now that there's a little quiet, that it was I who ordered that tree to be removed—of course if it makes you violent to take it down, let it stand; let the house be darkened and the inhabitants take the ague. I've simply endeavoured to do what I thought right. I'm never thanked; I don't expect thanks; I hope I know my duty, and do it from higher motives. But this I know, and you'll see it when I'm in my grave, that if it were not for me, every single individual thing connected with you and yours would be in a state of the most inextricable neglect and confusion, and I may say ruin."

"I object to the place being denuded. There is not much in that," blustered Mr. Kinton Knox, plaintively.

He was now subsiding; and she, availing herself of this frame of mind, proceeded with even more force and dignity, till interrupted by Miss Clara, who observed serenely—

"Mamma, that greedy little pig will choke himself with apricot-stones, if you allow him."

Master Howard Seymour Knox—a stunted and bilious boy—scowled at Miss Clara, with muddy eyes, his mouth being too full for convenient articulation, and clutched his plate with both hands.

"My precious rosebud, be care-

ful," remonstrated his mamma with gentle fervour.

Stooping over his plate, a clatter of fruit-stones was heard upon it, and Master Howard ejaculated—

"You lie, you do, you tell-tale-tit!"

"Oh! my love," remonstrated Mrs. Kinton.

"Briggs shall box your ears for that, my fine fellow," said Miss Clara.

"There's another cram! I'd like to see her," retorted the youth.

"Greedy little beast!" observed Clara.

"Clara, my love," suggested her mamma.

"Not half so greedy as you. Who took the woodcock pie up to her bedroom? Ah-ha!" vociferated the young gentleman.

"Now I'll do it myself!" exclaimed the languid young lady, rising with sudden energy.

"I'll fling these in your ugly face, if you come near me," cried he, jumping up, and behind his mamma's chair, with a knife and fork in his right hand covered with Savory pie.

"I won't have this; I won't have

it," said Mrs. Kinton Knox, with peremptory dignity. "Howard, be quiet, my love; Clara, sit down."

"The imp! he'll never stop till he murders some one," exclaimed Miss Clara, with intense feeling, as she sat down with brilliant cheeks and flashing eyes. "Look at him, mamma; he's saying ha-ha, and shaking the knife and fork at me, the little murderer; and the liar!"

"Clara, I insist," interposed Mrs. Kinton Knox.

"Yes, I do believe he's an actual devil," persisted the young lady.

"I won't have this," continued the *mater familias*, peremptorily.

"Ha, ha!" whispered the imp obliquely, from the other side, wagging his head, and clutching his knife and fork, while he touched the points of the fork, with a horrid significance, with the finger-tip of his disengaged hand.

Miss Clara raised her hand, and opened her mouth to exclaim; but at this moment the servant entered with the letters, and the current of conversation was diverted.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Mrs. KINTON KNOX had no less than seven notes and letters, her husband one, and Miss Clara two crossed manuscripts, which engrossed her speedily; and, possibly, these figures would have indicated pretty accurately their relative influence in the household.

The matron deigned no account of her letters to mortal, and exacted from all others an habitual candour in this respect; and so much had it grown to be a matter of conscience with her husband that I don't think he could have slept in his bed if he had failed to submit any one such communication to her inspection.

Her own were now neatly arranged, one over the other, like the discarded cards in piquet, beside her plate.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" she said to her husband, accompanying the inquiry with a little motion, like a miniature beckoning, of her forefinger.

"Something about the *Times*—the tutor," he began.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Kinton Knox, interrupting, with a warning nod and an awful look, and a glance at Master Howard, who was fortunately so busy in tying bits of paper, in imitation of a kite-tail, on the string of the window-blind, that he had heard nothing.

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Kinton Knox, prolonging the interjection softly—he was accustomed, with a guilty and abject submission, every now and then, to receive that sort of awful signal—"I did not know." And he whistled a little through his round mouth, and looked a little frightened, and ashamed of his clumsiness, though he seldom knew in what exactly the danger consisted.

"Howard, my precious rosebud, I've told Rogers he may fire the pistol for you three times this morning; he says he has powder, and you may go now."

So away ran Master Howard to plague Rogers the footman; and Mrs. Kinton Knox said with a nod—

"Now."



"Here," said he, mildly pushing the letter towards her, "*you'll* understand it better;" and she read aloud—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I venture to renew an old acquaintance at the instance of a young friend of mine, who has seen your advertisement in the *Times*, for a tutor, and desires to accept that office. He is capitally qualified, as your advertisement says, 'to prepare a boy of twelve for school.' He is a fair scholar, and a gentleman, and for his character, I can undertake to answer almost as for my own. I feel pretty certain that you will like him. There is but one condition, to which I am sure you will not object."

"He shan't smoke or sit up all night, if that's it," said the lady loftily, by way of gloss.

"He and I agree," she read on, "that he should be received under the name of William Herbert." This paragraph she read twice over very deliberately. "As I have pressed upon him, for reasons which, you will readily believe, are not dishonourable—what strikes me as a strong objection to his accepting the position you offer under his own name."

"That's very odd, it strikes me. Why shouldn't he tell his name?" observed Mrs. Kinton Knox, with grim curiosity.

"I dare say he's a low person, and his name is not pretty," sneered Miss Clara, carelessly.

"Who is that Mr. Edmund—Edward Sprague?" inquired the matron.

Mr. Kinton Knox testified to his character.

"But, just stop a moment—it is very odd. Why should he be, if he is a fit person to be received at Kinton—why should he be ashamed of his name?" repeated Mrs. Kinton Knox, grandly.

"Perhaps it may be as well to let it drop," suggested Kinton Knox, in the hope that he was anticipating his wife's wishes. But that grave lady raised her nose at his remark, and turned away, not vouchsafing an answer.

"Of course; I don't say it is not all quite proper; but say what you may, and take it how you please, it is a very odd condition."

There was a pause here. Clara did not care enough to engage in the discussion, and old Kinton Knox rum-

pled his *Times* uneasily, not knowing whether he was called on for a solution, and not caring to hazard one, for he was seldom lucky.

"Well, and what do you propose to do?" demanded his wife, who thus sometimes cruelly forced the peaceable old gentleman into debate.

"Why," said he cautiously, "whatever you think best, my dear."

"I'm not likely to receive much assistance from you, Mr. Kinton Knox. However, provided I'm not *blamed* for doing my best, and my servants stormed at for obeying me"—

Mr. Kinton Knox glanced unconsciously and penitently at the walnut tree.

"I suppose, as something *must* be done, and nothing will be done otherwise, I may as well take *this* trouble and responsibility upon myself."

"And what am I to say to Sprague?" murmured Mr. Kinton Knox.

"I suppose the young man had better come. Mr. Sprague, you say, is a proper person, and I suppose we may rely upon what he says. I *hope* so, I'm sure, and, if he does not answer, why he can go about his business."

In due course, therefore, Mr. Kinton Knox's reply, which he had previously read aloud to his wife, was despatched.

So Fate had resolved that William Maubray should visit Kinton Hall, while Aunt Dinah was daily expecting the return of her prodigal to Gilroyd.

"If I don't hear from William Maubray before Sunday, I shall write on Monday morning to Doctor Sprague," said she, after a long silence at breakfast.

She looked at Miss Violet, but the young lady was looking on the cloth, and with her finger-tips stirring hither and thither some flowers that lay there—not her eyes, only her long eyelashes were visible—and the invitation to say something conveyed in Aunt Dinah's glance, miscarried.

"And I think it very strange—not what I should have expected from William—that he has not written. I don't mean an apology, that's a matter between his own conscience and his Maker. I mean some little inquiry. Affection of course we cannot command, but respect and courtesy we may."

"I had thought better of William. I think Doctor Sprague will be surprised," she resumed. "I did not think he could have parted on the terms he did, and never written a line after, for nearly a week. He seems to me quite a—a changed person."

"Just at that age," said Miss Violet, in a low tone, looking nearer to her flowers, and growing interested in a rose whose rumpled leaves she was adjusting with her finger-tips, "some one says—I read it lately somewhere—I forget who—they grow weary of home, and home faces, and want change and adventure, that is action and danger, of one kind or another, what they are sent into the world for, I suppose—that and liberty." She spoke very low, as if to her flowers, and when she ceased, Miss Perfect listened still, and finding she had no more to say, Aunt Dinah added—

"And a wise business they make of it—fifty blunders in as many days, and begin looking out for wives before they know how to earn a guinea."

Miss Violet looked up and smiled, and popped her rose gently into the water glass beside her, and went on adjusting her flowers.

"Wives, indeed! Yes—just what his poor father did before him, and his grandfather, old Sir Everard, he was married, privately, at twenty! It runs in the blood, my dear, like gaming or drinking; and the next I shall hear of William, I dare say, will be a note to ask my blessing on his marriage!"

Again Miss Violet laughed softly,

and smiling for a moment, with a pretty slip of verbena in her fingers, she added it to the growing bouquet in the glass.

"You may laugh, my dear, but it is what I'm afraid of. I assure you I'm serious."

"But it may turn out very happy, or very splendid, you know; he may meet with a young lady more foolish than himself, and with a great dot."

"No, my dear, he's a soft, romantic goose, and I really think if it were not imprudent, the romance would lose all its attraction. I tell you, it runs in the family, and he's not a bit wiser than his father, or his grandfather before him."

"This will never do without a bit of blue. May I run out to the flowers?"

"Certainly, dear," and Aunt Dinah peered through her spectacles at the half made-up bouquet in the glass. "Yes, it does—it wants blue. Isn't there blue verbena?"

And away ran Violet, and her pretty figure and gay face flitted before the windows in the early sun among the flowers. And Aunt Dinah looked for a moment with a smile and a sigh. Perhaps she was thinking of the time when it was morning sun and opening flowers for her, and young fellows—one of whom, long dead in India, was still a dream for her—used to talk their foolish flatteries, that sounded now like muffled music in the distant air; and she looked down dreamily on the back of her slim wrinkled hand that lay on the table.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### W. MAURRAY ARRIVES.

WHEN, a few days later, Maubray, who was a shy man, stepped down from his fly, as the vehicle which conveyed him from the neighbouring railway station, though it more resembled a snail, was called, and found himself under the cold, grey, Ionic colonnade which received people at Kington with a dismal and exclusive hospitality; his heart sank, a chilly shadow descended upon him, and in the silent panic of the moment he felt tempted to re-enter the vehicle,

return to Doctor Sprague, and confess that he wanted nerve to fulfil his engagement.

William was conducted through the hall, up the great stairs, over a sombre lobby and up a second and narrower stairs, to a gallery cold and dim, from which his room-door opened. Upon this floor the quietude of desertion reigned. He looked from his low window into a small courtyard, formed on three sides by the house itself, and on the fourth by a

range of offices, behind which a thick mass of autumnal foliage reared itself. The circumscribed view was dreary and formal. How different from homely, genial old Gilroyd ! But that was a dream, and this reality ; and so his toilet proceeded rapidly, and he descended looking by no means like a threadbare dominie, but handsome and presentable, and with the refinement of his good birth and breeding in his features.

"Can I see Mr. Kinton Knox ?" inquired William of the servant in the hall.

"I'll inquire, sir."

And William was left in that tessellated and pillared apartment, while the servant entered his master's study and speedily returning informed him with a superciliousness which was new to William, and decidedly uncomfortable, that he might enter.

It was a handsome study, stored with handsome books and sundry busts, one of the deceased Horace Kinton Knox, in porphyry, received William on a pedestal near the door and looked alarmingly like a case of small-pox.

The present master of Kinton, portly, handsome, though three score years had not passed over him in vain, with a bald forehead and a sort of simple dignity, as William fancied, rose smiling, and came to meet him with his hand extended, and with a cordial glow about him as though he had known him for years.

"You are very welcome, sir—very happy to see you—very happy to make your acquaintance ; and how is my good friend, Sprague ? a very old friend of mine, though we have dropped out of sight a good deal ; and I correspond very little—so—so we lose sight of one another ; but he's well, and doing well too ? I'm very happy to see you."

There was something homely and reassuring in this kind old man, which was very pleasant to William.

"Doctor Sprague was very well when I left him, and gave me this note, sir, for you," replied William, presenting it to his host, who took it, and glanced at it as they stood on the hearth-rug together ; and as he read it he observed :

"Very cold the weather is. I don't remember—very cold—at this time of year. You've had a cold drive. Not

had luncheon yet ? Two o'clock, you know ; yes, about a quarter to two now, in a quarter of an hour."

He had by this time laid Doctor Sprague's note on the table.

"And the little boy, sir, where is he ?" suggested William.

"Oh, oh ! little Howard ! I—I suppose we shall see him at lunch."

"I should wish very much to hear any directions or suggestions, and to know something as to what he has been doing," said William.

"Very true—very right, Mr.—Mr." and old Kinton Knox groped toward the note, intending to refresh his memory.

"*Herbert*," interposed William, colouring a little. "Doctor Sprague made a point of the name, and I believe, sir, wrote particularly about it."

"Quite so—very right, sir. It is *Herbert*. I quite approve—quite, sir. He did—perfectly explicit ; and about the boy. The fact is, Mr. Herbert, I leave him very much to his mother. She can tell you much more what he has been doing—very young, you know, still—and—and she'll tell you all about him ; and I hope you will be happy, I'm sure ; and don't fail to tell the people whatever you want, you know ; I live very much to myself—quiet room this—fond of books, I suppose ? Well, I shall be always very happy to see you here ; in fact it would be a great pleasure. We may as well sit down, do, pray ; for you know ladies don't care very much for this sort of reading ;" and he waved his short white hand towards the bookcases ; "and sometimes one feels a little lonely ; and Sprague tells me you have a turn for reading."

The door opened, and a servant announced that Mrs. Kinton Knox wished to see Mr. Herbert in the schoolroom.

"Oh !" exclaimed the master of Kinton with a grave countenance and a promptitude which savoured of discipline. "Well, at lunch, I shall see you, Mr. Herbert ; we'll meet in ten minutes or so ; and, Edward, you'll show Mr.—a—Herbert to the schoolroom."

Across the hall was he conducted, to a room in which were some sporting prints and two dingy oil paintings of "sometime" favourite hunters who sniffed and heard their last

offfield and bugle a century ago—some guns and fishing-rods, and through this to the schoolroom, where Mrs. Kinton Knox, in purple silk, with a turban on her head, loomed awfully before him as he entered, and made him a slight and rustling courtesy, which rather warned him off than greeted him.

"Mr.—a—a—Herbert?" said the lady of the prominent black eyes, with a lofty inquiry.

"I—a—Doctor Sprague—told me he had written very fully without the—the," stammered William, who began to feel like a concealed ticket-of-leave man.

"The name, yes," said Mrs. Kinton Knox, looking steadily on him, and then ensued a silence.

"He informed me that having explained the circumstances fully, and also that it was *his* not *my* particular wish, you had seen no difficulty in it," said William.

"Difficulty—none—there can be no difficulty when there's no constraint," replied Mrs. Kinton Knox, laying down a metaphysical axiom, as she sometimes did, which William could not quite clearly understand; "and although I have always maintained the position that where there's mystery there is guilt; yet feeling a confidence in Doctor Sprague's character and profession—of both of which Mr. Kinton Knox happened to know something—we have endeavoured to overcome our objection."

"I understood there was no objection," interposed William, flushing.

"Pray allow me. An objection satisfied is not necessarily an objection foregone; in this case, however, you are at liberty to treat it in that light. We waive our objection, and we have every reasonable confidence that we shall not have occasion to repent having done so."

This was spoken graciously and condescendingly, for she thought that a person who looked so decidedly like a gentleman would rather condescend to the dignity of the Kinton "household." But it did not seem to strike the young man at all in that light.

"You are about, Mr.—a—sir, to undertake the charge of my precious child—sensitive, delicate—too delicate and too impressionable to have permitted his making all the pro-

gress I could have wished in the rudiments—you understand—of future education and accomplishment; a little wild, but full of affection, and—and of natural docility—but still unused—from the causes I have mentioned—to restraint or coercion. Your duty will therefore be a delicate one. I need not say that nothing of the nature of punishment will be permitted or endured. You will bear in mind the illustration of the sacred writer—the sun and the tempest, and the traveller's cloak." At this point William coughed slightly into his handkerchief. "Mild influences, in my mind, effect more than ever was accomplished by harshness; and such is the system under which our precious Howard must learn. Am I understood?"

"Quite," said William. "I should not myself undertake the task of punishing any child; but I am afraid, unless the parents are prepared to correct him for idleness or inattention, you will find his progress far from satisfactory."

"That is a question quite for *them*," said Mrs. Kinton Knox, in her queenlike way.

William bowed.

"What I want chiefly in a person—in a gentleman in your capacity—is that he shall begin to—a—my precious child shall begin to associate with a superior mind, and imbibe rather by contact than task-work. Do I make myself clear? The—a—the—you know, of course, the kind of thing."

William did not apprehend quite so clearly the nature of his duties as he would have wished; but said nothing.

"You and he will breakfast with us at half-past nine. I regret I cannot ask you to lunch. But you and Howard will dine at three o'clock in this room, and have tea—and—and any little thing that Mrs. Ridgeway, the housekeeper, may send you at six. The boy goes to his bed at half-past nine, and I conclude you already know your own room."

"And where is your—my pupil?" inquired William.

Mrs. Kinton Knox rang the bell. "He shall be with you presently, Mr. Herbert, and you will please to bear in mind that the dear boy's health is just at present our first object, and

that he must not be pressed to study more than he wishes."

Master Howard Seymour Knox entered, eyeing the tutor suspiciously

and loweringly. He had, perhaps, heard confidentially of possible canings, and viewed William Maubray with a sheepish kind of malevolence.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

WILLIAM MAUBRAY BEGINS TO EXCITE AN INTEREST.

THERE was positively nothing to interest William Maubray in his pupil, and a great deal to irritate and disgust him. What can be more sterile than the nature of a selfish child spoiled by indulgence. It was one comfort, however, that he was not expected to accomplish a miracle, that is, to teach a boy who had the option of learning nothing, and often for two hours or more at a time he was relieved altogether of his company, when he went to drive with Mrs. Kinton Knox, or to have a ride on his pony with the groom.

But the monotony and solitude grew dreadful. At breakfast hesat with, but not of, the party. Except, indeed, the kindly old gentleman, who lived in a monastic seclusion among his books and trees and flowers, and to whom William's occasional company was a cheer and a happiness, no one at the breakfast-table seemed, after the first slight and silent salutation was over, conscious of his presence.

Miss Clara and her mamma talked of matters that interested them—their neighbours, and the fashions, and the peerage, and even the furniture, as if William were a picture, or nothing at all.

He could not fail, notwithstanding his exclusion, to perceive that Clara was handsome—very handsome, indeed—quite a brilliant blonde, and with that confident and haughty air of—was it fashion—was it blood—was it the habit of being adored with incense and all sorts of worship—he could not tell. He only knew that it became her, and helped to overpower him.

We are not to suppose that all this time female curiosity at Kinton slumbered and slept over such a problem as William Maubray. Treat him how they might in his presence, he was a topic both of interest and inquiry in his absence. The few letters that reached him afforded no clue; they were addressed with uni-

form exactitude to "W. Herbert, Esq." The books he had brought with him to Kinton contributed no light; for William had not inscribed his name in his books. Miss Clara's maid, who was intensely interested in the investigation, brought a pocket-handkerchief of the Tutor's to her young mistress's room, where both she and her mamma conned over the initials "W. M." in a small but florid arabesque in the corner. It was, no doubt, a condescension such as William ought to have been proud of.

"There's five on 'em so, Miss—the rest unmarked, and nothing else marked, except three old shirts."

"Why, you goose, what can I care," laughed Miss Clara. "I'm not his nurse, or his seamstress. Take it away this moment. What a pretty discussion?"

This "W. M.," however, was not without its interest, and two days after the maid exhibited an old copy of Feltham's "Resolves," abstracted from William's little file of books, with "William Martin" neatly inscribed on the fly-leaf, but in a hand so quaint and ancient, and with ink so brown, that even Miss Clara, "pooh-poohed" the discovery.

Now, the young lady could not help in some sort requiring William's secret estimate of her good looks. She thought the young tutor decidedly handsome; in fact, there could be no question about it. He was well formed, too; and with that undefineable grace which people are apt to refer to gentle blood. There was, moreover, a certain refinement and sensitiveness in his countenance utterly incompatible with the idea of vulgarity of any kind. Now, a tutor might be anything—a decayed nobleman or a chandler's son. Was not Louis Philippe an usher in a school? All you were to assume was that he could teach Latin grammar, and was in want of money.

There were some little signs of su-

perfluity, too, in William's valuables. The butler, who was a native of Geneva, presuming on William's tutorship, had on a fitting opportunity begged leave to inspect his watch, and appraised it at twenty guineas among his fellow-servants. This and the massive gold chain, which also excited his admiration, were gifts from Miss Perfect, as was also that glorious dressing-case, presented on his attaining his twenty-first year, resplendent with gold and mother-of-pearl, and which the same competent authority valued at seventy guineas at least. Now, those things, though little, and some not at all seen outside the walls of his own little bedroom, emitted, like the concealed relics of a saint, so to speak, a glory and a fragrance which permeated the house. It was quite impossible, then, that want of money had driven this Mr. Herbert, or whoever he was, into his present position.

On the plate on top of this resplendent dressing-case the maid, who, fired by Monsieur Drouet's report, had visited the treasure clandestinely, were inscribed, as she reported to Miss Clara, the same mysterious characters "W. M."

"I like the old gentleman—kind old man. What wonderful things books are; nourishment for all sorts and sizes of minds—poor old Mr. Kinton Knox. How he reads and positively enjoys them. Yet the best things in them might just as well never have been written or thought, for any real perception he has of them! A kind man; I like him so much; I feel so obliged to him. And what ill-bred, insupportable persons the ladies are; that pompous, strong-willed, stupid old woman; her magnificence positively stifles me; and the young lady, how disagreeably handsome she is, and how impertinent. It must be a love of inflicting pain and degradation—how cruel, how shabby, how low!"

Such was William's review of the adult members of the family among whom he had come to reside, as he lay down with his fair hair on the pillow, and his sad eyes long open in the dark, looking at scenes and forms of the past, crossed and troubled by coming sorrows and apprehensions.

The ice and snow spread crisp and hard, and the frosty sun has little heat, but yet the thaw will come. And the radiance emitted by William's dressing-case, watch, and other glories, began imperceptibly to tell upon the frozen rigour of his first reception. There was a word now and then about the weather, he was asked to take some more tea. The ladies sometimes smiled when they thus invited him, and Miss Clara began to take an interest in her brother, and even one day in her riding habit, in which she looked particularly well, looked into the school-room for a moment, just to give Howard a little box of bon-bons she had promised him before she went out.

"May I, Mr. Herbert?" asked Miss Clara, with that smile which no one could resist.

"Certainly," said William, bowing very low, and she thought there was something haughty in his grave humility.

So she thanked him, smiling more, and made her present to Howard, who broke out with,

"This aint the one you said. You've been and eat it, you greedy!"

"N-o-w!" pleaded Miss Clara, whose fingers tingled to box his ears, though she prolonged the word in her most coaxing tone, "Howard! Howard! could you? your own poor Clara! You shall come up and have any two others you like best, when I come back, if Mr. Herbert allows it," and with a smile, and a light kiss on the boy's forehead, who plunged away from her muttering, that brilliant vision vanished, leaving William standing for a moment wondering, and thinking how graceful and pretty she looked in that becoming get-up.

"Well," thought William, that night compunctiously and pleased, "I believe I have done them an injustice. I forgot that I was a total stranger, and expected a reception different perhaps from what I was entitled to. But this perhaps is better; people whose likings and confidence move slowly, and whose friendship gradually bestowed is not suddenly withdrawn."

And so he went to sleep more happily.

## SCENES IN THE TRANSITION AGE FROM CÆSAR TO CHRIST.

## ROME—A PLEBEIAN STREET.

ONE evening, as the unclouded sun sunk towards the western hills, his light streaming down a long street shone upon a fountain, which sparkled at the end of another street, which met it at right angles, and between whose ranges of lofty houses almost meeting at the roofs a dim twilight already reigned. Numerous figures, women chiefly, passed hither and thither, bearing on their heads large earthenware vases, which they filled with the crystal waters, and paced stately by to the houses in this shadowy thoroughfare, which ran into the old Patrician Way in the Esquiline Valley—a street once inhabited by the nobles, but long since become the residence of the plebs. Here and there might be seen some large mansion, whose massive lower stories dated from the days of the kings, while its huge superstructure mounting to nine or ten flats, had been superadded by later proprietors, desirous of making the most of the space, ground rent being enormous within the city. All the old houses in this old street had massive porches of Alban stone, on many of which were seen the half erased insignia of some Patrician family, who had long since abandoned the locality for more fashionable quarters in the Carinæ, on Esquiline and Cælian hills, or the Field of Mars. The superstructure of such houses, carried up for a considerable height in brick and stone, frequently culminated in a pile of wooden architecture, which overhung the street below, which thus somewhat resembled one of those narrow lanes in the Naples of the present day, where each flat protrudes above the other until the eaves of the opposite houses almost meet. This district had in times past been inhabited by one of the tribes of Servius Tullus, and here a remnant of the old Roman plebs still lingered—people of dark complexion, with strong features and fierce eyes, easily distinguished amid the motley population of eastern, southern, and western origin, which now formed the maximum of the inhabitants of Rome. Strong as fort-

resses, the lower portion of the houses in this street, built of enormous blocks of stone, differed as much from the elegant marble structures of politer regions, as its population from theirs.

At the door of one of those houses stood a couple of women, poorly dressed, like most others in the locality, but who wore the matronly *stola*, and whose aspect indicated their descent from one of the old tribes. The younger bore an infant in her arms, which the elder regarded for some moments with the air of a connoisseur, taking it by the little hand, and looking in its face—her great black eyes, dazzling with tenderness:—

“What a fine one of a month old is that of yours, and how it takes the breast;—why, by my faith, it weighs as much as Thalestri’s at three months.”

“Hardly so, poor pretty one (*kissing it*)—born of a fright before its time, as y’ know. Methinks, *Sofra*, ’twill not live long.”

“Tut, pish! fear’s a fool; use it as I my boy; hard, but kind; every morning I plunged him in the Tyber, when he was a quat not bigger than yours, and th’ effect!—in a year he was able to run; I suckled him but six months, and was bearing his brother before the autumn of the same year. But come, cradle your little cub, and let’s go the bread-shop, for, by my heart, our men will return at sunset, sharp set with hunger.”

“I fear to leave the little one alone; it will cry.”

“What, then, why your but a young mother; crying is company for a child; come, let’s on; good mothers are we all in this district which sends fewer little funerals forth in the year than any this side o’ the town—not like the women of the Suburra. What think you? last evening, as I was coming home through the sandal-makers’ lane in the dark, I tripped and stumbled over somewhat, and when I stooped, ’twas a dead infant, still warm. Thank, Juno, I’m but nursing now, for was I bearing it ha’ give me a dangerous turn;—a child, doubtless, ’twas of some slut by a slave; curse on the carrion hussy, for ’twas

an unnatural beast, for a Roman, that is—for truly among the easterns, life is cheap."

"Isn't that Lussia just up; how pale she looks; a hard time she has had on it."

"Poor thing! has not strength for a mishap without suffering; well, Juno is good. But how the fine ladies can take their phyltres, Lunestra, and bear afterwards; that's what surprises me, though, to be sure, they ha' the best advice."

"Ay, as you say, each of those great ladies who has a lover has a physician to save her honour. But what sort of children ha' they, good wife? walk in the porticoes, and you'll see. Look at those of the great folks, washy, over-adorned, pale, rickety, insolent brats, and then look at those o' our men. Why, by Juno, for health, beauty, and size in children, I'd back six of our women to beat the best of those haughty founcers of the Carina and Sacred Way."

The sun had set and it was already dusk the while thus chatting the two women had diverged into a neighbouring narrow street, in which there were a number of slaves' workshops. Pausing before the iron grating of one of these, they looked inward for some moments. The place was a long chamber, from whose ceiling several iron oil lamps cast a strong light beneath upon the long tables, around which the slaves of some rich proprietor were engaged in various trades, superintended by directors, who, whip in hand, passed from one to another examining his work. The men, who were of various nations and complexions, presented a famished and miserable appearance. Some wore a short cloak of coarse cloth over their shoulders; others were almost naked, their bodies stained black and blue with the lash; many had the head shaved; all bore their number branded on the forehead; all were chained to the wooden fixtures on which they sat; many were characterized by a look of stupidity almost bestial as they mechanically pursued their toil.

The women regarded them a while with a look of amused attention. At length the younger said:—

"Good lack, how rich Gains Titi-

nus, the owner of this shop, must be; they say he only lets these slaves sleep four hours, to get the most work out of them."

"Ay, and so many of them die, that if you come this way six months hence, you'll see an entirely new batch o' them."

"Poor creatures, a sad life. Well, Jupiter be thanked, we, Sofara, are Romans, with husbands who work as clients, and hence get share of the proceeds of their work."

"Ah! it is something to be a Roman of the tribes."

"Ay, by my faith, to be a free labourer instead of a slave; why the difference is as great as between a man and a mule."

"'Tis so;" and turning, they were pursuing their way to the breadshop, when the elder, who walked outermost on the narrow pavement, was suddenly jostled by a slave in rich scarlet clothing, who wore the hood of his cloak over his head, and appeared in great haste.

"Curse on you, dog," cried the elder, "where are your manners? push a woman; 'tis easily seen the fellow is a slave for all his fine apparel, a puffed up insolent!"

"That he is," said the other, "I caught a glimpse of his face, and know him. He belongs to the house of Caius Piso, on the Palatine—a great mansion."

"Whether he be or not, he is a cur. Nothing sickens me but the insolence of fellows bought with money such as he." Chatting thus, they arrived at the open shop, around which a crowd of purchasers had gathered, and where a couple of men covered with flour and almost naked were carrying relays of hot loaves, stamped with the baker's name, from an inner chamber, and depositing it on the stone counter, where the seller sat engaged in their disposal, and in taking and changing money.

Meanwhile the slave, pushing his way through the crowded street, directed his course through the streets of the Quirinal hill and valley, and ascending the Pincian, and passing along its gardens, presently arrived in the silent district in which Iusa lived, and mounting the green declivity, entered the ivy-hooded door. Iusa was accompanied by her friend Grian, the Gaulish girl, comrade of Flidais,



whom we have previously introduced, and both were preparing to attend one of the agapæ, or love-feasts of the Christians, when they were arrested by the arrival of this visiter. The slave, casting a keen look at the inmates of the chamber, said—

"The house of Iusa, the copyist, I presume?"

"The same."

The slave glanced at Grian.

"Is this girl your sister?"

"No, my friend."

"Can I speak to you aside?"

Iusa led the way into an inner chamber adjoining, and here the slave, producing a letter, directed her to make a hundred copies as rapidly as possible, telling her she should be paid according to the accuracy with which she copied the original, but at the same time warning her to keep the substance of the writing a secret. Thus, as it was consistent with her occupation, Iusa promised, and the slave departed. When Iusa glanced at the writing on the slip of parchment she had just received, she found it was inscribed in the Greek character, but so intermingled with symbols that its sense remained unintelligible. It appeared to be a circular, numbers of which she had been in the habit of transcribing; so, securing it safely in a press in the chamber, and thinking nothing more of it for the present, she rejoined Grian, with whom, having locked the outer door, she proceeded across the city in the direction of the Aventine district.

#### FLIDAI AND SIORNA.

FOR three days the pirate vessel in which the unhappy Flidais was borne captive continued its course toward Africa. On the second day of the voyage the storm had lulled, and though the sea continued heavy, the wind, which had changed from the west to the north, blew strong and steadily, and with sails set and rowers plying the oars, the rapid craft having turned the Herculean promontory of Sardinia, pursued its way through the night, still eastward across the rolling Mediterranean waters.

On the morning of the third day the sailors recognized the propinquity of Sicily—as yet under the wave—by a long dim thread of cloud crescenting the blue southern sky—

the grey, smoke-line of Ætna, leagues in length. After some hours the snowy cone of the mountain rose far off, like a cloud; then the lower declivities—lastly, the irregular coast backed by woods and dotted by white towns, became visible. The men kept a keen watch from prow and mast, alike for such craft as might promise a prize, and for the Roman galleys, which it was their object to avoid; and when they had approached within a few leagues of Mazarum, in whose harbour a few merchant ships only were seen, hove to until evening, when they purposed to send a boat ashore to reconnoitre and obtain water.

The day was blue and cloudless—the sun shone radiantly, and the crew stretched on the deck wiled the hours drinking, playing at dice, and chanting rude songs illustrative of the actions of some famous sea rover of old, or of the wild heroism of their profession; for, though under the ban of Roman law, such was piracy regarded in those days by many of the sea coast population of Hispania, Gaul, and Africa, whose ideas on the subject were identical with those of the Algerine rovers of a late period, and of the Dyaks of Borneo, some years since.

Siorna, the pirate captain, suddenly smitten as we have seen, with a passion for his fair captive Flidais, had, as he had said, indeed made her mistress of the vessel, having allotted her his own cabin, and treated her with a rude and tender care, according to his fashion; but as at each interview he pursued his suit with an ardour which appeared to become daily more violent and uncontrollable, the position of the unhappy girl continued one of wretchedness and terror. Though completely in his power, however, there was something in her character, and even beauty, which, he knew not why, overawed the enamoured pirate, whom she had hitherto managed not only to repel, but control. Siorna, though rendered fierce and at times ruthless, by his predatory life on the sea, was in several respects superior to the savage, abandoned society to whom he belonged. The son of a chieftain of Gaul, though engaged for many years in piracy, he had in his youth received the peculiar education of the

Druids ; and wild sea-warrior as he was, had even cultivated his active mind, spoke several languages, and read and wrote Greek and Latin with ease.

His form was tall and powerful—his handsome countenance, originally fair, was now bronzed and dusk, from wind and sun ; a mass of yellow hair, wavy as flame, and parted on the brow, beneath which shone eyes of fiercest blue, streamed on his broad, armed shoulders. At sea his ordinary attire was a thick leather jerkin, plaited with brass, a helmet of skins, huge boots, reaching above the knees, a crimson sash, in which a superb oriental dagger rested—while on his right arm he wore a heavy golden bracelet, an ancestral relic never removed, on which was inscribed certain magical words—a preservative spell, addressed to Hesus, the Gaulic god of war. Though, as we have said of a stern and ruthless demeanour, arising from the desperate nature of his life and the habit of commanding a savage crew, he was in all other respects a complete type of the natural Gaulic character, superstitious, vain, intemperate, garrulous, animated, fond of display, amorous, boastful, faithful and brave.

It was about noon on the third day of the voyage—a voyage whose destination though guessed at by the men, was only known to their captain, as Flidais was gazing earnestly through a narrow window or port in her cabin, toward the shore, agitated by many emotions, thinking of her lost brother, Nechtain, of her fearful position, and praying that some ship might come to her rescue, Siorna entered. He was gaily attired in a rich festive robe, and had evidently paid no little attention to his appearance.

"How now, my pretty Flidais," he said in the language of Gaul, the while attempting to encircle her with his arm, from whose grasp she withdrew ! "Hoping still to escape despite the kindness I have shown you. Are you not mistress of my ship ? Is not all the plunder it contains at your command ; and do you not behold Siorna, who never yet solicited a captive, your slave ?"

"As a captive you have treated me well, Siorna, and in our common tongue I thank you," said the girl,

whose face, as she caught the eyes of the pirate, had become deadly pale ; "but for all this—"

"You wish to get away, and will not return my love," cried Siorna, whose brow flushed angrily on a sudden ; "come, recollect who you are and where you are ; though it's not my disposition to be other than gentle with a woman ; think you not there are hundreds of maidens handsome as you who would thank the gods for the chance I offer you of becoming my mistress ?"

"Doubtless, doubtless," said Flidais, who, though terrified, regarded him steadily ; then after a moment's hesitation approached him gaily : "many would accept the love of a brave sea-rover such as Siorna."

"Faith, I believe you, girl," said the pirate, in a boastful, laughing tone ; "how then is it with you ? I can't understand this holding back, when fortune favours you ; what better can you do, my pretty sea flower ; come, let us be lovers ; I offer you a pleasant life, and as fair a chance of riches as the best boat on those seas can win ;" and he again approached.

Flidais, her beautiful face white with inflexible resolve, retreated again as he spoke, and glanced toward the opposite end of this cabin, where a shaft of sunlight falling through the door, gleamed on several ranges of weapons slung along the walls ; but Siorna penetrating her purpose, suddenly intercepted her. Thus baffled, her heart beat tumultuously ; but preserving her self-possession, she regarded the pirate with a look of pride and determination so cold that an expression of ferocity again clouded the amorous countenance of Siorna, as she cried in thrilling tones—

"Siorna, despair thy purpose, though I be in your power, for I swear that this virtue of my body and soul, which from God I hold in trust, still shall I hold ; and rather than abandon, here tearing open my heart, shall clear through death a path to freedom."

To this Siorna cried in harsh tones broken with passion—

"You play a comedy, slave ; how long is it to last ? What genius possesses you that you reject the offer I make you ? Learn obedience, or I

swear by the gods of the sea I shall treat you as I list."

Again Flidais glanced toward the entrance into the cabin, with the purpose of making a despairing rush past the pirate, and burying herself in the sea. She had already made two steps forward, when Siorna, who had been leaning against the centre mast, sprang forward, caught her by the long golden hair, pushed her aside, and shutting, bolted the narrow cabin door.

"Behold," he said, "how vain are your purposes to escape me, pretty fool. Be advised, then, and rouse not my anger. Know you not I wish to treat you kindly as before, for by the gods I adore you. How now? Is it not better to love than to enrage me?"

Flidais, who had retreated to the further end of the cabin, where she stood marble pale, scarce breathing, the wave-reflected light quivering on her fine brow, and with her bright, blue, watchful eyes still bent on the pirate, whose mind seemed to fluctuate between tenderness and ferocity, after a pause said with innocent carelessness, and with a touching look—

"And what have I, poor Flidais, done to enrage you?"

"Oh, away, enchantress," muttered Siorna, in a thick, sullen tone, and with a confused look, his head turned aside, and like an offended lion shaking his yellow mane.

Flidais appeared to reflect a moment, then, suddenly, with a gay and confiding smile, she approached him, and stretching forth her hand, said—

"And do you really love me, Siorna?"

For an instant the handsome countenance of the pirate seemed even more confused than before. Then its dark shadows disappeared in a glow of animation, as he cried, throwing himself at her feet, and carrying her hand to his bearded lips.

"By all the gods I adore you more than any, the fairest of maidens these eyes have ever beheld. Yea, I know you are kind as you are beauteous, my blue-eyed queen."

Flidais, forcing a laugh, gentle and gay, with blushing face declined, permitted him to retain her hand; a sudden sigh heaved her bosom, her gaze, though soft, was penetrant and steady, as she said—

"You know I am grateful to you,

Siorna; how much so I need not express; but love, my friend, to me, a poor shipwrecked girl!—my heart has been too full of terror to love you. Only wait yet, yet a little; and trust me, time will not lessen my heart's gratitude toward my brave preserver. Will you not?"

And filled with a sudden courage, standing on tiptoe, she smoothed with her white hands the thick curls from the bronzed scarred brow of the fascinated pirate, who now, under the influence of a gentler charm than he had ever experienced, regarded her with a pure, a more respectful, and more faithful aspect.

Worthwith, drawing Siorna to a couch, and seated beside him, she began to question him, in the calmer intimacy thus established, of his adventures, of his race, of Gaul; and so subtle was the *tactique* elicited by her position and purposes, that Siorna, who for the first time felt the charm of a tender friendship and companionship, spoke of his career, his adventures on the seas, with lively bravado; communicated his inmost thoughts and purposes to the beautiful captive, who had become in a little space the ruler of his rude nature and his friend; and presently retired, without even venturing to entreat a kiss, promising to rejoin her at supper.

Left alone, Flidais sunk on the couch, as though exhausted by a painful effort; presently her heart, still fluctuating with fear, beat calmer; an emotion of pride, which she could not repress, animated her giddily for awhile, for it was the first time she had become conscious of the power of her beauty and brain; lastly, a stronger feeling possessed her, and she passed some moments in prayer.

She rose, and leaning from the cabin window, beneath which the deep blue billows swung and rolled in the sunshine, gazed more tranquilly than before on the distant land. Something in his history which the Gaul had narrated struck her; and to pass the time she began to examine the multifarious articles, hitherto hardly noticed, with which the cabin was crowded. There were cedar chests of silks, boxes of gold ornaments, jewels, and coin, rich robes and furs, weapons, and armour of various nations. Amid these and

other articles of plunder, her attention was lastly directed to a corner in which stood a tall Gaulish spear, on which two skulls were strung, and which she knew was a tribe trophy; and underneath a box, in which lay several manuscripts, which she found were written in the language of her native Gaul and in the Greek character; several of these, judging from the skins and characters, were very old, and bore marks of blood, wine, and mould. Rapidly glancing over the pages of each, she found that some were chronicles, some bardic songs, illustrative of the deeds and the battles, the public and private memoirs of the tribe to which Siorna belonged, preserved, as customary, with the religious veneration of a Gaul. At length she came upon a parchment which, as she read, fixed her attention.

This writing she found referred to a period some seventeen years back, when Siorna's tribe had been driven from their lands by the Romans, and, among other details, gave a minutely accurate account of a child, a sister of Siorna, who had been carried away, and, it was thought, sold into slavery at the period referred to, when she had but reached her fourth year, and who had not since been heard of. The portrait of the child was carefully described, and the writing was evidently a memorial chronicled with the object of leading to her discovery at some future time.

As Flidais read the account of this child, and reflected that her appearance would exactly correspond with her own at her then age, a sudden thought struck her. She had just time to replace the manuscript in the box and hide it away under a pile of cloaks, when the pirate servants entered with the supper, followed by Siorna.

As they partook of the feast together, Siorna was still more charmed than hitherto with the demeanour of Flidais, which had become trustful, amiable, and gay. According to his custom, he was beginning to indulge in deep draughts of rich wine, when Flidais, apprehensive that its effect should once more fire the pirate's blood, and obliterate the gentler influence she had created, playfully seizing the great cup of gold from which he drank, said, "Come, my

good Siorna, let me put you to the test, that I may see whether you care more for me or this stupid wine;" and she hid the vessel away under her robes.

The pirate laughed, and told her that for one of her smiles he would exchange all the vineyards of Gaul.

"And speaking of Gaul, our dear native land, which we both love," said she, "narrate to me, as you promised, somewhat of the nation to which you belong."

"Willingly," returned Siorna. "Before I do so, however, let me hear your history, my golden-haired friend."

Flidais, delighted at this turn of the conversation, seized it, and after a pause, during which her face assumed a melancholy beauty, said:

"Alas, my friend, for my little history! like that of thousands of our people since the conquest, it is one of gloom and sadness. The greater part of my life has been passed in Italy."

"But do you not remember your childhood?" inquired Siorna.

"My earliest recollections are veiled in a sort of cloud," returned Flidais, "and I can recall but a few scattered circumstances of that early time. I was hardly four years old when my tribe were driven from their lands, and when I was sold into slavery. I remember being taken in a cart, together with many other children, over a rich country, then we came to a large city by the sea, and thence, along a beautiful coast, to another town, where I remained in the house of a farmer, and which, as I grew up, I learned was called—"

"What was the name of your tribe?" inquired Siorna.

"It was called—I cannot just now recollect the name—it will come presently; but this I know, that the first name by which I was known was not Flidais."

"And what then?" asked Siorna, resting his head on his arm, and looking at her sidelong from the board.

"Why, Eimher," returned Flidais, whose heart began to beat with anxiety for the success of her scheme. "I was called Eimher—of that I am certain; though I have so dim a recollection of my people, I do not recollect my mother, who must have died long before our tribe was driven away from their country; a wide

country, by a broad river, I know it was, though do not know in what part of Gaul, though from the long journey I mention, it must have been far inland. I had a brother, a boy then of, I should say, ten years old, who frequently played with me, and who resembled me. I have a sort of dim memory, also, of my father, who was a chieftain, whom I seldom saw, he being, I should think, much engaged in war. Once—it is like a dream—I saw him return from a great battle; he was wounded and bloody, and while a Druid stanchied his gashes, a number of warriors piled at his feet a heap of gold ornaments. This was in a great hall, in which a huge fire blazed, for it was night. I think he must have died then; for I remember, after some one had lifted me on his knee to be kissed, he sunk forward, and fell on the ground—”

When Flidais had reached this point in her narrative, Siorna, who had for some time grown deadly pale, sprang to his feet. His countenance seemed convulsed for a moment, then assumed an expression of anguish and horror, as he gazed earnestly on Flidais. It was some time before his lips could form their words. At length, while his eyes were fixed on her, he muttered, in broken tones, scarce audible, “Eimher, child, Eimher—”

“What moves you, Siorna?” exclaimed Flidais, also rising.

“Eimher, child, tell me, hast thou ever heard the name of Oinghealla?”

“That is it!” cried Flidais, smiling with sudden delight. “Yes; that is the name of my tribe I have so long forgotten.”

As she spoke, Siorna raised his arms aloft, then spreading them, clasped her to his heart, while he cried in deep emotion—“This is wonderful, ye gods! Ye gods, I thank you! You have restored to me my sister, long lost. Yes, Eimher; you and I, girl, are all that remain of the once great sept of Oinghealla. Look in my face, that I may recall old years; the hair, the eyes, your years, your name convince me. Oh, joyful day! Oh, lucky destiny! Fear no more, sister of Siorna, in whom you have found at

last and evermore your natural protector.”

Flidais, agitated by various emotions, amid which an affectionate feeling for Siorna even predominated over the sensation of triumph at the success of the little scheme which circumstances and reason had originated as the safeguard of virtue, sat long beside the once so dreaded pirate, who held her hands clasped in his, while he recounted the story of his tribe, and the events which had occurred since their early days. Flidais also narrated her career, and the evening fell upon the pair thus engaged. Siorna then led her on the deck, where he announced the happy discovery he had made to the crew, who prostrated themselves before the pleased but still anxious Flidais. As the moon rose, a boat which had been sent ashore returned, bearing information that none of the ships in the harbour were expected to put to sea for several days. Upon this, Siorna ordered the men to weigh anchor and raise the sails; commands rapidly executed; and in the evening wind, which already blew from the land, the vessel, propelled by its rowers, proceeded on its way in an easterly direction.

The night was calm and crowded with stars as they cleft their way through the azure billows, scintillating with phosphoric flame; the shore disappeared; soon the fiery crest of *Ætna* sunk in the western cloud, and lonely ocean spread around. Siorna and Flidais still conversed, leaning over the bulwark. At length the former said, after a pause, “Yes, girl, after we have touched at Egypt, where I have business with some comrades who have a haunt in the Pelusian branch of the Nile, you shall return to Gaul. A distant branch of our tribe still possess lands in the territory of the Carnutæ, north of the Leiger,\* and thither I will send you, with wealth enough to last you for life. Fain would I keep you with me, but for the dangers to which you would be subjected in my vessel, where life is as uncertain as a cloud. Yes; you at least shall live and preserve the memory of my race, whatever may become of me.”

\* *Leiger*. From the Celtic *leic*, strong, impetuous.

A certain shade of regret fell on the face of Flidais, which was animated by transient blushes, as Siorna bade his supposed sister good night, and while she retired to her cabin, threw himself on the deck, to sleep under the solemn stars, and amid the gentle murmur of the surges.

LOCUSTA'S PRESENT.

THE slave who had found the box containing the poisoned ring and phial which the freed woman of Poppæa Sabina was bearing from Locusta to her mistress, encountered on the same evening at a tavern, a comrade, a Jew, to whom he exhibited the articles. The latter, having examined them and found to whom they were directed, immediately suspected their object, and foreseeing a reward in connexion with their dark and secret use—having depreciated the value of the ring—immediately purchased them from the finder for a small sum, and the bargain effected, hastened to the Palace of Sabina, where no little consternation on the part of its mistress and her confidential attendants already existed.

The Jew, having inquired for one of the lower order of slaves—an acquaintance—informed him he had an important revelation to make to the Lady Sabina. As it happened, the freed woman whose carelessness had created so much apprehension, was the party sent to speak with him. He, however, refusing to disclose his secret to any except the mistress of the mansion, the latter ordered him to be admitted to one of the private apartments.

The Jew, on coming into the presence of the haughty beauty, stated, in subservient tones—the while his keen eyes centred on her face—that a person with whom he was acquainted had found certain articles directed to Poppæa Sabina, a ring and phial, which he had reason to believe was addressed to her by a noted character in Rome. Sabina, pale, but equally watchful, inquired, with a careless air, whether he had brought them. This he denied, but in a manner which convinced her he lied. At first she thought of calling her slaves and having him secured, but fearing lest this course should

cause suspicion, told him to produce the articles and he should be rewarded. Still hesitating, he inquired what sum he should receive for procuring them. Sabina, with an assumption of laughing indifference, told him he should not regret delivering them to the rightful owner; and forthwith proceeding to a cabinet, which she opened, carelessly poured out its contents—an immense heap of golden coin—on the couch whereon she sat. This done, she inquired, laughing, whether he could now produce the trinket for so great a reward.

When the Jew saw the mass of money, he became suddenly like one possessed—he breathed deep—every nerve quivered, and his whole frame trembled with excitement. Forthwith producing the articles, he held them toward her, at arms' length,—while she, smiling, pointed to the gold;—and then bowing, placed them in her hands. Clutching them eagerly she locked them in a cabinet, and then taking a few pieces of gold presented them to the slave, whose enraged face had become terrible; the while collecting and throwing the remainder into the cabinet, which she locked, told him, lightly, to depart and congratulate himself on her bounty, which was greater in value than those trifling matters—a trinket and vase of perfume—which had been lost through the carelessness of a slave. When the Jew heard this he burst forth into an ungovernable rage, declaring that he knew they both contained poison. Sabina, languidly laughing at this announcement, ordered him to begone for the present, telling him to return on the morrow at a certain hour, when, if the inquiries she made respecting him proved satisfactory, he should receive other marks of substantial kindness. Upon this the Jew, pocketing his pieces, and somewhat calmed by the hope of an additional largess, departed. Sabina, who from anxiety and apprehension had been somewhat confused during this colloquy, despite her affected indifference, which did not escape the eyes of the slave,—the instant he was gone summoned one of her slaves to whom she whispered a few words. Then, calling her confidential freed woman, to whom she intrusted the poisons, she despatched her to the Palace.

It happened on her arrival the colloquy which ensued between this freed woman and her accomplice, a cook in the pay of Sabina, was overheard by one of Octavia's women, who immediately acquainted her mistress with its import. A sudden confusion in the chambers of the empress startled the miscreant emissaries who were arranging her death; and, while the woman fled to the palace of Sabina—still carrying the box—the cook-slave was seized by Octavia's freed men and put in irons; and thus, for a time, the gentle Octavia escaped the machinations of her enemies. The next morning the Jew was found stabbed, dead, lying between two of the tombs on the Appian Way, having gone so far the previous night on his route to the Egerian valley, where a large colony of poor Hebrew plebs., the migratory dregs of Jerusalem in those days, located.

Sabina, having again secured her deadly treasure, bided her time for putting her desperate scheme in execution, and rendered by her influence over Nero disdainfully secure, felt little appre-

hension of any consequences ensuing to her from the discovery of her criminal intentions. On Nero's arrival in Rome from Naples, where he had passed the festival of Vertumnus, the desperate beauty instigated a subtle scheme for the destruction of her innocent rival. A conspiracy, in which the infamous Tiggellinus took the lead, was formed—nefarious instruments suborned to trump up a case of adultery against the young empress—and with the accord of the wretched senators of those days, Octavia was found guilty, on the fictitious accusations of Anicetus—one of the most reckless of the miscreant puppets of the court—and, to the mutual delight of Nero and Sabina, banished to Pandateria—a barren island some thirty miles distant from the Cumæan promontory, but whither the hatred of Sabina, which could be satisfied by death alone, pursued her. A few days after she landed on its distant shores, attended only by a guard of rude Roman soldiers, a secret order was sent to the island for her immediate assassination.

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#### THE RINDERPEST IN ENGLAND.

THINGS most often fall out very differently from human expectation. It was supposed that the new Ministry and Parliament would find no subject to occupy themselves with half so serious as the Reform Bill, and their real peril and difficulty has proved to be the Rinderpest. The nature of the discussion on the Address was not anticipated by the Government. There was a word or two about Fenianism, hardly a word at all about the Franchise, and a vigorous debate on the apathy of the Cabinet in the matter of the Cattle Plague. The very earn-

estness of that first night's complaint, however, saved the Ministry. Had the feeling of the Houses been less marked in its exhibition, the timid statesmen who were waiting all through for the power behind of public opinion to impel them forward, would have dallied still longer with their responsibilities, and would have excited against themselves an opposition it would have been impossible to withstand. They had the wisdom to perceive where their deficiency lay, and to put themselves right with Parliament and the Country by

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Cattle: their Diseases, &c. Volume published in 1838, by Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

The Cattle Plague. By Lyon Playfair, C.B., LL.D., F.R.S. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

On the Management of Farm Stock in Health and Disease, and more especially of dairy cows, with practical suggestions for the prevention and treatment of Rinderpest. By a Scottish Tenant-Farmer. William Blackwood and Sons.

The Cattle Plague: a paper read before the Athy Farmers' Club, January 2, 1866. By Walter R. Bulwer, Esq., J.P., Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.

Symptoms and treatment of the Cattle Plague, with a sketch of its history and progress. By Arthur Wynne Foot, M.D., Dublin; Dublin: McGlashan and Gill. London: Longmans.

hurrying on their Bill, making it something like what the exigency demanded. They surrendered themselves, in fact, to the House. Mr. Gladstone intimating that they would alter the scheme in any way in accordance with the general feeling; and that this was the only safe course was signally proved when, the Ministry having confronted the House on Mr. Hunt's amendment with respect to the absolute prohibition of cattle removal by rail, canal, or highway, they were beaten by a large majority, in which were found a number of their own supporters. The country, in short, was thoroughly aroused to a sense of the magnitude of the Plague calamity; a study of the history of the pest in 1745-57 had showed the necessity for stringent preventive measures if it was not to linger in the island for a similar period; the futility of expecting a larger proportion of recoveries than during the former visitation had come to be acknowledged; and there was nothing for it but to ask for those legislative measures which would compel selfish or careless persons to disclose the fact that their cattle were affected, in order that they might forthwith be slain. It was felt that without compulsory regulations it would be vain to hope for any "stamping out," and that general slaughter for purposes of prevention, as well as in cases of actually existing disease, would be unfair unless the farmer had some measure of compensation. After a struggle against theories, prejudices, and selfishness, it was admitted by the public press, and subsequently by the House of Commons, that he ought to be remunerated, not so much to make good his losses as to encourage him to disclose the fact of the Plague having attacked his stock, that it might be prevented at once from extending to neighbouring herds. To the exact nature of the Act passed for England, and the solid grounds on which its provisions can be defended against persons of the stamp of Mr. Bright and Mr. J. S. Mill, we shall refer again: here it is sufficient to observe that neither of those philosophers seemed to understand the character of the visitation, or to be able to foresee the disasters to which its continuance must lead—disasters to all

classes in the community. "When," says Dr. Playfair, and the position is entirely sound, "the disease first appears in a new district, or when its proportions become within bounds in an old infected one, the slaughter of cattle, whether diseased or infected, is generally a public economy, but in such cases it would be right to treat it as such, either through the public purse, or, preferably, by local rates; while there is much objection to a general system of compensation, it becomes an act of necessary justice to farmers whose stock is sacrificed for a specific public purpose. Such a responsible power might be confided to the local authorities, if not left optional with them, but it must arise from an imperial necessity, and be exercised with discretion and skilled advice. Compensation for a specific purpose does not involve a principle of general payment for the loss of property by disaster." These are the enlightened views which the Legislature has been found ready to endorse despite the opposition of a small section of narrow representatives. They are the views which a majority of the members of the Royal Commission put forward with striking ability.

Before referring to the question in its more immediate and practical aspect it will be useful to recall briefly what is known of the history of these murrains. The record is an imperfect one, even of the latest ravages of the pest. The Plague of 1865-6, however, will have its historians, and all that our experience teaches will be handed down in the fullest detail for the information of posterity. The meagre notes preserved for us of the cause and character of the malignant distemper which has raged at various times in Continental countries and in our own, are those for the most part of physicians; but as their interest in cattle diseases was trifling, they did not make them a special study. They had not, besides, the means of collecting trustworthy accounts of the symptoms of the disease from the owners of the beasts, as data for investigation. How frequent murrain was in very early ages, the reader of the Scriptures and of classic authors is well aware. The calamity which befell Egypt during the controversy with Israel, though a very



direct act of Divine intervention, was probably in kind not dissimilar from the pestilence which devastated the flocks of the Greeks during the siege of Troy. "The arrows of Apollo" to which Homer ascribed the plague, were but a poetical description of a cause undiscoverable—a confession of the inscrutable nature of a malady which to-day baffles the scientific as completely as it did those who saw their herds swept off by it five centuries before the Christian era. Virgil ascribed it to "vicious and sickly skies," and found it worst in summer and autumn, as is still the case. His account of the symptoms in the third book of the *Georgics* tallies remarkably with the descriptions of visitations of modern days. The occupiers of the Roman farms when he wrote were but too familiar with a murrain, not perhaps as deadly, but still akin to the Steppe form. In the Roman poet's time the disease seems to have affected other animals besides oxen. He specially mentions its effect upon the "victor horse," who, forgetful of his food, pawed the ground, whilst a "doubtful sweat in clammy drops appeared upon him;" his hide becoming parched, his hairs rugged, and as his pains increased his eyes rolling, and deep groans and heavings for breath,

"With patient sobbing, and with manly  
moans,  
Distend his lab'ring side."

There were cattle diseases in the fourth century, A.D., in the ninth and in the sixteenth, of which no record exists, but the losses were so extensive that they deserve to be classed among the great Plagues of the world's history. In 1682 an epidemic raged in France about which marvellous stories are related. Superstition and credulity mark the accounts that survive of this malady. The cattle, it was said, continued to eat and work until they dropped dead in the field. It was not until 1711, however, that the grievous epidemic appeared which has twice, at intervals, committed so much havoc. According to the eminent Italian physician, Rammazini, it was imported from Dalmatia by cattle-dealers who were in the habit of selling beasts of that country in Italy. A single animal straying from their herd infected a

flock in the neighbourhood of Padua, and from thence the disease spread until every part of Venetia was ravaged by it. The story of this plague is told by Rammazini and Lancisi, and the symptoms by which it was characterized are stated briefly in the article on Murrains, written by Youatt, for the volume on Cattle issued in 1838 by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge:—

"It commenced with a shivering fit, followed by unnatural heat, extreme thirst, difficulty of breathing, and general debility. A thick mucous discharge from the nose and mouth speedily succeeded, attended by a very unpleasant smell. There were twitchings of various parts of the frame; frequent fetid and blood ejections, and the appetite and rumination ceased. On the fifth day there was a particular emption in the mouth, which covered the tongue and the pharynx, and abscesses followed, and the bones beneath quickly became carious. The cattle died generally on or about the fifth or ninth day. The hair usually came partly or entirely off. If after the fall of the hair, the skin became firmer, or if the disease attacked the legs, or thighs, and there were swellings of the joints, or about the limbs, and which almost prevented the motion of the animal, he generally recovered. Cows that give milk often survived, but their calves uniformly perished. On examination after death 'hydatids' were found in the brain always, and it was said that they contained an infectious gas that could scarcely be endured. If this were the case, they were vesicles formed by the extravasated air in the process of decomposition, and not hydatids. Ulcers were formed at the root of the tongue, and gangrene in the intestines. The third stomach always contained a hard, black, infectious mass, which adhered to the lining membrane and could scarcely be separated from it."

This plague, for which no medicine was found of any avail, spread rapidly over Italy and acquired fearful strength. It attacked horses (as in Virgil's day), swine, deer, and even poultry. More than 70,000 cattle perished in one year in Piedmont. Thence it travelled with dire rapidity into France. Three years afterwards it had made its way to England. What devastation it caused, however, there was no chronicler adequately to tell. This was the pre-historic period of English murrains. It was not, as has been already said, until the plague among Cattle in 1746, which lasted down to 1757, that records

were kept that might inform future generations. From these it appears that the 1745 disease began in a district near London, and spread from thence to almost every part of the kingdom, dying down in a place and unaccountably reappearing, until, after twelve years, it seemed to have worn itself out. It did not enter Ireland, and the circumstance has been mentioned repeatedly, in the present situation of things, as a hopeful one. Surrounded by its natural protecting wall of sea, and having no imports of cattle, Ireland is in the most favourable condition for escaping the pest.

Dr. Playfair, in his admirable treatise, adopts the idea that the wars which raged in Europe in the early years of the eighteenth century, greatly extended, if they did not produce, the disease. To the wars of Louis XIV. until his death in 1765, a great part of the evils that followed is attributed. "The armies of the Allies, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, frequently carried it in their train, or received it in the capture of commissariat cattle from the French." Holland from 1713 to 1723 lost more than 200,000 cattle. In almost every instance during this century, we find the plague spreading with violence whenever Russian and Austrian troops penetrated westward, or when the troops of other countries mingled with the former, either in war or peace. This was specially observed in the War of Succession at the death of Charles VI. in 1740. "It is familiar to every reader of history, that the Hungarians warmly espoused the cause of Maria Theresa, and as the tide of war rolled backwards and forwards, the Hungarian cattle used to feed the Austrian armies carried with them the seeds of the plague, and again spread these broadcast over Europe. In eight years after the death of the Emperor Charles VI. the west and centre of Europe alone, lost three millions of horned beasts."

When in 1744 the disease appeared in England, it was treated much as the plague was treated last year, when the word Rinderpest first started up in the journals of the day. It awakened no attention for some time. The precious moments during which it might have been checked by vigor-

ous measures of isolation, prohibition, and slaughter, were suffered to pass away without anything being done, and the nation became alive to the extent and character of the danger only when large herds of cattle had been swept away, and the losses were so great and general that the Government was compelled to interpose and add to measures of prevention one of public compensation. The disease was nearly a year in the community before the slow machinery of a Commission was put in operation, and even then the efforts of the authorities were confined almost entirely to the metropolitan county. The same measures which present experience suggests, were ultimately acknowledged to be the only effective method of combating the plague. The idea of a specific was abandoned after all possible cures had been found of no avail, and the poleaxe adopted as the sole means of protecting the sound cattle and circumscribing the calamity. The cattle when killed were buried twelve feet under ground, their hides being slashed, and their carcasses covered with quicklime. Orders in Council chased each other, when in 1746 the magnitude of the peril became apparent, and sales at fairs and markets were entirely prohibited in every town in England, except of cattle ready for the butcher, and for these there should be a clean bill of health granted only upon the oath of the owner, corroborated before a magistrate. No beast from an infected herd, though untainted, would be allowed to be sold. But the local supervision was imperfect, the cattle-owners were apathetic, except where aroused by the actual presence of the disease, and the murrain spread in consequence with rapidity. Finally, after 60,000 head of cattle had perished in one county, and 40,000 in another, the Government prohibited slaughter except in the immediate neighbourhood of the place where the beast had been kept, and put an entire stop to the movement of cattle, both fat and lean—that is, arrived at the state as to precautionary measures, we, in March, 1866, have reached in our conflict with the present Plague. The grumbling of the Londoners, however, led to the revocation of these Orders, a meat-famine having been the result, and

the Privy Council were obliged to be content with the giving of a compensation of *half the value* to encourage the owners of diseased beasts to kill them instantly when the disease laid hold of them. This compensation of 40s., or half the value at the time, was abused, as a compensation on any similar principle will ever be more or less abused, but no arrangement can be expected to be perfect. It did good during the height of the visitation, not only by causing the prompt destruction of the animals whose lingering existence would be most dangerous, but by allaying discontent among the people, and preventing persons from sinking into utter poverty. The similarity of the history of the Plague of 1745-57 to that of the present disease, is shown by Dr. Playfair:

"It is curious to read the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1745 to 1757, and see how history repeats itself. We find in it apparently the same energetic correspondents who now send their lucubrations to the newspapers, protesting against the use of the poleaxe, advocating or opposing the system of compensation for slaughtered cattle, forming immense societies, fighting against ideas of contagion and importation of the disease, and describing all kinds of cure. We have not yet seen one method of cure except homœopathy, tried in 1865, which was not tried and found wanting in the plague of 1745. Even Miss Burdett Coutts's liberal treatment of the cows at Holly Lodge, with calomel, yeast, castor-oil, porter, port, brandy, and whisky, is to be found in these old chronicles. Copious bleeding and setons in the neck were, of course, from the habit of the time, much resorted to; two quarts of blood, morning and evening, being next thought too much, till it was observed that veal beasts rarely recovered. Even Mr. Graham's sweating system was well known, but did not yield favourable results.

"We do not recollect to have seen any proof that the disorder made its way over to Ireland during this period, though there are some customs now extant among the Irish peasantry which incline us to believe that they at one time suffered from the murrain. Thus lighting bonfires on the eve of St. John's day, and pitching into them, originally, perhaps, as a sacrifice, live hedgehogs, those traditional cow-milkers, and chasing cattle with burning wisps of straw, show the old methods of burning a plague out of a country, and getting up perspiration in affected beasts. This burning out of a plague was extensively tried in England during the last century, as it has

been partially followed with pots of burning tar during this year."

Among the many ludicrous plans adopted by the farmers of 1745, in their extremity, it is mentioned that one of them having buried a diseased cow in mud leaving no part of the animal above ground but the head, and the beast having got better from the Plague under this extraordinary treatment, all the farmers in the district set about entombing their cattle in like manner; but it is not added that the experiment was successful. Salt was recommended to be given as a drench in blood taken from the animal. Setons, rowels, and other local irritations were also used. The Dutch remedy was  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of rhubarb boiled in a pipkin of water, the dose to be administered lukewarm. The Russian remedy, again, was worm-wood and yeast, with the addition every evening of a ball made up of powdered tobacco, meal, and malt spirits, and every morning half an ounce of black soap mixed with a bruised head of garlic. In England the most contradictory and absurd recommendations were addressed to the bewildered farmers. In 1749 the extraordinary superstition was entertained that an angel having descended into Yorkshire with sacred fire, the farmers were to keep it alive, so as to smoke their cattle with wisps of straw lighted at it, and enjoy immunity from the pest.

In an excellent pamphlet containing a large amount of information on the subject, Captain Bulwer supplies a succinct account of the legislative measures passed in 1745, and the following years. It possesses manifest interest in contrast with the steps taken on the present occasion by the Government, the period spent in resolving upon them, and their effects in so far as time sufficient has transpired to test their working.

"On February 18, 1746, the Royal Assent was given to a bill to empower His Majesty George II. to make rules and regulations to prevent the distemper spreading among cattle.

"Accordingly, on March 12th, a proclamation in the *Gazette* recited the Act referred to, and directed the following orders to be publicly read in all churches and chapels; those who infringed them to be liable to a penalty of £10, one half to the informer, and one half to the poor of the

parish. The Act of February was followed by various statutes down to the year 1757. The substance of the orders issued in March, 1746, is as follows; they are uniform and compulsory for the whole country:—"All infected beasts to be immediately destroyed and buried at least four feet deep. All litter and hay which had been near them to be burned. All infected houses to be cleaned, and no sound cattle to be put into the same sheds for at least two months after the last case of disease. Recovered cattle to be kept to themselves for at least one month after recovery, and to be well washed, curried, and disinfected. No person to buy or sell meat or produce of infected beasts or feed any animal on it, or drive any infected beast out of their own ground. No person to remove any cattle whatsoever from any place where infected cattle were or had been within one month of such removal. Notice of infection to be given immediately to inspectors. For compensation one moiety of value to be given, not exceeding 40s. for any beast, or 10s. for any calf killed immediately after the first appearance of infection; value to be ascertained by oath of owner and of one or two constables, if possible." The disease not having abated, fresh orders were issued in December, to the effect that for three months from December 27th, 1746, none but fat cattle for slaughter were to be driven out of the parish to fairs or markets, and not even these without a certificate that the herd out of which they were taken had been free from contagion for the six weeks immediately preceding. In August, 1747, the distemper broke out with renewed violence near London. In September a similar order to that of December, 1746, was promulgated; but in spite of these measures, by October 14th it was raging worse than ever in the midland counties. In 1749 Government compensation for infected cattle destroyed by order of inspectors was withdrawn, since it was found impossible to control the frauds practised by stockowners."

In 1752 the plague began to abate, but burst forth again in the winter of 1753, and did not cease until 1758. In February, 1759, a form of thanksgiving was read in all the churches of the kingdom for its total cessation. The only official notice in connexion with the existence in any degree, or possible entrance of the plague into Ireland at this period is found in the record of the Irish House of Commons, in which this entry appears under date February, 1749:—"Ordered that Mr. Benjamin Burton, member for the borough of Knocktopher, do attend His Excellency with the heads of a

Bill to empower the Chief Governor or Governors for the time being, and Council of this Kingdom, to make such orders as they shall think proper for preventing the infection, now spreading among the horned cattle in most parts of Europe, from being brought into this kingdom, and for stopping the progress of such infection in case it shall be brought into any part of this kingdom, and desire the same may be transmitted to Great Britain in due form." The wording of the minute shows that the murrain had not in 1749 entered Ireland, and as no more is heard of the Bill it is probable that it was not thought necessary to carry the matter further.

As everything that elucidates the history of the Plague of 1745, from its almost perfect identity with the present epidemic, is of value, either as positive information or as possibly suggestive of lines of inquiry of a practical kind, it will be useful to repeat so many of the facts as have not been already anticipated by references to other documents and sources. The number of beasts destroyed by the distemper in the period from 1746-57 is placed by a moderate computation at 200,000. The total amount paid as compensation during the twelve years 1746-57 was £212,426. There is no account to show for how many beasts the allowance of 40s. was granted, nor for how many calves at 10s. and 5s. each, nor for hides of beasts that died for which 10s. was allowed. Holland was a greater sufferer than England. In that country no less than 500,000 head of cattle died of the disease within the space of twenty years. From 1745 to 1756 inclusive 868,605 beasts were sold at Smithfield, as against 989,386 in the twelve previous years, showing an average decrease of 10,000 beasts per annum. In 1757 the number again rose to the old average. During the worst five years of the distemper, the falling off in the supply at Smithfield was greatest. As to prices, butchers' meat upon an average of five years before the distemper was 2½d. per lb., and the same average prevailed during the period of the distemper. The plague did not sensibly affect the wholesale price of meat, and as the importation of foreign and Irish cattle was prohibited at that time, the

effect of the distemper must have told upon the supply. The apparent contradiction between the two facts is explained by the operation of the Orders in Council, which threw obstacles in the way of moving cattle, and compelled persons to buy their meat in local markets.

The proportion of deaths to recoveries have been different during the various recorded visitations of Steppe murrain, and in various countries. From 1711 to 1714 western Europe lost 1,500,000 head of cattle by the Plague. From 1745 to 1748 3,000,000 are believed to have perished in western and central Europe, including England. The Danish monarchy, from 1745 to 1749, lost 280,000 head; and Holland, from 1769 to 1772, 395,000 head. In 1862 the number attacked in the Austrian dominions was 296,000, and 152,000 died. In 1863 it overran Hungary, Dalmatia, Lower Austria, Moravia, and Styria; and 14 per cent. of cattle took the infection. The average mortality was—

In Hungary, . . . .	65 per cent.
East Galicia, . . . .	77 "
Croatia and Slavonia, . .	81·6 "
Military Frontier, . . .	83 "
Moravia, . . . . .	88 "
Lower Austria, . . . .	92 "
West Galicia, . . . . .	94 "
Bukowina and Styria, . .	100 "

Our experience of the mortality of the present plague in England is, that of every six animals attacked one only recovers. The following tabular statement of the number attacked and of the recoveries in Great Britain at once shows the terrible character of the malady, and presents to the eye, as we may say, the strongest argument in favour of the vigorous measures that have finally been adopted by the Government under pressure :—

Down to	Number Attacked.	Re- coveries.	Per- centage of Re- covery.
December 30, . . . .	73,549	7,045	9·57
January 6, . . . . .	82,037	8,268	10·07
January 13, . . . . .	94,256	10,003	10·6
January 20, . . . . .	107,098	11,831	11·04
January 27, . . . . .	120,740	14,162	11·72

An increase in the recovery-rate must not, however, deceive the pub-

lic, or cause an abatement of vigilance on the part of farmers, or of inspectors, as there was no feature of the Plague of 1745 more remarkable than the manner in which it died down and burst up again suddenly, and as unaccountably as at its first appearance, in the same districts. The total reported cases of the disease up to the 5th of February was 132,183. Of these 17,368 were killed; 81,366 died; 16,055 recovered; and 17,374 stand in the column of "unaccounted for." Professor Playfair refers to the recoveries thus :—"Medicine has never shown great powers of cure in cases of great plagues. No curative means were ever found for the human plagues which formerly prevailed in Europe, and still linger in the East. Perhaps the small diminution of mortality in such diseases is owing more to careful nursing and dieting than to the use of medicinal agents. Nevertheless, we find striking differences in the rates of recoveries from cattle plague in different countries. Thus we see the following variations as to the recoveries even in different parts of this country :—England, recoveries, 9·1 per cent.; Wales, recoveries, 11·1 per cent.; Scotland, recoveries, 17·8 per cent."

The favourable position of Scotland in regard to recoveries Dr. Playfair attributes to careful nursing and dieting. Nothing is better established than the uselessness of drugs in dealing with the disease. Dr. Playfair believes that by far the greatest hope of success depends upon "restorative treatment." The course now extensively pursued, he says, is, upon the appearance of the disorder, at once to remove all straw from the cow-house, so that the animal may not still more fill its already overcharged stomachs with its usual litter, which is substituted by sawdust, and this is constantly renewed. In fact, it is one of the early symptoms of the disease that cattle get an increased appetite for straw. The temperature of the house is kept at 65°, the animal being frequently cleaned, and covered with an ample warm rug. Food is very sparingly given, and then only in warm drinks.

"Linseed oil is administered all through its course, but not in quantities sufficient to purge. While it keeps the bowels open, it acts at the same time as a food. Diar-

rhoea, when it appears, is in general readily stopped by an ounce of laudanum in a strong infusion of coffee. The spirits and strength of the animals are sustained by stimulants, such as sound ale, whisky, or brandy."

Much the same statements were made by Lancisi, as the result of the experience of his days. Having asked what should we do for its cure, he answered :—

"My opinion is this, that we must endeavour to preserve the oxen from being infected, by giving them a proper diet; and that when they are infected, the only thing which can save them from death is still a proper diet. Hitherto the disease has eluded all the powers of pharmacy; and experience has shown that nothing avails more than a sparing diet. Applications of vinegar, oil, &c., may be used to the tongue and palate. But as to venesection and violent remedies, they are always hurtful in contagious diseases; and the sentence of Hippocrates may be here well called to mind: 'So act that if you do no good, you at least may do no harm.' I think it is well posterity should know that, of all the many and powerful remedies used during the pestilence, none has been found which will bear the name of a proper or specific remedy."

The same eminent writer added :—

"The only sure remedy for warding off the pestilence is to prevent all intercourse of healthy with infected cattle and with all other infected bodies. It was observed that those who carefully obstructed every chink through which contagion might approach, preserved their cattle from the plague."

In his last chapter he declares that—

"The steps a wise government should instantly take whenever the pestilence may again appear are: All roads and by-paths should be carefully guarded, so that no ox or canine animal be allowed to enter the country. Any animal so entering should be forthwith destroyed and buried. Should the pestilence gain entrance, the separation of the sick from the healthy must be enforced by decree. By far the safest course is instantly to destroy the animal, and with the poleaxe, so that no infected blood may escape on to the ground; for, in attempting to cure the diseased animal, the veterinary surgeon may convey the plague to healthy oxen. The healthy oxen removed from their former pastures, which must now be regarded as contaminated. The diseased oxen should be kept in stables, to which no one is admitted except the veterinary surgeon or the herds-

man. The fountains and vessels used by the animals should be frequently cleaned with quick-lime. The clothes of the shepherds also should be fumigated. The dead carcasses, from which not one hair is to be removed, are to be buried in deep pits; and any saliva or secretions which may drop from them on the road to the pit to be carefully removed. If any cows are infected, their milk is instantly to be thrown into a hole in the ground, and the severest punishment inflicted on those who disobey this order. The passage of all rustics and dogs from one district into another should be forbidden."

These observations, as compared with present confessions of impotence against the Plague show that we have not got a step beyond the experience of a century ago. Our veterinarians know no more than was then known. We have no specific any more than had Lancisi. Mr. Worms's cure is, as we write, under trial, with varying results, but the probabilities are that, it will fling us back again on the "dieting and nursing" for cure, and still more on the poleaxe for prevention. Vaccination has completely failed. So also has inoculation, which was first tried by the Dutch physicians in 1764. Layard advised the trial of it shortly after in England, and experiments on a sufficiently extended scale were made with inoculation by the Russian Government in 1853, near Odessa, but all the animals so treated perished. Inoculation establishments were formed (says Dr. Foot in his elaborate treatise), in the departments of Cherson and Orenburg; but in 1864 the Government of St. Petersburg finally gave them up, convinced of the futility of the supposed remedy. Professor Unterberger, Director of the Imperial Veterinary School, Dorpat, who conducted the inoculation for two years at Odessa, declared that, in proportion as the Plague was increased by inoculation, so was the danger of its propagation enhanced. He depends entirely on the strict execution of veterinary police measures for the eradication of the pestilence.

To show the gravity and possible ultimate magnitude of the danger and loss, which many even yet fail to see, we cannot do better than quote Professor Playfair's statement :—

"The number of horned cattle in this country is supposed to be between seven

and eight millions, and their estimated value may be taken at £70,000,000. We can only conjecture our probable losses by the experience of other countries, when the plague has passed over their borders, and taken up its abode with them for several years. Austria is in this unhappy position at present, for the plague penetrated into it in 1861, was partially repressed in 1862, and broke out with increased virulence in 1863, during which year Hungary and its dependencies had the plague in 14 per cent. of all their cattle. Can we expect a more favourable result? Austria has excellently organized measures for the suppression of the pest, and this cannot be said of our country; her cattle are both less susceptible to its influence, and take it in a less malignant form than our cattle. England is deficient in organization to combat the invasion; has neither in number nor in quality an army of veterinary surgeons fitted to take the field against the invader; so that there is nothing to justify us in the expectation that we shall be dealt with less severely than Austria. Hence it is highly probable that, in the third year of the murrain, we also may have, like Austria, 14 per cent. of all our cattle attacked in a single year. This extension of the distemper, with a mortality of 90 per cent., would produce a money loss of upwards of £8,000,000. It may be argued that our comparison is unfair, because the plague is almost naturalized in Hungary. It is quite true that the plague is very frequently in Austria and but rarely in England, but this is simply owing to the proximity of the former country to the Russian nursery of the contagion. We have already shown that the history of the plague in 1865 is but a close repetition of its history in 1745, when it dwelt among us for twelve years. Then, as now, the people grumbled at the Government interference with cattle traffic, even a year after the plague broke out; but most bitterly did they in the end regret that they did not aid that Government to extirpate the murrain when its proportions rendered repressive measures possible."

The measures of the French Government have been much more prompt than those taken in England where there was a greater necessity. On the first appearance of the scourge, the government sent two professors of the Veterinary School of Alfort to England and Germany, to collect information, and immediately the transit and importation of all animals of the bovine species coming from the countries infested with the plague were strictly prohibited on all French frontiers. No cattle were allowed to pass any of the frontiers without a previous examination by competent

inspectors. By these precautionary measures, according to the *Moniteur*, French losses, from the end of the month of August to the beginning of November, were confined to forty-three beasts, which had either died or been killed; whilst up to the end of December there were in England more than 73,000 animals attacked, of which number upwards of 55,000 died. In Holland over 15,000 animals were affected, amongst which the mortality was equally severe. In Belgium, where precautionary measures have been taken analogous to those in operation in France, the losses have amounted to no more than from 400 or 500, and the disease appears to be dying out. In short, continues the official journal, "thanks to the valuable assistance rendered by the diplomatic and consular corps in the transmission of information received from abroad, from the government generally, as well as the custom-house officers, by the prefects, sub-prefects, mayors, veterinary surgeons, and owners themselves, who have all in their several spheres of action rivalled each other in zeal and intelligence—the epidemic disappeared from France since the 5th of November, after a loss of only forty-three animals." Though there may be here a little of the boasting which sustains a despotic system when it shows its best front, yet the experience of France during the past few months undoubtedly establishes the possibility of an immunity as the result of proper preventive measures, and suggests more than a hope that the action of our Government, when the new Cattle Act is in full force will suffice to prevent the spread of the disease, and what is quite as important, to induce the farmer to wage relentless war against it by the immediate slaughter of infected animals.

The recent debates in Parliament have been more of a character to satisfy the agricultural population than any discussions affecting their interests for many years. Their enemies were of course ready to assail their claim for compensation, and to dispute the principle of irremovability asserted successfully by Mr. Hunt against the opposition of the Government—contending against the first on no better ground than that the inhabitants of a few small towns in coun-

ties where the disease committed ravages will have to pay a cattle-rate along with their farming neighbours, from the outlay of whose money they benefit; and against the second, from an apprehension that the manufacturing populations will be put to an inconvenience by a temporary check on the meat trade. These selfish and narrow objections, however, had no weight with the House of Commons. Neither Mr. Bright's declamatory complaints, that no compensation had been given to the Manchester manufacturers during the American war—a case in no respect parallel—nor Mr. John Stuart Mill's sapient suggestion, that the "aristocracy" should pay the rate, prevented Parliament from acting justly and generously. The generosity, indeed, was not excessive; all that the farmers and stock-owners asked was to be allowed to impose the compensation money as a rate on the property of the county in which the disease raged, the tenant paying half and the landlord half—a proposition entirely fair. It may be that under the proposed compensation arrangements there will be a readiness to get rid of the cost by allowing suspected beasts to take their departure from a district; it may be also that some farmers will be tempted to destroy their beasts to get the money offered for their slaughter; but these are not dangers of a very formidable nature. Let the district which would receive the suspected cattle exercise a vigilance, and there can be no diseased beasts furtively sent into it. The farmer, on the other hand, who will get but half the value of an animal killed, will barely have a motive to slaughter the infected. The only real objection to the plan of compensation is the narrowness of the area from which the cattle-rate will be levied. It was impossible on account of the selfishness of the borough representatives to impose the burden on the entire community, in which case it it would have been the merest trifle upon each; but some other scheme might have been adopted than one which makes the single county which may have been most severely affected, such as Cheshire, bear its own entire loss, unassisted by the counties that have reaped advantage from the measures taken within its borders to stamp out the disease. It will be

the duty of every person of influence to see that the preventive and precautionary measures ordered by the Government under the new legislation are strictly carried out. The shorter the duration of the plague, the less the annoyance and the loss. Should it unhappily come to Ireland, there is a machinery to contend with it in the constabulary for which there is no counterpart in England: the more necessary is it that every proprietor, large farmer, and persons having control over the humbler owners of cattle, should turn themselves for the time into a sort of detective police to hunt out cases of plague, and require them to be properly dealt with.

Much attention has been bestowed in Ireland especially on the necessity for disinfection of the clothes of drivers who, going over with Irish cattle to England, come into contact with diseased animals, and may carry it back. It will be interesting on a point so interesting to the Irish farming community to quote a short passage from a memorial by the eminent Dr. Cullen, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, respecting the means taken for the stamping out a plague in 1770 in Scotland: we find the document in an Edinburgh journal reprinted from its columns of the date referred to. Dr. Cullen shows how much danger he considered might be in the clothes of the attendants on cattle, giving these suggestions which are applicable in all respects to the present time also:

"It is very certain that the infection may be carried from the diseased to the sound cattle by persons to whose clothes the infection adheres.

"This also the Privy Council had in view when they order, 'That no person who shall attend any infected cattle shall go near the sound ones in the same clothes.'

"The precaution is extremely necessary; and to prevent still more effectually the spreading of the disease, the following considerations are suggested:

"It seems to be of the utmost consequence for persons concerned in this matter to know that an inconceivably small quantity of infectious matter is capable of communicating the disease; that this infection is applied to every kind of matter that is brought near to the diseased cattle, and particularly to the clothes which men commonly wear; that this infection, thus ap-



plied to clothes, &c., adheres to them very tenaciously for a long time, and so adhering to them, may be carried to a very great distance in a condition to communicate the disease; that this infection is not only carried in the clothes, and other matters first infected by the effluvia of the diseased beast, but it is also probable that it may pass from the matters first infected to others which come in contact with them, as from the clothes of one person to those of another; and thus it is that the disease is often spread in an indiscriminate and seemingly unaccountable manner.

"All these facts are very well known to physicians from the history of the plague and other contagious diseases among men; and there can be no doubt of the same taking place also in the contagions among brutes. But from the last-mentioned fact it will appear that it is not only necessary that persons who have attended the infected should not, in the same clothes, go near the sound cattle; but also that those persons should not in the same clothes go near to other persons who may soon have occasion to go near to sound cattle.

"When it is considered that as soon as the disease has prevailed to any degree, a great number of persons must be concerned in attending the infected cattle; and these, though they do not go near to the sound cattle, must have a communication with many persons who may soon have occasion to go near the same, it will appear that the disease may soon be widely spread, and that it must be a difficult matter to prevent it spreading in this way. It will, indeed, require a very scrupulous attention; but it is hoped it may be done by the following measures:

"When any town, village, or district in which there are a considerable number of horned cattle happens to be visited by this disease, the first care ought to be that as few persons as possible be concerned in attending the infected cattle; and for this purpose a sufficient number of men should be set apart for performing the whole business necessary with regard to the diseased cattle, as the killing them, the slashing their hides, the burying them, the burning the infected hay, straw, litter, or other in-

fectured matters, the burying the dung and purifying the infected cow-houses, &c.

"It will be convenient to choose for this purpose bachelors or men without families, and by every means to take care that they have as little communication as possible with any other persons.

"It will be particularly proper that these men have a complete set of apparel in which they may perform every part of the business above mentioned; and they are to be strictly charged that, while they are clothed in any part of this apparel, they avoid all near communication, and more especially contact, with any persons, or with anything that may afterwards be carried near to sound cattle, or to which these may come near.

"If it shall be found that the persons employed as above must unavoidably have some communication with other persons, it will be necessary that they be provided with other apparel to be employed in such communication, and in that case they are to take care that no contact be admitted between the two sets of apparel thus designed for different purposes.

"When these men are thus established, care must be taken that no other persons, upon any pretence whatever, be allowed to go near to the infected cattle."

The nation is now thoroughly aroused, and the enemy is being more or less effectively contended with in every district. It remains but to continue these measures, and to trust to Providence for success in their use. It is a great thing done to have brought the community to see that trifling with many remedies is not the part of wisdom. The only safety lies in Isolation and Slaughter. As the classic poet wrote of the same pest, so may it be written now,—

"The learned leeches in despair depart,  
And shake their heads, desponding of their art;  
Till, warned by frequent ills, the way they found  
To lodge their loathsome carrion underground."

# DUBLIN

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### LE MONDE DE COQUINS—THE WORLD OF ROGUES.

SINCE Horace Walpole undertook to set Richard III. before the world as a much maligned man, the system of *rehabilitation* has made considerable progress. Some author maintained that poor Nero was merely a victim of *ennui*, and that life was insupportable to him without excitement. An extreme *tedium vite* and a deficiency in the sympathetic portion of his structure rendered it morally impossible for him to feel for the pangs of his human victims. The tender-hearted Isaac Walton was never heard to express sympathy with the sufferings of the thousands of worms done to death by his fingers, thus unconsciously affording an excuse for the unpopular Roman. If Dr. Maginn was not in error all players and play-goers, for two centuries and a half, have grievously wronged Lady Macbeth. Whatever severities she may have committed, were prompted merely by a deep-rooted attachment to her husband, and an earnest zeal in the task of promoting his worldly interests. Later in the day that great social reformer, Eugene Sue, began to consider that the "restoration" of wicked characters was mere child's play. He went to the root of the matter, and painted and patched the seven deadly sins; showed the good effects of pride, covetousness, luxury, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth on the character and fortunes of their subjects, and after his seven egregious tales were completed, looked round

on the furniture of his luxurious dwelling, and rubbed his hands with as sublime a self-complacency as was ever cherished by his great predecessor, Jack Horner.

### CAUSES OF CRIME, ASSUMED AND REAL.

A much more estimable man than the father of the "Wandering Jew," namely, Victor Hugo, is favourable to the same system. His hero by predilection must be distinguished by some deformity of soul or body. In common with nearly the whole body of the French school he finds it impossible to make an interesting character out of an honourable man or chaste woman. His amiable characters push their virtues beyond the bounds which separate them from vices, and so completely is this idea worked out that in one of the scenes of "Les Misérables," where a forçat is making his confession to a good bishop, and at last seems disposed to request absolution, the dignitary, filled with pity and admiration for the victim of the world's cruelty, goes down on his knees before the worn-out, much-sinned-against sinner, and acknowledges that it would be more consonant to the fitness of things to reverse the roles of absolver and absolved.

According to Victor Hugo the great mass of crime existing in the world is maintained by the persecution inflicted by the world and the world's

laws on creatures who were driven to their first offence, viz., stealing food, by the sight of their wives, children, or parents suffering the pangs of hunger. According to our philosopher there may be some exceptions, but this is the rule; "the mother of crime is want."

"Misery! wonderful and terrible trial from which the weak issue infamous, the strong issue sublime! Crucible into which destiny flings man when she needs a demi-god or a confirmed villain!"

Thus the romance of "Claude Gueux" (Claude the Beggar), 1831; "Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné" (The last Day of a Criminal), 1832; "Les Misérables," 1862, have each for main spring the theft of a loaf.

That Victor Hugo, a man poetic and imaginative in a high degree, should have his logical faculties only imperfectly developed is but natural, but he is inexcusable on the score of observation. He refers to official papers issued by British authorities, in support of his theory, but M. Moreau-Christophe sets his assertion at nought in his quotation from the very same authorities.

"The complete scheme of robbery in London comprehends forty-three categories of thefts of all descriptions. In this schedule the eatables commence only at the 13th rank, and these are comestibles of a superior quality, such as butcher's meat, fowl, game, hams, sausages, cheese, &c. Very far below this, even at the 30th rank, are placed tea, sugar, coffee, beer, wine, and spirits. As to bread it is only at the last, the 48th stage, the least frequent of all that we find mention made of mere loaves."

In the French chronicles of crime stealing of bread constitutes only one per cent. of all the classified offences. The robbery of every kind of food and drink, including the most delicate viands and wines, amounts to only from four to five per cent. of all indictable crimes in France and England.

Our matter of fact authority, actuated by a natural desire of showing how wide of the fact is the assertion that the earliest and most prevalent thefts are those of mere necessities,

puts forth the following statements on irrefragable authority.

1ST. The richest departments are those where occur the greatest number of thefts and robberies.

2ND. Of 22,000 accused of various crimes 21,000 possess means of living honestly by their intelligence or their industry, while the lowest class, including mendicants, prostitutes, and outcasts, scarcely number 1,200.

3RD. Those liberated prisoners who soonest relapse into crime, or are soonest recaptured, are those who at their release have amassed the largest property, and who during their detention have been the best workmen.

4TH. The maximum of crimes of every description, especially attempts on property, occur among criminals at an age when by their strength of body and development of mental powers, they are the best qualified to provide for their existence by honest and reputable means.

Who except a veteran inspector of prisons would not subscribe the following glowing sentences, uttered by the author of "Les Misérables?"

"The true human division is that which separates the Enlightened from the Ignorant. Diminish the number of ignorant, enlarge the number of the enlightened,—that is the great desideratum. We, therefore, cry, 'Tuition, knowledge!' To learn to read is to enkindle the flame. Sparkles flash from every syllable that is spelled."

Our retired prison inspector is anxious that his readers should not arrive at wrong conclusions through numeral fallacies. Among the general rascaldom of France the country offenders far exceed their town and city associates in number. But why should they not? Of the thirty-two millions of living French people less than seven millions dwell in cities and towns of more than 1,500 inhabitants.

The number of offenders belonging to the lower ranks far exceeds that of the civilized and accomplished knaves, but so in a still greater proportion does the amount of the honest folk of low degree exceed the sum of the middle and upper classes.

M. Moreau-Christophe strengthens his proposition by the following extract from the last report of the keeper of the seals to the Emperor.

"The poorest, and consequently the worst instructed departments, such as those of La Creuse, L'Indre, Cher, Upper Vienne, L'Allier, &c., are at the same time the most moral, in other words, the localities where the fewest thefts are committed, while the contrary takes place in the departments more favoured by wealth and instruction."

After stating that out of every hundred brought to trial, sixty are altogether destitute of instruction, and twenty-seven merely know how to read, he adds—

"But what can be deduced from this fact? No other thing than that in France the number of the ignorant much exceeds that of the instructed; the amount of crimes of which the ignorant are guilty is greater, because the ignorant themselves much exceed the instructed in number, and that is all."

Here is the Gallic result of imparting instruction to confirmed rogues.

"The most brazen rascals in the departmental prisons are those who have sharpened their wits in the prison schools. It is the same in the central houses. Those directors who have most carefully remarked the effect of instruction on the morality of the prisoners, are unanimous in testifying to its demoralizing effects."

M. Christophe is not so silly as to allege that to impart knowledge is to stimulate crime; he censures the mode of imparting the instruction not the instruction itself.

"In effect everything in our schools is sacrificed to bodily accomplishments, to the cultivation of the memory and the intelligence; nothing or next to nothing, is reserved for the development of the faculties of the soul, the qualities and virtues of the heart. Leaving school, the pupil may be more clever, more learned, but he is certainly not more modest, nor more sober, nor more moral, nor more Christian, nor more virtuous, nor better instructed in his duties to society. . . . Without moral education instruction is only an instrument of ruin. Everywhere is taught the mode of speaking well, nowhere that of acting well. The knowledge of words is all in all, the knowledge of things not thought of. And by things I mean those which leave at the bottom of the heart an ever-living impression of principles needful in action.

"In the practice of doing well consists true knowledge. All other science is but dangerous ignorance; no other knowledge

can preserve the mind of man from the pernicious hallucinations of rank selfishness."

Material misery, according to our author is not the mother, but the daughter of moral misery, by this word being understood, the absence or the loss of the social virtues, and the qualities of the heart, which constitute the strength and the life of peoples and individuals.

#### ECONOMY OF THE KINGDOM OF SCOUNDRELS.

The world of rogues separated from that of honest men, preserves to its individuals, in a great degree, a rank analogous to what they held before they cast off the yoke of religion and morality.

"So the people of the great world, the little world, the half world, the commercial world, the literary world, and all other fractional worlds, preserve in their entrance into the world of crime, the same individuality they enjoyed in the sphere from which they had descended. Thus they jostle without mixing, and fraternise without losing any of that inferiority or superiority which was erewhile their own by right. There the libertine of quality, the debauchée of low degree, the noble swindler and the vulgar thief, the intelligent forger and the mindless delinquent, mix without familiarity or connexion of any kindly sympathies. They are merely united in a common league against the possessors of property."

The different grades are distinguished by slang names, some of which are here particularised.

The *Surineurs* and *Escarpés* are assassins by profession. The mere thieves are the *Grinches*, of whom Victor Hugo gave this choice character.

"For them gold and silver really possess an odour. They smell the purses in the pockets, they scent the watches in the waistcoats, and at the passing by of a country person they experience such a tingling in their nerves as a spider may be supposed to feel at the approach of a fly."

A generic name for all classes is *Pègre* or *Pègrdot*. High Pègre and Low Pègre express needful distinctions. In their argot, *Patron Minette* means the dawn; *Entre Chien et Loup* (between dog and wolf) passes for the evening.

Formerly their great assemblies were held in the *Cour des Miracles*, in the *Cours Ragot*, or the forest of

*Bourges.* After great and wearisome reunions of this kind, the next day would be spent in sleep in lime-kilns, in the abandoned quarries of Montmartre or Montrouge, and sometimes in the sewers. Now, when the narrow, dirty streets, are no more, and the low, wide, smoky tap-rooms are closely watched, or become scarce, the fraternity of rogues must take to live more cleanly, and to consult disguise with more care; and for that purpose pay more frequent visits to the *Changeur*.

Here is a picture of the residence and hopeful occupation of a worthy of this class.

"When I had the inspection of the prisons of Paris, there lived in a dark old house, Rue Beaufreuil, near the Arsenal, an ingenious Jew, whose profession was to change a ragged rogue into a respectable man, not for long however, the change would be too irksome to the thief.

"The transformation was effected for 80 sous (say 14d.) per day. With this object in view, he kept up a wardrobe embracing every category and speciality. At every nail in his magazin hung,—used and damaged more or less, a whole social condition. Here was the costume of a magistrate, of a priest, of a banker; in a corner the uniform of an officer on half pay, near it the dress of a man of letters; farther off that of a member of the government.

"There was one inconvenience about his costumes; they did not fit. Not being made to order, they were too tight for this, too loose for that customer. He had taken measure by some beggar who was neither very stout nor very thin, neither too short nor too tall. Hence some troublesome alterations, effected by the patrons of the shop as well as circumstances permitted.

"The ragged rascal arrived, deposited his 80 sous, selected the costume needed for the day, and descended the stairs a respectable man. Next day he returned and resumed his rags. Never was the *Changeur's* confidence in the honour of his thievish customers abused."

One speciality of the *Monde des Coquins*, is that no one betrays a brother to justice. To give information would be called *manger le morceau*, "to eat the bit," implying that the informer rent away a piece of the well-being of every one in the community. Nothing can exceed the devotedness they show to the High Pages who suffer and die game.

#### STATISTICS OF CRIME IN FRANCE.

A circumstance is mentioned by M. Moreau-Christophe, which, however strange it may appear, must be taken as established. In France the courts of justice take cognizance, one year with another, of 207,500 crimes of every kind, and there is but an exceedingly slight variation in the numbers presented by any two years, either with reference to the gross total, or to that of either of the great divisions—crimes against property, and crimes against the person, or the sub-divisions: 175,600 attempts on property, and 31,900 against the person, are yearly made, and continue steadily at these figures, from year to year, with very slight deviations. Each class embraces 16 divisions, and the proportion of the accused to the entire population, is between 1 to every 4,000, and 1 to every 5,000.

To raise our wonder higher still, the returns of the annual murders remain at nearly the same figure every year, even of the instruments by which they are respectively achieved. There is a wonderful similarity in the other categories of crime, even in their predisposing causes and other circumstances, and the amount of money secured for the "Rogues' Budget" during every twelve months.

Together with the fright and annoyance given to the honest and virtuous portion of the French people by knaves and villains, and the amount of property they extract from them, they cost the state twenty millions of francs per annum (say £800,000) for supporting them in confinement, and bringing them to justice. The long and multitudinous array of state gamekeepers, custom-house officers, police commissaries, prefects of departments, mayors of communes, justices of the peace, magistrates, attorneys general and particular, gaolers, sheriffs, &c., &c., is so awful to contemplate that we turn our eyes from the bead-roll, wondering where *Jacques Bonhomme* can find a franc to buy bread, and wine, and garlic, for his family and himself, after providing for the maintenance of all these guardians of the lives and properties of the honest portion of the community, and being pillaged by beggars and thieves to the tune of 200 millions and upwards.

Two hundred thousand offenders are annually put under lock and key in France, and out of this number fifty suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Many escape their deserved punishment by that ingredient in French criminal procedures known as "extenuating circumstances," by which juries can relax the deserved penalties. Our retired inspector finds great fault with this privilege, and shows the superior advantage of the English system, where the foreman merely recommends to mercy. For it would appear that in many cases those circumstances presented by the French juries as extenuating, often belong to the opposite or aggravating class.

It will be felt before this that M. Christophe is not so lenient to the defects of his culprits as that paragon of cruel schoolmasters, poor Copperfield's "*Mr. Creakle*," who reserved all his sympathies for the *Mr. Littimers* and *Uriah Heeps* of society. He takes it keenly to heart that the industrious and upright portion of the community should be plundered and taxed by an unprincipled, selfish, and unfeeling crew, whose only thought from dawn to dark is the procuring of comforts at the expense of their neighbours, the gratification of every sensual appetite, or fell revenge for some fancied wrong. The extent to which they are allowed to gratify their dearest wishes is exemplified by the case of a hoary-headed wretch, Fontaine by name, apprehended at the ripe age of 71.

"One of the gendarmes employed in his arrest having thus reproved him:—'How could you, unhappy man, put yourself in the way, at your time of life, of spending the remainder of your days in prison?' 'Oh, not so unhappy as you think, my brave brigadier,' answered old Fontaine, 'I have robbed and stolen for sixty years, and never was caught till now.'"

#### PHRENOLOGY IN THE PRISON.

No man of observation exercising the office of inspector of prisons for a lengthened period, but must have turned his attention to the relations existing between the interior man and his outward manifestations. Accordingly we find M. Christophe

thoroughly made up on the four temperaments assigned by the ancients to man—viz., the sanguine, the bilious, the phlegmatic, and the melancholy. He has also evidently observed his wayward subjects under craniological, physiognomical, chiromantic, plastic, and mimetic aspects. The bilious individuals distinguished by earnest countenances, sparkling eyes, sallow complexions, dark hair, muscular frame, strong pulse, are generally men of talent, fit for great designs, but subject to faults, and liable to commit great crimes. Many of the prison inmates are found of this complexion.

Opposed to the bilious are the phlegmatic or lymphatic. These with their smooth faces, long uncurling fair hair, slow pulse, leisurely movements, and freedom from strong passions, in the end become the counsellors and the masters of the headstrong bilious folk. They eat little, digest leisurely, sleep much, and when in confinement become masters of their companions and even of their gaolers.

The atrabilious or melancholy class, distinguished by a sad expression of countenance, deep-sunk but fiery eyes, flat and black hair, and meagre bodies, are nevertheless persevering and powerful at any work in which they take an interest. They are tenacious of purpose, revengeful, apt to set much value on slight circumstances, and when in confinement, are the most to be dreaded of all the classes.

Our inspector had less trouble with his sanguine-complexioned subjects than with any of the others. Their eagerness to gratify their sensual impulses sent most of them to prison, where, not used to indulgence of deep thought or deep feeling, and disposed to enjoy every good that fell in their way, they became resigned to their fate, and disposed to be agreeable to all round them. Obstinacy is not a distinctive quality of this temperament, it would give the individuals too much trouble to retain hatred or dislike to any one. So they are generally favourites with their companions and their warders. Amiable and happy knaves, they enjoy in the interior workings of their thoughts and feelings, pleasant ideas and impulses, and the interior happiness is manifested

in the serenity of their features and the gaiety of their gestures.

We are far from agreeing with our author on all the conclusions which he draws from the shape of the head, the configuration of the features, &c., and on the almost certainty of every good soul being furnished with a beauteous manifestation of form and feature; but to the following enunciation we give unqualified assent :—

"There is a surer mean than that of studying the profile, to recognise whether the beauty or ugliness of a countenance is the true index to the beauty or deformity of the soul which animates it, and that is to observe it in presence of a fair or foul action passing before its eyes.

"In order to ascertain if the beauty or ugliness of individuals be the genuine reflection of their souls, examine the beautiful individuals, and mark the expression of their physiognomy in the presence of a mean or ugly deed, and the true character of the individual will manifest itself, if evil, by certain symptoms betraying low or vicious propensities. Now observe these men with ugly visages in presence of a noble deed, and you will see their ugliness illumined by the fire of a noble passion; you will see the features animated by that sublime beauty which always accompanies virtue."

Very humiliating to human pride is the portion of M. Christophe's book in which certain varieties of the human countenance find their types in the heads of pigs, wolves, sheep, dogs, birds, reptiles, even fishes! After a reader has made himself dismal by the examination of such analogies, he will be prepared to hear from Mme. Dudevant that the upper portion of her own countenance resembles that of a Grecian goddess, and the lower, the corresponding outline of a sheep of Berri, her own dear province.

The following statement must afford much gratification to modern craniologists. Lovers of biography, as well as admirers of the late Albert Smith, are aware of the cruelties exercised by the Marchioness of Brinvilliers on her father, her two brothers, her husband, and her child, and her subsequent execution, 17th July, 1676. A skull purporting to be hers was for a long time an object of curiosity to the visitors of the museum of Versailles, till Dr. Leroy, taking it in his hand some years since, pronounced it spurious. "This," said he, "cannot be the cranium of the

marchioness; for along with the organs of firmness and destructiveness, joined to those of circumspection and deceit, it presents those of philoprogenitiveness and veneration, love of approbation and vanity, strongly developed, together with those of other qualities by which she was not distinguished; neither does the skull harmonize with the size nor the age of the murderess." Whose could this relic have been? Some time after, the query was resolved by a number in the inventory of the Library of Versailles, bearing the inscription, *The head of Madame Tiquet*, and in the Causes Célèbres the history of this woman was discovered.

Left to her own guidance at an early age, young and beautiful, she selected M. Tiquet from the crowd of admirers, as he seemed best fitted to gratify her taste for a luxurious and ostentatious style of living. In two years she had contrived to involve her husband's affairs in ruin, and then bethought herself of putting him out of the way, and making another rich match. Her porter was the agent selected, and in her own presence he shot her husband through the heart.

Both being arrested, she requested leave to visit her child's cradle, and she tenderly embraced it, shedding floods of tears. She defended herself with much ingenuity, but the guilt of both being established, and the day of execution arrived, she made her last toilette with the utmost composure, saw her accomplice done to death before her eyes, and met her own fate without quailing. She had made a very edifying preparation for death to all appearance.

Phrenology has in this instance subverted the fitness of things in restoring her head to the memory of the unfortunate and guilty widow,—a piece of archæological justice, but of little real advantage to society.

#### A FEW CRIMINAL CELEBRITIES.

Some of the French criminals mentioned in M. Christophe's books were so brutal and so diabolically inhuman (we would select a more severe epithet if it could be found), that we dare not particularize their crimes. The existence of such natures on this fair earth, and the fact of their de-

ascent from our gloriously-framed first parents, are mysteries in the order of Providence perfectly inexplicable. A Pessimist would insist that being cursed with the brutal conformation derived from their parents, they could not by any possibility fulfil Christian or social duties. However, were all the circumstances of their unhappy lives made patent, we are confident that the fact of their being lost through their own fault would be manifest. We proceed to particularize some instances not so thoroughly revolting as those alluded to, in which the nature of the satyr, the cannibal, and the fiend, seemed amalgamated in the persons of the actors.

#### THE WOLF, THE DOG, AND THE GAZELLE.

"In inspecting the prisons of the department of the Var, I found three curious types. One was that of a man-wolf, very meagre, with small diverse-coloured eyes, his jaws furnished with long projecting dog-teeth, and seeming affected by convulsive jerks. His gestures were in accordance. His hands snatched at his food, instead of taking it in the ordinary way. He had been accused of murdering a child in a wood, and then burning the body.

"Near him sat or rather crouched another figure with a large and long nose, receding forehead and chin, mild eyes, shaded by long crispy locks, two of which descending at each side of his face, gave to the whole the contour of a spaniel's head.

"He was accused of complicity in the murder of the wood with the man-wolf, from whom he received sometimes bread, sometimes a cudgelling, while assisting him in fagot-cutting. When I expressed my surprise that he should have assisted in such a deed, he asked innocently, 'what could I do? He always made me follow him like a dog.' Here the moral conformation thoroughly responded to the physical.

"At one side I remarked a young creature with a small head, the long and gristly ears of which spread sideways and upwards, announcing mildness and timidity, and well setting off the delicate and gentle countenance; and indeed the natural disposition of this young prisoner was that of the gazelle or the greyhound."

#### HIEDEKER, THE MAN-LION.

The brave and loyal Hiedeker of the mounted chasseurs was a good soldier and a fond husband; indeed his excessive attachment to his wife proved his ruin. Detecting her infi-

delity, he slew her and his brother-in-law, and did his utmost to destroy every one whom he suspected to be accessory to his misery. For eighteen days nothing but water passed his lips, and yet he exhibited superhuman strength during the whole of that time. Being secured, and still under the influence of his homicidal fit, the sight of the hospital sister, or of a too familiar forçat, would contract the muscles, and sharpen the outlines of his face till it resembled that of a wild beast. He would roar, struggle with his bonds, and gnash his teeth like a wild boar.

During his lucid intervals he was open and affectionate, and his eyes had a gentle and melancholy expression. "Doctor," he would say at times, "do not lay your hand on my head: some evil may happen, out of my power to prevent." Then suddenly his eyebrows and his hair would rise up, his eyes sparkle with rage, his mouth begin to froth, and his teeth to gnash against each other. The expression of his face, at first resembling that of a lion, degenerated towards the end to that of the bulldog. In his fits he saluted intruders with prolonged barks.

#### LACENAIRE.

This most execrable of scoundrels was a gentleman by birth, and had received a good education. He possessed a pleasing exterior and insinuating manners; had no particular *penchant* to vice, yet he deliberately adopted the philosophy and the actions of thief, forger, and assassin. One of his fanfaronnades ran thus, "A post comes in my way, I level it; a tree comes in my way, I level it; a man stands in my way, I strike him dead."

His advocate's attempt to avert death from his hopeful client is a curiosity in its way:

"The heart of this man is of marble, his soul is a petrification. Not the shadow of a remorse can be discovered in him, not the dullest prick of repentance. Indifferent as mere matter, he is as devoid of fear as of hope. He kills without the slightest emotion, his nights are exempt from dreams and terrors. This cold insensibility at the sight of his victims, this tranquillity in your presence, this smile on his lips, this quietude of mind which permits him to compose



poetry on the immediate eve of his sentence, this deportment towards the court, in taking more interest in a mere literary question than in the expected judgment, this confidence in atheism, and this indifference in presence of the scaffold—all this disturbs me, and convinces me that while he vaunts himself a philosopher he is no other than a maniac, one afflicted with a mental malady, a madman. See with what placidity he awaits your verdict! Lo, how he accuses himself, how he invokes your rigours! He counts on death,—disappoint his hopes. Death for such offences! death for this man who laughs at and despises it! No, no, it would be too little. Confine him, garotte him, put it out of his power to injure, but kill him not. Loaded with chains, invested with the livery of crime, let him see and feel life hopelessly waste away, a life of disgrace and shame. Let him be condemned to live!”

The counsellor's eloquence was lost on the unphilosophical twelve. He was condemned and executed on the 8th of January, 1836, having composed some pieces of poetry during his long hours of leisure. He died unbelieving and impenitent.

#### VIDOCQ.

A book on criminality in France would be an incomplete affair if lacking the presence of the great thief-taker, Vidocq, the *Vautrin* of Honoré de Balzac. This man was endowed with a degree of courage bordering on temerity, and with powers of combination and logic of the highest order, joined to dexterity and great corporeal strength. He was at the same time discreet and disposed to gabble, as boastful as brave, and, as M. Christophe says, “had all the qualities of his vices, and all the vices of his qualities,” a phrase of whose signification we are not yet in possession. His most rapid and abrupt movements (in appearance) were frequently prearranged and calculated in the manner of the impromptues of our famous wits.

Vulgar in language and homely of aspect, he was possessed of a subtle spirit, and of much feeling. His heart was as good as his manners were brusque. He united in his own disposition extreme generosity, self-denial, parsimony, spite, and revengeful feelings. His reports were always given in an embroidered and magniloquent style. He was not content with extinguishing the thieves, he

would extinguish the police along with them. As to his person, he bore on a short muscular neck a stout head, with a large crop of hair slightly tinged with yellow. His forehead was large, his nose flat, his mouth large, and inclined to smile. His greenish eyes were round, small, and piercing, his arms short, and terminated by nervous and hairy hands. His voice was hoarse, in anger he roared, and his laugh was such as is falsely attributed to poor horses ungifted with risible muscles.

Though active in habits he was subject to perspirations, and the office of M. le Crosnier, chief of first division of police, was fumigated as soon as he passed out.

One day in 1837, M. Fossati, one of the first phrenologists of Europe, was requested by the advocate M. Charles Ledru, to examine a skull, without being made acquainted with its antecedents when full of living intelligence.

After attentively handling and examining it, M. Fossati declared that he had never met anything similar. He pointed out to the company the large forehead, the admirable proportions of the head, and this was the result of his observations, word for word, as addressed to M. Charles Ledru :

“There are in the incense presented to me, three distinct beings, a lion, a diplomatist, and a Sister of Charity!”

A perfectly correct guess.

#### A PHRENOLOGICAL SECURUS.

It is pleasant to find M. Christophe, confident as he is in the truth of craniology, and other pet ologies of modern sages of little faith—pleasant, we repeat, to find him a good Christian at heart. One not arrived at the recondite mysteries of phrenology might readily take for granted, that if an individual be cursed with certain mischievous protuberances on his occiput, he would be driven to commit great crimes without the possibility of being able to resist the baleful impulse. This being manifestly wrong, from a Christian point of view, the casual inquirer condemns and denies *in toto* the principles of the pseudo science. To this the examiner of some thousand heads

of criminals replies, "the cranium does not compress or enlarge the volume of the soft but active matter within, but that energizing substance forces out its bone envelope. In childhood the cranium being of a thin gristly texture, the organs of the intellect, the dispositions, and the propensities, have their own way, and mould their bony covering at their pleasure. But a period comes when the cranium ceases to enlarge itself, and when its texture hardens to the ordinary consistence of bone. Before that, a change of disposition, a firm will to perform, would act through the proper organs, and modify the outward shape of the skull; those bony spaces directly over the organs of destructiveness, secretiveness, &c., be found to collapse, and those over the organs of benevolence and other good qualities, be pushed out. But if reformation or change of heart occurs not till the outward walls acquire unmanageable rigidity, what is to become of the poor, well-meaning subject, whose organs of evil compel him to crime, *volens volens?*"

Here is the wise provision made by the Creator. Man is perpetually getting rid of his substance, and perpetually renewing it. By nutrition in one direction, by transpiration and other vital functions in another, the physical man loses and receives at every instant of his existence, some particles of his substance. The renovation is complete, periodic.

According as some particles are lost, and others received by the brain and the cranium, these last take their place to continue the head of the living being. According to the prevailing disposition of the individual for the time, the particles for the first time joining the brain, take the normal shape of the organs of which they now become a constituent part; and if their boundary is straightened they press against it with force. The bone gradually losing its substance from the exterior surface, the softer renewing particles uniting with its texture on the inner surface are determined by the action of brain with which they are in contact to assume the desirable shape, and the outer, hard rim continually wasting, the interior and exterior curves of the cranium come at last to harmonize.

When an evil disposed organ loses its energy and its volume through the effect of the will is acted on by grace, there is a gradual collapse of the bone commencing with the softer inner surface.

Not expecting that the long and eloquent and occasionally misty explanation of the effect of a reform of morals on the outward shape of the skull, given in our text book, would be satisfactory to our readers, we have decided on presenting an abstract in accordance with what we suppose to be the writer's meaning. His conclusion, quoted from Dr. Voisin, is not very flattering to poor human nature:

"Of all the faculties conferred on man, those which he possesses in common with brute animals are wonderfully lively and active in themselves, while his moral and intellectual faculties have need of exterior objects, and in some sort of a second creation, to acquire all the development of which they are capable, in order to become principles determining to action."

#### THIEVES' ARGOT.

In a late article on the "People's Books," some notice was taken of the dialect invented by the rogues of old to conceal their unedifying communings from the honest portion of the community. Generally they make the change only in the principal parts of speech, not thinking it worth the trouble to tamper with adverbs, conjunctions, interjections, or articles, nor to make any change in grammar rules. Some remarks on this subject are worth rendering from the text of M. Christophe:

"For those who study the language as it deserves, i.e., as geologists study the earth, Argot has the appearance of a regular alluvies. As we pierce deeper or shallower under the old vulgar French, we find the Provençal, the Spanish, the Italian, the English, the German, the Roman, the Latin, and finally the Basque and the Celtic.

"Formation deep and bizarre! Subterranean edifice built in common by all passed-away wretches! Every accursed race has left its deposit, every suffering has left its rock, every heart has bequeathed its stone. A crowd of souls, evil-disposed, amiable, or irritated, which have traversed life, and passed into eternity, are there nearly entire, and in some sort still visible under the shape of a disfigured word."

The translation of a few argotic words are here given, along with the ordinary words which they disguise.

An *affair* a robbery in preparation, *wing arm*, *chatterer* a confessor, *besom* a gendarme, *butter* silver coin, *the baker* the devil, *frame eye*, *college* prison, *to spit* to speak, *kitchen* police office, *cooked* condemned, *Cupid* rag-picker, *dominos* teeth, *cloth soil*, *clipped* accused, *to set asleep* to kill, *a gold sponge* a barrister, *snail* vagabond, *brain fever* accusation of a capital crime, *flower of May* virginity, *grass wig*, *to play the fiddle* to saw prison bars, *justice of the peace* a cudgel, *sick man* prisoner, *to clean* to rob, *philosophers* old shoes, *to break your pipe* to die, *sorbonne* the head, *to fall sick* to be arrested, *widow* the guillotine.

#### DENS OF THE ANCIENT THIEVES.

There existed in France in the middle ages, and even to the days of Louis XIV., an association of malefactors known by the generic title of *Truands* from *Tru* a tribute, probably because they paid none, but rather exacted it from the society which had the misfortune to be contemporary with them. In Paris they collected into dens, called at first *tours*, then *cours*, then by way of amplification *Cours des Miracles*. All those who extorted money from the charitable in the course of the day by exhibiting decayed or ulcerated members, became healthy and brisk at their nightly reunions in the *Cours* as if by miracle, hence the addition to the name. The chief resort of the community was situated near Porte St. Denis, and it was at the risk of wounds and sometimes death, that the police of the day ventured into this or the other retreats of the society. These worthies had a supreme chief, a social organization, and a peculiar language, but never entered a church for devotional purposes, were never married in presence of a clergyman, nor ever presented a child to receive baptism. Of their annual meetings with the *Grand Coère* at their head, the different orders into which they were divided, the duties of the officers, and the tribute paid to the *Grand Coère* we have already treated in the second article on the "*Livres Populaires de France*." See

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Edicts of the most severe character were put in force against them from time to time from the middle of the fourteenth century. First the begging impostor was confined for four days, and regaled with bread and water; for continuing his evil life he was put in the pillory, and for persistence after this ceremony, he was branded with a hot iron and banished. Still the community held together to the number of about 40,000, and lived under their *Grand Coère* and their self-imposed laws. Since the First Revolution the knavish chief and his laws have lost their prestige, and gone is the occupation of degraded priests and scholars, the high officers, called "gentlemen of the short sword" (scissors for cutting purses out of the girdles), who gave instructions in the art of preparing plasters to produce sores, and salves to heal them, and taught argot, and other useful sciences.

#### ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

The "*laudatores temporis acti*" must, if they be candid, acknowledge that decency in language and outward conduct among all classes, is much more prevalent throughout Europe in this nineteenth century of ours, than it was in any of the three that preceded it. The influence of the spirit of the Gospel is not less, though these fiery manifestations of zeal exercised to the detriment of differing brethren are no longer exhibited. Toleration may in some cases have degenerated into indifference, but the reign of the essential principles of Christian faith and practice—love of God and love of our neighbour is at this moment more firmly and widely established than at any previous period for the space of four centuries at least.

The physiology of crime has during the same period undergone an improvement in spite of itself. It is now much less atrocious in character and smaller in amount, taken with reference to the populations of kingdoms. We may even look for a further improvement in public morals, and the abatement of many moral nuisances, if the schoolmaster will

but take his catechism abroad with him, along with his spelling-book.

#### THE AUTHOR AND HIS WORKS.

The composition of a work on the physiology and statistics of crime could scarcely have been assigned to a man better qualified to execute it in masterly fashion than M. Moreau-Christophe. It has been his life-long study, and his official duties furnished him with ample experience. Born in 1809 at Loches (Indre et Loire), he first studied for the Bar, but subsequently took office under Government. In 1833 he was created Knight of the Legion of Honour, and in 1848 he retired from his post of Inspector of Prisons. In 1837 he published a work on the actual state of prisons in France; in 1838, one on reform of prison discipline based on the system of solitary confinement and hard labour; and in the same year his work on the present state of reform in the prisons of Great

Britain. Next year appeared his "Report on the Prisons of England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland," along with his book on mortality and insanity under the penitentiary system, more especially in the United States and Switzerland. In 1844 came out his "Defence of the Established Prison System," and "Official Documents on the Cherry Hill Penitentiary, Philadelphia," and in 1845 his "Prison Code from 1670 to 1845." Among works of less importance appeared the "Organization of Servile Labour in the Greek and Roman Republics, 1849," and the "Question of Wretchedness among the Ancients and Moderns, with Attempts at its Solution." Victor Hugo's well meant but visionary speculations on the causes and remedies of misery and crime, he utterly scouted, having as a clear-headed and practical man thorough experience of their unsoundness, but never loses sight of the philanthropist and man of genius in his opponent in the very height of his fault-finding.

#### "NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

##### CHAPTER XXVII.

ALL that night as Kate lay tossing, wide-eyed, flushed-checked, on a bed from which sleep seemed to have departed thousands of miles; looking every moment towards the window for the first streak of light; wondering, with impatient, feverish unrest, whether a new Egyptian darkness had fallen on the land for a curse, dragging night over the confines of the blessed day, her good angel and her evil one were fighting and wrestling for her; and towards morning, when first the window square began to glimmer, faintly seen in the dim, wintry dawn, the evil one got the upper hand; vanquished utterly, it seemed, the good one fled away, grieved out of heart, almost despairing. She had perjured herself once (Ananias and Sapphira had been struck suddenly dead for lying); she had caused to wither and fade all the fair leaves and flowers of the green tree of his life; had burnt and scorched it into a sapless, scathed trunk; but she would not do it

again. It was not because of his solemn vow to kill her if she disobeyed him. Very likely he meant it, but many fates would be worse than that. No, it was love, not fear, drove her. She would go by the train he had told her; he should find her there, waiting for him; waiting for a doom that more than one woman had thought worse than death—had courted death to avoid it. She would go up to him, would tell him that she had come to sacrifice herself to him; that she gave herself up to him, body and soul; and then he would kiss her as he had done yesterday (ah! that would make up for anything); would take her away from the ken of all who had known or loved her before. Yes, she should have to turn her back on all the old, life-long known circle—on Margaret, on Blount, on everything virtuous and reputable. Well, he would compensate them all, and far more than compensate. Virtue and respectability, and duty, and plenty

of friendly relations had been unendurable without him; that recipe had nearly killed her; she would try now whether he and shame would make her happier. There would be no one to tell her she was disgraced and vile, or any other of the ugly names that the world heaps on those women whose love is stronger than their prudence, and, consequently, she should forget whether she was or no. Floating about with him on some stormless, isle-studded Southern sea, guarded in his arms from the least adverse blast, what would be to her the odds between honour and dishonour, between evil report and good report? He would not jibe her with all she had lost and thrown away for him; she should never be vile in his eyes, and as for all others, let them look volumes of scorn and prudery at her, she braved them! Then to her ears there came, sounding solemnly, mournfully, through the mist, the distance-muffled, varying tones of an early church bell. That sound might have been her own knell, it sank so like lead into her heart. She locked her burning hands tight together, and flung her head wildly about on the pillow, over which the loosened hair streamed in its glorious waves and tangles. Ah! poor James Stanley, she should never see him again in his shabby old mourning—never hear his simple, strengthening, ennobling words. He had done well to cut himself off from companionship with her; he must have had some prophetic instinct that she was unworthy of his friendship. Why, why had not she died, like that snow-pure sister of his with the golden hair and the tender blue eyes, that this world's light was too garish for, that closed so meekly to open again with immortal joy on "The City of the Saints of God?" She had been pure, too, once—pure as that little dead maiden; pure in thought as in deed, though it seemed many, many years ago, now. Oh! why had he ever come to destroy her? Well, after all, it was just as well that she and James Stanley should not meet again. What could they say to one another, if they did? They would have nothing in common henceforth, not a hope, not a thought. He was God's servant, working hard at his post now, and in a very few years would have entered

into his rest; while she —. Ah! she shuddered at the very name of that she was going to make herself. This train, by which she intended to go to perdition, did not leave Queens-town till between one and two; consequently, she should have plenty of time to attend morning service, and it would excite less suspicion if she did. But it was impossible; she could not. She could not be so awful a hypocrite. God would strike her dead in his house, if she polluted it with her presence. She would not expose herself, either, to the listening to James Stanley's earnest, interceding voice. It would only make her remorseful, cowardly, unsettled again. No; she would tell Margaret that she felt sick and faint, and preferred staying at home, and reading the chapters and psalms to herself. Read the chapters and psalms! Yes, as she and Margaret and Blount used to read them in the long ago wet Sundays, with the pretty, gentle, patient mother, who had gone away from them now. How dared she think of that mother now? "Oh! mother, mother," she cried, inwardly, "why did you go away and leave me? If I had had you I could have done without anybody else." She would say she was ill, then. Nobody would accuse her of shamming, she said to herself, with a bitter smile, as she stood before the glass. It looked almost a dying face that she saw there. What could Dare see in those ghastly features to go so wild about? There had been a sudden change in the weather the night before. All night it had been thawing fast, and the ice sailing in broken, jagged masses down the dark Thames to the sea; and now this morning, there was nothing but mist, and fog, and drizzle, blotting out the trees and the farther river banks. Rain, dimming, blurring all the window-panes, bringing out great discoloured patches of damp on the walls of the fine white stucco houses, streaming slant-wise down the chill, empty street, turning the gutters into rapid whirling torrents. In a back street of Queens-town there stood, stands now, a tidy little mean house, with gingerbread coloured shutters, and a door with a brass knocker, and the name of Mrs. Lewis legibly inscribed underneath. Inside in the back-parlour, on this

identical wet Sunday morning, sat the lady indicated, Mrs. Lewis herself, with a remarkably complacent self-satisfied expression on her double-chinned countenance, the result of an approving conscience, and a modestly flourishing business, sat holding her tea-cup, poised in air, in all the glory of her best black silk dress and bob-curls; while behind her ample back, her son and heir, Master Lewis, with a forethought worthy of a riper age, was surreptitiously employed in storing his breeches pockets with a miscellaneous assortment of marbles, bull's eyes, and peppermint lozenges, against the long morning service, which he knew was imminent, having learned by experience that such were effectual weapons with which to contend against the ennui attendant on the Litany. Meanwhile Mr. Stanley was sitting in the dingy little front parlour, having finished his apology for a breakfast some time ago, sitting there quite alone; for who should there be to be with him? The little dingy room looked rather more liveable and comfortable than was its wont; it always did on Sunday. The owner always tried to furbish it up a little, and make it more passable on that one day that ruled over the other six. The hearth was clean swept, and a bright little fire burned and crackled upon it. The papers that usually straggled so disorderly all over the green baize cloth were put up in neat little heaps, and the ink-bottle, for a wonder, had its cover on. James himself sat by the fire in a roomy old brown leather armchair, rather out at elbows, but a snug old chair for all that; and James would not have parted with that old friend for all the newest fauteuils and chaises longues that could be found in all the upholsterers' shops in the civilized world. It was almost the last of the links that bound him to his childhood, to the days when gorgeously attired in a black velvet frock, and a big sash, he used to come down from the upper regions with his brothers and sisters; and being the delicate, hardly reared pet, used to climb up on Sir Hugh's knee, and ruffle his silk-smooth, faultless hair, nestling his head on that dear kind old shoulder. So it came to pass that he loved the old armed chair, now that he was no

longer any one's pet, nor had ever a loving word spoken to him. At his elbow there stood a little cup with violets in it, at which ever and anon he smelt enjoyingly. Coming, yesterday afternoon, almost dizzy and sick, out of one of his reeking alleys, poisoned by the intolerable stench that had their home there—that emanated especially from a certain rag and bone shop he wot of—he had spied these violets lying blue and fresh in a shopwindow, and with reckless extravagance had there and then gone in and expended sixpence on the purchase of them. Violets always reminded him of Kate. To be sure, all sweet odours and fair sights did that, more or less, but violets most of all; they were her flowers, par excellence. Almost always a little bunch of them might be seen lurking green-leaved in the bosom of the soft gray dress. James was reading over his sermon, a work of some difficulty, for, like many clever men, he wrote an almost illegible hand; his flow of ideas exceeding his manual power of writing them down, and, with a pencil between his fingers, was occupied in carefully scoring out anything that appeared like needless repetition or tautology, in lopping off all superfluous ornamentations, in pruning away any small flowers of rhetoric that might chance to have blossomed out. The maximum of matter in the minimum of words appeared to be what he desired. His love, and care, and tendance of his sheep was far too great to run any chance of wearing or sending them to sleep. Not for worlds would he have exceeded the quarter of an hour or twenty minutes that he allowed himself to address them in, nor would he, on the other hand, pander to vulgar taste, debase his scholarship, pollute the purity of his style by descending to any of the familiarities of expression and grotesqueness of illustration with which many a preacher seasons his discourses for the palate of the unlettered herd. He had so many things yet to say to these people of his, such a vast number of all important truths to urge, and some voice from a long way off appeared now to be always impelling, goading him on, whispering—"make haste, make haste, the shadows are lengthening so fast they will soon

seize upon and swallow you up, and your work is not half done yet." Sunday was James Stanley's happiest day by far; perhaps that is not saying much for its blissfulness. He seemed to have more rest of mind and body on that day, a pause and breathing space between life's sharp battles; it seemed as if the world, the flesh, and the devil, found greater difficulty in climbing over the borders of that holy time. They did get in, certainly, sometimes in the shape of Kate Chester's image, but not in such strength as on other days; their power was comparatively feeble and puny. On Sundays he was able to think more and more undisturbedly of his home, not of his shabby cheap lodgings in Thames-street, but of his real home, where his treasure was laid up; where his kin were standing waiting for him, watching

"——— the slow door,  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more."

He had dearer visions of it than on toiling work days. Walking sometimes to church, rapt in high and serious thoughts, he seemed to see in the fleecy clouds the snow-white palaces, the happy seats, where the spirits of the just made perfect were resting, spending the pleasant brief night between Death and Resurrection. Calmly, satisfiedly, they look down on this troublesome world—for eyes so far above can discern that, despite the chaos and the turmoil, and the fret, all is rounding to a perfect whole. And then, in church, when God's light was streaming, goldenly, through the highest window, pouring over the heads of his martyrs and apostles, and prophets; James, poor and sickly, and earth-stained, felt himself lifted up amongst that glorious company; and, through the prayers going up like incense, seemed to hear the harpers harping faintly, far away in the azure distance. But to-day a certain restlessness and disturbance had destroyed the even balance, the delicate equipoise of his spirits. There seemed to be some agency at work hostile to holy, still meditation, to musing on lofty themes. He was not even attending to what he was doing. He had unconsciously passed leniently over one or two very slovenly sentences, and had even let stand one passage, which exhibited a

specimen of the most undeniably slipshod English. What had come to him? Had he left undone any duty? Had he neglected to pour balm on any gaping wounds? Had he neglected to warn and rebuke any sinner, and try to turn him from the error of his ways. In his mind he ran over the little events of the past week. No; miserable as were his shortcomings, and general inefficiency, he had no overt act of negligence or laziness, to reproach himself with. What was the matter with him, then? He could not make it out at all; it puzzled him all the way to church, as he walked soberly along under his umbrella; and, as soon as he was in the reading desk, his eyes, involuntarily, naturally turned to a pew near the door, where, under two blue bonnets, two pretty faces, one rosy, one pale, were usually to be seen every Sunday morning, with devout gravity written upon them. Only one blue bonnet was to be seen, only one pretty face, the rosy one; where was the other, the pale one? Was it the rain that kept Kate away? Impossible! she who was out in all weathers. Was she ill, then? Heaven forbid! This question would pop up every five minutes, hard as he tried to keep it down. It would come in inopportunely in the prayers he was praying so fervently, in the lessons he was reading so reverently and plainly; and then in his sermon he actually lost his place twice, and bungled atrociously over a passage which he had taken particular pains to polish and work up. He would overtake Margaret after service, he resolved, and ask her what had become of her sister! But after service, as ill-luck would have it, the clerk got hold of him, and inflicted on him some long story, which might just as well have been told any other time as that; by the time he was released Margaret was full half way home, and it would not do for him to be seen rushing down the muddy street, with unclerical haste, in hot pursuit of a pretty young woman. Well, if there were anything wrong, he should hear of it to-morrow; till then, he must wait. It would be a good exercise for his patience to have to do so. It was Mr. Stanley's custom to take a solitary walk every Sunday, after his scant dinner. It was his one recreation, and he enjoyed it.

He had no idea of foregoing it to-day on account of the rain. He was not sugar or salt to be melted by a few drops of moisture. But instead of betaking himself as usual, by the shortest cut, to the open country and the fields, some instinct prompted him to-day to wander about the villa-dotted roads that formed the suburbs of Queenstown. As he neared the railway station, which stood at the extremity of these suburbs, James' eye was suddenly caught by a female figure approaching him (an unexpected sight considering the state of the clouds and the road); a female figure, struggling rather unsuccessfully with a big umbrella, which the wind was doing its best to turn inside out—a female figure with a thick veil down over its face, and a blue bonnet, whose shape and hue seemed very familiar to him, on its head. In fact, in this woman he, with a feeling of consternation, ludicrously disproportioned to the occasion, recognized the very Kate Chester, about the state of whose health he had been so needlessly concerned. At the same instant guilty Kate recognized him, with a start of almost as horrified fear as that with which backsliding Balaam first perceived the angel with the drawn sword impeding the progress of his God-forbidden journey. Her first impulse was to turn tail and flee away, like the wind, but in a second common sense made her master this instinct. That course would infallibly excite his suspicions more than any other she could possibly adopt, would cause a hue and cry to be raised after her, before she should be beyond the power of any hue and cry, to fetch her back again. So she lowered her unruly umbrella, as much as she was able, and, trusting in the disguise of her thick veil, endeavoured to pass him without making any sign of recognition. But to no purpose. He stood right in her path, and with wide-eyed astonishment, uttered the monosyllable, "Kate!" She could not well *bust* him with her umbrella, nor yet send him spinning off the pavement into the middle of the sloppy street, as she had done, once, on a previous occasion, so she stopped, perforce too, and answered defiantly, "Well."

"What are you doing out of doors in all this rain?" asks James, plain-

spoken in his extreme surprise, pronouncing each word and syllable slowly and emphatically.

"It's something quite new, your condescending to interest yourself in my goings and comings," says Kate, lifting up her head haughtily, evading the question.

"Where *are* you going, Kate?" repeats James, taking no notice of the sneer with which she had endeavoured to free herself from her dilemma.

"What's that to you?" retorts Kate, tartly.

If she can but succeed in insulting him, in putting him on his mettle, in sending him off wrathful and hurt, and so get rid of him. But he was a man slow to anger; very patient under provocation.

"I know it is no business of mine," he answers very gently. "I know it would be the height of impertinence for me to assume any airs of authority over you; but just think how many years I have known you, just think what old friends we are, and I think you'll forgive me."

"Oh yes, I'll forgive you, of course," answers Kate, who is on thorns the whole time. "It is too wet to stand still. Good-by," and she turns, eel-like, to slip by him. But he does not move. He stands there still, close in front of her; but a slight barrier, one would say, to look at him; but able to hinder her for a few seconds from hurrying to her ruin.

"Kate," he says, eagerly, forced on by some secret impulse, as if a power within him were uttering the words, without his consent, almost against his will; "Kate, I feel a conviction that you are out on no good to-day. I beg your pardon a thousand times if I do you an injustice, but—but, I'd be very grateful if you'd indulge me so far as to tell me where you are going?"

Thus adjured, and driven into a corner, Kate said, hesitatingly, with an uncomfortable, unnatural little laugh, "Where am I going? How inquisitive men, and parsons particularly, are. I'm only going for a— for a walk."

"To-day?" interjects James, incredulously, looking at the pea-soup fog and the swimming pavement.

"Yes, to-day," answers Kate, sharply; "all weathers are the same to me. If I have learned nothing else



in that charming district-visiting of mine, I have learnt that."

"Well then, if you are really going for a walk," replies James, "I suppose I may come with you. I can hold the umbrella over you at least, and save you that trouble," and as he utters these words, he marvels at his own serpent-like subtlety.

Awkward proposition that for that reckless girl, who is looking thirstily forward to the meeting with her dark-eyed lover, to the hiding her sorrow, and her guilt, and her shame, on his pillowing breast. But her wits do not desert her. "Oh dear no," she says, with bitter irony, "I could not think of allowing such a thing for your own sake. You had much better keep to your systematic avoidance of me. You know one cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled. I am not fit company for such as you."

That dart was more poisoned than she that sent it knew of. It went straight to the heart and festered there. "Oh Kate, if you only knew," began James, passionately, but then he stopped himself. That she should misjudge him, misconstrue his actions, was part of his discipline, his punishment, and he must bear it meekly, must carry his cross without making a cowardly moan about its weight. After a second or two he mastered himself and his pain completely. Very calmly he spoke: "You are deceiving me, I see that. What your motive can be I cannot imagine, and I do not know why I think so, but I feel convinced that you are not telling me the truth."

"Yes, I am," answers Kate, with a sort of pseudo frankness, "at least almost the truth. I *am* going for a walk, but it is only up to the Post-office to put a letter in, and I did not think it worth while to give you the trouble of escorting me, for just these half dozen yards."

"It would not be any trouble," answers James, determinately persistent, provokingly so, Kate begins to think. "I should enjoy it! Kate, I'll give you leave to call me a fool. It is a whim, a fancy, I know, but I own that it would make my mind much easier, if you would allow me to see you safe home to-day."

"You should not indulge in such fancies," answers Kate, uncivilly, "it is quite contrary to your principles.

No," she went on, trying to imagine herself aggrieved, and justly aggrieved, by him, "no, you shall not come with me. You think you can take me up and put me down just as you please, and I want to prove the contrary to you."

Still he would not be angry, would not leave her to herself, despite all her rudeness to him. His heart clave to her still, by reason of the great love he bore her. Only he flushed a little, pale-faced as he was.

"You are unjust and unkind, Kate," he said, "and that is not like you. Why do you try to throw dust in my eyes? Is it worth while to perjure your soul for such a wretched, trifling object? Have I ever been so hard and censorious to your faults and failings, that you must needs cover them from me with a lie?"

"No," answered Kate, reluctantly, looking down, "you have not." And the rain dripped from the points of her umbrella, and thence to her shawl, down which it streamed and trickled in manifold little rills, as she stood there, half remorseful, half impatient, speculating on the chance of her being late for the train.

"Well, then," he urged, thinking he had gained a point, "won't you trust in me? Won't you let me know what is weighing on your mind? There is something, I know—something that kept you from church this morning. Two heads are better than one, you know. How do you know that I may not be able to smooth your difficulties, and make it all plain sailing for you?" So he spoke, persuasively, and utterly ignorant of what her difficulties were.

"I have no weight on my soul," she answers, hating and loathing herself, for all these lies she is driven by his importunity to tell. "I have nothing to confide to you. It's all spun out of your own imagination, because you meet me out walking, without any ostensible object, on a wet day. It's very good of you to be so anxious about me, though your anxiety is quite misplaced. Poor, dear, good James, I'm afraid I have not been very polite to you," she adds, compunctuously, laying a light hand on his wet sleeve.

He begins then, for the first time, to remember himself—to fear for himself; begins to doubt whether he is

not drawing out this conversation for his own enjoyment and delectation. This ten minutes will, he knows, entail on him a harder, tougher struggle and wrestle with his own strict-governed heart than ever to-night.

"Perhaps it is my fancy," he says, at last, doubtfully. "I have no reason to suspect you, and no business to torment you with my suspicions, if I have them."

"You do not torment me," she replies kindly; "only living so much by yourself you get hipped. I assure you I have no burden on my soul, at least," she added, laughing slightly, "except the fear that this letter will not get posted in time;" and she half pulled out an old letter she happened to have in her pocket, skilfully covered the broken seal and the post-mark. Women can out-wit men. Kate had almost lulled James's suspicions to sleep.

"I'll believe you," he said smiling, as if a great weight were taken of his mind. "I'll not bother you with any more of my inquisitive catechism of questions. I'll not even look which way you go."

And, in pursuance of this resolution, he turned away from her, down another muddy, rain-immersed road, and plodded along it soberly, under his umbrella, as he had been doing before this unexpected encounter. For about three minutes he trudged on, lost in thought, and then he heard the sound of small, hurrying feet, pattering through the puddles, behind him; then the quick breathing of some one who had run themselves out of breath. He looked round, and behold, come back to him, of her own accord, after having dodged him with so much ingenuity, Kate Chester.

"You did not bid me good-by," she said, panting, in explanation of her conduct, "and so—and so—I ran after you. I want you to shake hands with me. Good-by," she went on, as he put out his hand and took hers, "we part friends, do not we? We have not seen much of one another lately, but we have been great friends, have not we, Jemmy? And after this, whatever terrible tales people tell of me—whatever dreadful things you may hear that I have done, oh! for the sake of the old days, do not be too hard upon me—don't turn to hate me—for pity's sake don't."

For the first time he perceived that she was greatly agitated. Through the masking veil he tried to catch a glimpse of her face.

"Kate," he exclaimed, very anxiously, "I'm sure I was right. I'm sure you are on the brink of committing some great sin—that you are going to-day to take some step that you can never untake again. I implore of you to tell me what it is."

"No, no," cried Kate, incoherently, afraid she had said too much, "I'm not going to take any step. You misunderstand me. I was only speaking generally. You know one never knows what one may be driven to do when one is utterly, entirely hopeless."

"No one can be quite hopeless," replied James, with gentle, earnest chiding, "so long as they are alive on the earth, and within the bounds of God's infinite mercy."

"His mercy is nothing to me," answered Kate, with impatient anguish in her tone, "I'm outside the pale of it."

"Child," cried James, and a look of almost terror flashed over his face at her words, "what makes you utter such insane blasphemy? Who has been putting such wretched pagan ideas into your head? They used not to be there. Oh! Kate, Kate, drive them out—do not entertain them for a second."

"Easier said than done," answered Kate, with dreary composure. "Nobody has put them into my head; they come of themselves. But, anyhow, I need not bother you with them. I have said my say, so I may as well go."

"No, no, you must not," answered James, vehemently; "I dare not leave you to yourself. How do I know what mad things you may do in your present state of mind? How do I know that you may not go to shipwreck altogether, for want of a helping hand to save you?"

"If I did go to shipwreck, as you call it," said Kate gloomily, "who'd care, I wonder? Whose dinner, whose night's rest would it spoil? Maggie might sigh over it for an hour or two, and Blount for a minute or two. That would be about all."

"If nobody in the world cared for you," answered James very solemnly, with a holy awe in his clear-shining, honest eyes, "don't you suppose that

it would grieve the dear Lord, who shed out His precious life to save you from eternal shipwreck? Do you never think of Him, Kate?"

"Never!" replied Kate, emphatically, with a shudder. "It's only you, and such as you, that can think of Him; as for me, I dare not. I used to be able to, once, I remember, especially of a Sunday evening, but I tell you I dare not now."

"Why now, particularly?" inquired James, catching at the stress she laid on the word "now." "Have you been doing anything to make you feel yourself shut out from partnership in all good and holy things? Oh! Kate, what have you been doing? Whatever it is, do not fear to tell me. I'm so weak myself, that I must needs make full allowance for any one else's weakness."

"Doing?" repeated Kate, impatiently, "I've been doing nothing, except what I'm always doing, grumbling and making a fuss about myself, and wishing I was dead. But what do you go on bothering me with your questions for?" she added, with irritation. "You do not believe the answers when I give them you."

"I believe your voice, not your words," answered James, gravely, "and they contradict one another."

She made no response for a minute or two. She stood there longing to go—as if obliged to stay—in an agony of doubt. Then to the ears of them silent came the sharp tinkle of a bell at the railway station, the approach of a train, and immediately after the whistle of an engine, some way down the line. Kate came back out of her reverie, with a great start.

"I must go," she said hurriedly. "I shall be late," she added, forgetting who it was that she was addressing.

"Late!" exclaimed James, excessively puzzled, wondering if she had taken leave of her senses, "what for?" Then a new light dawned on him—a dreadful, lurid light. "I see it all," he said, hastily. "I see what you meant, bidding me good-by in that way. You're going somewhere, going off by this train—going away on some fool's errand."

"How dare you make such unwarrantable accusations?" cried Kate, angry and afraid. "You do not seem to have much of the charity that 'thinketh no evil.'"

"Unwarrantable, is it, Kate?" said James, slowly, looking at her keenly. "Then why do I see you glancing towards the station, and perpetually watching that train that is coming up with such anxiety?"

The train was drawing inconveniently near—already it had come full into sight, steaming along the line, with all its many carriages, and this train never stopped more than about three minutes at Queenstown. Stop dawdling there five minutes longer and she should be late. In a second she took her resolution. "James," she said, stamping determinately on the dirty road, splashing, thereby, a good deal of mud up on his coat and her own dress. "I will not stand being bated in this way; and there's an end of it. I am going by that train. I tell you so, plainly. I do not know why I was so cowardly as to tell a lie about it before. And go I will; so if you are thinking of trying to dissuade me, I advise you to keep your breath for a more profitable occupation." And, avoiding further argument, as she thought, she set off walking fast towards the station, which was not fifty yards distant.

James would not leave her in this imminent soul peril; he must make a last effort to rescue her. Keeping alongside of her, he asked, with as much sternness as he could ever say anything with, "Kate, I know as well as if you had told me that you are going to meet that man. Tell me where?"

"I shall not tell you; it is nothing to you," answered Kate, sullenly.

"Child," pursued James, in low, hurried tones, almost suffocated with his excitement. "This is God's own day; is it a day to do devil's work on? Is it a day to kill your own soul, utterly, for ever? In God's name, I command you to desist from this purpose of yours."

Every word he spoke seemed to stab her; she could have groaned aloud, but she gave no outward sign. She would be firm—she would not give in. Not even James should stop her from going to comfort her poor, lonely Dare. They reached the station, and Kate went into the booking-office, with a firm step, asked for one single first-class ticket to Clapham; got it, and went out on the platform. James staid a second behind her and

got a ticket too. Then an idea struck him. It would soon be time for afternoon service, and he had not provided a substitute for himself. What a hubbub there would be in Queens-town when he should be found absent without leave. But he must not leave this girl to throw herself over this precipice. His first duty was to drag her back. That path lay clear and plain before him. So he called a porter, gave him a verbal message to the rector (he had not time to give a written one), and sent him off with it. Then his mind felt easier, and he followed Kate out. The train was just alongside; there were not many people to get in or out, for the weather was anything but favourable for travelling. He watched Kate pass along, looking for an unoccupied carriage; and, as soon as she found one, got in. Then he followed her. As she turned her face and saw him, an expression of horrified astonishment spread over her features. She had not calculated on this move. Once in the train she had imagined herself safe from him.

"What do you mean by dogging me like this?" she asked, with concentrated resentment in her low tones.

"I mean," answered he, solemnly, "by God's help, to save you, if I can, from yourself, and from the devils that have got possession of you."

"Give it up," she answered, with bitter gloom, "it's too hard a job, even for you."

James came and sat down beside her, and said, with forced composure, "Kate, you may as well tell me where you are going to meet this—this man. I shall infallibly find out if you do not."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you," said Kate, recklessly, "it can be no secret now. Everybody will know soon enough. At the Crystal Palace, in the court where the statues are. Is that exact enough for you? And if you choose to come, too, of course no one can prevent you, only I warn you that you'll be rather *de trop*!" she ended, with a laugh that sounded rather hysterical.

James was almost struck dumb at sight of the abyss that was yawning at the very feet of this wretched woman whom he loved so. "Child, child," he cried, and his voice shook

in the intensity of his pleading, "have pity upon yourself. Do not you see that satan is putting a mist on your eyes that you should not see this lover of yours in his true shape—not as the monster of wickedness luring you to destruction that he is."

"He is nothing of the kind," retorted Kate, fiercely. "Don't dare to abuse him to me. He is the only person in the world that cares about me," she went on, with something like a sob. "You and Margaret and Blount have, perhaps, got a feeble sort of liking for me, but he does love me really. Bless him! poor darling!"

The part of this speech in which she alluded to his feeble liking for her nearly upset poor sore-tried James. He, in comparison of whose pure, deep, utterly unselfish love (a love which, well-hidden, was killing him by inches). Dare's mad, wild-beast passion was as a stinking, stagnant pond to a leaping, pellucid mountain brook.

"Love you!" he echoed, with a certain just scorn. "Would a man that really loved, as a good man should love a woman, drag down the object of his love to disgrace and shame of everlasting pollution?"

"Yes," cried Kate, flashing, "when he knows that she is most willing—for his sake most thankful—to be dragged down to any depths. What are disgrace and shame and pollution, as you call it, to me in comparison of him, I should like to know? Nothing but bugbears to frighten children with—nothing but empty names that have no meaning in them." So she spoke, boldly, confidently, but her inmost heart said differently. It said, "A lie! a lie!"

"And then when you come to the reckoning?" urged James, with the solemn severity of one of God's ministers—one of His viceregents—whose business it was to reprove and rebuke sin, whenever he should meet with it on the earth. "When you have to pay the price for this mad surfeit of brief pleasures, how will it be then? How will it be when you come to die? Will that wicked man you are going to be able to help, or comfort, or rescue you then?"

"Don't talk of dying," cried Kate, shivering, "I'm young and strong; why should I die?"

"Is it only the old that die?" in-

quired James very mournfully, "ah no, any paper you take up will tell you differently; but even if you live on in your sin, to be an old woman, will even that seem a long while; will not it be but as a watch in the night in comparison of the countless ages of eternity?"

Kate made no answer; she only covered her face with both hands, and rocked backwards and forwards desolately. The stupendous thought of that eternity (a thought which our weak brains can, at their best, but hardly support the weight of), almost crushed her, guilty, rudderless as she was, to the dust. Then came the low, gentle voice again, not scolding, not upbraiding, trying very hard to be calm, but yet wavering a little in spite of itself. "Kate, I know this is no time to preach to you in, but let me put it plain and clear before you. Is it wise of you to spend this little space, that we call life, in sowing the seed of everlasting, undying torments, for yourself? Of your own choice too—when you might, in this time that is allotted to you, be laying up for yourself treasures unto life eternal, in that heaven that will never fade or vanish away? Kate, our dear Lord is standing at the door *now*, begging you, imploring you to come in. Oh, child, you won't turn away to hell." He stopped, he could not go on—he was so moved.

Kate sat there motionless, still the hidden face, and a sighing sob every now and then.

"Kate," began James again, almost in a whisper, and tears stood full and bright in his eager eyes—eyes with an angel-light in them. "What shall I say when I see your dear mother again? What shall I say when she asks for her little daughter, the little daughter that she loved so; that she begged me on her death-bed to look after, and be an elder brother to? What shall I say to her? Oh, Kate, Kate, I thank God that in his infinite mercy he took away that poor little woman from the evil to come; from seeing this black day. I thank him from the bottom of my soul."

Poor Kate she could not bear that. The mention of her mother at any time made her tears flow freely; how much more now? She pulled out her pocket-handkerchief, threw herself

down in the bottom of the railway carriage, and burying her face in the cushions wept unrestrainedly, violently—would have wept her life away if she could. After a while she raised a disfigured, haggard face, and said with great difficulty, interrupted, and checked over and over again, by fast recurring, ungovernable sobs.

"James, if it was only myself, I'd give in this minute. I'd go back with you, even now, to the old dreary life; and try to bear it, and be content with it for *her* sake" (another passionate burst of tears); "but," she went on, "what would he do, what would become of him? You don't know how he loves me," she said, appealing piteously to him. "He is so sad, so terribly desolate and lonely, and he looks so ill and haggard. Oh, whatever happens I must go to him; I must comfort him, poor, poor, darling Dare!"

Again she flung herself down; and shook and quivered in her mighty emotion.

James left her to herself for a few moments; then he touched her gently on the shoulder. "Do you love this man?" he asked, very quietly, looking down pityingly on her.

Kate looked up with dim eyes. "Love him!" she echoed, and she almost laughed in her derision of the absurdity of this question. "Ay, better than you, who do not know what love is, can have any conception of. So well, that the only wish I have left on earth, is that he would kill me, so that I might die in his dear arms, and get away from this weary world altogether."

With a sharp pang, James let pass uncontradicted, that random reflection on his incapacity of loving. "Well, then," he said in a low, firm, impressive voice, "if you do love him, love him truly; love him better than yourself, and your own gratification; then, most of all, you'll leave him."

"What!" she gasped.

"If you do love him, I say," went on James, emphatically, "if his good, his welfare, are of any moment to you, give him up. Don't you see that you are the bait with which satan is angling for his soul? As long as you are before him a stumbling-block in his path, he has not a chance of ever coming back to the

light. Your love is the claim with which the foul fiends bind him fastest. Oh, child, child, break the links of that chain. I implore you, and you'll set him free, and yourself too."

"No, no," cried Kate, very eagerly, "you mistake; you don't know him. I'm the only hope he has in the world, poor fellow. If he loses me he'll go to the bad altogether. He said he would, and he never breaks his word."

"He said that to frighten you," replied James, with a just indignation at Colonel Stamer's cruel, selfish sophistries. "How could he go more to the bad than living in sin, with a woman that is not his wife; with the curse on his soul of having changed a girl once pure, and innocent, and walking in God's faith and fear, into what I daren't name to you, Kate?" "I hate to talk to you on such a subject," he added, with a shocked, disgusted look, "it seems an insult to do it, and yet I must."

Kate was silent for a few moments; almost torn and rent in twain by the two powers of good and evil that were fighting and hard, on the narrow battle-field of her sick soul.

Then she spoke with livid lips. "If it is for his good—oh, don't deceive me, and tell me it is, when it is not; don't mislead me from some mistaken idea of doing me good. But if it is for his good—if you put it in that way, I'd do anything—you know I would; I'd do anything in the world for him. Oh, my love, my love." Such an exceeding great and bitter cry.

"Then leave him," urged James, with thrilling earnestness, "give him up! Come home with me, and pray and agonize against this wretched, wicked love, that is desolating your life. Lift up your poor heart to that higher, purer, more satisfying love, that is open to us all. Oh, Kate, give him up, give him up."

"Even if I do consent to give him up," said Kate, fighting with a storm of tears, "oh, God, I cannot, I cannot."

James would not spare her now. It was the decisive moment, and a second's hesitation might lose her for ever. "You must, Kate," he said solemnly, "even if you have the heart to soil and sully the good old

name that your poor father tried to keep so clean and bright—even if you have the heart to mar and spoil your brother's and sister's future by your shame—even if you dare to do this great sin against God; by your love to that man, I charge you to give him up, and never see his face again. It is the strongest proof of love that will ever be asked of you. Will you shrink from this thing, Kate, hard as it is, or will you do it?"

"Yes, yes," cried Kate, violently excited, almost incoherent, "I'll do it for his sake, as you say. Oh, poor Dare, poor fellow. But even then," she went on hurriedly, catching at this last straw, "I must see him once again, to tell him so. Oh, James," she said, appealing to him piteously, with her haggard eyes, "I never said good-by to him yesterday; just think of that. Oh, I must see him once again. Don't say no to me; I must hear his grand voice, and kiss him just once again, that I may have something to live upon afterwards!"

"Heaven forbid," said James, quickly, in horror at this mad proposition. "What, thrust your head between the lion's jaws of your own accord? a wise idea, indeed. No, Kate, be a brave girl. Don't palter with this temptation—it is a frightfully strong one I see. Cast it utterly behind you, and beg of our God (he is very gracious and pitiful) to give you strength to overlive this fiery trial."

Kate struggled up from her crouching attitude, in a staggering sort of way; clutched hold of his arm, as if for support and said dazedly, "I—I don't quite understand you. Do you mean to say that I'm never to see him again—that after all we have been to each other, I'm to have nothing more to say to him?"

James took her hand with a brother's tenderness. "Yes," he said very sorrowfully, but resolutely. "Kate, I pity you more than I ever pitied man or woman before, but still I say, yes." "Poor child," he went on, compassionately, "you're blinded and confused now, and are not fit to judge for yourself. Won't you trust in an old friend like me? Won't you believe me when I tell you solemnly that it's the only thing you can do now."

"Yes, yes," cried Kate with tearful

incoherence, "I'd trust you ; I'll do whatever you tell me. But, Jemmy, I do so *long* to see him once again, just for five minutes, to tell him how I love him. I was very unkind and rude to him yesterday. I hate myself for it now ; to tell him that I'll never forget him, as long as I live, and that it's only for his own good that I am keeping away from him. James, you're not a hard-hearted, cruel man I know—you'll let me do just that much. I shall go mad if you don't."

"No, you won't," said James, trying gently to soothe her, "God will give you strength to endure ; I'm confident of that, Kate," he went on with an intensity of earnestness in his tones ; I know of old that you are not one of those feeble, weak-souled women who wince and shrink away from a little pain. Make up your mind to face this ordeal bravely ; and you'll come through it yet, safe and pure, for the sake of the poor, dead mother, who is watching and waiting for you—for the sake of the Lord who laid down his Deity in such unutterable agonies to save you."

The Lord he spoke of gave him strength to conquer. By his words he vanquished and subdued her utterly.

"There" she said hoarsely, "say no more ; you may stop ; I'll go home with you and you may do whatever you choose with me. Only do not say anything more to me, just now,

please ; leave me in peace that I may face my despair."

So he left her in peace. A few minutes more and the train stopped. James almost lifted Kate out, for she was like a log upon his hands, and with some difficulty helped her to a bench. There she sank down, motionless, nerveless, almost senseless. James was frightened out of his wits. In saving her soul had he killed her body ? He rushed off to the refreshment-room for a glass of water ; came back quickly to her with it, and put it to her pale lips. But she pushed it away, feebly. She *would* not faint or go into hysterics. She never had done either in the course of her life, and would not begin now. So by a great effort of the strong will, she got the better of a great inclination to tumble off the bench in a swoon ; slowly lifted her eyes, dizzy and swimming to his anxious face, and said with difficulty, "No, thank you, Jemmy, I do not want it."

By the next train Mr. Stanley and Miss Catherine Chester returned to Queenstown. All the way back, Kate sat staring, vacant-eyed, apathetic, out of the window, at the quick-passing landscape, not seeing one inch of it—like a woman on whom a stunning blow had just fallen, numbing her senses, like one whose last hope in this world, was extinct.

#### GARRICK.—PART IV.

In the summer of this year (1751) Mr. and Mrs. Garrick undertook what might be called their proper wedding trip, though delayed for nearly two years, and set off for Paris.\* But this was not to be a brilliant expedition, like what was to come later. There does not appear to have been the triumphs, the homage, the grand *succès* that was to attend him a few years later. But this first French visit appears to have had no special glories. The details are but very meagre, or perhaps his splendid reputation had not yet travelled to the French. Even Dangeau, that sur-

prising courtier, who so carefully set down the minutest detail connected with the court in that most marvellous and voluminous of journals, makes no note of our English actor's presentation to the King. Such a freak may have seemed to him too horrible a profanation to be recorded.† But, associated with this was a curious story which, though given on poor authority, is so circumstantial in detail that it may be accepted with safety.

In the Dover mail a friend of his crossed over—Sir George Lewis—and they travelled on to Paris together.

\* Neither Murphy nor Davies mention this visit, and Boaden fixes it in 1752.

† Dangeau was so minute in posting up every "presentation," of gentle and simple, that I am half inclined to believe that the whole may have been a newspaper story.

On arriving, Sir George went to some lodgings in the Chaussee D'Antin, and for some weeks Garrick never met him. He then went to inquire, and was shocked to find that he had been murdered—murdered, too, in that Forest of Bondy so famous in the drama where the Dog of wonderful sagacity detected another murder. The luckless Englishman had been invited to join a French shooting party at a chateau, had won some money, been pressed to stay, but had set off by night, and had been found lying in the forest. The police were content to accept for the solution the notorious character of the forest; but Garrick, knowing that his friend was a man of courage, and would have defended himself, and finding that the robbers had left him a diamond snuff-box and ring, became more suspicious. He pressed the matter so earnestly that the lieutenant of police was persuaded to investigate what company was at the chateau on that night. It was found that an Italian count had left about the same time as the Englishman, and had been a couple of hours away. He was arrested, but there was only suspicion against him. Interest was being used to set him free, when Garrick is said to have put in action one of those dramatic *ruses*, or *tours de force*, of which so many and so many shapes are associated with his name. The accused was brought to Sir George's hotel. He was there suddenly told that the Englishman was alive; though wounded had accused him, and demanded that he should be brought before him. Garrick had studied a portrait of the Baronet, by Latour, and knew his expression well. So, when the assassin was introduced he saw, as he fancied, his victim in bed, ghastly, and suffering, and who addressed him in a trem-

bling voice—"Wretch, do you deny your crime now?" The murderer fell on his knees at once and confessed.\*

He seems to have made but few acquaintances, one of a remarkable sort, a young lawyer, called Patu, who was full of enthusiasm for everything English, whose English letter-writing, for spirit, animation, and correctness, is a perfect marvel, and who may be justly pardoned for conceiving the daring project of editing "Shakespeare."†

It was, however, some distinction for an English actor to be presented to the King of France, a distinction that was noted by the English papers, or which, perhaps, Mr. Garrick took care *should* be noted. But his enemy, Fitzpatrick, now over in Dublin "on business," where he found "humbugging in high taste," and who was pining to get back to the Bedford, had remarked an odd coincidence, that on the day that Garrick was presented, Quin had been stopped by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath. "So different," he says, sarcastically, "is the fate of real and imaginary heroes."‡

The two clever Englishmen and actors, Foote and Garrick, had met in Paris. But we know nothing of their proceedings. This friendly *villeggiatura* brought about a renewal of this "fitful intimacy," as Mr. Forster justly calls it. Indeed it was always easy to renew an intimacy with Garrick, and to him might have been said what Goldsmith said to Johnson: "Sir, it is much that I can take ill from you!" And the first proof of this renewed intimacy is seen in the production of Foote's satire on Connoisseurship as the Farce of "Taste." Its design was to satirize the ignorant affectation with which the fashion of the day gave eager welcome to anything with

\* This was given by the French correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." Though in truth the dramatic part is but the variation of other stories tending to illustrate Garrick's wonderful play of feature, especially that one in which Feilding's picture figures, it has a circumstantial air. It is notorious that Garrick delighted in playing such tricks.

† Boaden draws a sort of fancy sketch about Garrick's success, and says "the presence of Garrick added to the gaiety of French society in Paris." More ludicrously however he adds "He *perhaps* quitted Paris with reluctance."

‡ Foote, says Mr. Forster, used to tell this story himself, and he made some such odd comment on it as Fitzpatrick had done in Dublin. Foote said it illustrated the different treatment reserved for the new and the old school of acting. He himself was something between both, a cross between a reprobate French courtier and a dashing English highwayman. He had indeed unconsciously hit off his own character, and there were to be people, like Mrs. Dodd, who would sooner have been stopped by any highwayman, than be made "to stand" by Mr. Foote.



the appearance of age upon it, and turned away scornfully from modern art, however meritorious.\* How successfully—at least as regards treatment, for the satire was not popular—and with what wit and exuberant buoyancy he carried out that design, may be gathered from reading even a page of this little piece. All the essayists were busy with this popular craze, which endured for many years, until Goldsmith's Mrs. Croker, came home from the auction-room, where the deaf Dowager was bidding away against herself. Not the least part of the entertainment was Garrick's prologue; the only objection to which was that it went over the ground gone on in the piece itself. He came out quite metamorphosed in a wig, and professorial dress of black. Some of the strokes were exceedingly good.

"The fair one's heart will ne'er incline to man,  
While thus they rage for China or Japan.  
The Virtuoso too, and Connoisseur,  
Are ever decent, delicate and pure.

Thin blood at sight of beauty gently flows,  
Their veins must all be old and want a nose.

Be not deceived, I here declare on oath,  
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth;  
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece and Rome.

The best antiquities are made at home!  
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians near at hand,  
True Britons all, and living in the Strand."

But it is curious that refined satire on public foibles has never "taken" on the English stage. The "groundlings" require something broader and less tedious: and the delicate and elaborate ridicule with which French dramatists have successfully ridiculed the vices of their city, in such ironical pieces as "*Le Demi Monde*," "*Les Effrontés*," and the "*Question d'Argent*," and which have drawn the whole of Paris after them, would not be relished in London. "Taste," therefore, though suggested by humour, and treatment that was wholly independent of what it satirised, and though Carmine and Lady Pentweazle, were entertaining to a degree, was but coldly wel-

comed, and did not run the regular "nine nights."

This failure he, with a curious infatuation, tried to redeem, by one of the dreary "classical" pieces—a play by a heavy scholar, Dr. Francis, and constructed on the usual French model. This was called "*Eugenia*," and after being dragged through its nine nights, was laid to rest. But Garrick always had a really good piece in reserve after such experiments; and now struck, in which Cibber's capital comedy of "*Love's last Shift*," first produced nearly sixty years before, and which revival the author actually lived to see, and which had true stuff in it, and if not wit, the likeness of wit, was to become a stockpiece, and delight audience after audience.

He had come back however only to fresh little troubles. Miss Bellamy was insubordinate as before, perhaps overset by an absurd compliment, if reported truly, paid to her one night by the famous Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield: "*I came to admire Garrick, but go away enchanted with Bellamy!*" She still affected to believe that the manager had an undying animosity to her, and the instances she gives are ludicrous specimens of human self-delusion. She was to have played *Ophelia* with Ross, but Garrick hinted to her that it was not for her interest that one of her standing should appear with an actor of Ross's station. But, she says, she was always of opinion that the greater the consequence of the performer the more incumbent it was on them "to assist the community to which *they belonged*, and by this generous sentiment increased the disgust the manager already entertained for me."

At this time there was actually a daughter of the great Farquhar's alive, and in greatly reduced circumstances. Even to that generation who saw Mrs. Woffington in her great breeches part of *Sir Harry*, and who enjoyed the exquisite humour of the "*Beaux Stratagem*," it must have been a surprise to hear that there was such a link between them and the great humorist. Garrick paid a graceful tribute to his memory, by giving his

daughter a benefit at Drury-lane, and by acting himself in the "Beaux Stratagem." He had already given certain evidence of his steady purpose to reform his stage, even at some pecuniary sacrifice, and he had the courage to abolish a time-honoured custom which obliged managers on Lord Mayor's day to give their audience a coarse old play called "the London Cuckholds," and which seemed to be as appropriate as "George Barnwell" is to Boxing-night. But in March (1751) Drury-lane was to witness an unusual spectacle—perhaps the most remarkable, as well the boldest venture known to the amateur dramatic stage. Such interest and curiosity was excited by this performance that the House of Commons adjourned at three o'clock to be in time. The Delaval family—wild men about town, and bitten with a craze for acting—had performed *Othello* at Lord Mexborough's and were fired with a desire for a larger field of action. In those days even a small theatre would have been sufficient publicity, but to venture on the large expense of the Drury-lane stage seemed almost too daring. Garrick, one of whose little weaknesses was an inclination to favour anything that came from persons of quality, interrupted his regular performances and allowed his theatre to be used for the night.\* Never was there such magnificence. No expense was spared. The distinctions of pit and gallery were abolished, and all parts of the house indifferently shone with laces and jewels and costly dresses. Even in the footman's gallery it was noted that half a dozen stars were glittering; every part of the house overflowed with the best "quality" in London; the Royal and some German princes—rarely absent from any Court show in England—were in the side boxes. All these glories were lit up by the soft effulgence of waxlights. On the stage there were fresh scenes and new and gorgeous dresses. The music was excellent. The scene out-

side the playhouse is described to have been almost ludicrous from the confusion and block of chairs and coaches, which impeded each other from getting near the door; and the mob were delighted at seeing the fine ladies and gentlemen picking their steps through the mud and filth. Even at the doors of the mean public-houses close—stars and garters, and silk stockings were seen waiting until the street should clear a little.

The unusual cast was as follows :

#### MEN.

<i>Othello</i>	.	Sir Francis Delaval.
<i>Iago</i>	.	John Delaval, esq.
<i>Cassio</i>	.	— Delaval, esq.
<i>Brabantio</i> and <i>Lodovico</i>	.	
<i>Roderigo</i>	.	Sim Pine, esq.
	.	Capt. Stevens.

#### WOMEN.

<i>Desdemona</i>	.	Mrs. Quon.†
<i>Emilia</i>	.	Mrs. Stevens.

With such a vast and dazzling audience, it was not surprising that the performers should have felt some nervousness at first; but it presently wore off. The performance was, indeed, one of extraordinary merit. It even extorted the praise, mixed with a sneer, of Walpole. It was noticed that there was a singular refinement in all the characters, which indeed always must give amateurs of any merit a sure advantage over professionals. For birth and associations of elegance and breeding must be valuable auxiliaries, and are sure to tell in characters to which refinement and breeding are necessary. Sir Francis played with true dignity and much pathos, and in his amende to Cassio, where he takes his hand, and says—"I do believe it, and I ask your pardon," it was felt that there was the tone and manner of a high-bred gentleman making an apology.‡

Mr. John Delaval obtained great approbation for his natural acting of *Iago*. It was remarked that "his eye worked as much as his tongue, and he was equally intent upon his plots, when engaged in the dialogue, and when out of it"—two points

\* Boaden says gravely—"It is to be hoped for some charitable purpose;" but the tickets were all complimentary.

† Lady Mexborough, and sister to Sir F. Delaval. Boaden makes it "Mrs. Quin."

‡ "So unlike all imitation," says Mr. Kirkman, who gives these particulars, "that the audience couldn't be easily reconciled afterwards to the hearing it from any one else. His embracing Desdemona, on their meeting in Cyprus, set many a fair breast among the audience a palpitating."

which show what a reform Garrick's acting had already wrought. "—De-laval, esquire," gained great applause in *Cassio*, and Mrs. Quon had "all the native honesty and candour in her face that the poet meant to make an example of."\* All the actors, in fact, were natural, easy, and unaffected—"free from the *whine*, the *mouthings*, the clap-trap trick, and the false consequence so often hackneyed upon the stage." A great deal of this success was due to Macklin, who superintended the rehearsals. The dresses, which were much praised for their taste and elegance, were highly characteristic, being said to be "well fancied and adapted to the characters," which faithful adaptation was carried out in this fashion. *Othello* wore a Moorish dress, *Roderigo* an elegant modern suit, and *Cassio* and *Iago* very rich uniforms.

The expenses, as may be imagined, were enormous. Garrick received £150 for his theatre, and the dresses, scenery, "waxlights," &c., cost upwards of a thousand pounds. It was a really remarkable performance, and deserves the lengthened notice it has received in this place, as illustrating the importance the stage had risen to, in the few years since Garrick's appearance.

The time for the carpenters to take possession of Drury Lane stage had arrived, and Garrick, perfectly consistent with all his declarations and principles, finding the public would not follow him in the correct and classical path, determined to let them have their way. Indeed the houses were growing thin, and he himself, always a sure source of attraction, could not play every night. At Christmas, therefore, he introduced a pantomime called *Queen Mab*, and with Woodward's aid, as good a pantomimist as Rich, succeeded in bringing out a marvellous spectacle—comprising gorgeous decorations, and a "great pomp of machinery." It ran for six weeks, drew all the town, and made Rich, thus attacked with

his own weapons, tremble. Henceforward a pantomime became the regular Christmas feature at Drury Lane. This ran forty nights—a curious instance of the good fortune that attended all Garrick's schemes; for Harlequinade would seem to have been totally foreign to his tastes and experience. That the public felt and enjoyed this success was evidenced by a caricature called the "Theatrical Steel-yard," in which Mrs. Cibber, Barry, Quin, and Mrs. Woffington are exhibited as hanging in a row at one end of the yard, while Garrick sits gaily and triumphantly in the other scale, waving his cap triumphantly, and weighing the four down,† while Woodward in his proper dress and Queen Mab, "strike" the traditional harlequin attitude in the centre.

The pantomime that drew such crowds a hundred and twenty years ago, was different from the entertainment that now sets in so regularly on Boxing-night, at every theatre in the kingdom, and which is looked on by managers as their golden goose. There was no "opening," and the whole was a pleasant bit of buff, pure romping buffoonery, of a rustic sort. Thus a Covent Garden pantomime that Rich was "running" against Garrick's, was of this sort. The scenes were in the country, in farmyards and villages, with "a barley mow" in the back ground. The labourers, clod-hoppers, are seen going to work; bricklayers are busy on a scaffolding, and Harlequin pursued, as he always is, plunges in among the bricklayers and scaffolding, pulls all down, and is found to have disappeared in the confusion. This sort of rough jest is the soul of the piece, and is repeated in various shapes. Sometimes he is disguised as an old woman, and just as in modern pieces, the police are brought in, and never fail to excite merriment, so here the "village constables," are always on Harlequin's track, and at the moment they are about seizing him, are tripped up, buffeted, and brought to shame and confusion. Another shift of Harlequin's on this occa-

\* This is Kirkman's extraordinary description. See his Life of Macklin—a good specimen of the strange fustian which players and the biographers of players seem to import from behind the scenes, into their books.

† Davies, consistently inaccurate even in such trifles, puts Woodward in the scale.

‡ There is nothing new under the sun, but what is old. This building of a house on the stage was a great feature in a London pantomime a few years back.

sion was his coming in disguised as an *Ostrich*, and his peckings at the feet of various characters, brought the house down. "The *Ostrich*," said the papers, "having played many tricks, such as kissing Columbine, biting servants silly," made the whole house ring with applause, and finally "moriced" off with Columbine.\*

Then Harlequin would ride in on a broom between two witches, and a magic transformation would take place, which now appears of a very humble order—the garden wall changing into a wall covered with prints, ballads, broadsides, &c., and Harlequin disguised as an old woman, selling them. Not to mention the delightful perspective of a farmhouse, "where you hear the coots in the water, as at a distance." There were yet more adventures of this sort, and finally a sort of "transformation scene" was discovered; a glittering perspective of pillars and temples.

At the end, however, a strange retribution was made to overtake Harlequin, who was carried off like Don Giovanni, *upwards*, to the infernal regions, surrounded with fire and demons. This was some famous "Harlequin Sorcerer" which had a great run. The music was of a high order, being written by Arne; the dresses and scenery new and magnificent. But Rich could not pass by an opportunity of ridiculing his rival Garrick, and a ludicrous parody was introduced, of a popular song and chorus at Garrick's theatre, "I love Sue, and Sue loves me."†

But now he was to bring forward a very important revival; a play full of breadth, character, and humour, Ben Johnson's "Every Man in his Humour," a piece full of popular points, and yet at the same time sufficiently classical to have a wholesome effect

on the public. He first prepared it carefully for the stage, by jealous pruning of everything oldfashioned, or what was likely to interfere with the easy progress of the story, which was indeed judicious irrepairation. But he also, according to his favourite practice, added a scene at the end of the fourth act, which was scarcely so judicious.‡

Never was a play so perfectly "cast," or so diligently rehearsed. Garrick was suited to a shade in *Kitely*, whose fitful changes and passions, gave him fine scope for play of feature and tone of voice. Woodward could not have had a finer part than *Bobadil*, nor *Bobadil* a finer actor, for it eminently suited that solid and classical comedy of his, a class of humour now lost to the stage. Indeed it was long thought to have been his masterpiece. Yates, as *Brainworm*; Ross and Palmer, as *Welbred* and *Young Knowell*, were all good selections, and the manager was fortunate enough to find actors, otherwise obscure, but who made for themselves reputations, in the minor parts of this great play. The pretty Mrs. Ward was the *Dame Kitely*.

In the Green-room Garrick trained them himself, actually giving his own readings and inflections. Woodward appeared to adopt these with much humility, for the manager always exacted great deference. But one morning during Mr. Garrick's absence, Woodward, in unusual spirits, undertook to give his brethren a specimen of the way he meant to deal with his part on the night in question, which was wholly different from the one in which he had been so carefully instructed. During this performance, Garrick arrived unperceived, and listened quietly. The way in which he treated this little bit of

\* Critics, however, found fault with the undue thickness of the *Ostrich's* legs, as opposed to the known formation of that bird: but as one wisely remarked, it satisfactorily revealed the transformed Harlequin to Columbine.

† Edward Moore, Garrick's friend, in a paper in *The World*, hinted at some points in the Harlequinade of the day, such as the hiding of Harlequin under Columbine's petticoats, which must have been larger than they are now. Harlequin, too, appears to have worn a tail.

One of Garrick's pantomimes, the "The Genii," seems to have been as gorgeous as some of the modern attempts. "The last scene," says *The Scourge*, "beggars all description; the most romantic eastern account of sumptuous palaces, are but faint to this display of beauty, this profusion of glittering gems, this glow of light, which adorn the whole, and exceed all expectation.

‡ Davies, as usual, astray in dates, antedates the production of this piece by nearly two years.

duplicity, is excellent testimony to his fairness and good humour. "Bravo, Harry," he cried, "upon my soul, bravo! Why now this is—no, no! I can't say this is *quite* my idea of the thing. Yours is, after all—to be sure, rather—ha!"\*

Woodward was a little confused, and said, with true green-room duplicity, that he meant to act the part according to the manager's views. "No, no! by no means, Harry," said the other warmly. "D—n it, you have actually clinched the matter. *But why, dear Harry, would you not communicate before?*" In that question was an epitome of all his managerial troubles. In the shifts and artful tricks of his actors, who assumed that his straightforwardness *must* be a cloak for shifts and ends like their own, he felt the same inquiry rising to his lips. "Why would you not communicate before?" And in all the series of peevish complaints and fancied grievances with which he was harassed with actors as well as actresses, we find him asking in the same kind tone, "Why, instead of nursing these fancied wrongs, instead of brooding over imagined injuries, and acting on them as if they were true, why not have come direct to me?" But to the end he could never persuade his suspicious followers that he was sincere even in this.

How the great actor looked as *Kitely*, and how he "dressed" the part, we can know from the fine picture by Reynolds, or from the mezzotint worthy of the picture, where we can see him in his full Spanish cloak and white collar of many points, and slashed trunks; and where his expression is surprisingly altered by a short, dark wig, divided down the middle, and "fuzzed out" at the sides. It was acted with complete success.

Though it was that the audience took some time before they could surmount the old fashioned tone.† The prologue was full, too, of such prose as the following:

"Sure to those scenes some honour should be paid,  
Which Camden patronised, and Shakespeare played!"

Still with this tribute to the fresh, open air of character and healthy humour, he was hankering after the insufferable stagey models which were enough to stifle everything that was true or natural. Thus the very night before Ben Johnson's play, "*Phædra and Hippolytus*," were ranting their mythological woes and declaiming the sorrows many thousand years old.

But with the new season (1752-3) came an important production; and Garrick, always true to his friends, brought out in February, 1753, Edward Moore's pathetic piece of the "*Gamester*;" and yet with but languid success. It was played but a few nights. The vice of gaming was then the "rage" of the town, and its palace was "*White's*," where fortunes were won and lost; and from *White's* the town took its tone. Many a chariot, as the Count said in the play, might be said "to roll upon the four aces;" and even the mildest shape of gambling took the shape of "pitting one man's life against another," so that, as the *Connoisseur* remarked, "a player, perhaps, is pitted against a duke, an alderman against a bishop, or a pimp against a privy councillor.‡"

But, for the reason given before, the town did not relish the unpleasant moral found in this play. It, however, rallied after this neglect, as indeed was only fitting, and has ever since kept the stage. For when well acted it presents a most affecting

\* This spasmodic and broken style of speech, seems from all reports, Wilkinson's included, to have been Garrick's manner of conversation with his players. It was a favourite pastime with the mimics "to give Mr. Garrick."

† It was performed in October, 1751, and introduced by a prologue of Whitehead's, which Murphy calls "neat." It concluded with an invitation to

"Kindly forget the hundred years between  
Become old Britons and admire old Ben."

This rhyme scarcely deserves the praise of "neat."

‡ "I remember a man," he goes on, "with the constitution of a porter, upon whose life very great odds were laid, but when the person was expected to die every week *this man shot himself through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.*" In these periodical essayists of the second class, as they may be called, there is a surprising gaiety, if not wit, which as yet has hardly been appreciated.

picture of domestic distress, working up to a close that is almost too real and harrowing. The art of the piece—as, indeed, would seem should be the art of every piece meant to reach the heart—lies in its mental action, its simple plot, and above all, in the quiet, everyday, almost *household* key in which it is set, the scene changing from a parlour to a street, and from a street to a parlour again. The whole somehow seems to have a domestic unstagey air, and we might be looking on at a single passage in our neighbour's everyday life. It is said that this drama marks an era in the stage, and this was the first tragedy that departed from the conventional garb of blank verse; it being assumed, on the authority of a tyrannical French tradition, that it was impossible to suffer or die, except to the stately measure of blank verse. It therefore has the same relation to the English stage that Victor Hugo's "Ernani" has to the French—a play over which the terrific battle of the classic and romantic schools was fought. Garrick touched this play a good deal, and is said to have added a whole scene in the fourth act.\*

But now the manager was to be harassed with yet more serious troubles. Affairs at Covent Garden had been in sad turmoil. The manager, who seems to have had a dash of craziness, hated his whole company, and the company had much the same feeling towards each other. The two leading actresses, Woffington and Cibber, had a mutual contempt and jealousy, which they exhibited under the restraints of contemptuous looks and half speeches—a feeling the manager enjoyed, who often growled at them, calling them his Sarah Malcolm and his Catherine Hayes, two infamous women who had just been hanged. Quin was jealous of Barry,

and in this disorder the theatre was not prospering. But as Christmas came on the manager called his old spells to his aid, and a successful pantomime bid fair to make up for all shortcomings. This season saw the entry of a good actor upon Garrick's boards. Foote,† who had quarrelled with the manager, now found it his interest to ask for an engagement, which was as cheerfully accorded as it was asked; and in one of his briki, lively lampoon's, "The Author," he "took off" with extraordinary success, an unfortunate Welsh gentleman.‡ This victim, who found the whole town laughing at him, applied for redress to the author and actor, with whom it being, as Davies says, a question of money, there was to be no room for humanity. He then came to Garrick, and though he mixed his complaints with some bluster, he was received with good nature, good sense, true sympathy, and perhaps a little pleasant humour, and was sent away comforted, with advice which was directly opposed to Garrick's own interests. That advice he followed, and with the best results. Garrick told him that he was merely a sharer in the venture, that Foote and Lacy had a voice in the matter. He bade him, therefore, apply to the Duke of Devonshire, the Chamberlain. Mr. Apreece even talked of challenging Foote, which only provoked a laugh from Garrick. "My dear sir," he said, "he would shoot you through the guts before you had time to suck two oysters off your wrist," a peculiarity of the unfortunate Apreece's. This gives us an idea of Foote's coarse line of humour.§

Then, as an alternative, after this bit of nature, came a protracted bit of French declamation: Zara, modelled on Voltaire's Zaire, which dragged through five long acts.

\* Davies gives the reason for this belief very *naively*, "for he expressed, during the time of action uncommon pleasure at the applause given to it." There is nothing more agonizing in the whole round of the drama than the last scene as acted by Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean.

† True to their character in matter of dates, we find Murphy and Davies both astray as to Foote's movements. One sends him to France in 1753; the other in 1754.

‡ The Mr. Stacey of the Bedford before quoted remembered Mr. Apreece at "Moll King's," a low, but fashionable tavern in Covent Garden. He was a tall, gaunt, thin gentleman, always richly dressed.

§ This is Lord Holland's account, told to Mr. Moore. Davies makes him challenge Garrick. Lord Holland's version is the more probable.

Garrick was "a most venerable and pathetic old man," says Murphy, and we can see him, as he then appeared, with long white woolly hair, and a flowered dressing-gown :

"Would you confide it to my trembling hands?" he asks of Mrs. Yates, whose dress is absolutely gorgeous.

Never did actress appear so magnificently clad, glittering with a profusion of laces, tags, a cloud of furbelows, and a monster head-dress that seemed a perfect pyramid of jewels, hair, and decorations.\*

The extraordinary interest in theatrical amusements at this season, had created a taste of systematic criticism, and the taste for criticism had established various little social tribunals, where those who could not obtain an opportunity in print, might freely discuss the merits of plays and players. There were a number of taverns of various degrees about Covent Garden, where both actors and critics retired to drink and talk, but it was confessed that the Bedford, whose tone was modelled after that of Button's in the Addison days, was the tribunal of most mark. It was every night crowded with "men of parts," polite scholars and wits. From every "box" rose the sound of discussion, and the lively *bon mot*, and the student of character found here, as did Bonnell Thornton, an infinite variety in the crowd of scribblers, players, fiddlers, and gamblers, that made so large a part of its company. Conspicuous here was Macklin, disputing loudly, coarsely, and when he was likely to be worsted, taking refuge in strong personality. Here, too, was Sir Francis Delaval, a true "blood," who delighted in "stirring up" his theatrical master, Macklin, and here, too, was seen that wild and witty and drunken Doctor Barrowby, who, after a jovial life, died the death that sometimes attends on a jovial life. Foote's rough jests

—and some of his best ones—found their birth here, and took flight from the Bedford's all over the kingdom. There were three Houses in different quarters of the city, where a tone of criticism and debate was cultivated. Batson's much affected by the doctors—and which presented an array of "sable suits and tremendous perukes," and the Chapter Coffee-house where the clergy resorted. There was the Robin Hood Society—a kind of debating club, but of poor pretension, and which was happily ridiculed by the periodical essayists. But the Bedford took the lead, and from the Piazza at Covent Garden, its great kitchen fire might be seen blazing cheerfully, and invited the loungee from the theatre, with a seduction impossible to resist.† Here, too, was a little society of critics, who called themselves the Shakespeare Club, who affected to give laws on all things concerning the stage, and conspicuous among these law-givers was a Mr. Fitzpatrick, destined to have a considerable share in Garrick's history.‡

He was an Irish gentleman of a cheerful character, who had been brought up in England at Moorfields, under the well-known Doctor Peter Whalley, with a great deal of the almost combative impetuosity of his countrymen. He was well accomplished, and had the good sense and cleverness to be able to unite the pursuits of a West-End man of fashion, with the more profitable one of a city merchant—and could find time to look after dramatic interests at the Bedford. He seems to have enjoyed the regard and esteem which the genial, clever Irishman has almost traditionally met with in London. He had travelled; wrote lively essays; was seen over a pint at the *Deed without a Name*, and was nicknamed the "pale-faced orator." He had taken part in the old theatrical riots, against Garrick, and was looked to as the

\* See the fine print in the British Museum. Half the battle in one of these new declamatory plays was the actresses' dress; and in all the agreements which were made with actresses, this question of allowance for so many dresses was always fiercely pressed and debated. This indeed was one of the redeeming points in the "Tragedy Queen" parts—they gave a fine opening for magnificence.

† "Connoisseur."—No. 11.

‡ The "Bedford Arms" is linked to our own day by the recollections of a Mr. Stacey, who had been connected with it for more than fifty years. He remembered a shilling Whist Club, to which Goldsmith, Churchill, Hogarth, Feilding, and more, belonged. Stacey described the quarrel between Hogarth and Churchill: the latter "a stupid looking man." See *Smith's London*.

champion of the rights of the audience in any theatrical dispute. Churchill's dreadful picture of him had not yet been painted. His friend Murphy insists particularly on his "elegant manners and accomplishments;" but there has been a far severer view taken of him, not alone in that tremendous Churchill etching which indeed, as Mr. Forster has acutely said, is drawn with such art and mastery as to be above the narrow limitations of a particular individual or country, but applies to all time and countries; but there is a common belief that he was a creature of infamous life, whose very vileness was his protection. Reading the two satires in which he was gibbeted, Churchill's "Rosciad" and Garrick's "Fribbleriad," the feeling left on the mind is as of something odious, and unnatural almost—something neither male nor female, and that recalls Pope's description of another odious "thing;" and yet it may be doubted if the whole has not been overdrawn, and that the vindictive animosity which turned even the theatre into a battle-ground, has made him its victim. After all he seems to have done little more than the gentleman who led the "O. P. riots" many years later, and it may be questioned if the rebellious audience would have accepted as their champion, a man known to be so infamous. Murphy was his friend from boyhood; and even Murphy's resentment could hardly have made him take up the task of championing so odious a client.

Better, because more impartial, testimony is that in the midst of its confusion, commotions, and desertions, he had been compelled to call in the degrading aid of a dancer on the "slack-wire." This was a fatal sign of decay, and the manager of Drury Lane, in his new entertainment, allowed his Harlequin to introduce a sort of burlesque of the Covent Garden "slack-wire dancer," which caused great amusement. It was a sort of "*Feerie*," called "Harlequin Ranger." The Covent Garden piece was a strange jumble of slack-wire, dancing animals, &c., and was called "The Fair." There was a lion, a bear, a cat, a dog, a monkey, and an ostrich, all trained; together with "a Pautter mare and the Ornuto

savage." This show was, indeed, a degradation for those boards.

It was quite legitimate for Garrick to make this a subject of ridicule. Rich had already begun with him, and had parodied a popular song in Garrick's piece, "Sukey," had burlesqued Garrick's *Procession* in "Henry the Fourth," and had even encouraged a professional mimic to "take off" Garrick's peculiarities. There was no indecorum in Garrick's harmless retaliation, which was, indeed, in the cause of the public interest.

It was an unlucky hour for the editor of the "Inspector," the "quack doctor" Hill, when he took up this topic seriously; for he affected to be indignant at the liberty, talked of "poor Rich," and actually went so far as to hint to the bucks and bloods of the Temple to come and sack the theatre, and throw the sconces and benches upon the stage. This was the beginning of a paper "riot," contemptible indeed in itself, but furnishing a most remarkable and characteristic instance of the tone of society at the time, and of the interest the public took in all that concerned the players. As this little episode has not been hitherto described, so far, at least, as I am aware, I shall enter into it with some detail.

One night, as Woodward, the Harlequin, was being carried across the stage in a sedan chair, some disapprobation was shown among the audience, and an apple was thrown, which broke the glass of the chair. Woodward at once leaped out, picked up the apple, and seeing a gentleman very excited in one of the side boxes, moved to him, and said very significantly, "I thank you, sir!" This gentleman proved to be Mr. Fitzpatrick, the merchant and man of fashion. Hence came an unseemly quarrel, and as a matter both parties rushed to take the public into confidence. Doctor Hill, in his "Inspector," gave Fitzpatrick's version that Woodward came up to the box and said, "I have noticed you, and shall meet you again." Woodward on this went to a magistrate, and took the unusual course of making an affidavit as to the words he had used, "Sir, I thank you!" Fitzpatrick made a counter-affidavit before another magistrate, and Wood-



ward was corroborated by a prompter and an old woman. The whole was an unseemly wrangle, and should not have been tolerated by the town.\*

This imbroglío, absurd in all its phases, also becomes more important than a mere player's squabble, since a name like that of "Harry Feilding" had been drawn into it. He had at the beginning of the year started his new paper, the *Covent Garden Journal*, in which he made Sir Alexander Drawcansir take the field against the whole "Grub-street army," and, with extraordinary personality, describes this "sitting down before the Bedford Coffee House," which would have fraternized with them, but for being kept in awe "by a strange mixed monster," said to have the appearance of a lion, by some, but by others "to have ears much longer than those of that generous beast." Hill, in his "Inspector" of the following Thursday, gave a malicious account of the acquaintance. That Feilding had said that "he held the present set of writers in the utmost contempt;" and that he had proposed a sham enmity, in which both showed effort to abuse each other, which would amuse the public; that he himself, having always had too great a respect for the public, had peremptorily declined such a proposal. In his next number Feilding replied in the same personal strain, to the effect that "a HILL was to be levelled in front of the Bedford, which proved to be merely 'a little paltry DUNG HILL, which had been levelled long ago,'" and that, as for which "His Lowness the Prince of Billingsgate, in the Grub-street army," had stated, in reference to an agreement to pretend an enmity, what had occurred was really this: The doctor had called on him on some business of his own, and thus Feilding had warned him "with the utmost good humour, that I should attack his lion, and that he might, if he pleased, in the same manner defend him." From which there would be no great loss on "either side;" and, he

also added, "that his lowness was not only among the meanest of those who ever drew pen, but was absolutely the vilest fellow that ever wore a head." Without entering into the merits of this quarrel, it must be said that even Feilding's own account seems to a certain degree to support Hill's statement; and as regards dignity, the advantage seems to be with the night. Indeed that unhappy physician appeared to have been the recognised butt of the time. Every one appeared to have fallen foul of him, and all licence of language in his regard to have been privileged. Yet the "wretch" that he has been handed down to us, seems more a fool than a knave, more pusillanimous than a brazen adventurer, and to have been stung into follies, and outrageous absurdities by constant persecution of his toilsome drudgery, there can be no question. His labours are something astounding. He was a good classical scholar, and seems to have been received into good society.† And he seems to have endured the attacks made upon him with fair good temper. But yet more were to take part in the squabble.

A young Irishman—an enthusiastic admirer of Roscius and Lolio, had almost established a journal for the purpose of sounding the praises of his hero—had hardly published his first number when this fracas became of public interest. He had come up to London, according to the usual routine, with all needy Scotch and Irish; was in Alderman Ironside's counting-house in the City—was seen often at the Bedford and George's at Temple-bar, and had thus become acquainted with Foote, and many of the leading wits and critics. At the Bedford he had met Hill, and it was a fresh bit of ill-luck for the unhappy "Inspector" that his manner and style of writing should actually have stimulated the youth to found a paper to put him down. In his fifth number he rushed at the doctor, describing him as a man who had taken on

\* Boaden, in his odd language, says that "perjury, as a goad, was hanging between them;" but the whole might have readily been matter of misconception; or both speeches almost amounted to the same thing. Fitzpatrick, however, affected to believe that Woodward had challenged him. The "slack-wire" dancer went that month to Dublin, played at Smock-alley Theatre, and was received with extraordinary distinction.

† Mr. Jerningham used to tell a story of Dr. Hill's asking all the *corps diplomatiques* to dine with him, and his begging Mr. Jerningham to come and interpret for him.

himself "to prescribe fashions to the ladies, and wire wigs to the gentlemen; intrigues to riches and taste to pretty fellows," pestering the town with dissertations on fossils, minerals, and insects, "that never existed but in his own imaginations," that then "emboldened by a kind of negative *applause that of being endured*." He proceeded to greater lengths. Then come the usual verses :—

Three great wise men in the same era born,  
Britannia's happy island did adorn;  
*Hanley* in cure of souls displayed his skill,  
*Rock* shone in physic, in both *John Hill*:  
The course of nature could no further go,  
To make a third, he joined the former two.

The Covent Garden journal gave a comic account of the whole proceeding, affecting to treat it as if it was an incident of real war, and using military terms; and still making use of it to gibbet the luckless Hill, speaks of him as the "enemy's trumpeter" who was taken prisoner by Garrick's forces; for he was unable to make off, from having an empyema in his side and *many dangerous bruises in his breech*. This jest the luckless "Inspector" had the folly to take *au grand sérieux*, and in his next paper indignantly explained that "the hurt he received from Mr. Brown was in his side and not in his breech."

Woodward then rushed into print in a sixpenny pamphlet, with the motto, "I do remember an apothecary, in tattered weeds, culling of simples." The doctor had said that a comedian was "the meanest of all characters," and had thus exposed himself to a fatal retort, for Woodward discovered that the doctor had tried pantomime, comedy, and tragedy, and failed in all. He had been *Oroonoko*, *Captain Blandford*, and *Lothario*; and Woodward added, that he might now be called "Harlequin Hill."

Doctor Hill was at the same time carrying on another unseemly quarrel with "Kit Smart," which controversy going on with Woodward's, produced the following amenities. Smart described the doctor as "an illiterate hireling," who had published "a collection of grave falsehoods couched in Billingsgate." This was succeeded by "an essay on the Rationality of Brutes, with a Comparison between Dr. Cadgill and Mango, the great monkey director of the animal performers at the Haymarket," in which the doctor is roundly accused of slandering, "lying," defaming, cheating, embezzling, and in the coarsest terms. Newberry, the bookseller, was somehow drawn in, and he had to appeal to the public on a question of credit. Then the "Gentleman's Magazine" has a rather shabby thrust at the doctor, consulting its old numbers, and saying, "we, too, remember an apothecary who was an humble candidate for a place in our magazine, and whose piece, after necessary corrections, was admitted. There were verses, of course. The whole was indeed an indecent Grub-street wrangle, 'dirty,' unworthy of notice by the public, who should have treated it with contempt. But it worked a whole commentary, on the wretched petty squabbles of the 'scribblers and garrateers' of the times, who were only too delighted to be allowed to wash their linen in public, and get spectators to stand by;† and no more miserable commentary on Grub-street life can be conceived than a little note of this Smart, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Jackson, just before his death, and which may be found in one of the older 'Gentleman's Magazines.' " "Being upon the recovery from a fit of illness, and having nothing to eat, I beg you to lend me two or three shillings."

\* He had played *Lothario* with "Dagger" Marr, a poor actor, and when *Lothario* said, "O *Altamont*, thy genius is the stronger!" the audience applauded ironically. This allusion nearly drew Woodward into a second quarrel with "Dagger" Marr, who naturally did not relish it. There was near being a scandal in the Green-room; but "Mr. Woodward, with his usual politeness, made a very genteel apology."

† The features of this squabble are worthy of all study, and seem almost incredible. Thus Hill brought a weekly paper called "The Impertinent," which reached but to one number; and in his "Inspector" of the next week treated it as if it was not his own. "I have in vain sent to Mr. Bouquet for the second number. . . . The public deserves applause of the highest kind for crushing a piece that so cruelly attacks Mr. Smart." On this the "Gentleman's Magazine" steps in. "The man thus resents the cruel treatment of Mr. Smart in 'The Inspector,' and he who thus cruelly treated him in 'The Impertinent' is the same. . . . The contempt with which his attempt was treated, induced him to join in the public censure, just as a detected felon when he is pursued, cries out 'Stop Thief,' and hopes to escape in the crowd that follows him." Google

## NUMBER FIVE BROOKE-STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK THE FIRST.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE CHARADES.

IN the drawing-room they found a very great company assembled. Those who were to play had flitted off to get ready dresses, &c. But those active organizers, well trained to offices, the Misses Fenton, had left the dinner table early to get properties and dresses, had worked promptly and efficiently, so that every one found in his or her room what was required, neatly folded up and ready. Now that *business* had asserted its claims, they showed all the virtues of steady industry, forethought, and diligence. Every one was astonished, everything was provided, and even the sisters' needles had been at work, sowing on frillings and furbelows.

The barrister who practised at country houses had been found invaluable: and showed a profound acquaintance with at least this branch of The Bar. He showed himself indefatigable, and had co-operated with the Misses Fenton, in a very hearty and skilful way. At last word was brought, very mysteriously, to Sir John, that all things were now ready, and the curtain about to rise, and there was a mysterious flutter round the room. It was now time to begin. Every one had gathered together, and an express coming from the stage to Sir John, announced that all was prepared.

"Hah, indeed," said Sir John, "very good, then; I suppose we had better move on."

He then told this news, and went round the company and the agricultural ladies and gentlemen gathered together, with a strange flutter and eagerness. They had but a dreamy idea of what manner of entertainment this might turn out to be.

Sir John's carpenters had indeed done wonders. They had taken much delight in the office; and one, a "handy man," prided himself specially upon the skill with which he had constructed a real curtain,

that went up and down on true theatrical principles. All through the night this handy man kept his eyes upon his work, superintended its going up and down with delight, and at the close joined respectfully in the general felicitation on the success of the whole, saying that "there adn't been a single hitch," meaning to refer to his curtain.

Chairs had been set in front in rows; chairs certainly a little irregular in symmetry; for even the high-backed Cattermole chairs had been brought in out of the outer hall.

Sir John Digby and Lady Hall, and the other distinguished Conservatives, sat in front. Behind, the servants, the steward, the more comfortable of the labourers, and the keepers, crowded. Captain Phillips and another gentleman—a young fellow going into the army—was not present. He had surveyed all the company flitting off, with unconcealed mistrust and dislike—then said to Lord John—

"I say, you going with the rest, to see the children?"

"Egad I am," said Lord John, "I wouldn't miss it. The women are going to dance and show off, my boy, and our sick friend's wife too—poor devil. She may come out in tights on us, my lad, for all you or I know."

"O that's the way, is it?" said the other with more disgust. "Take care you're not roaring with that lumbago in the morning, at your age, you know. I was thinking of a quiet game with the balls, while they were at their foolery, and a snug cigar, with something warm, you know."

"All very good," said Lord John, "but won't do at present, you see. Eh! I've travelled, my boy, and got up in the morning, and paid for my schooling, eh!" and Lord John fell into a series of intelligent contortions. "You follow me, eh?"

"On my soul I don't," said Captain Phillips, turning away.

He then caught the young gentleman, whom he addressed with a sort of cold command.

"I suppose you'll go and look on at their grown-up tumblers, eh! I am going to have a game, quietly, with a cigar. Don't be a fool, stay if you like."

He was in great awe of Captain Phillips, and his knowledge of the world; and though dying to see the "show," yet wished to show that he was not quite ignorant of the world. He remained, played, was treated injuriously by his companion, who was free and sarcastic on him, and when he had no further occasion for his services, after the game was done, sat down to enjoy his cigar, and declined to fatigue himself talking to "a young cûr" of that sort, as he afterwards happily described him.

At the extemporized stage it was wonderful how much had been "got up" in the time. The young barrister who was "in such business at country houses," had done a great deal, and had taken great burden on himself. A bell was heard to ring behind, the curtain was drawn aside, and he came out in front to speak a Prologue.

"Such a clever thing," every one said afterwards, and, would you believe it, he just sat at a side-table, and knocked it off in about ten minutes. It would have made you die with laughter—people said later, telling the story to their friends, and all impromptu, you know—not a line of it thought of before three o'clock, and then he just sat down at a side-table and knocked it off. And yet, if the truth must be told, it was not such a feat in our barrister—if we consider that he took about with him on his "circuit" at country houses, a sort of "common form," for these sort of things, just as other lawyers take about "Davidson's Precedents," and a very little adaptation made it fit all occasions excellently. He began with a start of surprise, which threw everybody into convulsions of laughter.

"Lord what a crowd! I'm really quite alarmed,  
Inclined to run back—yet no—I'm charmed!  
Such grace, such beauty, must all fears dispel;  
Remove all doubt, and makes me feel—quite well!"

(These last words spoken with infinite roguishness).

"But what's the play to-night? Ah, prithee tell!"

Tell, then, you ask—*Not surely William Tell!*"

(A roar of laughter, which obliges the humorist to stop; but he is all the while looking on with good-humored toleration. He goes on, when order is restored, in the same pleasantly and animated way).

"But what's the sport?—a farce—a comedy?"

A sol—emn tra—ge—dy?

(Here the mock-heroic tone of the speaker caused fresh amusement.)

"Once more do try!"

Some like a speech—some like the charming

Bards;

Some like *hard chairs*, and others like *chair-hards*."

There was a moment's hesitation: the speaker paused with a look of intense amusement; but he *knew* it would come, as he told them behind the curtain. "I let 'em take their time, and they got it at last."

So they did, for some one said in a delighted whisper, "Charade! don't you see?" and the burst of comprehension spread like an Atlantic wave over the room. It had to be explained, however, laboriously to the country gentlemen.

"Uncommonly good, that you know; a very clever young fellow from circuit, and said one of the best things I ever heard—the difference between a hard chair and char-ade. Real wit, sir."

These lines had strictly followed the Common Form, and had been delivered to many Tories in many country houses. But presently came a little change—a slight variation of which might still be considered a common form:—

"Who are your actors? fairly will you ask,  
With whom you now attempt your arduous task;

Ah, ladies fair, behind this curtain guess,  
We really have *embarras de Richesses*.

And one great aid we surely must have leant on,  
Those fascinating stars, the Misses Fenton.

(A roar.)

Nor must I pass her by, the fair Lepell,  
Whom we may fairly call—a *railway belle*."

Another rear, and most natural one. For every one had been talking of the accident, and had heard of the happy escape of the lady.

"Uncommonly good that," the country gentlemen said. "You heard, didn't you, the bell of the railway station? A clever young fellow as ever I met."

"So with the rest: and say what must that man be,

Who would not be content with—skilful Canby.

But, oh, our bliss would be complete from stem to stern,

Could we bring here that charming stream, Severne!"

And the knowing fellow looked gallantly among the audience for the lady alluded to. The house "came down." He then concluded with these two happy lines:—

"And burnt to ashes may my horse-hair wig be,

All luck attend our brave old host of Digby!"

This was touching the true chord. Every one understood, and something like a cheer arose for the sentiment. Sir John was pleased. "He has great talents," he said to his neighbour; "shouldn't be surprised if he were a judge one of these days. His great uncle, ma'am, was a baron of the Court of Exchequer, and though as great a Tory as ever stepped, the Whigs *had* to put him in. They positively couldn't get a decent fellow out of their own gang. A very fair young fellow indeed, and with good principles."

Hush! The curtain is going up. Loud applause, and richly deserved—for here is a room, a regular room, with a bar in the centre, contrived cleverly by two Indian folding screens, and with a barmaid in the bar, looking out as if through a window (of the barmaid in a moment), and a porter machine, with handles for "pulling," glasses, bottles, everything complete; and a sign, painted cleverly on a bit of old newspaper,

THE  
DIGBY ARMS.

This one touch—due to Miss Fen-

ton, it must be said—made the whole world there akin. Every one knew that hostelry, and this counterfeit presentiment seemed to embody the relations of employer and employed—a kind landlord, good and faithful tenants. Every one as they applauded, were affected, except of course Lord John, who said, "Egad, I never saw a Sign inside a Public before." But the barmaid's cap, ribbons, apron, everything charming. Separate applause for Miss Canby, the younger, as she came out of her bar. Perfectly at home, never at a loss for a word, she tossed her head, and told her little story.

*Barmaid*.—"Lord, I am sure the Digby Arms never was so full before. Folks will come during the race-week, and fuss a body so, one loses one's little wits quite. Lord, a deary me, what am I to do, and where am I to put the folks? Here's a letter from Lord Timbertoe, two rooms. Lady Snuffle Buffle (this comic name was coined, invented, and patented by the clever young barrister—'only think, *just* as we were going on'), Mr. and Mrs. Manjack, two rooms—and here, I declare, yes, a note from Sir John, wanting two himself. Bless his dear 'art," added the charming barmaid, kissing the letter, and simulating a Cockney accent, "the 'ole set shall pack out, every one on 'em, bag and baggage, afore I'd bring myself to disappoint that dear good Sir John Digby."

Need we say that the performance had to be suspended, to give an opening for the burst of applause at this happy allusion, which went home to the hearts of all present. The tenants at the distance, who understood the Sign-board and the Bar, thoroughly, thundered an agricultural applause with a "the'er the be t'ould Sir John! Hooray!" No real live barmaid, it was pronounced, could do the thing better; and above all, no one enjoying the young lady's intimacy in domestic life, could believe that she had this gay vein undeveloped beneath.

But what was this to the next incident, when the lively barrister, with a real apron on, and an old blue jacket, which he had actually gone down to the town to borrow, for "Realism" is the soul of these things, and a

genuine strap of pewter pots on his back, came pattering in with the brisk walk of a waiter, and with a smart "Coming! coming, sir!"—proceeded to draw the beer—*real* beer, mind you—and contrived to get a good "head" on the pewter pot, which he held with infinite dexterity, and without spilling a drop.

*Barmaid.*—"Well, William, any signs of the company? Lawk! how I am worried."

*William* (wiping his forehead with the corner of his apron, which produces a roar).—"Yes, indeed, *marm*. I never gets no rest now at all. Have to sleep, *marm*, in the tap. (*Roar again.*) Hope, *marm*, Sir John be coming? A kindly, civil-spoken gentleman, *marm*. That I do hopes *marm*, they'll make a nobleman of one of these days, and no man deserves it better."—(*Fresh applause.*)

Then the bells begin to ring, and all behind to stamp and shout, a token of carriages and company arriving; and really words could not describe the capital picture of ludicrous confusion into which the two servants were thrown. They went backwards and forwards, flying to this side and that, running to the right and to the left; rushing up against each other, answering with a sort of competition, "Here, sir!" "Yes, *marm*!" until after ten minutes or so, when the barmaid was leaning faint and exhausted, with her hand on her waist against the wall, and the waiter, in his hurry, had purposely tripped, and tumbled down flat, human nature could not resist any longer, and the house rose at them. "*Talk of Liston and Munden,*" said an old country gentleman, with his golden glasses in his hands, "I saw 'em, and I assure you that young fellow is very much in their way—uncommon good." Lord John was growling. He was getting thirsty, perhaps. "That's fine acting, isn't it," he said; "uncommon fine selfishness, too. They won't give any one else a chance. We'll be all night here at this rate. What a witty cub that is. Dam 'em, do they mean to get on to-night?"

Then came in the guests, a motley crowd, made up in the most comic dresses, old hats, capes, wrappers, huge mufflers, carrying white band-boxes and paper parcels, and old

nurse-tenders, umbrellas, in short dressed, exactly as we see the travellers on the railway any day of our lives. All these were vociferating, speaking together, complaining, shouting, expostulating, and making a most amusing Babel of sounds. Several of this class were naturally inclined to distinguish themselves a little, and get a small share of the favour of the audience—a not unreasonable claim; but such was the enthusiasm, the perfect identification of themselves with their parts that possessed both waiter and barmaid, that they really unconsciously absorbed all the dialogue of the little piece. This bore a little hard on one gentleman, who had been at great pains to get himself up as a travelling old gentleman, with the invariable broad brimmed Quaker's hat and coachman cloak, and large stick and spectacles, and who had indeed prepared some capital things.

"It was an infernal shame," he said afterwards; "that greedy beast thinks nobody has a tongue but himself. Gabble, gabble. Infernal, so it is. Calling this sort of thing charades. Pooh."

At the proper point the "handy" let down the curtain, which descended beautifully and without a hitch. The point now was to guess what was it. "Bar, eh? The lawyer, you know. 'Brought up to the bar.' Ha, ha! Very good!—uncommon good! Papa, papa! do you know what Mr. Sweetman says?" Mr. Sweetman was the new curate, sly and shy, and demure, and always saying "good things" in his own sly and shy way; Papa was the one who had seen Liston and Munden—"Mr. Sweetman says that it is 'Brought to the Bar.'"

"Brought up," said Mr. Sweetman softly.

"My God!" said Lord John, standing up and stretching himself before the whole company, "to think that we are all grown up here, and supposed to be sensible men and women!—which we are, my dear young creature, of course."

"I know you have guessed it, Lord John," said the dear young woman. "I am sure of it."

"Why, must we guess, too?" said he. "They want to put *that* on us, do they? a charade, is it? To be sure. Don't you see? By Google

inn—there, there, that's it ; that's the regular word. Bless you, my dear, these creatures have their regular stock-in-trade and fixtures, and something or other. The next word will be mate, or something of that sort. My goodness ! talk of the nineteenth century, and here we are, tumbling like children in a nursery !”

Lord John was now getting very dry indeed about the throat, and in a few moments had “slipped out quietly” towards the housekeeper's room. He used to take Mrs. Horncastle under the chin sometimes, in that amazingly free way of his, which is passed over in Lord John's, and told her she put him in mind of a devilish fine creature at Mr. Roche's ten years ago. “And let me tell you, my dear creature, I was the man in the place she cared least for—of course I was. Treated me like a dog—eh ? Of course she did. My dear child, quick with that brown gruel of yours ; I'm scalding down the red laze here. Ah ! that's soft and sugary.”

Though he was away a long time, the curtain had not risen when he came back. “Always the way,” said Lord John. “Bet you sovereign they are smirking together at this moment, hobnobbing over their drink. ‘Oh, you were capital.’ And the other one tells *him*, ‘And you were so funny—never heard anything better ! And how the audience laughed.’ ‘It's going capitally.’ That's the word—‘going capitally.’ This is absurd, waiting in this way ! I'll just go and speak to the baronet.” And he actually did ; and in a moment a message arrived behind the scenes from Sir John, hoping that they were ready.

Lord John's penetration was wonderful, for they were actually, as he described, telling each other that it was “Going Capitally.” But they were ready now, and the curtain rose slowly, and showed a study—a little darkened, but laid out with taste. The room of a virtuoso : books, drawings, a picture on an easel, crimson draperies, and a small female statue out of the gallery, at one side. A lamp was burning, and Severne, in a black velvet robe, with a very low collar, and looking specially handsome, was sitting, his hand to his forehead, reading and studying. The courtesy that could grudge this good-looking appa-

rition the cheap tribute of a round of applause, must have been of a poor sort. Something in the management of the lights gave a rich hue to the whole, and made it seem like a picture.

“Egad that's not so bad,” said Lord John to his neighbour, “there's a touch of the what d'ye may call it in that ;” who or what he alluded to the neighbour did not know, but it is likely that he meant something artistic.

Presently Severne rose, and began in a dreamy way to talk of something that was past. Then the clock was heard to strike.

*Severne.*—“Midnight ! one more day gone with the rest, yet the end seems as far away as ever ; yet it must be coming. O how I long for the peaceful quiet of the grave ! sweet, happy, long expected hour, when I shall rejoin *her*, that dear innocent—the darling long lost Lenore—she whom I so cruelly betrayed.” Then he began softly and melodiously the well-known monody :—

“Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore.

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

‘Tis some visitor,’ I muttered, ‘tapping at my chamber door.

*Only this and nothing more.*”

Ah ! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,” &c.

We all know that surprising lament ; and at times, for a chosen few, Severne was fond of declaiming it with a most mournful cadence and surprising pathos and melody. The rustics high and low were impressed by it, and used to stretch their necks to make out that raven which they were sure was over the bust of Pallas. Indeed the barrister was even eager that some concrete realization of this part of the poem should be carried out.

“The thing won't be worth tuppence, Severne,” he said ; “just clap a stuffed bird up there and give him a go of paint, and you'll see if that doesn't touch 'em up ; and I tell you what, my boy, we might have a black thread to his wings and not a soul 'ud see it, and we could make 'em flap at the proper points. See :

“And the Raven said—

‘Never more.’

Thus flap! flap! My goodness. They'd rise at you!" But Séverne could not enter into this brilliant picture.

"They'd only laugh," he said; "it would turn it into a burlesque. No, no, leave it to me and Mrs. Lepell; you concentrate yourself on the business of the piece."

He went on: "What is there for me now? What remains but misery and agony, and an end too long delayed? When will it come?—when will she come?"

Suddenly was heard soft and ravishing strains of celestial music—in fact, a very costly harmonium touched by the fingers of one of the Miss Fentons. They had sent up, in a hurried manner, to Mr. Sweetman for a "book of the anthems, dear Mr. Sweetman." (That clergyman, from the spasmodic and agitated spirit that governs all theatrical manners, thought it was a concern of life and death, and that he was summoned to attend a sick-bed.) And then, before the music had died away, appeared a vision—in a snowy dress—with long hair down on her shoulders, a gold fillet on her forehead, and her arms stretched out, with a smile of most bewitching and forgiving invitation. The rustics—gentle and simple—remarked a sort of haziness, almost spiritual, about this despairing vision—a softness, and at the same time a brilliancy—a mistiness of outline which seemed supernatural, and was certainly wanting in the ruder vision that had appeared before. They did not know that gauze had been cunningly stretched between them and the figures—which, it is notorious, has a surprising effect. Down sank the student slowly on his knees. The soft music rose and fell, the soft smile—was it of forgiveness or happiness?—played on that face, the arms wound in graceful attitudes—whispers went round, "Who? who?"

"Mrs. Lepell; don't you know?"

"Fine creature—the accident;" and then from Lord John, "Egad—she does it uncommon well. She knows how to work those arms of hers. Egad, ma'am, the stiff creatures of this town may take a lesson."

The student had risen and sunk on one knee before this apparition.

"Who are you," he said, "that comes to disturb this miserable solitude? Leave me—leave me to my own troubles. Neither light nor comfort suit with this dreary heart. Leave me—I implore leave me to darkness and misery; or if you be an angel that brings blessings, send me at least a quick deliverance, and hurry on the end that I sigh for."

[*Applause*—music rises and falls dismally, being, in fact, the famous *tremolo ritournelle* to which the two unhappy Corsican gentlemen used to see each other.]

The vision shook its head. "No," she said, sadly, "what you say is folly. Ah, why waste precious hours in misery? I have come to tell you it is the worst and most unacceptable homage you could pay to her whom you have lost. You are longing to meet her again. Ah, you know not what a waste of this morbid affection there is in the world. It would fill the ocean, while she, perhaps at this moment—the lost Lenore—may be tripping through the ball-room of the Elysian-fields, sitting in a corner half way up the stairs, with a handsomer spectre, carrying on a shadowy flirtation. Do you know, foolish man, that living or dead women are the same? They must live and breathe and flirt, or die; and all the lost Lenores in the world, whom foolish men are frantically bewailing, are at this consoling themselves in London or in Paris, in the parks or in the ball, or, perhaps, even in a railway carriage hurrying here—admiration is always welcome—always."

And the vision stopped short with a smile, half encouraging half satirical. There was loud applause, though we are bound to say it was not understood by the rustics.

Lord John was seen clapping his hands with enthusiasm: "Bravo! capital! well put, Mrs. L. That's one, two, for him—I didn't think she could be so smart. Don't you see she is touching up our young friend's vanity off the stage? That's a girl he's after! Egad, and I think he feels it too."

The lover was indeed looking at his visitor, a little perplexed. He went on:

*Séverne*.—"I thought you were a messenger from heaven, with comfort



and divine consolation ; but your comfort is of the world—worldly. It is tinged with a cold, unkind philosophy, which I do not care for and is, besides, what the cruel world call uncharitable. I have faith, and that is all I want.”

*Mrs. Lepell.*—“So had Don Quixote ; he did wonders with his windmills. How you are to be envied, seeing angels everywhere, as you walk along, creatures bathed in golden light, models of perfection, while the prosy men and women about you only see—men and women. Oh !” added the vision, in a feigned rapture, “how charming is a child-like unsophistication ; how delightful a perpetual infancy, that is all its life just eight years old, and sitting in the front row, looking on at a gorgeous Christmas pantomime !”

Even the rustics understood this, and laughed ; Lord John was in an ecstasy.

“Lord have mercy, you saw that, she’s given it to him, back and front, up and down, knocking the wind out of him ; my dear ma’am, our young friend wants a lesson.”

It was the clergyman’s wife, and who was to send Captain Phillips the cream.

“It is very clever,” she said. “He has treated her badly in her life-time, and”—she stopped, a little doubtful.

“Who, ma’am ?” said Lord John.

“The lost Lenore.”

“The lost Foundling, ma’am,” said Lord John, contemptuously. “Pish ! There, ma’am, look ; I declare he doesn’t know what to say.” Severne had risen.

“If I was to choose,” he said, “I would sooner be a child all my life, taking the pantomime for real angels and real gold and silver, than be one of the cold sect of philosophers to which *you, fair spectre*, belong. It is easy to laugh at everything, and I congratulate *you*, a happy spirit on these fortunate gifts. You will flit over the earth, from city to city, from street to street, from house to house. A happy life is before you ; you can visit a hundred moody, foolish sufferers like me, boys of thirty, and sitting at their first pantomime, and believing everything. Your mission may be to console them, by teaching them to feel the scenes, and show them

that the gilding on the gingerbread is only tinsel. You will succeed of course with *some*. But I do not envy you your mission, *lovely* and incomparable spirit.”

*Mrs. Lepell* (assuming a wonderful expression of wounded sorrow, and drooping her head).—“Ah ! this is the way, always the way. Poor me, with the best intentions in the world ! I came from Paradise to console”—

*Severne* (scornfully).—“From *Paradise* ?”

*Mrs. Lepell* (bending low).—“Poor me ! again. Thanks for the charming compliment. Well, I must go back to one or other of the *two* places—I to my place of abode, you to think over the Lost Lenore. She comes not—may never come. Better, certainly, she did not, if she has been filling up her hours of sorrow with the miserable distractions of society and flirtation”—(the spectre now assuming a very scoffing tone).—“I leave you the dear little boy, in his front row, in his jacket and frill, looking on at his pantomime. Sweet innocence—how charming, how delightful a picture—what a pastoral life—going to college—elected a member of Parliament, and going into society, and all the time a little boy. Adieu, adieu ! Will it not have its sugarstick, or will it tell its papa of the naughty unfeeling spectre that came to trouble him and make it cry, perhaps. Dry its eyes. It is, it is all real gold and silver. It is indeed. Adieu !”—and with a scornful laugh the strange vision disappeared.

“By the Lord,” said Lord John, almost aloud, “how she gave it to him—turned him inside out. Did you ever hear such a scolding ?” But to say the truth, the company were puzzled to know what it all meant. It was uncommon clever, you know, but what was all that about the boy at a pantomime—a very smart creature ?—and she made him out rather a poor figure, you know.”

Sir John was greatly pleased, and understood it fairly. “You see, ma’am, she’s a very clever creature, and Harry and she are always at it. A little sparring, and I declare I think she sent *him* to the wall, ma’am. As clever and deeply read a woman as you’d pick out. She’s now at work, ma’am, on a fine book, good solid reading, Bishop Digby—my ancestor’s

short way with the Dissenters—I'm dying to hear her on it. I expect she'll talk like a bishop."

Mrs. Severne, the charming mother, looked disturbed and annoyed. She did not seem to enjoy it, like Sir John, and indeed it must be said that there was an indistinct impression abroad that, in Sir John's phrase, our friend there had "cut a rather shy figure, you know."

And while they were getting ready for the third piece, it was thus freely criticised.

Lady Hall, though, had seen some life in town, and took a kind of surprised and amused tone, which, it

may be added, is a dangerous weapon if skilfully used.

"Really," she said, "it is quite surprising, a *person* to be so much at home before such a crowd. I should faint. It is so *unusual* you *know* to meet it. You can't get people to come forward in *that* way."

"Oh, she's very clever," said Sir John, in profound admiration, "knows the world well."

"So I *should* say," the lady answered with a smile, "it's a great treat. I never saw such a thing before, and so *severe*, and ready with her sharp things. I must *take care not to quarrel with her*."

# GLASTONBURY ABBEY, PAST AND PRESENT. THE RISE AND INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH MONACHISM.

FROM DUNSTAN TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST.\*

WE have hitherto contemplated the monastic system in its infancy or period of development, we now advance to the contemplation of it at that point in its career when it first became conscious of its power, and exerted that power to bring about the accomplishment of priestly domination. In doing this we must bear in mind the distinction which existed between the Church as regards the clergy who administered to the people—that is, the secular clergy, and the monks who were called the regular clergy: they were two distinct bodies, following a different mode of life, and having very little in common. The monk, shut up in his monastery, looked upon the Church as a great institution, whose power in the world should be dominant. The parish priest, mingling with the people, conversant with their wants and their sufferings, regarded the Church more as the representative of the Almighty in the world, to be kept above all worldly contact or contention, and to be only the instrument of instruction, charity,

and salvation to the people amongst whom it stood. Consequently, we find that whilst the secular priest lived amongst his fellows in the same way, married and reared children, shared their troubles and felt their wants, the monk, sworn to celibacy, bound to the world by no tie, thought only of the consolidation and glorification of the Church as a mighty power. The natural tie of parentage bound the priest to humanity, but the vow of celibacy alienated the monk from the great family of mankind and made him the abject slave of his order. At this point it will be necessary, that we may the more easily appreciate the gradual change which came over the Church after the amalgamation of the two—the British and the Roman—to have a clear idea of what the early British Church taught. Its amalgamation with the Augustinian did not take place until the year 649, when the appointment of Theodore, a foreigner, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, removing all cause of jealousy, a public reconciliation was effected; the

\* Authorities:—Anglia Sacra Eadmeri Vita St. Duns., and Osborni Vita St. Duns.; Acta Sanc.; 19 Maii tom. iv. Guliel. Malma. Hist. Glast.; Dugdale's Monasticon (Stevens' 2 additional vols.); Saxon Chron. (Ingram); Gale's XV. Scriptores; Cottonian MSS., Cleopatra, B. 13, D. 4, and Claudius, B. 6; Harleian MSS. 258: Fuller's Church History; Eadmeri Epis. ad Glast. de corp St. Duns. Anglia Sac., vol. ii.; Mabillon, Acta Sanct. Ord., Ben., vol. v.; Butler's Lives of the Saints.

two Churches were blended, and from that time the ancient British Church, as a separate establishment, ceased to exist, submitted itself to Romish discipline, and became permeated with Romish doctrines, so that although it is not true that the Augustinian mission first planted Christianity in England, yet we are compelled to admit this truth, that it first planted the Pope in England, and through that channel there came, gradually but with inevitable certainty, both the then incipient doctrine of Papal supremacy, and the interpolations which were gradually made into Christianity by Papal authority. We propose, at this point, just to sum up briefly the teaching of that old Church before its amalgamation; and then to review the relations in which the Church stood as regards Rome, and the general aspect of affairs which preceded the advent of Dunstan.

We glean from the writings of Gildas that both the doctrines and the ritual of the ancient British Church were of the simplest character. They taught the oneness of the Godhead; the Trinity, the divine and human nature of Christ, redemption through His death; and the eternity of future rewards and punishments. They regarded the Lord's Supper as a symbol, not a miracle; they took the bread and wine as our Lord commanded it should be taken, "in remembrance of" Him, and they did not refuse the wine to the laity. Their hierarchy consisted of bishops and priests, with other ministers, and that a particular service was employed at their ordination. There were also monasteries with monks living in them sworn to poverty, chastity, and obedience to their abbot. That churches were built in honour of martyrs; that each church had many altars; and the service which was performed in the Latin tongue, was chanted by the priests. Disputes were finally settled by provincial synods, held twice a year, beyond whom, on matters of discipline, there was no appeal. So that we see the doctrines of this Old Church were characterized by a true Apostolic simplicity, and as an institution it was

free and unfettered. After the amalgamation with the Church of Romish planting, its independence was lost, and it became subject, both as regards its doctrines and its ritual, to Roman influences—we say influences, because Roman authority was not established in the country for some centuries after—its operations upon what may be called the Saxon Church, that is, the amalgamation of the ancient British and Augustinian Churches partook only of the character of influences, which, however, accomplished in that gentler manner a great deal, and paved the way for the exertion of authority; but on many occasions before the tenth century, when the slightest effort was made by the Romish element to bring the Saxon Church under Papal dominion, it was at once denounced as an unconstitutional thing, and resisted with determination. In the year 680 Wilfrid,\* Bishop of Northumbria, was deposed from his see by Archbishop Theodore, upon which he went to Rome, appealed to the Pope in person, and received the Papal decision in his favour. Upon his return, armed with this authority, he expected to be reinstated, but the whole Church and court were aroused, they looked upon the appeal as a violation of law, and upon the Pope's decision as a national insult. The King Egfrid at once convened a council, composed both of nobles and clergy, which fully showed the vital importance attached to the point, and by that council the interference of the Pope was ignored and Wilfrid condemned to nine months' imprisonment. His see, in spite of all opposition, was then divided into two dioceses, and given to others. But although boldly and successfully resisted in the seventh century, Papal supremacy was gradually and cautiously insinuating its way into the constitutions of national Churches, and events were all conspiring to crown its efforts with success. What happened in England had taken place also in Italy and in France. Christianity, as we have seen, was established in Rome upon the ruins of a fallen empire, from which it neither did nor could inherit anything; it therefore stood before

\* Gale's xv. Scriptores.

mankind what it was—a thing not of the world, but a power from heaven—a spiritual power—poor and humble as He whose cross was its emblem. But as time rolled on, and the great ones of the earth began to yield to its influence, they laid their treasures at the feet of the priest, and poured their wealth out at the steps of the altar. The monarchs of the Carolingian and the Saxon dynasties in France and England were distinguished by their devotion to the Church and that devotion was substantially manifested by grants of land, by gifts of money, and what recoiled upon them at last, by grants of exemption from liabilities. A territorial dominion only was wanting to the Pope to place him on a footing of temporal equality with the sovereigns of Europe, and an event transpired in the year 724 which brought the cession of this dominion about, and may be looked upon as the foundation of that bugbear of modern times—the temporal power of the Pope. The worship of images as a relict of ancient idolatry, had lingered in the new Church, and given rise to a fierce controversy between the Eastern and Western Establishments. Leo, the Emperor of the East, therefore, in the year 724, proscribed this worship by an imperial decree, which was carried out with great violence and persecution. The jealousy of the Pontiff was excited, and the Roman people expelled the representative of the Emperor from the city, formed themselves into a republic in the year 730, of which Gregory II., the then Pope, was the recognised head, with power over its territory, which constituted what was called the Duchy of Rome. The King of the Lombards next fell upon the Exarch in Ravenna, made himself master of the Exarchate territory, and demanded submission from the Romans as his proper dependencies. Stephen III., who was then Pope, solicited the aid of Pepin le Bref, and for that purpose even went to France in person in the year 754. The price exacted by this monarch was the confirmation of his crown to his family; his coronation by the Pope at St. Denis, the coronation of his two sons, and the binding his nobility by solemn oath to maintain the crown in its hereditary descent. In consideration of this

arrangement Pepin went to Italy, got possession of the Exarchate, which he immediately handed over to the Pope. Twenty years later the Lombards once more tried to wrest this territory from the Papal see, when Adrian I. appealed to the devotion of Charlemagne, who defeated the Lombards, overturned the monarchy, and added other possessions to the dominions of the Pontiff. These events were the foundations of that vast superstructure which ultimately overawed the whole Christian world. A territorial dominion once established, the idea soon arose of exercising over all other monarchs, by means of a gradually established spiritual supremacy as regards the Church in their dominions, a power which should bind themselves and direct their senates and their armies to its own personal aggrandizement—the most gigantic dream which ever filled the imagination of human vanity. Two centuries rolled by bringing with them towards the consummation of that idea great accumulations of wealth and territory. At the dawn of the tenth century the idea had so far become reality, that steps were taken to practically enforce its designs. In England the instrument by whose means that work was attempted was Dunstan, whose extraordinary career we shall now proceed to describe.

Of all the saints in the calendar St. Dunstan is the one most generally known to the English people. He has been immortalized in the elaborate miracle-spangled biographies of the *Acta Sanctorum* and the *Anglia Sacra*; he figures prominently in the political and ecclesiastical history of the period in which he lived; he has been popularized by the lawless versification and fantastic wit of Barham, and he lives for ever in that lasting immortality of popular ballads as one who dared to lay violent hands upon His Britannic Majesty, and inflict a humiliating indignity upon him whose majesty is termed Satanic, who seized Edwy by the collar and Satan by the nose. In this way he has been handed down through the long course of nearly ten centuries, and posterity seems reluctant to let him sink into obscurity, for it is only a few weeks ago that his name was appended to a large stack of warehouses in the

unsaintly neighbourhood of Billingsgate.

According to Osbern's version of the life of Dunstan in the *Anglia Sacra*, he was born in the first year of the reign of King Athelstan. He was probably born in the immediate neighbourhood of Glastonbury, Butler says in the town itself; but as we read of his being taken when a child by his father into Glastonbury, it is more likely that his father's residence was somewhere in the immediate vicinity. His mother's name was Kynedrid,\* his father's Herstan; they were of noble blood, and devout Christians, and Osbern remarks that it might be a special providential circumstance that such an infant should have had such parents, who, from living holily themselves, might be able to transmit the manner of holy living to the son which was to be born of their bodies. At the period of his childhood there were several Irish monks at Glastonbury Abbey, who being led to the spot by devotion to the memory of their patron saint, and probably, by the rumour of its decadence during the troublous times of invasion, had settled there, and being, as were most of the Irish monks of that period, great scholars, they received the sons of the nobles living in the immediate neighbourhood and taught them science and letters. These monks do not appear to have followed the strict conventual rule, for we are told they were married men, and the theory seems to be supported by the fact that some years afterwards, when Dunstan was made Abbot, he ejected all the married clergy from the abbey. He early manifested signs of intellectual stamina, and was ambitious to excel his fellow-students in learning. A prodigy of saintly virtue, even in his childhood, if we are to credit his biographers; it was his endeavour to excel others in the discharge of his duties in grace and affability of temper, to preserve his natural modesty, to flee from all lasciviousness. He was fond of the society and conversation of his elders, and declined to join in the frivolous pastime of his fellows: abstemious in his eating and temperate in his indulgence in sleep,

not easily moved from one spot, and never abrupt in speech; of great courage in the undertaking of good actions, and of equal constancy in persevering towards their completion. A thoughtful, silent, strange child, brought into existence by devout parents, and, as it were, at the very threshold of the monastery. Dunstan was really a born priest; he came into the world under the shadow of that old abbey; as a child he had been carried there by his devout parents; he had wandered through its cloisters, listened to its rolling music, heard the chaunting of the monks, and watched the solemn processions as they moved across the quadrangle after the Divine Office, still chaunting as they went; he had gazed with a child's wonder upon its mysterious ceremonies, at the marvels of its sculpture and stained windows, had looked with childish terror down its long, solemn aisles and into its dark recesses; had listened to the wind moaning through the spiral staircases of its towers, and had touched with his child's fingers the cold, pale, motionless statues reclining on its tombs; in fact, his whole mind had been imbued with the spirit of the place, and when in it he was lost in rapt, though undefined contemplation, and when absent from it he buried himself in dreams of its grandeur. It is reported of him that on one occasion he dreamed that an old man clothed in white had led him to the monastery and shown him, instead of the ruined buildings familiar to his sight, a magnificent pile, complete in every part; and it is added that it was with this dream or revelation, as the monkish chronicles have it, before his mind that he rebuilt the monastery so splendidly years afterwards when he became its ruler. It is not improbable that this story of the dream may be perfectly true, for Dunstan as a youth was of a quick and vivacious imagination, ambitious, and dreamy. His close application to his studies was also telling upon his constitution, for we find him shortly after this dream prostrated by a brain fever, in the delirium of which upon one occasion, when his nurse was absent, he arose from his

\* Or, as it is often spelt, Cynedrida.

couch and made his way to the abbey, which was closed. A scaffold had been erected for some workmen who were repairing the roof, and up the steps of this scaffold the lad rushed, mounted to the summit, got on to the roof, found his way to an opening which led into the church by a most perilous descent, down which he hastened unconscious of danger, and arrived at the bottom in safety, where he found two men asleep, by whose side he lay down, and soon fell into a deep slumber, from which he was awakened in the morning by his astonished companions, to whom he could give no account of the way in which he got there.\* He soon, however, recovered from this fever and resumed his studies, which were divided amongst book learning, music, the mechanical arts, and what science was then taught; in all these he excelled, especially in music, which accomplishment, however, caused him his first fall in life, as we shall proceed to narrate. He had been introduced by some members of his family to the notice of the King Athelstan, who took a great fancy to him, invited him to court, and according to Osbern gave him some official appointment, he having at that time also received holy orders.† He soon

became a favourite at court, more especially amongst the ladies, to whom his musical talents rendered him very acceptable. The king also found pleasure and relaxation in his company, for we are told that when he saw his Majesty fatigued with business, this courtly saint used to take up his lute or tambour, and play and sing, with which, says Osbern, he caused the hearts of the king and all the princes to rejoice ("quo facto tam Regis quam omnium corda Principum exhilarabat"). He soon, however, became an object of envy to the other courtiers, who lost no opportunity of doing him an injury, and an incident took place which enabled them to procure his downfall. Dunstan had been singing and playing to some of the ladies of the court, and when he had finished, hung his harp against the wall, and probably with the intention of creating a little astonishment, being well versed in science; he so placed it that when the wind blew through the crevices it produced a low wailing sound, gradually swelling like the weird tones of an Æolian harp. The ladies took fright and rushed from the apartment, declaring that he knew more than was fitting. The report soon reached his enemies, who banded it about with many exag-

\* Cleopatra, B. 13, fo. 62 (Cotton. MSS.) This MS., which is bound up with others in an octavo volume, is a most interesting and important document. It is a complete life of Dunstan, written only a few years after his death by a contemporary, and therefore of high antiquity. It was consulted in the twelfth century by William of Malmesbury for his history on the antiquity of Glastonbury Abbey, and it bears the signatures of two distinguished men who had consulted it later. Josselin, who compiled the "*Antiquitates Britannicæ*," under Archbishop Parker, used this MS., and wrote upon it the following:—"Hunc librum cujus auctor ut apparebit lectori, claruit tempore ipsius Dunstani de quo agit, reperi inter veteres libros MSS. monasterii Augustinensis Cant: anno Dni. 1565, mens August.—J. Josseling." Archbishop Usher, when he had consulted it, added the following in a side note:—"Ibi hunc ipsam librum a Gulielmo Malmesburiensi repertum esse: ex libro ejusdem de Antiquitate Glastoniensis monasterii apparebit.—Ja. Usserus." It has been reprinted in the *Acta Sanctorum* as "*Bridferthi Vita S. Dunstani*."

† This has been gravely disputed by Wharton, for Osbern places the date of Dunstan's birth in the first year of Athelstan's reign, 925, and Athelstan died in 941; so that it is scarcely probable that Dunstan could have been invested with orders and an office before the age of fourteen, more especially as that office was a judicial one, for we are told that his time was divided "nunc surgens ad orandum Deum nunc sedens ad adjudicandas causas hominum." But the exact date of Dunstan's birth cannot be accurately ascertained, for he is said also to have been the nephew of Athelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who introduced him to Athelstan; but Athelm died in the year 923, and therefore, if Osbern were right, before Dunstan was born. The chronology of this remote period is so unsettled that any attempt to reason upon it as data involves endless confusion. To discard a fact through inconsistency in dates is injudicious, for in this case Osbern may still be right in the main, if only the exact year of Dunstan's birth could be ascertained. But out of the confusion of dates the fact survives, that Dunstan did receive the tonsure and at an early age, it matters not for historical truth whether it were under Athelstan in the year 941, the last year of that monarch's life, or later in the succeeding reign.

generations, until the king was informed that his friend was given to bad arts, and appeared to be assisted more by demons than Divine aid; the issue of which was that Dunstan, perceiving he had lost favour with the king, chose, like a wise man, to retire and deprive his enemies of the pleasure of enjoying his fall. They, however, were not to be wholly disappointed, for as he rode away from the palace almost broken-hearted, he was assailed by his enemies, who, dragging him from his horse, threw him into a bog, leaving him, as they imagined, to be suffocated. Dunstan, however, was not destined to end his career in so ignominious a manner; and having managed to crawl out, he made his way to some house,\* whose inmates sheltered him, when the next day he journeyed on till he came to Winchester, where Elphege, who was a relative of his, was bishop. Elphege or, as he is better known in history, Elphege the Bald, was a simple-hearted venerable old man, a staunch advocate for the strict monastic ideas then coming into vogue, more especially of the vow of chastity, which was then being preached, and urged upon the Church, as an absolute condition of a priesthood engaged in handling the sacred elements, in which a mystic presence was even then supposed by some to linger, and which, therefore, should only be handled by a class of men around whom a veil of mystic purity was to be thrown, to elevate them above all other grades of humanity, and invest their very presence with a higher sanctity. It was all tending towards the one idea of theocratic power—the priest with a wife and children was a man like other men, far too human to be venerated as one in whom something of the Divine was embodied; but the priest purged from all worldly inclinations, from all human ties, from every impulse of natural passion, and engaged in administering to the people, not an emblem, but a substance which contained divinity itself—this was a being to be regarded with supernatural awe, to oppose whom was to oppose God himself, and to obey whom with life and soul, was to obey God himself, and this was the priest

who was being gradually set forth to the people, an item in one vast system of power to be concentrated at Rome. But to return; into the ears of this worthy old bishop, Dunstan poured the tale of his misfortunes and his longings, and astonished the old celibate by telling him that he was most anxious to marry. Then ensued a long debate, in which Elphege urged upon his consideration the superior advantages of a life of celibacy in a spiritual point of view, and impressed upon his mind the sin, as he no doubt really thought it, of a priest marrying. Dunstan began to waver, but whilst hovering between the two alternatives, he was seized with another attack of fever, from which, after being tended with the most affectionate care by his aged friend, he recovered. Elphege then urged upon him that this was a divine indication of what he ought to do, and Dunstan, weakened by disease, won by the kindness of this bald old man who had hung over him in his sickness, at last gave way, promised to abandon all ideas of marrying, and expressed himself ready to take monastic vows at once. Elphege then sent him to Fleury, the most renowned Benedictine monastery in Europe, where he passed his novitiate, was admitted, and returned sometime after to England a confirmed monk, nay, more, an enthusiastic ascetic, imbued with the full spirit of the Benedictine rule and Benedictine laws, which he was one day to make the basis of the whole monasticism of England. Immediately upon his return he went to Glastonbury Abbey, the scene of his childhood, henceforth ever to be associated with his name, and lived as an anchorite in a cell which he had constructed, only 5 feet long and 2½ broad. In this cell he passed his time in fasting and prayer, but even here the devil would not allow him to rest in peace, but on one occasion worried him to that extent that he lost all patience and inflicted that indignity upon his satanic majesty which has immortalized his name. Whether we place any reliance upon the fact or not, it would be impossible to give ever so faint an outline of the career of St. Dunstan without mentioning

\* Cottonian MSS. Cleop. B. 13.

this renowned interview. According to the monastic records, the saint was engaged one day in some kind of smith's work, when the arch enemy appeared before him and asked him what he was doing. Dunstan, however, paid no attention (like Luther under similar circumstances he thought it was "only the devil"), and went on with his work. Satan then began to taunt him, suggesting lascivious ideas, when a bright thought occurred to Dunstan, who is called here by Osbern "*Athleta Christi*," which we may venture to modernize by translating a "muscular Christian;" without saying a word he quietly heated the pincers he had been using, in his fire, until they were thoroughly hot, and being impelled with holy fury (*sancto actus furore*) suddenly snatched them from the flames, seized his adversary with them by the nose, and held him with all his strength. At length after much struggling the devil got away shrieking as he made off. Oh! what has this baldhead done? what has this baldhead done? (*Quid fecit calvus iste?*) In the morning the people crowded round Dunstan, to know what the noise was which disturbed them, and an explanation is given followed by a homily. Naturally his fame was greatly increased by this circumstance, but having boldly resisted Satan in *propria persona*, the next adventure he met with presented itself in the more agreeable though not less insidious form of a woman. One Ethelgiva, a lady of royal birth, and great riches, became smitten with an invincible desire to have some conversation with a saint of such renown, and one day she secretly made her way to Dunstan's cell, held some holy conversation with him, and was so charmed with his sanctity that she resolved upon remaining there, refused to go home any more, but chose to remain there to live and die with the blessed Dunstan (*cum Beato Dunstano manere vivere mori deligeret*). Then ensued the operation of that mystic sacerdotal influence of which there are so many records in history, and which even in these days causes so much scandal to the Protestant mind, when by the modern descendants of the renowned saint, some weak but wealthy widow, or still more foolish

virgin, is entrapped by the blandishments of priestly eloquence and fascinated into the fold as a "snowy fleece." Ethelgiva took up her residence close to the church, was most assiduous in her attendance and drew consolation and strength from the conversation of the renowned anchorite. Things went on smoothly until one day this devout lady was taken ill, and feeling herself on the point of dying, sent for Dunstan, who wept bitterly when he saw her, but through the tears besought her to clear herself from everything of a worldly character, lest the prince of this world might find anything of his in her when she had passed away. This she proceeded to do in the following language:—"There is no one in the world I hold dearer than thee, because thou wert the principal author of my salvation next to God. I therefore make him (God) inheritor of my possessions, but constitute thee the guardian of the inheritance (*te vero hæreditatis tutorem constituo*)." She died, and it is but fair to add, that Dunstan honestly applied the money he received to the rebuilding of the church. Now, eliminating as we have done the miraculous element which surrounds the narrative of this circumstance as related by Osbern and others, it is not a great demand upon the credibility to believe that practically the tale is true. When certain phenomena repeatedly occur under similar circumstances and at similar times, scientific investigation accepts that recurrence as a law or principle: it has, therefore, now become almost an axiom, that there is through the operation of some unexplained electric affinity a powerful attraction between sacerdotal eloquence and widowed wealth. The Protestant intellect rebels sometimes against the operations of this natural law when it beholds the same thing occurring now, after a lapse of nearly a thousand years, and watches with reluctance some fair one going the same way as Ethelgiva, who imbibed and became intoxicated with the nectar of Dunstan's mellifluous eloquence. Let us, however, charitably believe that the results are always as honestly applied as in the instance above recorded.

Shortly after this circumstance, King Athelstan died, and his brother



Edmund succeeded to the throne. His palace was at Cheddar,\* only nine miles distant from Glastonbury, to which church he often resorted, having formerly been acquainted with Dunstan at his brother's court. His estimation of the saint appears to have been unimpaired, for he almost immediately invited him back to court. Dunstan at first hesitated, but at length accepted the offer, left his narrow cell, and once more appeared amongst the glittering crowd of a monarch's palace. Again his enemies prevailed against him, false charges were continually laid before the king, who at length ordered him to be deprived of his offices and banished the palace, when three days after, being delivered from imminent peril whilst hunting, he interpreted the accident as a Divine reproach for his conduct towards Dunstan, whom he again recalled, and an opportunity offering itself, he made him Abbot of the Monastery of his beloved Glastonbury, and promised him pecuniary assistance in rebuilding and redeccorating its structures. Dunstan then began the work of restoration, built up the dilapidated churches, rearranged the monastic appendages, introduced new monks, and with them the complete Benedictine rule, after the model of Fleury. From that time Glastonbury Abbey flourished, and bishops were chosen from its brotherhood for all parts. A list is extant of twenty-one monks of Glastonbury who received mitres, out of whom the following were made primates:—Brithwold was first made Abbot of Reculver, and succeeded Theodore at Canterbury; Athelm received the mitre of Wells, and then the archbishopric; Egelgarus received an abbacy, a bishopric, and then the throne of Canterbury; Sigericus went to Wells, and thence became primate; Elphege and Elnoth were made archbishops direct.

In the year 946 Edmund met his death under very extraordinary circumstances. One day, at a festival held according to the Saxon chronicle at Pucklechurch, in Gloucestershire, he noticed amongst the company a celebrated robber, Leolf, who had

been banished, but had by some surreptitious means procured admission to the feast, and being overcome with rage at the insult he fell upon him. A struggle ensued, when Leolf, pushed to extremity, stabbed Edmund with his dagger, and then fell under the blows of the king's attendants. Edmund died of the wound, and was buried at Glastonbury by Dunstan, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators. Edred, his brother, succeeded him, as his two sons were too young. This monarch was still more disposed to favour Dunstan, for he had known him for many years. We are not surprised to read, then, that when Edred came to the throne he gave himself, his wealth, and his kingdom up to Dunstan, to manage as he would, so that during the reign of Edred, it is said, that no one could move hand or foot in the kingdom of England without the command of Dunstan.

During the reign of this monarch an opportunity occurred of which Dunstan availed himself to advance one who was his most ardent disciple, and destined to be of great service to him in his work of monastic reformation. That man was Ethelwold, then a monk at Glastonbury, who had become, under the instruction and influence of Dunstan, an enthusiastic convert to the Benedictine system, so much so that he was on the point of leaving England for the renowned monastery of Fleury, when, from some cause or another, probably by the interference of Dunstan himself, who knew the man's worth, the king was prevailed upon, at his mother's entreaty, not to allow this holy man to be lost to the country. Edred, in consequence, established a monastery on his estate at Abingdon, and made Ethelwold its first abbot. Hence the origin of another renowned abbey. As we proceed we shall see how Abbot Ethelwold assisted Dunstan in carrying out that policy of ecclesiastical power for which he laboured. We must, however, give him credit for this fact, that the moment he got power into his hands his first thought was for the Church. He was the

\* Famous in the world also, in addition to being a royal residence, for one of the most magnificent pieces of rock scenery in Europe, but better known in these days for the manufacture of excellent cheese. Sad reverse of fame, from chivalry to cheese.

prototype of all those great ecclesiastical statesmen who embellish the blood-stained page of history in many nations, and who have striven to maintain the power of empire by the peaceful arts of negotiation and diplomacy, to allay by their influence the evil passions of men, and in all their glory, all their power, and with all their influence to cherish and fortify the interests of the Church. Guilty as Dunstan may have been of acts which we regard with horror in a churchman, yet we must ever bear this in mind, not only in his case, but in the case of all the great master-spirits of the early Church, that their position was insecure; they had to deal with kings and princes half civilized, tyrannical, and suspicious, with a people untutored, violent, and bloodthirsty; that the Church was ever in peril during the first few centuries of its history from the caprices and evil passions of those semi-barbarous kings who divided the world amongst them on the overthrow of the Western Empire. We owe then to these men, no matter by what means accomplished the debt is the same—we owe to them the establishment and consolidation of the foundations of the Church. Had they been less firm, less determined upholders of their order, had they not on many occasions made use of the superstition, of the dense ignorance by which they were surrounded, to save the Church, that Church would have been one scene of alternate spoliation and restoration, and probably have sunk in the struggle with the blindness, the violence, and the evil passions of those by whom it was surrounded. It was in this spirit, and with a keen eye to the interests of the Church, that Dunstan availed himself of his power and influence during the reign of Edred to commence the work of restoration. New edifices were built, and dilapidated ones restored all over the country, the boundaries of the kingdom were enlarged and maintained, the laws were properly administered, and the whole economy of the government manifested the presence of a master-hand. In the midst of this great work of reformation and restoration Elphege, the Bishop of Winchester, died, and the see was at once

offered to Dunstan, who declined it, with the expressed determination never to accept a mitre during the lifetime of the king. A motive of a selfish character has been suggested for this act by many historians. It has been said that he was longing for the Archbishopric of Canterbury, which was filled by Odo, an old man under the influence of Dunstan, who cared for nothing until the death of this prelate, when he would take his place, lest another should be appointed who might not be so disposed to do what he wished. It is possible that some such motive may have existed, but we do not think the facts warrant such a conclusion. Had his motive been only to secure the Archbishopric of Canterbury on the death of Odo, the acceptance of the Bishopric of Winchester, so far from interfering with it, would rather have been one step towards it, since he could have been more appropriately translated from the lesser see to the greater than appointed from the cares and distractions of the court. It is more than probable that he felt that, as the favourite minister of the king, he could do more good to the Church by guiding his actions than he could in the limited arena of a diocese; that as a minister he could also influence the present archbishop, Odo, whilst as a bishop that influence would have been lessened. But whatever may have been his motives, he persistently refused the bishopric, in spite even of the intercession of the king's mother. Edred died in the year 955, and was succeeded by Edwy, the son of Edmund, when the troubles of Dunstan began.

Edwy was young, handsome, and gay, and very little inclined to submit himself to the direction of a lot of monks, or to consult them in any way. It appears that he had married Elgiva, a young and beautiful lady, who was related to him within the prohibited degrees, and therefore looked upon, and spoken of by them as his harlot, but there can be little doubt that she was his wife in the sight of God; just as in our own days, in the case of men who have married their deceased wives' sisters, it was a legal defalcation, not a violation of morality.\* However, this circum-

\* Roman Catholic historians speak of her as his mistress, and appeal to the monkish

stance had led to considerable trouble and unpleasantness, between Edwy and the monks, before he ascended the throne, and on the very day of his coronation matters were brought to a crisis. They were seated in the festive hall, the nobles carousing with the licence of the times—the young king seated at their head, and with him Dunstan, then abbot of Glastonbury, Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others. Filled, probably, with the natural disgust of youth, for the noisy revelry, Edwy, at a certain point of the entertainment, left the table, and retired to a private apartment, where his wife and her mother were sitting.

Dunstan, who no doubt felt that this would be taken as a personal insult, and very likely piqued himself that the king should prefer the company of his harlot (as they regarded her) to his own saintly presence, followed after him, entered the private chamber, where he discovered Edwy seated lovingly with his wife, and on the ground lay the crown, which he had carelessly thrown aside. Dunstan remonstrated with him, and pointed out, with the best of motives, the probable consequences of his conduct, but the king only laughed at him, and refused to go back. Enraged at his obstinacy, and at being humiliated by this stripling, in the presence of a woman whom he regarded as a vile outcast; and her mother, who was stigmatized more severely than the daughter, he seized the king by the shoulders, pressed the crown upon his head, dragged him to the hall, and forced him into his seat, in the presence of all the nobles. The king submitted for the time, but threatened Dunstan with banishment, and on the next day proceeded to put that threat into execution. Under

the pretext of financial expediency, he summoned Dunstan to render an account of moneys with which he had been intrusted during the preceding reign, and it was upon this rock that the good ship split, as many other goodships have done since. Dunstan's accounts were not in a fit state for such a sudden investigation, and sentence of banishment being pronounced against him, he fled to Glastonbury, to announce to his weeping brethren the news of his disgrace and exile. He remained at Glastonbury for some time, until he was driven from its shelter by the soldiery of Edwy, whence he escaped to Flanders. But we must pause for a moment in our narrative, to describe the terrible fate which befel both Elgiva and Edwy. Embittered against the king, Odo lost no opportunity of enforcing the discipline of the Church. He, therefore, divorced the young couple in 958,\* and even went so far as to employ emissaries to seize the queen privately, when, by his orders, they disfigured her face with red hot irons, hoping by the destruction of that fatal beauty, to disgust the young king and dissolve the attachment between them. Elgiva then fled to Ireland for safety, and lived in retirement for some time, until her wounds were healed, and her beauty restored, when she hastened back to rejoin her husband, but was captured in the neighbourhood of Gloucester, by the minions of the archbishop, who put her to a cruel death, by severing the sinews of her legs. This has left a deep stain upon the memory of Odo, who was styled by his monkish contemporaries, as Odo the Good. But we cannot estimate the actions of men in bygone ages by the standard of action in the present. Odo himself was the son of Pagan barbarians,

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chronicles, where she is always branded with that epithet; but this does not disprove the possibility of a marriage, that is, a marriage ecclesiastically illegal, which they would never recognise, but which did not entitle Elgiva to be branded as a harlot. The Saxon chronicle notes that Archbishop Odo separated Edwy and Elgiva because they were too nearly related: a fact from which we may infer that Odo recognized the existence of a pseudo marriage. Again, in the Cottonian MSS. Claudius, B. VI.—a history of Abingdon—there is a reference to a charter, wherein she appears as a witness, “*Elgifu, the king's wife, and Æthelgifu, the king's wife's mother.*” The subterfuge of forgery will not hold good here, as Turner has shown, because if the charter were a forgery the monks would take care that the forged signatures should be correct in point of style. There is no more solid reason to believe that she was not married to the king, than the vindictive epithets of monkish malice.

\* Saxon chron. : a passage wanting in Gibson's edition, but restored by Petrie.

from the obscurity of which position he had been raised to the dignity of the priesthood, and then advanced to the primacy; it was an age, too, of violence, when men listened to no other reason than the power of the strongest. Christianity was again in peril, and these early bishops regarded the Church as an institution which was to be consolidated in spite of all opposition, and at any cost, as a blessing to be forced upon men for the good of their souls, and in the face of their most violent resistance. In the eyes of the Church then, the violation of the marriage laws was a scandal too great to be borne, and an open violation of those laws by one in the highest position in the realm, was an example too dangerous to be allowed to pass, without the exercise on the part of that Church, of all its powers. There can be no justification of the murder, it was guilt of the deepest dye, but it is only fair to take into consideration the circumstances which tend to extenuate that guilt. Edwy soon found, after the banishment of Dunstan, that he had overrated his power. The monks were not idle in their great leader's absence, and there can be no doubt that a communication was established between Dunstan abroad, and the monastic party, his supporters in England, for soon after the disastrous affair of this disgrace and punishment an insurrection was raised in the north against Edwy, and the people of Northumbria and Mercia, elevated Edgar his younger brother to the throne, Wessex remaining faithful to Edwy. Fuller in his *Church History* thus quaintly sums up the matter:—"The monks who write the story of this rebellion conceive it unfit to impart to posterity the cause thereof, which makes wise men to suspect that Dunstan, who could blow coals elsewhere as well as in his furnace, though at a distance, virtually (or rather viciously) present, had a finger, yea, a hand therein." As soon as Edgar was made king he summoned a council, revoked all the acts of his brother, and recalled Dunstan, who returned in triumph, but, however, cautiously refrained from interfering with Edwy, who still ruled over that

portion of England in which was situated the long-coveted see of Canterbury.\* Soon after his return the Bishopric of Worcester became vacant, and as it lay within the dominions of Edgar, Dunstan was at once appointed, and this time made no objection. The very next year London also was vacant, and Edgar evidently willing to make up for his brother's cruelties to the favorite saint gave this also to him. We must again quote Fuller, who, treating of this subject, says:—"Now Dunstan's stomach was come down and he could digest a bishopric which his abstemiousness formerly refused, and one bishopric drew down another. Worcester and London, not successively but both abreast, went down his conscience, yea, never age afforded more pluralist bishops. In this king's reign Leofwine held Lincoln and Leicester; and Oswald (a great monk-monger) held York and Worcester; and Eadulph, his successor in both churches, did the like, yea, praised for the same." It is recorded that when Odo consecrated Dunstan to the see of Worcester he violated all episcopal rule by performing the ceremony used in the consecration of an archbishop, and upon being remonstrated with, predicted that Dunstan would one day be an archbishop. Fuller destroys the prophetic character of this declaration somewhat cruelly in the following words:—"Surely, whoever had seen the decrepit age of Odo, the affection of King Edgar for Dunstan, and the affection of Dunstan for dignity, needed no extraordinary prophetic spirit to presage that on the supposition of Dunstan's surviving him, who should succeed him in the Archbishopric of Canterbury." The very next year after he had been consecrated to the second bishopric, the primacy of Canterbury fell in by the death of Odo. As this rich and coveted see was in the dominions of Edwy, Dunstan had no chance, and saw the glittering prize snatched from his grasp by the appointment on the part of Edwy of Elsin, Bishop of Winchester, a known enemy to the monks. But the sun of Dunstan's glory was in the ascendant, and events all conspired to raise him in spite

\* Kent and Sussex were portions of Wessex, by conquest.

of apparent impossibilities. Elsin went to Rome to receive the pall, and died from excessive cold whilst crossing the Alps. Brithelm, Bishop of Wells, was the next appointed, but before all the arrangements were completed Edwy died. It is said he was found slain near Gloucester, the scene of his wife's murder. Edgar, then only a youth, ascended the throne of the whole kingdom. A reaction took place in favour of the monks, and it became necessary by some means or other to send poor Bishop Brithelm back to his country diocese, to make room for the rising man. That worthy prelate raised a natural objection against being dealt with in this manner. Osbern tells us he was a good-natured man, but knew better how to take care of himself than of others—a peculiarity which affects many people even now. However, the king interfered, the people of Canterbury were won over to the side of Dunstan, when at length Brithelm, like a wise man, seeing that resistance was useless, preferred to return to his quiet see of Wells to being deposed altogether, and Dunstan's triumph was complete. As soon as he was consecrated he was appointed by Pope John XII. Legate of the Holy See, and thus he was at the very highest pinnacle of his ambition, Primate of England, representative of the Pope, with no one above him but a youth of sixteen, over whose mind he had acquired a power second only to that youth's natural licentiousness. He therefore began at once an extensive and general system of Church reform. He rebuilt churches which had fallen into decay or had been destroyed by the Danes; he induced Edgar to build in the course of his short reign no less than forty-eight monasteries; he expelled all the married monks who had been introduced into the old establishments by Edwy and his party, he drove the secular priests from their livings and compelled them either to separate from their wives and become monks or go out into the world to starve in disgrace. It was a severe measure and led to much domestic misery. The husband and the father had to choose between parting from beings endeared by the tenderest ties of natural affection, the assuming the monastic dress, and the following the monastic life, or the expulsion from

home, expulsion from the Church; and as public feeling then was, expulsion from society, a branded outcast. Some went through that ordeal like martyrs, terrified by the threat of spiritual exclusion; they tore themselves away from the world while its endearments were thick around them, cut asunder the life chords of conjugal affection and parental love, and with sinking hearts and faltering spirits turned a deaf ear to a wife's lamentations, and a child's tears, buried their sorrows in the monk's cowl, and spent the rest of their days in purging themselves of the taint of their past lives by penitence and prayer. Whilst, on the other hand, many, and by far the greater number, were unable to overcome the instincts of nature, their lives were bound up with their families, children had grown up around them, and fastened themselves upon their affections; they looked upon those beings, their nature shrunk appalled at the thought of desertion, and they chose rather to dare the tyranny of man than outrage the laws of God. Hundreds who did this were driven out into the world unable to get employment—outcasts in the eyes of men—they begged their bread amongst the people, until that very charity was withheld in terror, when, wasted and worn in the conflict with a cruel world, they fell by the wayside, the victims to a false asceticism. In this work of ecclesiastical reform, Dunstan was materially assisted by two men, who owed in a great measure their position to his influence—Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and Oswald, bishop of Worcester, and ultimately archbishop of York. The former, as we have already mentioned, was a monk under Dunstan at Glastonbury, had won his good opinion by his devotion to monastic rules and monastic discipline, inasmuch as it was through Dunstan's recommendation that he was made abbot of Abingdon, from which position he was raised to the episcopal throne. Oswald was a nephew of Odo, and was appointed by him to a canonry at Canterbury. Dunstan introduced him to Edgar, whose influence procured him the see of Worcester. As soon as he had taken up his position as bishop, he began to take measures for converting the cathedral into a

monastery of the Benedictine order, but met with an opposition from the canons too vigorous to be overcome. He, therefore, opened a monastic establishment in opposition to his chapter, filled it with monks whose ascetic lives and continual devotion, when brought into close comparison with that of the secular ecclesiastics, operated as he had foreseen upon the minds of men, into whose ears these more severe doctrines were then being assiduously preached. Crowds deserted the cathedral and flocked to the monastery, but what was still more effective took their offerings with them. Things fared ill with the canons, and gradually they came round. Wensius was the first to give way, and Oswald sent him to Ramsey to be instructed in the rule—then others followed in succession, until the change was completed, and confirmed by a charter from Edgar, which from that time made such innovations legal, and is known in history, to this day, as Oswald's law.\* Once more we appeal to Fuller, who sums up this matter with equal humour:—"Edgar was so wholly Dunstanized, that he gave over his soul, body, and estate, to be ordered by him and two more, Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and Oswald, Bishop of Worcester. This Oswald was the man who procured, by the king's authority, the ejection of all the secular priests out of Worcester, and placing monks in their room, called Oswald's law. This Oswald's law afterwards enlarged itself all over England; secular priests being thrown out, and monks everywhere fixed in their rooms, till King Henry VIII. his law ousted Oswald's law, and ejected those drones out of their habitations." Pious as Edgar was as regards building monasteries, endowing foundations, and letting Dunstan have his own way, still his vices caused that saint much trouble, and in the case we are now about to notice, serious embarrassment. Edgar had been on a visit to the monastery of Wilton, where he fell in love with Wilfrida, said by some to be a nun, by others to have assumed the dress to avoid pursuit—the former is the more probable supposition, from the fact that

the severest punishment in Dunstan's power was inflicted upon the king; had she been an ordinary secular person we should have heard nothing of the incident, that amusement being a favourite one in those days, and especially with Edgar. However, as Edgar had caused this young lady to be seized and brought to him, and had made her his mistress, the scandal was too great to be passed over, public opinion was aroused—every monk's cowl in England shook with indignation, and Dunstan, like a bold man, resolved upon extending to Edgar the utmost ecclesiastical discipline. We must give him credit for doing this act honestly and bravely, at the signal risk of his position, and at the peril of the Church. To have imposed mere ordinary penances would have been of no avail, as they could be evaded and compounded for. The Penitential Canons of Dunstan himself allowed one day's fast to be met by the penitent singing the Beati 6 times, and Pater Noster 6 times, or bowing down to the ground, with Pater Noster, 60 times, whilst a whole year's fast might be compounded for by his paying 30 shillings, and so on in proportion. Dunstan, however, resolved upon imposing a real penance upon his royal culprit, and in addition to sentencing him to almsgiving, fasting, prayer, and to the founding of a nunnery, he enjoined strictly that the king should not wear his crown for the space of seven years. This was a severe ordeal for his pride. Also, that he should cause copies of the Holy Scriptures to be made and placed in churches in different provinces of his dominions, which, as the expense of copying books in those days was something fabulous, was a severe infliction upon his purse. Short of this Dunstan was inflexible, and the king was compelled to yield. The alms were given, the fasts kept, the nunnery was built at Shaftesbury, the copies of the Scriptures were made and sent to their destination, and at the end of seven years, the crown which had not been used during that period was brought out. A jubilee was held, and at Bath, in the presence of robed nobles, mitred bishops and abbots, with all other dignitaries

\* Eadmer de Vita S. Oswaldi, Ang. Sacra ii., 203.

of the Church, Dunstan absolved the king, and amid the acclamations of the people, placed the crown once more upon his head. The king had been publicly humiliated, and the monks were satisfied.\* Another instance of his exercise of ecclesiastical power we may mention, in which he not only defied the King but the Pope himself. A certain nobleman had married within the degrees; Dunstan commanded him to put away his wife, but the command was not attended to, when he instantly pronounced sentence of excommunication against him. The earl appealed to the king, who endeavoured to arrange matters, but ineffectually; then the Pope was solicited, and being won over to the side of the nobleman, wrote a letter to Dunstan, commanding him to remove the sentence of excommunication. Dunstan firmly refused, and enforced the law of the Church. But his energies were now vigorously directed towards the expulsion of all the married clergy in the kingdom. It was reported to him that there were many of these clergy all over the country, and he was asked what was to be done; his reply was, "they must either live canonically, or retire from their livings." Expulsion, attended with the most painful scenes, then became frequent throughout the kingdom, when their cause was taken up by Elphere, the Ealdorman of Mercia. It was represented to the king, on the part of these married clergy, that they were virtuous men and good pastors, and they wished their cause to be investigated by his Majesty himself. To this there could be no objection, and Dunstan was compelled to summon a council, which sat at Winchester; the king and nobles attended, and the case of the married clergy was gone into; their sorrow and sufferings created a strong sympathy amongst the assembly, in spite of the severe charges brought by Dunstan's party against them; and the king, seeing the disposition of his nobles, began to waver in his mind as to whether they should not be restored to their benefices; and the party of Dunstan began also to fear the result, when suddenly a voice

was heard to issue from the crucifix on the wall, uttering the following words: "Absit hoc ut fiat! Absit hoc ut fiat!" That settled the question; the king and nobles, terrified at the miracle, filled the building with acclamations, and the cause of the secular clergy was lost. Edgar, however, died in 975, leaving his son Edward heir to the throne. An opposition was got up in favour of Ethelred, Edgar's son by his second wife, now his widow, who seeing there was a chance for her own offspring to supplant the claims of the elder son, joined the secular party. Dunstan, however, interfered, led Edward forth, crowned him and anointed him before them in spite of all opposition.

Again the kingdom was agitated by the complaints of the married clergy, who were reduced to such a state of misery as to be compelled to beg their bread. Their cause was taken up this time by one Beornhelm, a northern bishop of great eloquence. An assembly was convened and met at Calne, when the monks again lost ground in argument, and were being overcome by this northern orator. Dunstan was present, surrounded by his friends, and at the very point when the argument seemed to bear them down with its force, Dunstan said ominously, that he would argue no further, but leave the cause of the Church to God, when the floor suddenly gave way, and all the secular parties were precipitated into a chamber underneath, many being killed, and the rest seriously injured; but the notable part of the miracle was that the floor did not give way where Dunstan and his friends were seated, which has drawn from the caustic Fuller the remark, that as he had something of the smith in him, so he must have had also something of the carpenter. Miracles were the weapons of the monastic party, and they generally conquered all opposition. In the *Anglia Sacra* we are told with the greatest gravity, that when the married clergy were in possession of Winchester cathedral, no miracles were performed at St. Swithin's tomb, but that when the monks were re-

\* The monks instituted a comparison in this case between David and Edgar, Nathan and Dunstan; but Fuller crushes it by saying Nathan pardoned David, and imposed no penance on him that he can find.

instated in the place, the saint resumed his miracles immediately. The inference is open to the reader. The mother of Ethelred, Edgar's widow, being baffled in her designs, employed an assassin to kill the young king, and remove the only obstacle between her own child and the crown. This foul deed was perpetrated at her residence, Corfe Castle, in the year 978, when she left her son in possession of the throne, fled from her home, and sought shelter from human vengeance behind the walls of a convent. Ethelred, then only a child, eleven years old, was crowned by Dunstan, at Kingston, who, as he placed the crown upon his head, predicted, that, as he had been raised to the throne by his mother's crime, his reign would be most calamitous, that his kingdom would be handed over to an alien, of whose laws and language they were ignorant. His monkish biographer dwells upon this prediction as a divine inspiration, but Dunstan was a statesman; he saw that the policy of the government would undergo a change, that dissensions would be again aroused with which he was now too old and too feeble to cope. And then far away in the north the Danes were looming threateningly; in fine, events all conspired to indicate to an eye accustomed to watch the political horizon, the approach of a dangerous tempest. Dunstan retired to Canterbury for a few years before his death; the shadows of the dark world were falling on him, and he left the perplexing cares, the gay revelry, the intrigue, the distractions of court life, to meditate upon his approaching change, and purge his soul from all worldly thought and care. It is said that during this time he frequently visited Glastonbury, the scene of his earliest years, joined in the devotion of the monks, and shared the quiet of their cloisters. But in the year 988,\* when his life-work was finished, and the worn-out weary servant was awaiting his summons, he was at Canterbury a

fine noble-looking old man, to be seen haunting the cathedral aisles, muttering his prayers as he passed or musing dreamily of bygone times at the tomb of his friend and predecessor, Odo the Good. His career had been a glorious one; he had been the companion and even the maker of kings; his life had been spent in the whirl of courts; in his hands he had held the reins of government; he had purged the Church of what he honestly thought a scandalous vice; he had quelled internal dissensions, had kept foreign depredators at bay, and now he had crept back to his church like a weary pilgrim, to lay down his bones at the altar of his Master, whom he had so long served, the fires of ambition all burnt out of him, and the soul longing to be free. The unseen messenger came. On the day of Ascension he preached his last sermon, and gave the people his last public blessing; his subject was the Incarnation; he told his auditors they would never hear him again; and as he was returning through the church, indicated the spot where he should be buried. When he found his end approaching, he desired to receive the Sacrament, after which he uttered the following prayer, the beauty of which, we fear, we cannot preserve in English:—"Glory be to Thee, Almighty Father, who hast given to them that fear Thee the bread of life from heaven, that we should be mindful of the wonderful things Thou hast done in the world, in sending to us Thy only begotten Son, born of the Virgin. We render thanks to Thee, Holy Father, who when we were not, didst create us, and when we were sinners, didst make us partakers of this grace through the same, Thy Son, our Lord and God, who reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, creating and guiding all things, world without end. Amen."†

Thus departed the greatest man of his age, greatest churchman, and greatest statesman. He stands out boldly on the page of history even

\* Saxon Chron.

† Gloria tibi Omnipotens Pater qui timentibus te panem vitæ de cælo dedisti ut memores simus mirabilium tuorum quæ in medio terræ operatus es mittendo nobis unigenitum tuum de vera Virgine natum. Tibi Sancte Pater meritis referimus grates qui et nos dum non eramus, creasti et dum peccatores essemus hujus gratiæ participes fecisti per eundem filium tuum Deum et Dominum nostrum omnia tecum et cum Spiritu Sancto facientem gubernantem et per infinita sæculorum sæcula regnantem. Amen.



now, though nearly a thousand years have crowded that page with a multitude of names and figures, still towering above the mass he is prominent as the earliest of a long list of great ecclesiastical statesmen, numbering such spirits as Hildebrand, Mazarin, Wolsey, and Richelieu, men who have impressed their characters upon their age, who with one hand upheld the Church, and with the other guided the State. A marvellous thing it is in history that these great Churchmen should prove such masters of state craft. The memory of many great statesmen grows faint with time, but the memory of these great ecclesiastical statesmen is ever bright. Thurketul the chancellor, pales before Dunstan, and Thomas Cromwell before Wolsey, and why? Because they cherished most tenderly the vital interests of that institution which is the very soul of history—the Church—burdened as they were with errors, which are the common lot of humanity, yet they always faithfully fought for their Church, fought for it against prejudice, against ignorance, against barbarianism, and fell beside it in times of persecution. What is it but the Church that makes the history of a country interesting? take away the Church, and you leave only a long monotonous wearying tale of contentions, intrigues, bloodshed, and all the ghastly paraphernalia which follow the march of unbridled human passion; take away the Church, and you take away the soul of a country. It is the tale of her woes and joys, her sufferings and triumphs, her chastisements and sympathies, her strife against evil and encouragement of good, which ennoble the history of a country. A nation without a Church, is a nation without a history, a motherless orphan nation. We can then readily understand why these men are truly great men, who have appeared in the world at rare intervals, and taken upon themselves the double care, Herculean care, of guiding and protecting the two interests, spiritual and temporal, the body and soul of a nation.

Dunstan was buried near the altar in Canterbury Cathedral; but Glastonbury for many centuries was accredited with the possession of his relics; pilgrims from all parts of the

world flocked there to pray at his shrine, and the fact was never questioned from the twelfth until the sixteenth century, when some hard knocks were exchanged between Glastonbury and Canterbury, as to which spot held the bones of the saint. Now it must be remembered that Glastonbury Abbey, in all the perilous times of the country's history, had suffered least, and had often been unmolested when other places had been utterly destroyed; it was then the common practice to send relics, or portions of relics, in the hour of extreme danger, from other monasteries to Glastonbury for safety, until the danger was over, when they were either wholly or partially returned. The whole history of the dispute may be read by any one anxious to investigate the matter in the *Anglia Sacra*, where the letters of Eadmer of the twelfth, Archbishop Warham, and Abbot Beere, of the sixteenth centuries are preserved. Strange to say, many historians loosely charge the Glastonbury monks with wilful fraud upon the evidence of this correspondence, which to any impartial mind proves, not that Canterbury was right or Glastonbury was right, but that there was a degree of truth on both sides; and as the examination of the shrine proved rather more to the side of Glastonbury than Canterbury, the correspondence on the part of Canterbury is characterized by some degree of bitterness and evident jealousy. The question would probably have never been mooted, had not the monks erected a new shrine in their monastery to their great Abbot. This aroused the jealousy of Canterbury, and Archbishop Warham instituted a search for the coffin of Dunstan, in Canterbury Cathedral, which was found and opened, but contained only a portion of the bones. A severe letter was then written to the Glastonbury monks, who were reminded that robbers could not expect to possess the kingdom of God and many other very objectionable things; then followed the description of the examination of the shrine of Dunstan, and a list of what they found. To this letter, Richard Beere, then Abbot of Glastonbury, replied in a much milder strain, and with evident fairness, reminding the archbishop that

although they had certain portions of Dunstan's body at Canterbury, that would not render it impossible for the monks of Glastonbury to have the other portions, reminding him also of the practice of the monasteries in times of peril, and asserting most positively that when Canterbury was ravaged by the Danes, the relics of Dunstan were conveyed to Glastonbury; subsequently a portion of those relics were restored to the cathedral, and the other portion kept in the abbey: that the portion the monks had and venerated were the posterior, and principal portions of the skull, and therefore the incomplete relics found in Canterbury, were the forehead and anterior portions. This appears perfectly fair, and the dispute ceased; but certainly from the evidence no charge of fraud can be justly maintained against the Avalonian monks, nor could such a fraud have been successfully carried on for so many centuries, during which no less than five Glastonbury monks sat on the throne of Canterbury, establishing a close and continual association between the two places.

We now resume the thread of history more immediately connected with Glastonbury Abbey, and to do so we must go back to the commencement of the Abbacy of Dunstan, to whom many lands and treasures were given by the devotion of Saxon monarchs. King Edmund I. gave more than one hundred hides of land to the Abbey, amongst which were Christemuleford, Hingestan, Wudeton (Wooton), Watelea, Wrington (restored), Elefrid, and others. "These," said he, "I bestow on the Old Church of the Mother of God, on the hill of Glastonbury, for the wiping off of my sins, and those of my grandfather Alfred, and Edward my father." Queen Elfreda, the widow of Edward, gave to the monastery the lands of Ackford, Bockland, Ply, and Hammerdowne (which latter still bears its name, Hammerdown Park being the seat of the Joliffes). Wilfred, the king's minister, gave several hides of land; also the queen gave, at the instigation of her husband, Domham, Norton, Pedington, and other lands, in all more than 100 hides. It is estimated that Edmund conferred on Glastonbury Abbey, by his own hand, and

through his instigation, more than 368 hides of land, besides many valuable relics which he had collected, and left his body to be buried there, which was done. He also gave a charter, which was written in letters of gold in the book of the Holy Gospels. He was succeeded by Edred, who gave to Glastonbury, Badbury, and other lands. To him succeeded Edwy, when the monastic party fell into disfavour, and Dunstan being banished the kingdom, the king, in the year 956, placed

*Elsius* in the chair of Glastonbury. This was the inauguration of a new order of things. The abbey was filled with seculars, and the old rule of St. Benedict set at naught. Edwy, however, increased the rent-roll of the abbey by the gift of Pangebrooke and Blackford, and his ministers gave also Cranmere and other lands. The change which came over the country by the reaction in favour of the monastic party we have already sketched in the life of Dunstan. Edwy was found dead near Gloucester, and when Edgar, his brother, came to the throne of the whole kingdom, the exiled favourite of the monks was recalled, the rule at Glastonbury re-established, the secular clergy expelled, and Dunstan, the reinstated abbot, was rewarded for his sorrows and his exile, after passing through two bishoprics, by being elevated to the throne of Canterbury.

*Egelward* or *Adelward* then succeeded at Glastonbury, when the king, wishing to bestow some signal favour upon the abbey for its past grievances, conferred upon it the following privileges: That no one should ever be made abbot save a monk of the place, if one could be found fitting, though he were the meanest of them all; but in case no one could be found amongst them worthy of the dignity then they should have the privilege of choosing by vote some strange monk from another monastery. That the abbot might receive his benediction at the hands of any bishop. That he should have the power of punishing the faults of his own servants without the impeachment of the bishop or the king's officers, and that no person, bishop, commander, or prince, should enter the island upon any lawsuit or other account, as had been already enacted by his

predecessora, Kentwyn, Ina, &c. This grant he confirmed with an ivory crozier adorned with gold, which he placed on the altar, and which was cut through the middle in his presence. For further security the king prevailed on John VIII, the Pope, to support what he had done by his Bull, which he not only did, but ratified the same by promulgating it in a general council at Rome, and sent it to the king to be corroborated by his regal authority, who with his nobles confirmed it, and enjoined its observance.

*Sigebar* then became abbot, and in the year 965 Edgar gave a grant of lands: "I, Edgar, do bestow on Abbot Sigebar and the old church (Ealdecirce) for ever, for the health of my soul, and for the soul of my father Hamme, and several hides of land." Duke Alfar gave Westbury forty hides and Otherey five hides—these names are still preserved. Other lands were given by ministers and nobles, amounting to 215 hides, and in addition Edgar placed over the high altar a cross wrought in silver, some large figures, and also, for the decoration of the altar bestowed his own costly coronation robes. He afterwards gave a silver shrine covered with gold and ivory figures, curiously interspersed, which shrine contained the relics of St. Vincent and the head of St. Apollinaria, also other relics which he had procured in foreign countries, and the relics of two Holy Innocents which he had brought from Bethlehem: these he placed with due reverence at Glastonbury, for all which the memory of Edgar is most fragrant in the monastic chronicles of the times, and his body was honoured with burial in the chapter-house of the abbey, at the church door, but not to rest in peace, as we shall presently see.

*Berred* then ruled the abbey for sixteen years, to whom King Ethelred gave many lands. He was succeeded by *Brithwyn*, who was appointed in 1017, and gave an altar piece of gold, silver, and ivory. He ruled for ten years, when he was made Bishop of Wells. In his time Canute the Dane ravaged England, and though repulsed by Edmund I., who was called Ironside, still committed devastations.

At length a peace was concluded, by which it was arranged that Canute should possess Mercia, and Edmund the kingdom of the West Saxons. This, however, was annulled by the murder of Edmund. Sometime before he had bequeathed by will several lands to Glastonbury Abbey, and left a request that his body might be buried there, which was done, and he was placed before the high altar. Canute in his progress through the country, when king, visited Glastonbury Abbey on St. Andrew's day, and honoured the remains of his brother monarch, by laying on his tomb his mantle or cloak, which was formed of peacocks' feathers, of several colours, curiously woven together. He also granted a charter to the abbey.\*

*Egelward II.* succeeded to the chair of Glastonbury, in the year 1027, and ruled twenty-six years. The country was now governed by the Danes. Canute died in 1036, and was succeeded by Harold I., who died in the fourth year of his reign. Hardicanute, who reigned only two years, gave to Glastonbury a shrine, in which the body of St. Benignus was placed. After his death the English seized the opportunity of throwing off the Danish yoke, and placed the crown upon the head of Edward, the younger son of Ethelred, ever afterwards memorable in history by the title of Edward the Confessor. He ascended the throne in the year 1041, and died in 1066, being the last of the long and glorious line of Saxon monarchs. He had no issue, and during his lifetime attempts had been made by Godwin, Earl of Wessex, to raise a rebellion, with a view to lay hands upon the crown; upon his death his son Harold, having secured to himself a large and influential party in the kingdom, secretly carried on the same intrigue, when Edward, to avoid all quarrel and bloodshed after his death, bequeathed the crown to his relative William, Duke of Normandy, then illustrious all over Europe. Upon the death of the Confessor, Harold, the son of Godwin, seized upon the throne when William invaded the country with a view to enforce his rights; the battle of Hastings ensued, and with it the

second marvellous change which was to come over the character of the country and exert a powerful influence over its destinies, the circumstances of which, romantic beyond even the creations of fiction, we shall have to display hereafter.

*Egelnoth* succeeded to the Abbey of Glastonbury in the year 1053. These two last Abbots appear to have done great injury to the monastery—the one lavishing away its wealth abroad, and the other in riotous living at home. The affairs of Glastonbury then sunk a little into decline, and the chronicles tell us that a sort of vengeance hung over the place, which they attribute to the impiety of the predecessor of *Egelnoth*, who violated the tomb of *Edgar*. It appears he had some desire of removing the remains of the deceased monarch, probably with the best of motives, and to that end he had the grave opened, when the body was found in no way corrupted, but quite entire. The coffin he had brought to remove them in being too small, he is said to have mutilated the corpse, to the horror of all the bystanders. Ultimately the royal remains were placed in a shrine upon the altar, with the head of *St. Apollinaris* and the relics of the martyr *St. Vincent*, which *Edgar* had purchased at a great price and bestowed on the Abbey. At this point we must pause, leaving *Egelnoth* seated in his abbatial chair at Glastonbury, the last representative of a race which was about to be brought into conflict with another and alien race, and to struggle during long weary years for an existence not merely on the soil of the country, but in the blood, the tongue, and the customs of that country's people.

The century which had rolled by had been fraught with incidents tending to increase the fame and embellish the glory of Glastonbury Abbey. Her ancient and glorious traditions drew the attention of the whole religious world of Europe upon her. Popes hastened to confirm her privileges; kings bent their knees at her shrines; poured out their treasures at her altars, and begged eagerly for a last resting-place within her walls; pilgrims from all quarters—from the glens and wilds of northern Britain, from the green meadows of Ireland,

and from the sunny South—came pouring in towards her towers, to say a prayer in her cloisters, to gaze upon her sacred relics, to kneel at the tombs of departed saints, and to wander over scenes consecrated by the footsteps of apostles. The oldest churches of the country were her progeny; she was their mother, and, as a mother, from the highest to the lowest in the land, men loved and revered her; they sought her in poverty, and weariness, and woe; they fled to her shelter when the enemy had ravaged their homes, slaughtered their children, and burnt their crops; and the great ones of the country—the kings, princes, and nobles—worn out with grandeur and weary of greatness, cast aside the emblems of their power when the shadows of life's evening were closing in upon them, and crept humbly, weeping, to their sacred mother, to breathe out their last sigh on her bosom. She was the cradle of the great spirits of the time. *Ethelwold* and *Dunstan* were both reared and educated in her cloisters, and, going out into the world as the pioneers of their age, they reflected their glory back upon the spot whence they had sprung. They found the monk a poor obscure item in the social scale, shut up in his monastery, living on the produce of waste lands given by the capricious piety of princes, prone at the feet of half-civilized tyrants, and defenceless against their power, and they elevated him into a position equal with the Crown itself; they raised the order to which he belonged from obscurity to prominence, from impotence and dependence to being one of the most powerful agents in the politics of the times. The cowl was to be seen not only at the state feast but in the council chamber, at the king's elbow, and in the cabinet of the chief minister. Before *Dunstan* had departed from the scene of his labours monastic influence had imperilled the diadem of one monarch, had procured the deposition of another from half his dominions, and had anointed a third, in spite of open opposition. It was no longer suppliant and obscure, it was becoming prominent and imperious; no longer a simple phase of ascetic life, but a rapidly increasing political power.

## ALL IN THE DARK.

## A WINTER'S TALE—IN FOUR PARTS.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM KINGTON TO GILROYD.

A MONTH passed away with very little change. Thanks to the very explicit injunction, constantly repeated, to teach his pupil no more than his pupil wished to learn, William Maubray got on wonderfully well with that ill-conditioned brat, who was "the hope of the house of Kington Knox." Still, notwithstanding this, and all those flattering evidences of growing favour vouchsafed by the ladies of the mansion, the weeks were very long. Miss Clara, although now and then she beamed on him with a transient light, yet never actually conversed; and magnificent and dreary Mrs. Kington Knox, whether gracious or repellant, was nearly equally insupportable.

Every time he walked out, and pausing on the upland, looked long and mournfully in the direction in which he fancied lay Gilroyd, with its sunset blush of old red brick, its roses, deep green sward, and chestnut shadows, a sort of home sickness overcame him. Beyond that horizon there was affection, and in old times the never-failing welcome, the smile, the cordial sympathy, and the liberty that knew not Kington. And with a pain and swelling at his heart came the scene of his expulsion—a mute, hurried leave-taking; the clang of the iron gate, never to open more for him; and Aunt Dinah's fierce and cruel gaze, like the sword of fire in the way, forbidding his return.

How was it with fierce and cruel Aunt Dinah all this time. "The boy will come to his senses," she was constantly repeating to herself, as she closed her book from which her thoughts had been straying, upon her finger, with a short sigh and a proud look. Or when she looked up from her work, with the same little sigh, on the pretty flowery landscape, with its background of foliage, seen so sunnily through the jessamine and

rose clusters, "Time will bring him to reason; a little time, a very little time."

But when a little time passed away, and no sign came with the next week of returning reason, Aunt Dinah grew fiercer and more warlike. "Sulky and obstinate! Ungrateful young man! Well, so be it. We'll see who can maintain silence longest. Let him cool; let him take his own time. I won't hurry him, I promise him," and so forth.

But another week passed, still in silence, and Miss Perfect "presented her compliments to Dr. Sprague, and begged to inquire whether her nephew, William Maubray, had returned to Cambridge a little more than a fortnight since. Not that she had the least right or *wish* to inquire minutely henceforward into his plans, place of residence, pursuits, or associates; but simply that having for so long a time taken an interest in him, and, as she hoped, been of some little use to him—if supporting and educating him entirely might so be deemed—she thought she had a claim to be informed how he was, whether well or ill. Beyond that she begged to be excused from asking, and requested that Dr. Sprague would be so good as to confine himself to answering that simple inquiry, and abstain from mentioning anything further about William Maubray."

In reply to this, Doctor Sprague "begged to inform Miss Perfect that when he last saw him, about ten days since, when he left Cambridge, her nephew, William Maubray, was very well. On his return from his recent visit to Gilroyd, he had remained but a week in his rooms, and had then left to prosecute a plan by which he hoped to succeed in laying a foundation for future efforts and success. Dr. Sprague was not very well, and had been ordered to take a

little exceptional holiday abroad, and Miss Perfect's letter had reached him just on the eve of his departure for the Continent."

Unobserved, almost to herself, there had been before Aunt Dinah's eyes, as she read her book, or worked at her crochet, or looked out wearied on the lawn, a little vignette, representing a college tutor's chamber, Gothic in character, and a high-backed oaken chair, antiquated and carved, in which, like Faust philosophising to the respectful Wagner, sat Doctor Sprague, with his finger on the open letter she had sent him, exhorting and reproving the contumacious William Maubray, and in the act of despatching him, in a suit of sackcloth, with peas in his shoes, to make a penitential pilgrimage to Gilroyd.

This pleasing shadow, like an illusion of the magic lantern, vanished in pitch darkness, as Miss Perfect read the good doctor's answer. With a pallid, patient smile, and feeling suddenly cold from her head to her feet, she continued to gaze in sore distress upon the letter. Had William enlisted, or had he embarked as steward on board an American steamer? Was he about working his passage to New Zealand, or had he turned billiard-marker?

Neighbours dropped in now and then to pay a visit, and Violet had such conversation as the vicinity afforded, and chatted and laughed all she could. But Miss Perfect was very silent for some days after the arrival of Dr. Sprague's letter. She was more gentle, and smiled a good deal, but was wan, and sighed from time to time, and her dinner was a mere make-belief. And looking out of her bedroom window in the evening, toward Saxton, she did not hear old Winnie Dobbs who had thrice accosted her. But after a little she turned to the patient old handmaid, and said, "Pretty the old church looks in the sun—I sometimes wish I were there."

Old Winnie followed the direction of her eyes, and gazed also, saying mildly—

"Good sermons indeed, ma'am, and a good parson, kind to the poor—and very comfortable it is, sure, if they did not raise the stove so high. I think 'twas warmer before they raised it."

"For a hundred and fifty years the

Gilroyd people have been all buried there," continued Aunt Dinah, talking more to the old church than to Winnie.

"Well, I should not wonder," said Winnie, "there is a deal o' them lies there; my grandmother minded the time old Lady Maubray was buried yonder, with that fine marble thing outside o' the church. The rails is gone very rusty now, and that coat of arms, and the writing, it's wearing out—it is worn, the rain or something, and indeed I sometimes do think where is the good of grandeur, when we die it's all equal, the time being so short as it is. Master Willie asked me show it him last Sunday three weeks coming out o' church, and even his young eyes—"

"Don't name him, don't mention him," said Aunt Dinah suddenly, in a tone of cold decision.

Winnie's guileless light blue eyes looked up in helpless wonder in her mistress's face.

"Don't name his name, Winnie Dobbs. He's *gone*," said she in the same severe tone.

"Gone!" repeated Winnie. "Yes, sure! but—but he'll come back."

"No, he shan't, Winnie; he'll darken my doors no more. Come what may that shan't be. I—I'll, perhaps, I may assist him occasionally still, but see him, never! He—he has renounced me, and I—I wash my hands of him." She was answering Winnie's look of consternation. "Let him go his own way as he chooses it—I've done with him."

There was a long pause here, during which ancient Winnie Dobbs stared with an imbecile incredulity at her mistress, who was looking still at the old church. Then old Winnie sighed. Then she shook her head, touching the tip of her tongue with a piteous little "tick, tick, tick," to the back of her teeth.

And Aunt Dinah continued drearily, "And Miss Violet must find this very dull—very. I've no right to keep her here. She would be happier in some other home, poor child. I'm but a dismal companion—very; and how long is it since young Mr. Trevor was here? You don't remember, there, don't try, but it must be three weeks or more, and—and I do think he was very attentive. I mean Winnie, but you are to say nothing below stairs,

you know—I mean, I really think he was in love with Miss Vi.”

“Well, indeed, they did talk about it—the neighbours; there was talk, a deal o’ talk, and I don’t know, but I often thought she liked him.”

“Well, *that’s* off too, *quite*, I think; you know it is very rude, impertinent, in fact, his never having called here once, or done more than just raise his hat to us in the church door on Sundays, ever since William Maubray went away. I look upon his conduct as altogether outrageous, and being the kind of person he is, I’m very glad he disclosed himself so early,

and certainly it would have been a thousand pities the girl should have ever thought of him. So that’s over too, and all the better it is, and I begin to grow tired of the whole thing—very tired, Winnie; and I believe the people over there,” and she nodded toward the church-yard, “are best provided for, and its time, Winnie, I should be thinking of joining them where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

“God forbid, ma’am!” remonstrated old Winnie, mildly, and they turned together from the window to accomplish Aunt Dinah’s toilet.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE PIPING BULLFINCH.

NEXT Sunday Mr. Vane Trevor, after church, happened to be carried in one of the converging currents of decently-dressed Christianity into the main channel through the porch, almost side by side with the two Gilroyd ladies, then emerging.

Mr. Vane Trevor, in pursuance of his prudent reserve, would have avoided this meeting. But so it was. In the crowded church porch, out of which the congregation emerges so slowly, with a sort of decent crush, almost pressed inconveniently against good Miss Perfect, the young gentleman found himself, and in a becoming manner, with a chastened simper, inquiring after their health, and making the proper remarks about the weather.

Aunt Dinah received these attentions very drily; but Miss Vi, in such an arch, becoming little shell-like bonnet, looked perfectly lovely; and to do her justice, was just as friendly as usual.

It was no contrivance of his, the meeting with this bewitching little bonnet where he did. How could he help the strange little thrill with which he found himself so near—and was it in human nature, or even in good manners, to deny himself a very little walk, perhaps only to the church-yard gate, beside Miss Violet Darkwell?

“How is my friend, Maubray?” inquired Trevor of Miss Perfect, whom he found himself next.

“I really don’t know—I have not heard—I suppose he is very well,”

she answered, with an icy severity that rather surprised the young man, who had heard nothing of the quarrel.

“I must write. I ought to have asked him when he meant to return. I am so anxious for an excuse to renew our croquet on the lawn at Gilroyd.”

This little speech was accompanied with a look which Violet could hardly mistake.

“I don’t think it likely,” said Miss Perfect in the same dry tone.

“Any time within the next three weeks. The weather will answer charmingly,” continued Trevor, addressing Miss Darkwell.

“But I rather think Miss Darkwell will have to make her papa a little visit. He’s to return on the 18th, you remember, my dear; and he says, you know, you are to meet him at Richmond.”

So said Aunt Dinah, who had no notion of this kind of trifling.

Trevor again saw the vision of a lean, vulgar, hard-voiced barrister, trudging beside him, with a stoop, and a seedy black frock coat; and for a minute was silent. But he looked across at pretty Miss Vi, so naturally elegant, and in another moment the barrister had melted into air, and he saw only that beautiful nymph.

“I want to look at old Lady Maubray’s monument round the east end, here, of the church. You would not dislike, dear, to come—only a step. I must have any repairs done that may be needed. Good morning, Mr. Trevor.”

But Mr. Trevor begged leave to be

one of the party, knowing exactly where the monument stood.

There is a vein of love-making with which a country church-yard somehow harmonizes very tenderly. Among the grass-grown graves the pretty small feet, stepping lightly and reverently, the hues and outlines of beauty and young life; the gay faces shadowed with a passing sadness—nothing ghastly, nothing desolate—only a sentiment of the solemn and the melancholy, and underlying that tender sadness the trembling fountains of life and joy—the pulses of youth and hope.

"Yes; very, very much neglected," said Miss Perfect. "We can do nothing with that marble, of course," she observed, nodding toward the arched cornice at top, which time and weather had sadly worn and furrowed. "It was her wish, my dear father often told me, she *would* have it outside, not in the church; but the rails, and this masonry—we must have that set to rights—*yes*."

And so, stepping lightly among weeds and long grass, and by humble headstones and time-worn tombs they came forth under the shadow of the tall elms by the church-yard gate, and again Miss Perfect intimated a farewell to Trevor, who, however, said he would go home by the stile, a path which would lead him by the gate of Gilroyd, and before he had quite reached that, he had begun to make quite a favourable impression once more on the old lady; insomuch that, in her forgetfulness, she asked him at the gate of Gilroyd to come in, which very readily he did, and the little party sat down together in the drawing-room of Gilroyd and chatted in a very kindly and agreeable way. And Vane Trevor, who, like Aunt Dinah, was a connoisseur in birds, persuaded her to accept a bullfinch, which he would send her next morning in a new sort of cage which had just come out.

He waited in vain, however, for one of those little momentary absences which at other times had left him and Violet alone. Miss Perfect, though mollified, sat him out very determinedly. So, at last, having paid a very long visit, Mr. Vane Trevor could decently prolong it no further, and he went away with an unsatisfactory and disappointed feeling, not quite

reasonable, considering the inflexible rule he had imposed upon himself in the matter of Gilroyd Hall and its inhabitants.

"Maubray has told her all I said," thought Vane Trevor, as he pursued the solitary path along the uplands of Revington. "The old woman—what a bore she is—was quite plainly vexed at first; but—but that jolly little creature—Violet—Violet, it is a pretty name—she was exactly as usual. By Jove! I thought *she'd* have been a bit vexed; but she's an angel," he dreamed on, disappointed. "I don't think she can have even begun to care for me the least bit in the world—I really *don't*." He was looking down on the path, his hands in his pockets, and his cane under his arm; and he kicked a little stone out of his way at the emphatic word, rather fiercely. "And so much the better—there's no need of all that caution. Stuff—they know quite well I've no idea of marrying, and what more? And there's no danger of her, for she is plainly quite content with those terms, and does not care for me—now, that's all right."

It is not always easy to analyze one's own motives; but beneath that satisfaction there was very considerable soreness, and something like a resolution to make her like him in spite of her coldness. The pretty, little, impertinent, cold, bewitching gipsy. It was so absurd. She did not seem the least flattered by the distinction of his admiration.

Next morning, after breakfast, he drove down in his dog-cart, instead of sending the bird as he had proposed. There were some ingenious contrivances in this model cage which required explanation. The oddest thing about the present was that the piping bullfinch sang two of Miss Violet's favourite airs. Trevor had no small difficulty, and a diffuse correspondence, in his search for one so particularly accomplished.

When in the drawing-room at Gilroyd, he waved a feather before its eyes, and the little songster displayed his acquirements. Trevor stole a glance at Miss Vi, but she looked perfectly innocent, and smiled with a provoking simplicity on the bird. Miss Perfect was, however, charmed, and fancied she knew the airs, but was, honestly, a little uncertain.



"It is really too good of you, Mr. Trevor," she exclaimed.

"On the contrary, I'm much obliged by your accepting the charge. I'm a sort of—of wandering Arab, you know, and I shall be making the tour of my friends' country houses; so poor little Pipe would have been very lonely, perhaps neglected; and I should very likely have had a letter some day announcing his death, and

that, for fifty reasons, would have half broken my heart," wherast he laughed a little, for Aunt Dinah, and glanced one very meaning and tender ogle on Miss Violet.

"Well, Mr. Trevor, disguise it how you may, you are very good-natured," said Miss Perfect, much pleased with her new pet, "and I'm very much obliged."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A MESSAGE IN THE "TIMES."

WITH this little speech, Aunt Dinah, thinking for the moment of nothing but her bird, and very much pleased with Mr. Trevor, carried the little songster away to her room, leaving the young people together at the open parlour window.

"I hope you like him?" Trevor said in a low tone.

"Oh, *charming!*" replied Miss Vi. "I should not for all the world—you'll never know the reason why, perhaps—have let him go to any place else, but here—upon my honour," said Mr. Vane Trevor, speaking very much in earnest.

"Miss Perfect, I can see, is charmed," said Miss Violet.

"Ah, *yes*—you think so—very happy, I'm sure; but—but I shall miss him very much. I—I—you've no idea what company he has been to me; and—and what a lot of trouble I had in finding one to—in fact, the sort of one I wanted."

"They are very pretty—very sweet—but, after all, don't you think the natural song the best. I should be afraid of the repetition; I should tire of the same airs," said Miss Darkwell.

"Of others—yes, perhaps, I should, but of those, *never*," said Mr. Vane Trevor, eloquently.

No romantic young gentleman who means to walk in the straight and narrow path of prudence does well in falling into such a dialogue of covert-meanings, with so very pretty a girl as Miss Violet Darkwell. It is like going up in a balloon, among invisible and irresistible currents, and the prince of the powers of the air alone can tell how long a voyage you are in for, and in what direction you may come down.

The flattering tongues of men!

sweet airy music attuned to love and vanity—to woman's pride and weakness, half-despised, half-cherished. Long after—a phrase—a fragment of a sentence, like a broken bar, or half-remembered cadence of some sweet old air, that sounded in your young ears, in dances and merry-makings, now far and filmy as by-gone dreams, turns up unbidden—comes back upon remembrance and is told, with a saddened smile to another generation. Drink in the sweet music at your pretty ears; it will not last always. There is a day for enjoyment, and a day for remembrance, and then the days of darkness.

A little blush—the glory, too, of ever so faint a smile. The beautiful flush of beauty's happy triumph was on the fair face of the girl, as she listened for a moment with downcast eyes; and Vane Trevor, conceited young man as he was, had never felt so elated as when he saw that transcendent, but beautiful glow, answering to his folly.

I may look on her with different eyes, like the Choragus of an old play, and wonder and speculate which it is she likes—the flattery or the lover—or each for sake of the other; or the flattery only, caring not that bullfinch's feather on the carpet for him? There is not much in her face to guide me; I can only see, for certain, that she is pleased.

"I—I shall never forget those airs; they—you know, you sang them the first time I heard you sing; and I'm afraid I have been awfully unreasonable about them, asking you to sing them for me every time nearly I had an opportunity; and I—I assure you—I don't know what I shall do without my poor bird; and"—

Exactly at this point Aunt Dinah returned, and Mr. Vane Trevor, with admirable presence of mind, said :

"I was just saying to Miss Darkwell, I am sure I have heard her sing those little songs the bird whistles."

"So she does," interrupted Miss Perfect. "I could not think where I heard them. You know those airs, Vi?"

"Yes—I think they *are* among my songs," answered Violet, carelessly.

"It would be very good of you, Miss Perfect—now that I've parted with my—my—musician, you know—if you would allow me—just perhaps once before I leave Revington—I shall be away probably some months—to look in some evening, when Miss Darkwell is at her music—it is very impertinent I'm afraid to ask—but knowing those airs so well, I should like so much to hear them sung, if you happened to—to be able to find them." The concluding words were to Violet.

"Oh, dear yes—won't you Vi—certainly, any evening, we shall be very happy; but you know we are very early people, and our tea hour seven o'clock."

"Oh, quite delightful," exclaimed the accommodating Vane Trevor, "I have no hours at all at Revington—when I'm alone there, I just eat when I'm hungry and sleep when I'm sleepy."

"The certain way to lose your health!" exclaimed Miss Perfect.

"Very much obliged—I'll certainly turn up, you know, seven o'clock, some evening."

And so he took his leave, and was haunted day and night by Violet Darkwell's beautiful down-cast face, as he had seen it that morning.

"I knew I'd make her like me—by Jove, I knew I should—she does, I'm quite sure of it, she's beginning to like me, and if I choose I'll make her like me awfully."

Now, all the rest of that day, Trevor thought a great deal less than he had ever done before, of the pomps and vanities of Revington, and the vain glories of the Trevors of that ilk. Wrestling with love is sometimes like wrestling with an angel, and when the struggle seems well nigh over, and the athlete sure of his victory, one unexpected touch of the angelic hand sets him limping again for many a day. Little did he fancy that the chance meeting in the shadowy porch of Saxton church would rivet again

the sightless chains which it had taken some time and trouble to unclasp, and send him maundering and spiritless in his fetters among the woods and lonely paths of Revington; not yet, indeed, bewailing in vain his captivity, but still conscious of the invisible influence in which he was again intangled, and with no very clear analysis of the present, or thoughts for the future.

Time had brought no tidings of William Maubray, and, except on occasions, Aunt Dinah's fits of silence were growing longer, and her old face more wan and sad.

"Ungrateful creature!" said she, unconsciously aloud.

"Who, ma'am?" asked old Winnie, mildly. Her mistress was diabolically for bed.

"Eh, who?" repeated Miss Perfect. "My nephew, William Maubray, to think of his never once sending me a line, or a message!—we might all be dead here and he never know. Not that I care for his indifference and heartless ingratitude, for as I told you before, I shall never see his face again. You need not stare, you need not say a word, Winnie; it is quite fixed. You may go to see him at Cambridge if he's there, or wherever he is, but the door of Gilroyd he shall never enter more while I live, and he and his concerns shall trouble me just as little as I and mine do him."

It was about this time that William Maubray, who was permitted regularly a read of the *Times*, saw the following notification among its advertisements:—

"If the young gentleman who abruptly left his old relative's house, under displeasure, on the night of —, is willing to enter the Church, a path to reconciliation may be opened; but none otherwise. If he needs pecuniary assistance it will be supplied to the extent of £50, on his applying through his tutor, Doctor S—, but not directly."

"How insulting—how severe and unforgiving," murmured William. "How could she fancy it possible that I could accept the insult of her gift?"

With a swelling heart he turned to another part of the paper, and tried to read. But the odious serpent coiled and hissing at him from its little tabulated compartment, was too near, and he could think of nothing else.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE LORD OF BURLING.

ONE morning at breakfast, the Kinton letters having arrived, Miss Clara, who had only one, tossed it carelessly to her mamma, who, having just closed one of her own, asked—

"Who is it?"

"Vane; he's coming here he says on Thursday, instead of Wednesday," answered the young lady.

"Cool young gentleman!" observed Mrs. Kinton Knox. "He ought to know that people don't invite themselves to Kinton—any news?"

"Yes; there has been an awful battle, and young Maubray has gone off, no one knows where, and everyone curious to find out—quite irreconcilable they say."

"Does he say what about?" inquired the old lady taking up the letter.

"No, nothing; only that," answered Clara.

"Mamma, Mr. Herbert's blushing all over, like fun," cried Master Howard from the other side of the table, with a great grin on his jam-bedaubed mouth, and his spoon pointed at poor William's countenance.

The ladies involuntarily glanced at William, who blushed more fiercely than ever, and began to fiddle with his knife and fork. Miss Clara's glance only, as it were, touched him, and was instantly fixed on the view through the window, in apparent abstraction. Mrs. Kinton Knox's prominent dark eyes rested gravely a little longer on poor William's face, and the boy, waving his spoon, and kicking his chair, cried, "Ha, ha!"

"Don't sir, that's extremely rude—lay down your spoon; you're never to point at any one, sir. Mr. Herbert's quite ashamed of you, and so am I."

"Come here," said William. "May he come to me?" asked William.

"Oh, no! you all want me to hold my tongue. It's always so, and that great beast of a Clara," bawled "the hope of the house," as his mamma was wont to call him.

"Come to me," said poor William, mildly.

"Or, if you permit me, Mr. Herbert," said Mrs. Kinton Knox. "Howard!

I can't tolerate this. You are to sit quiet, and eat your breakfast—do you hear—and do you like sardines?—Mr. Herbert, may I trouble you—thanks; and no personalities, mind—never! Mr. Herbert, a little more tea?"

The ladies fell into earnest conference that morning after breakfast, so soon as William and his pupil had withdrawn.

"W. M.!" Everything marked with W. M.—Wynston Maubray. Don't you see?" said the old lady, with a nod, and her dark and prominent eyes fixed suddenly on her daughter.

"Yes, of course; and did you look at his face when I mentioned the quarrel with Sir Richard?" said the young lady.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" exclaimed her mother.

Miss Clara smiled mysteriously, and nodded her acquiescence.

"Why, my dear, it was the colour of that," continued Mrs. Kinton Knox, pointing her finger fiercely at the red leather back of the chair that stood by them. "I don't think there can be a doubt. I know there's none in my mind."

"It is very curious—very romantic. I only hope that we have not been using him very ill," said Miss Clara, and she laughed more heartily than was her wont.

"Ill! I don't know what you mean. I trust, Clara, no one is ever ill-used at Kinton. It certainly would a little surprise me to hear anything of the kind," retorted the lady of Kinton, loftily.

"Well, I did not mean ill, exactly. I ought to have said rudely. I hope we have not been treating him like a—*what* shall I say?—all this time," and the young lady laughed again.

"We have shown him, Clara, all the kindness and consideration which a person entering this house in the capacity he chose to assume could possibly have expected. I don't suppose he expected us to divine by witchcraft who and what he was; and I am very certain that he would not have thought as—as highly of us, if we

had acted in the slightest degree differently."

But though she spoke so confidently, Mrs. Kinton Knox, that perfect woman, was secretly troubled with misgivings of the same uncomfortable kind, and would have given a good deal to be able to modify the past, or even distinctly to call its incidents to mind.

"Of course, Clara, I shan't observe upon those odd coincidences to Mr.—Mr. Herbert himself. It is his wish to be private for the present. We have no right to pry. But there is certainly justifiable—I may say, even *called* for—some little modification of our own demeanour toward him, in short; and knowing now—as I feel confident we do—who he is, there is no need of the same degree of reserve and—distance; and I am very glad, if for this reason only, that you may more frequently, my dear Clara, look in and see your little brother, who is so much shut up; it would be only kind."

In fact this old warrior, with the Roman nose and eagle eye, surveying the position, felt, in Cromwell's phrase, that the "Lord had delivered him into her hand." There he was domesticated, in what she might regard as a romantic incognito, without parental authority to impede or suspicion to alarm him! Could a more favourable conjuncture be fancied? How a little real kindness would tell just now upon his young heart; and he would have such an opportunity in his disguise of estimating and being touched by the real amiability of the Kinton Knoxes; and the Maubray estates and an old baronetage would close Miss Clara's campaigning with *eclat*.

The young lady did look into the schoolroom.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Herbert, you'll think me very tiresome," she said.

William had risen as she entered, with a bow.

"But mamma is thinking of taking Howard a drive, if you approve, and Howard, we are going to Bolton Priory. Mamma wishes so much to know whether you will allow him to come."

"I—I can have no objection. He's not now at his lessons. I'm sure it will do him a great deal of good."

Miss Clara, in a pretty attitude,

leaning with one hand on the table, was smiling down on Master Howard, and caressingly running her taper fingers through his curls.

"Let my head be—will you," he bawled, disengaging himself, with a bounce and a thump at her hand.

The young lady smiled and shrugged plaintively at William, who said, "Howard, I shall tell your mamma, if you are rude to Miss Knox, and I'll ask her not to take you out to-day."

"That's just it," retorted Master Howard. "That's the way you men always take her part against me, because you think she's young and pretty. Ah-ha! I wish you'd ask her maid—Winter."

"Be quiet, sir," said William, in so stern a tone, and with so angry a flash of his blue eyes, that the young gentleman was actually overawed, and returned lowering and muttering to the ship he had been rigging, only making an ugly grimace over his shoulder, and uttering the word "crocodile!"

Though Miss Clara smiled plaintively down upon the copy of Tennyson which lay open on the table, and turned over a page or two with her finger-tip, serenely, she inwardly quaked while Howard declaimed, and in her soul wished him the fate of Cicero; and when she got to her room planted her chair before the cheval glass with a crash, and exclaimed, "I do believe that fiendish imp is raised up expressly to torture me! Other parents would beat such a brat into mummy, and knock his head off, rather than their daughter should be degraded by him; but mine seem to like it positively. I wish—oh! don't I, just!" And the apostrophe and the look were eloquent.

But she had not yet left the schoolroom, and as she looked down on the open pages, she murmured, sadly, "The Lord of Burleigh!" And looking up she said to William, "I see you read my poet and my favourite poem, too, only I think it too heart-rending. I can't read it. I lose my spirits for the whole day after, and I wonder whether the story is really true," she paused with a look of sad inquiry, and William answered that he had read it was so.

And she said, with a little sigh, "That only makes it sadder," and

she seemed to have something more to say but did not; and after a moment, with a little smile and a nod, she went from the room. And William thought he had never seen her look so handsome, and had not before suspected her of so much mind

and so much feeling, and he took the book up and read the poem through, and dreamed over it till the servant came with a knock at the door, and his mistress's compliments, to know if Master Howard might go now.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### A FRIEND APPEARS.

WILLIAM MAUBRAY's harmless self-love was flattered by the growing consideration with which he was treated. The more they saw of him plainly the better they liked him, and William began, too, dimly to fancy that there must be something very engaging about him.

A night or two later, his pupil having just gone to bed, a footman came with a little scrap of pink paper, pencilled over, in Mrs. Kinton Knox's hand, on a salver, for William, who found these words:

"It has just struck me that I might possibly prevail upon your good-nature, to look in upon our solitude for half an hour; though we don't like abridging your hours of liberty, it would really be quite a kindness to indulge me; and if you can lay your hand upon your volume of Tennyson, pray bring it with you."

Up got William, and with his book in his hand, followed the servant, who announced Mr. Herbert at the drawing-room door, and William found himself in that vast apartment, the lights of which were crowded about the fire, and the rest comparatively dim.

"So good of you, Mr. Herbert," said Mrs. Kinton Knox, with a superb smile, and even extending her fingers in the solemn exuberance of her welcome. "It is so very kind of you to come; so unreasonable, I fear; we had a debate, I assure you," and she smiled with awful archness toward Miss Clara, "but my audacity carried it—you've brought the book too—he has brought the book, Clara; how very kind, is not it?"

Miss Clara answered by a glance at their visitor, almost grateful, and a smile at her mother, who continued—

"You have no idea, Mr. Herbert—pray sit where we can both hear and see you—how very lonely we are in

these great rooms, when we are *tele-a-tele*, as you sea."

William's remarks in reply were not very original or very many, but such as they were nothing could be more successful, and the ladies exchanged smiles of approbation over the timid little joke, which had all but broken down.

So William read aloud, and the ladies, each in her way, were charmed, and next night he was invited again, and there was more conversation and rather less reading, and so he grew much more easy and intimate, and began to look forward to these little reunions with a very pleasant interest; and Miss Clara's brilliant beauty and some little indications of a penchant very flattering began to visit his fancy oftener than I should have supposed likely; although it is hard to say when the way-side flowers on the longest journey quite lose their interest; or how much care and fatigue are needed to make a man cease to smile now and then, or whistle a stave on his way.

William and his pupil were walking down the thick fir wood that lies on the slope between Kinton and the Old London road, when just at a curve in the path, within twenty yards, whom should he come upon suddenly in this darksome by-way but Mr. Vane Trevor.

They both stopped short.

"By Jove! Maubray?" exclaimed Trevor, after a pause, and he cackled one of his agreeable laughs.

"Did not expect to see you here, Trevor," replied William, looking on the whole rather dismally surprised.

"Why, what are you afraid of old Maubray. I'm not going to do you any harm, upon my honour," and he laughed again, approaching his friend, who likewise advanced to meet him,

smiling, with rather an effort. "Very glad to see you, and—and I've a lot to tell you," said he, "I don't mean any nonsense, but—but really serious things."

"All well at home?" asked William, eagerly.

"Oh, dear, yes, quite well—all flourishing. It is not—it's nothing unpleasant, you know, only I mean something I—I, its of importance to me, by Jove! and to—to, I fancy, other people also; and I—I see you're puzzled. Can we get rid of that little wretch for a minute or two?" and he glanced at Howard Seymour Knox, to whom, he just remembered, he had not yet spoken.

"And how do you do, Howard, my boy? Flourishing, I see. Would you like to have a shot with my revolver? I left it at the gamekeeper's down there. Well, give them this card, and they'll give it to you—and we'll try and shoot a rabbit—eh?"

Away went Master Howard, and Trevor said—

"And do tell me, what are you doing here, of all places in the world?"

"I'm a resident tutor—neither more nor less," said William Maubray, with a bitter gaiety.

"You mean you've come here to Kinton to teach that little cur—I hope you lick him a trifle?" inquired Trevor.

"Yes; but I don't lick him, and in fact the situation—that's the right word, isn't it?—is very, what's the word? We get on quietly, and they're all very civil to me, and it's very good of a swell like you, to talk so to a poor devil of a pedagogue."

"Come, Maubray, none of your chaff. I knew by your aunt's manner there was a screw loose somewhere—something about a living, wasn't there?"

It was plain, however, that Trevor was thinking of something that concerned him more nearly than William Maubray's squabble with his aunt.

"It's a long story," said William,

"she wants me to go into the Church, and I won't, and so there's a quarrel, and that's all."

"And the supplies stopt?" exclaimed Trevor.

"Well, I think she would not stop them; she is very generous—but I could not, you know, it's time I should do something; but I'm here—Doctor Sprague thought it right—under the name of Herbert. They know it's an assumed name—we took care to tell them that—so there's no trick, you know, and please don't say my name's Maubray, it would half break my aunt's heart."

"Secret as the tomb, *Herbert*, I'll remember, and—and I hope that nasty little dog won't be coming back in a minute—it's a good way though—and, by Jove! it's very comical, though, and almost providential this, meeting you here, for I did want a friend to talk a bit to, awfully, and you know, Maubray, I really *have* always looked on you in the light of a friend." There was a consciousness of the honour which such a distinction conferred in the tone in which this was spoken, and William, in the cynical irony which, in this interview, he had used with Trevor, interposed with—

"A humble friend, I'm very much flattered."

"You're no such thing, upon my honour, and I think you're joking. But I really do regard you as a friend, and I want to tell you no end of things, that I really think will surprise you."

William Maubray looked in Trevor's face, gravely and dubiously, and said he, with the air of a man of the world, "Well, I should like to hear—and any advice I can offer, it is not of any great value I fear, is quite at your service."

"Let's sit down here," said Trevor, and side by side they seated themselves on a rustic seat, and in the golden shade of the firs and pines, Vane Trevor began to open his case to William.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A CONFIDENCE.

"I don't know what you'll think of it after all I've said, but I'm going to marry your cousin, Violet Darkwell," said Vane Trevor, after a little

pause, and with a kind of effort, and a rather deprecatory smile.

"Oh?" exclaimed William Maubray, cheerily, and with a smile. But

the smile was wan, and the voice sounded ever so far away.

"There's no use, Maubray, in a fellow's resisting his destiny; and there's an old saying, you know, about marriages being made in heaven. By Jove when it comes to a certain point with a fellow, its all over; no good struggling, and he may as well accomplish his—his destiny—by Jove, with a good grace. And—and I know, Maubray, you'll be glad to hear, and—and I really believe its the best and wisest thing I could have done—don't you think so?"

"I'm sure of that," said William, in the same tone, with the same smile. "You're—everyone says its better to marry, when a fellow can afford it; but—but, I did not think you had a notion; that is for ever so long; and then, some—some, great lady."

"No more I had," answered Trevor. "By Jove, a month ago, *you* weren't a more unlikely man, but how can *I* help it? You never were spoony on a girl in all your life, and of course you can't tell; but you've no idea how impossible it is for a fellow when once he comes to be really in—in love—to—to make himself happy, and be content to lose her. *I* can't, *I* know."

"No, of course," answered William, with the same smile, and an involuntary sigh.

"And then, you know, money and that sort of thing, its all very fine, all very good, in a wife; but by Jove there's more than you think in—in fascination and beauty, and manner, and that sort of thing. There's Sir John Sludgeleigh, old family, capital fellow, he chose to marry a woman from some of those cotton mill places, with no end of money, and by Jove, I think he has been ashamed to show ever since; you never saw such a brute. He's ashamed of her, and they say he'd give his right hand he had never set eyes on her. I can quite understand, of course, a fellow that has not a guinea left; but, by Jove, if you saw her, you could not conceive such a thing. And there's old Lord Ricketts, he married quite a nobody. Sweetly pretty, to be sure, but out of a boarding school, and so clever, you know, but no money, and no family, and he so awfully dipt; and she set herself to work and looked after everything, awfully clever, and at this moment

the estate does not owe a farthing, and she found it with a hundred and twenty thousand pounds mortgage over it; and when he married her every one said it was all up, and his ruin certain, and by Jove it was that marriage that saved him."

"Very curious!" said William, dismally.

"To be sure it is; there's no subject, I tell you, there's so much nonsense talked about as marriage; if a woman brings you a fortune or connexion, by Jove, she'll make you pay for it. I could tell you half a dozen who have been simply ruined by making what all the world thought wonderfully good marriages."

"I dare say," said William, in a dream.

"And then about family and connexion, really the thing, when you examine it, there's wonderfully little in it; the good blood of England isn't in the peerage at all, it is really, as a rule, all in the landed gentry. Now look at us, for example, I give you leave to search the peerage through, and you'll not find *four* houses—I don't speak of titles, but families—older than we. Except four, there is not one as old. And really, if people are nice, and quite well bred, what more do you want?"

"Oh, nothing," sighed William.

"And do you know, I've rather a prejudice against barristers, I mean as being generally an awfully low, vulgar set; and I assure you, I—I know I may say whatever I think to you; but I, when I was thinking about all this thing, you know, I could not get the idea out of my head. I knew her father was a barrister, and he was always turning up in my mind; you know the sort of thing, as—as a sort of fellow one could not like."

"But he's a particularly gentlemanlike man," broke in William, to whom Sergeant Darkwell had always been very kind.

"Oh! you need not tell *me*, for I walked with him home to Gilroyd, last Sunday, from church. I did not know who he was—stupid of me not to guess—and you can't think what an agreeable—really nice fellow."

"I know him; he has been always very kind to me, and very encouraging about the bar," said Maubray.

"Yes," interrupted Trevor, "and

they say, certain to rise, and very high, too. Chancery, you know, and that—and—and such a really gentleman-like fellow, might be anything, and so—and so clever, I'm sure."

"Come down to draw the settlements," thought William, with a pang. But he could not somehow say it. There are events to which you can submit, but the details of which you shrink from. Here was for William, in some sort, a *death*. A familiar face gone. The rest was the undertaker's business. The stretching, and shrouding, and screwing down, he had rather not hear of.

"You are going to tell the people here?" said William Maubray, not knowing well what to say.

"Tell them here, at Kinton! Not if I know it. Why, I know pretty well, for fifty reasons, how *they'll* receive it. Oh! no, I'll just send them the prettiest little bit of a note in a week or two, when everything is quite settled, and I'll not mind seeing them again for some time, I can tell you. Here's this little wretch coming again. Well, Howard, have you got the revolver?"

Master Howard's face was swollen with tears and fury.

"No, they wouldn't give it me. You knew right well they would not, without mamma told'em. I wish mamma was hanged; I do; she's al-

ways a plaguing every one; her and that great brute, Clara."

This explosion seemed to divert them extremely; but William was of course obliged to rebuke him.

"If you say that again, Master Howard, I'll tell your mamma."

"I don't care."

"Very well, sir."

"I say, come with me," said Trevor. "We'll ask mamma about the pistol. May he come? and I shall be here again in half an hour."

"Very well, do so, and just remember, though I don't much care," said Maubray, in an under tone, "they don't know my name here."

"All right," said Trevor; "I shan't forget," and he and his interesting companion took their departure, leaving William to his meditations.

"So! going to be married—little Vi—pretty little Vi—little Vi, that used to climb up at the back of my chair. I'll try and remember her always the same little wayward, beautiful darling. I've seen my last of her, at least for a long time, a very long time. I wonder—I wonder—Gilroyd—I'll never see it again."

And thoughts, vague and sad, came swelling up the stormy channels of his heart, breaking wildly and mournfully one over the other, and poor William Maubray, in his solitude, wept bitter tears.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE LADIES MAKE INQUIRY.

ON the steps Vane Trevor was encountered by Mr. Kinton Knox, in his drab gaiters and portly white waistcoat, and white hat, and smiling in guileless hospitality, with both hands extended. "Very glad, Vane, my dear boy—very happy—now we've got you, we'll keep you three weeks at least. You must not be running away as usual. We'll not let you off this time, mind."

Vane knew that the hospitable exuberances of the worthy gentleman were liable to be overruled by another power, and did not combat the hospitable seizure, as vigorously as if there had been no appeal. But he chatted a while with the old gentleman, and promised to walk down and see the plantations, and the new road

with him. By a sort of silent compromise, this out-door department was abandoned to Mr. Kinton Knox, who seldom invaded the interior administration of the empire, and in justice, it must be alleged that the empress seldom interfered directly with the "woods and forests," and contented herself with now and then lifting up her fine eyes, and mittened hands, as she surveyed his operations from the window in a resigned horror, and wondered how Mr. Kinton Knox could satisfy his conscience in wasting money the way he did!

She had learned, however, that his walks, trees, and roads, were points on which he might be raised to battle; and as she knew there was little harm in the pursuit, and really



little if anything done, more than was needed, and as some one *must* look after it, she conceded the point without any systematic resistance, and confined herself to the sort of silent protest I have mentioned.

While Vane Trevor lingered for a few minutes with the old gentleman, Master Howard Seymour Knox, who was as little accustomed to wait as Louis XIV., stumped into the drawing-room, to demand an order upon the gamekeeper's wife for Vane Trevor's revolver.

"Vane Trevor come?" exclaimed Clara.

"I want a note," cried Howard.

"We shall hear all about the quarrel," observed the old lady emphatically, and with a mysterious nod, to her daughter.

"I won't be kept here all day," cried Master Howard, with a stamp.

"Well, wait a moment," cried Clara, "and you shall have the other box of bonbons. I'll ring and send Brookes; but you've to tell me where Vane Trevor is."

"No I won't till I get the bonbons."

Miss Clara was on the point of bursting forth into invective, but being curious, she did not choose a rupture, and only said,

"And why not, pray?"

"Because you cheated me of the shilling you promised me the same way, and I told all the servants, and they all said you were a beast."

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"You *do*, right well," he replied, "you asked me to tell you all about the tutor, and when I did you said it was not worth a farthing, and you would not give the shilling you promised, that was cheating; you cheat!"

"Do you hear him, mamma?"

"Howard, my dear! what's all this? Tut, tut!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinton Knox.

The arrival of the bonbons, however, did more to re-establish peaceful relations; and the boy, who was anxious to get away, delivered his news as rapidly as he could.

"Yes, Vane Trevor's come. When I and Herbert were in the long larch walk he met us, and they seemed very glad to meet."

"Ah! Like people who knew one another before?" asked Miss Clara, eagerly, in tones little above a whisper.

"Yes, and Vane called Herbert, *Maubray*—yes, he did."

"*Maubray*? Are you *quite* sure of that?" demanded the elder lady, peering into his face and forgetting her dignity in the intensity of her curiosity.

"Yes, that I am, quite sure," replied the boy wagging his head, and then spinning himself round on his heel.

"Be *quiet*, sir," hissed Miss Clara, clutching him by the arm; "answer me,—now do be a good boy and we'll let you away in a minute. How do you remember the name was *Maubray*, and not some other name *like* *Maubray*?"

"Because I remembered Sir Richard *Maubray* that you and mamma's always talking about."

"We're *not* always talking about him," said Clara.

"No, sir, we're *not*," repeated the matron, severely.

"I'll tell you no more, if your both so cross. I *won't*," retorted Master Howard, as distinctly as the bonbons would allow him.

"Well, *well*, will you have done, and answer my question? Did he call him *Maubray* often?" repeated Clara.

"Yes,—*no*. He *did*, though—he called him *Maubray* twice. I'm sure of that."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances at this point, and Mrs. Kinton made a very slow little bow with compressed lips, and her dark eyes steadily fixed on daughter, and then there was a little "h'm!"

"And they seemed to know one another before?" said Mrs. Kinton Knox.

"Yes, I told you that before."

"And glad to meet?" she continued.

"Yes, that is, *Vane*. I don't think *Herbert* was."

Again the ladies interchanged a meaning glance.

"Where is Vane Trevor now?" inquired the elder lady, gathering up her majestic manner again.

"He was talking to the governor at the hall-door."

"Oh! then we shall see him in a moment," said Mrs. Kinton Knox.

"Mind now, Howard, you're not to say one word to Mr. Herbert or to Vane Trevor about your telling us anything," added Miss Clara.

"Aint I though? I just will, both of them, my man, unless you pay me my shilling," replied Master Howard.

"Mamma do you hear him?" exclaimed Miss Clara in a piteous fury.

"What do you mean, sir?" interposed his mamma vigorously, for she was nearly as much frightened as the young lady.

"I mean I'll tell them; yes I will, I'm going," and he skipped with a horrid grimace, and his thumb to his nose, toward the door.

"Come back, sir; how dare you?" almost screamed Miss Clara.

"Here, sir, take your shilling," cried Mrs. Kinton Knox, with a stamp on the floor and flashing eye, fumbling hurriedly at her purse to produce the coin in question. "There it is, sir, and remember."

Whether the oracular "remember" was a menace or an entreaty I know not; but the young gentleman fixed the coin in his eye after the manner of an eyeglass, and with some horrid skips and a grin of triumph at Miss Clara, he made his exit.

"Where can he learn those vile, low tricks?" exclaimed Miss Clara. "I don't believe there is another such boy in England. He'll disgrace us, you'll find, and he'll kill me, I know."

"He has been extremely troublesome; and I'll speak to him by-and-by," said the matron.

"Speak, indeed; much he cares!"

"I'll make him care, though."

There was a little silence, and the ladies mentally returned to the more momentous topic from which the extortion of Howard Seymour had for a moment diverted them.

"What do you think of it?" murmured Mrs. Kinton Knox.

"Oh! I think there's but one thing to think," answered Miss Clara.

"I look upon it as perfectly conclusive; and, in fact, his appearance tallies so exactly with the descriptions we have heard that we hardly needed all this corroboration. As it is, I am satisfied."

At this moment the door opened, and Vane Trevor was announced.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### TREVOR AND MAUBRAY IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

VANE TREVOR was a remote cousin, and so received as a kinsman; he entered and was greeted smilingly.

"We have secured such a treasure since we saw you, a tutor for my precious Howard; and such a young man—I can't tell you *half* what I think of him." (That, perhaps, was true). "He's so accomplished."

"Accomplished—is he?" said Trevor.

"Well, not perhaps in the common acceptance of the term, that I know of, but I referred particularly to that charming accomplishment of reading aloud with feeling and *point*, you know, so sadly neglected, and yet so conducive to real enjoyment and one's appreciation of good authors, when cultivated. You would hardly believe what a resource it is to us poor solitaries. I am quite in love with Mr. Herbert; and I will answer for Clara there; she is as nearly so as a young lady ought to be."

Playfulness was not Mrs. Kinton Knox's happiest vein. She was tall,

tragic, and ungainly; and her conscious graciousness made one uncomfortable and her smile was intimidating.

"He certainly does read charmingly," threw in Miss Clara.

"We have grown, I fear," continued Mrs. Kinton Knox, "almost too dependent on him for the enjoyment of our evenings; and I sometimes say, quite seriously to my girl there, Clara, I do trust we are not spoiling Mr. Herbert."

"He does not look like a spoiled child—rather sad and seedy, doesn't he?" replied Vane Trevor.

"Tut!—does he?" said Miss Clara.

"You've seen him, then?" supplemented her mother.

"Yes; had that honour as I mounted the steep walk—how charming that walk is—among the fir-trees. But I did not see anything very unusual about him."

"I can only say I like him *extremely*," observed Mrs. Kinton Knox, in a tone which concluded debate.

"And what do you say, Miss Knox?" inquired Vane Trevor, with one of his arch cackles.

"No; young ladies are not to say all they think, like us old people," interposed Mrs. Knox; "but he's a very agreeable young man."

"Is he?" said Vane Trevor, with irrepressible amazement. "That's the first time, by Jove, I ever heard poor Maubray"—and hereupon he stopped, remembering that Maubray's identity was a secret, and he looked, perhaps, a little foolish.

Mrs. Kinton Knox coughed a little, though she was glad to be quite sure that Mr. Wynston Maubray was safe under her roof, and did not want him or Vane Trevor to know that she knew it. She therefore coughed a little grandly, and also looked a little put out. But Miss Clara, with admirable coolness, said quite innocently—

"What of Mr. Maubray? What have you heard of him? do tell us. How is poor Sir Richard? We never saw his son, you know, here; and is the quarrel made up?"

"That's just what I was going to tell you about," said Vane Trevor, scrambling rather clumsily on his legs again after his tumble. "Not the least chance—none in the world—of a reconciliation. And the poor old fellow, in one of his fits of passion, got a fit, by Jove, and old Sprague, at Cambridge, told me one-half his body is perfectly dead, paralytic, you know, and he can't last; so Wynston, you see, is more eligible than ever."

"Poor old man! you ought not to speak with so much levity," said Mrs. Kinton Knox. "I did not hear a word of it—how horrible! And when had poor Sir Richard his paralytic stroke?"

"About a week ago. He knew some people yesterday; but they say he's awfully shaken, and his face all—you know—pulled up on one side, and hanging down at the other; old Sprague says, a horrible object; by Jove, you can't help pitying him, though he was a fearful old screw."

"Melancholy!—and he *was* such a handsome man! Dear me! Is his son like him?" said Mrs. Kinton Knox ruefully.

"Why, not particularly just now.

They say the two sides of his face match pretty well; and his right limbs are about as lively as his left;" and Vane Trevor cackled very agreeably over this sally.

"So I should hope, Mr. Trevor," said the matron of the high nose and dark brows, with a gloomy superiority, "and if there is any objection to answering my question, I should rather not hear it jested upon, especially with so shocking a reference to Sir Richard's calamity—whom I knew, poor man! when he was as strong and as good looking as you are."

"But seriously," said Miss Clara, who saw that her mother had not left herself room to repeat her question, "What is he like? is he light or dark, or tall or short—or what?"

"Well, he's dark at night, you know, when he's put out his candle, and light enough in the daytime, when the sun's shining, and he's decidedly *short* sometimes—in his temper, I mean—he, he, he!—and tall in his talk always," replied Vane Trevor, and he enjoyed a very exhilarating laugh at his witty conceits.

"You used to be capable of a little conversation," said the matron grandly. "You seem to have abandoned yourself to—to—"

"To *chaff*, you were going to say," suggested Vane, waggishly.

"No, certainly not, that's a slang phrase such as is not usual among ladies, nor ever spoken at Kinton," retorted the old lady.

"Well, it is though, whenever I'm here," he replied agreeably. "But I'll really tell you all I can: there's nothing very remarkable in his appearance; he's rather tall, very light; he has light hair, blue eyes, pretty good bat."

"What's that?" demanded the elder lady.

"He handles the willow pretty well, and would treat you to a tolerably straight, well pitched slow underhand."

"I think you intimated that you were about making yourself intelligible?" interposed Mrs. Kinton Knox.

"And don't you understand me?" inquired Vane Trevor of Miss Clara.

"Yes, I think it's cricket, aint it?" she replied.

"Well, you see I was intelligible; yes, cricket, of course," replied Vane.

"I can't say, I'm sure, where Miss Kinton Knox learned those phrases; it certainly was not in this drawing-room," observed her mamma with a gloomy severity.

"Well, I mean he's a tolerably good cricketer, and he reads poetry, and quarrels with his father, and he's just going to step into the poor old fellow's shoes, for, jesting apart, he really is in an awful state from all I can hear."

"Is it thought he may linger long?" inquired Mrs. Kinton Knox; "though indeed, poor man, it is hardly desirable he should, from all you say."

"Anything but desirable; I fancy he's very shaky indeed, not safe for a week—may go any day—that's what Sprague says, and he's awfully anxious his son should come and see him; don't you think he ought?" said Mr. Vane Trevor.

"That depends," said the old lady thoughtfully, for the idea of her bird in the hand flitting suddenly away at old Sprague's whistle, to the bush of uncertainty, was uncomfortable and alarming. "I have always understood that in a case like poor Sir Richard's nothing can be more unwise, and, humanly speaking, more certain to precipitate a fatal catastrophe than a—adopting any step likely to be attended with agitation. Nothing of the kind, at least, ought to be hazarded for at least six weeks or so, I should say, and not even then unless the patient has rallied very decidedly, and in such a state as the miserable man now is, a reconciliation would be a mere delusion. I should certainly say *no* to any such

proposition, and I can't think how Dr. Sprague could contemplate such an experiment in any other light than as a possible *murder*."

At this moment the drawing-room door opened, and William Maubray's pale and sad face appeared at it.

"Howard says you wished to see me?" said he.

"We are very happy, indeed, to see you," replied the old lady graciously.

"Pray come in and join us, Mr. Herbert. Mr. Herbert, allow me to introduce my cousin, Mr. Trevor. You have heard us speak of Mr. Vane Trevor, of Revington?"

"I had the pleasure—I met him on his way here, and we talked—and—and—I know him quite well," said William, blushing, but coming out with his concluding sentence quite stoutly, for before Vane Trevor's sly gaze he would have felt like a trickster if he had not.

But the ladies were determined to suspect nothing, and Mrs. Knox observed—

"We make acquaintance very quickly in the country—a ten minutes' walk together. Mr. Herbert, would you object to poor Howard's having a holiday?—and, pray, join us at lunch, and you really must not leave us now."

"I—oh! very happy—yes—a holiday—certainly," replied he, like a man whose thoughts were a little scattered, and he stood leaning on the back of a chair, and showing, as both ladies agreed, by his absent manner and pale and saddened countenance, that Vane Trevor had been delivering Doctor Sprague's message, desiring his presence at the death-bed of the departing baronet.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### THEY CONVERSE.

"We were discussing a knotty point, Mr. Herbert, when you arrived," said Mrs. Kinton Knox. "I say that nothing can warrant an agitating intrusion upon a sick bed. Mr. Trevor here was mentioning a case—a patient in a most critical state—who had an unhappy quarrel with his son. The old gentleman, a baronet, is now in a most precarious state." Miss Clara stole a glance at William, who was bearing it like a brick. "A paralytic

stroke; and they talked of sending for his son! Was ever such madness heard of? If they want to kill the old man outright, they could not go more direct to their object. I happen to know something of that awful complaint. My darling Clara's grandfather, my beloved father, was taken in that way—a severe paralytic attack, from which he was slowly recovering, and a servant stupidly dropped a china cup containing my dear father's

gruel, and broke it—a kind of thing which always a little excited him—and not being able to articulate distinctly, or in any way adequately to express his irritation, he had, in about twenty minutes after the occurrence, a second seizure, which quite prostrated him, and in fact he never spoke intelligibly after, nor were we ever certain that he recognized one of his immediate family! So trifling are the ways, so mysterious—h-hem!—and apparently inadequate the causes, which of course, under Divine regulation, in paralytic affections, invariably overpower the patient. Now, what I say is this, don't you think a son, in such a case, instead of obtruding himself at the sick man's bedside, ought to wait quietly for a month or two—quietly, I would say, in France or wherever he is, and to allow his father just to rally?"

William had been looking rather drearily on the carpet during this long statement, and I am afraid he had hardly listened to it as closely as he ought, and being appealed to on the subject he did the best he could, and answered—

"It's an awful pity these quarrels."

"He knows something of the case, too," interposed Vane Trevor.

The ladies looked, one upon the flowers in the vase, the other out of the window, in painful expectation of an immediate *éclaircissement*. But William only nodded a little frown at Trevor, to warn him off the dangerous ground he was treading, and he went on—

"The blame is always thrown on the young fellows; it isn't fair." William spoke a little warmly. "It's the fault of the old ones a great deal oftener, they are so dictatorial and unreasonable, and expect you to have no will or conscience, or body or soul, except as they please. They forget that they were young themselves once, and would not have submitted to it; and then they talk of you as a rebel, by Jove! and a—a *parricide* almost, for presuming to have either a thought or a scruple, or"—On a sudden William perceived that, fired with his subject, he was declaiming a little more vehemently than was usual in drawing-rooms, and his inspiration failed him.

"Hear, hear, hear!" cried Trevor,

with a tiny clapping of his hands, and a laugh.

Miss Clara looked all aglow with his eloquence, and her mamma said grandly—

"There's truth, I'm sorry to say, in your remarks. Heaven knows I've suffered from unreasonableness, if ever mortal has. Here we sit in shadow of that great ugly, positively ugly tree there, and *there* it seems it must stand! I daren't remove it;" and Mrs. Kinton Knox lifted her head and her chin, and looked round like a queen shorn of her regalities, and inviting the indignant sympathy of the well affected. "There is, no question of it, a vast deal of unreasonableness and selfishness among the old. We all feel it," and she happened to glance upon Miss Clara, who was smiling a little cynically on the snowy ringlets of her little white dog, Bijou. She continued, fiercely, "And to return to the subject. I should think no son, who did not wish to kill his father, and to have the world believe so, would *think* of such a thing."

"Killing's a serious business," observed Trevor.

"A man killed," observed Mrs. Kinton Knox, "is a man lost to society. His place knows him no more. All his thoughts perish."

"And they're not often any great loss," moralized Trevor.

"Very true!" acquiesced Mrs. Kinton Knox, with alacrity, recollecting how little rational matter her spouse ever contributed to the council-board of Kinton. "Still, I maintain, a son would not like to be supposed to have caused the death of his father. That is, unless my views of human nature are much too favourable. What do *you* think, Mr. Herbert?" and the lady turned her prominent dark eyes, with their whites so curiously veined, encouragingly upon the young man.

"I think if I were that fellow," he replied, and Mrs. Kinton Knox admired his diplomacy, "I should not run the risk."

"Quite right!" approved the lady radiantly.

Trevor looked at his watch and stood up.

"Your trunk and things, gone up to your room, Vane?" inquired Mrs. Kinton Knox.

"I've no trunk; ha, ha! and no things—he, he, he! no, upon my honour. I can't stay, really; I'm awfully sorry; but my plans were all upset, and I'm going back to the station, and must walk at an awful pace too; only half an hour—a very short visit; well, yes, but I could not deny myself—short as it is—and I hope to look in upon you again soon."

"It's very ill-natured, I think," said Miss Clara.

"Very," said Mrs. Kington Knox, yet both ladies were very well pleased

to be relieved of Vane Trevor's agreeable society. He would have been in the way—unutterably *dé trop*. His eye upon their operations would have been disconcerting; he would have been taking the—the tutor long walks, or trying, perhaps, to flirt with Clara, as he did two years ago, and never leaving her to herself. So the regrets and upbraidings with which they followed Vane Trevor, who had unconsciously been helping to mystify them, were a little hypocritical.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE EVENING.

WILLIAM MAUBRAY was bidden to luncheon, and was sad and abstemious of that pleasant refection, and when it was over Mrs. Kington Knox said—

"My dear Clara, it's quite out of the question my going with you to-day, I'm suffering so—that horrid neuralgia."

"Oh! darling! how sorry I am!" exclaimed Miss Clara, with a look of such beautiful pity and affection as must have moved William Maubray if he had the slightest liking for ministering angels. "What can I do for you? You must, you know, try something."

"No, love, no; nature—nature and rest. I shall lie down for a little; but you must have your ride all the same to Coverdale, and I am certain Mr. Herbert will be so kind as to accompany you."

William Maubray would have given a great deal for a solitary ramble; but, of course, he was only too happy, and the happy pair scampered off on their ponies side by side, and two hours after Miss Clara walked into her mamma's room, looking cross and tired, and sat down silently in a chair, before the cheval glass.

"Well, dear?" inquired her mother, inquisitively.

"Nothing, mamma. I hope your head's better!"

"My head? Oh! yes, better, thanks. But—a—how did you like your ride?"

"Very stupid," answered the young lady.

"I suppose you've been in one of your tempers, and never spoke a

word—and you know he's so shy! Will you ever learn, Miss Kington Knox, to command your miserable temper?" exclaimed her mother very grimly, but the young lady only flapped the folds of her skirt lazily with her whip.

"You quite mistake, mamma, I'm not cross; I'm only tired. I'm sorry you did not let him go off to the sick old man. He's plainly pining to go and give him his gruel and his medicine."

"Did he speak of him?" asked the old lady.

"No, nor of anything else; but he's plainly thinking of him, and thinks he has murdered him—at least he looks as if he was going to be hanged, and I don't care if he was," answered Miss Clara.

"You must make allowances, my dear Clara," said she. "You forget that the circumstances are very distressing."

"Very cheerful, I should say. Why, he hates his father, I dare say. Did not you hear the picture he drew of him, and it's all hypocrisy, and I don't believe his father has really anything to do with his moping."

"And what do you suppose is the cause of it?" inquired Mrs. Kington Knox.

"I really can't tell; perhaps he's privately married, or in love with a milliner, perhaps, and *that* has been the cause of this quarrel," she said with an indolent mockery that might be serious, and, at all events, puzzled the elder lady.

"Ho! stuff, my dear child!" ex-

claimed her mother, with an uneasy scorn. "You had better call Brookes and get your habit off. And where did you leave him?"

"At the hall door," replied Miss Clara, as she walked out of the room.

"H'm, stuff!" repeated Mrs. Kinton Knox, still more uneasily, for she knew that Clara had her wits about her. "What on earth can it mean? It's probably just this—Vane Trevor has come here with a foolish long exhortation from Doctor—what's his name?—*Sprague*—and upset the young man a little, and perhaps agitated him. He'll be quite a different person to-morrow."

And so indeed it proved. Whatever his secret feelings, William Maubray was externally a great deal more like himself. In the state which follows such a shock as William had experienced before the monotony of sadness sets in, there is some times an oscillation of spirits from extreme depression to an equally morbid hilarity, the symbol of excitement only. So in a long ride, which William took with the young lady to-day, accompanied by his pupil, who, on his pony, entertained himself by pursuing the sheep on the hill side, Miss Clara found him very agreeable, and also ready at times to philosophize, eloquently and sadly, in the sort of Byronic poetry into which bitter young lovers will break. So the sky was brightening, and William, who suspected nothing of the peculiar interest with which his varying moods were observed, was yet flattered by the gradual but striking improvement of his relations, accepted the interest displayed by the ladies as a feminine indication of compassion and appreciation, and expressed a growing confidence and gratitude, the indirect expressions of which they, perhaps, a little misapprehended.

In the evening Mrs. Kinton Knox called again for the "Lord of Burleigh," not being fertile in resource—Miss Clara turned her chair toward the fire, and with her feet on a box, near the fender, leaned back, with a hand-screen in her fingers, and listened.

"That is what I call poetry!" exclaimed the matron with the decision of a brigadier, and a nod of intimating approbation, toward William, "and so *charmingly* read!"

"I'm afraid Miss Knox must have

grown a little tired of it," suggested William.

"One can never tire of poetry so true to nature," answered Miss Clara.

"She's all romance, that creature," confidentially murmured her mamma, with a compassionating smile.

"What is it?" inquired Miss Clara.

"You're not to hear, but we were saying, weren't we, Mr. Herbert? that she has not a particle of romance in her nature," replied her mamma with her gloomy pleasantry.

"No romance certainly, and I'm afraid no common sense either," replied the young lady naively.

"Do you write poetry?" asked the old lady of William.

"You need not ask him, he could not read as he did, if he did not write," said Miss Clara turning round in an eager glow, which momentary enthusiasm some other feeling overpowered, and she turned away again a little bashfully.

"You *do* write, I see it confessed in your eyes," exclaimed Mrs. Kinton Knox. "He does, Clara, you're right. I really think sometimes she's a—a—fairy."

"Ask him, mamma, to read us some of his verses," pleaded Clara, just a little timidly.

"You really *must*, Mr. Herbert—no, no, I'll hear of no excuses; our sex has its privileges, you know, and where we say *must*, opposition vanishes."

"Really," urged William, "any little attempts of mine are so unworthy"——

"We *must*, and will have them to-morrow evening; *dear* me, how the hours *do* fly. You have no idea, Clara dear, how late it is, quite dreadful. I'm really angry with you, Mr. Herbert, for beguiling us into such late hours."

So the party broke up, and when Mrs. Kinton Knox entered her daughter's room where she was in a dishevelled stage of preparation for bed; she said, her maid being just despatched on a message——

"I really wish, mamma, you'd stop about that Lord of Burleigh; I saw him look quite oddly when you asked for it again to-night, and he must know, unless he's a fool, that you don't care two pence about poetry, and you'll just make him think we know who he is."

"Pooh! nonsense, Clara! don't be ridiculous," said her mother a little awkwardly, for she had a secret sense of Clara's superiority. "I don't want you to teach me what I'm to do, I hope, and who brought him here, pray, and investigated, and, in fact—here's Brookes back again—and you know we are to have his own verses

to-morrow night, so we don't want that, nor any more, if you'd rather not, and you can't possibly be more sick of it than I am."

So on the whole well pleased, the ladies betook themselves to their beds, and Mrs. Kinton Knox lay long awake constructing her clumsy castles in the air.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## VANE TREVOR AT THE GATE OF GILROYD.

NEXT morning at breakfast, as usual, the post-bag brought its store of letters and news, and Mrs. Kinton Knox dispensed its contents in her usual magisterial manner. There were two addressed in Vane Trevor's handwriting. One to the tutor, which the matron recognized, as she sent it round to him, in Howard's hand, the other to herself.

"Pray, no ceremony with us," said the lady of the house, with a gorgeous complacency, "read your letter here, Mr. Herbert, we are all opening ours, you see."

So William Maubray, with an odd little flutter at his heart, opened the letter which he knew would speak of those of whom it agitated him to think.

It was dated from Revington, whither, with a sort of home sickness, new to him, he had returned almost directly after his visit to Kinton.

Vane Trevor had, without intending it, left perhaps on Maubray's mind an impression that a little more had occurred than the progress of the drama could actually show. He had not yet committed himself irrevocably, but he had quite made up his mind to take the decisive step, and only awaited the opportunity.

The day after his arrival he joined the Gilroyd ladies as they left the Rectory, where—for the great law of change and succession is at work continually and everywhere—the Mainwarings were no more, and good old Doctor Wagget was now installed, and beginning to unpack and get his books into their shelves, and he and old Miss Wagget were still nodding, and kissing their hands, and smiling genially on the door-steps on their departing visitors.

Just here Vane Trevor lighted upon

them. How lovely Miss Violet Darkwell looked! Was not that a blush, or only the rosy shadow under her bonnet? "A blush, by Jove!" thought Vane Trevor, and he felt as elated as a few weeks before he would have been had he got a peerage.

So they stopped in a little group on the road under the parsonage trees; and the usual greeting accomplished, the young man accompanied them on their way toward Gilroyd, and said he—

"I looked in the other day, on my way back from Lowton, on my cousins, the Kinton Knoxes, at Kinton, you know, and, by Jove, I met—who do you think?"

"I haven't an idea," replied Miss Darkwell, to whom he had chiefly addressed himself.

"Anne Dowlass, I dare say, my roguish, runaway little girl," suggested Miss Perfect, inquisitively.

"Oh, no! not a girl," answered Trevor.

"Well, it was the Bishop of Shovel-on-Headly," said she, firmly.

"No, by Jove, I don't think you'd guess in half an hour. Upon my honour! He! he! he! Well, what do you think of Maubray?"

"William?" repeated Miss Perfect, faintly, and in a tone such as would indicate sudden pain.

"Yes, by Jove! the very man, upon my honour—as large as life. He's —"

Suddenly, Vane Trevor recollected that he was not to divulge the secret of his being there in the office of tutor.

"Well, he's—*what* is he doing?" urged Aunt Dinah.

"He's—he's staying there; and, upon my honour—you won't tell, I know, but, upon my honour—the old



lady, and he—he—he! the young one are both—I give you my honour—in love with him!"

And Trevor laughed shrilly.

"But, I really aint joking—I'm quite serious, I do assure you. The old woman told me, in so many words almost, that Clara's in love with him—awfully in love, by Jove." Trevor's narrative was told in screams of laughter. "And, you know, she's really, awfully pretty—a stunning girl she was a year or two ago; and—and—you know that kind of thing could not be—both in the same house—and the girl in love with him—and nothing come of it. It's a case, I assure you; and it will be a match, as sure as I'm walking beside you."

"H'm!" ejaculated Aunt Dinah, with a quick little nod and closed lips, looking straight before her.

"How pretty that light is, breaking on the woods; how splendid the colours!" said Miss Darkwell.

"Yes—well! It really is now, jolly!" responded Vane Trevor, and he would have made a pretty little speech on that text; but the presence of Miss Perfect of course put that out of the question.

Miss Perfect was silent during nearly all the rest of the walk; and the conversation remained to the young people, and Vane Trevor was as tenderly outspoken as a lunatic in his case dare be under restraint and observation.

They had reached the poplars, only a stone's throw from the gate of Gilroyd, when Miss Perfect asked abruptly, "How was the young man looking?"

Vane Trevor had just ended a description of old Puttles, the keeper of the "Garter," whom he had seen removed in a *drunken* apoplexy to the hospital yesterday; and Aunt Dinah's question for a moment puzzled him, but he quickly recovered the thread of the by-gone allusion.

"Oh! Maubray? I beg pardon—Maubray was looking very well, I think, a little like a hero in love, of course you know, but very well. He was just going to lunch with the ladies when I left, and looked precious hungry, I can tell you. I don't think you need trouble yourself about Maubray, Miss Perfect, I assure you you needn't, for he's taking very good care of himself, *every way*, by Jove."

"I *don't* trouble myself," said Aunt Dinah rather sternly, interrupting Trevor's agreeable cackle. "He has quite broken with me, as I already informed you—*quite*, and I don't care who knows it. I shall never interfere with him or his concerns more. He shall never enter that gate, or see my face more; that's no great privation of course; but I don't wish his death or destruction, little as he deserves of me, and that's the reason I asked how he looked, and having heard I don't desire to hear more about him, or to mention his name again."

And Miss Perfect stared on Vane Trevor with a grim decision, which the young man was a little puzzled how to receive, and with the gold head of his cane to his lip, looked up at a cloud, with a rueful and rather vacant countenance, intended to express something of a tragic sympathy.

He walked with them to the pretty porch, but Aunt Dinah was still absent and grim, and bid him good-bye, and shook hands at the door, without asking him in; and though he seemed to linger a little, there was nothing for it, but to take his departure rather vexed.

That evening was silent and listless at Gilroyd, and though Miss Perfect left the parlour early, I think there was a *seance*, for as she lay in her bed Violet heard signs of life in the study beneath her, and Miss Perfect was very thoughtful, and old Winnie Dobbs very sleepy, all next day.

It was odd now that Vane Trevor had come to set his heart upon marrying Violet Darkwell; that his confidence in his claims, which he would have thought it simple lunacy to question a few weeks ago, began to waver. He began to think how that gentlemanlike Mr. Sargeant Darkwell, with the bright and thoughtful face, who was no doubt ambitious, would regard the rental and estate of Revington with those onerous charges upon it. How Miss Perfect, with her whims and fancies, and positive temper, might view the whole thing; and, lastly, whether he was quite so certain of the young lady's "inclinations," as the old novels have it, as he felt a little time before; and so he lay awake in an agitation of modesty, quite new to him.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VANE TREVOR WALKS DOWN TO SEE MISS VIOLET.

LOOKING at himself in his glass next morning, Vane Trevor pronounced the *coup d'œil* "awfully seedy. This sort of thing, by Jove, it will never do, it would wear out any fellow; where's the good in putting off? there's no screw loose, there's nothing against me; I hope I stand pretty well here—hang it—I'll walk down to-day," and he looked over the slopes to sunny Gilroyd, "and if a good opportunity turns up, I'll speak to Miss Darkwell."

And though he had taken care, in secret mercy to his nerves, to state his resolve hypothetically, his heart made two or three strange throbs and experienced a kind of sinking, like that said to follow on the eve of battle, an order to prepare for action.

Accordingly, before twelve o'clock Vane Trevor walked into the porch of Gilroyd, and rang the bell beside the open door, and stood with the gold head of his cane to his chin, looking on the woodlands toward Revington, and feeling as he might have felt in an ominous dream.

"Miss Perfect at home?" he inquired of the maid, with a haggard simper.

"She was in the drawing-room," into which room, forgetting the preliminary of announcement, he pushed his way. She was not there, but he heard her talking to Winnie Dobbs in the gallery.

"Just passing by; afraid I'm very troublesome, but I could not resist," pleaded Vane Trevor, as he glanced over Miss Perfect's gray silk shoulder, and somewhat old-fashioned collar, toward the door, expecting, perhaps, another apparition.

"I'm very glad you've come, Mr. Trevor. Shall we sit down, for I—I want to ask you to satisfy me upon a point."

This was a day of agitations for Trevor, and his heart made an odd little dance, and a sudden drop, and though he smiled, he felt his cheek grow a little pale.

"By Jove!" thought Trevor, as he placed himself near Aunt Dinah, "she'll save me a lot of trouble, and open the subject all in a sentence."

He was leaning against the window case, and the damask curtains, though somewhat the worse of the sun, made a gorgeous drapery about him, as with folded arms, and trying to look perfectly serene, he looked down on Miss Perfect's face. The lady seemed to have some little difficulty about speaking, and cleared her voice, and looked out of the window for help, and all the time the young man felt very odd. At last she said—

"I had made up my mind not to allude to the subject, but I—I—last night, in fact, something occurred which has induced me just to ask a question or two." Aunt Dinah paused; and with rather pale lips, Vane Trevor smiled an assurance that he would be too happy to answer any question which Miss Perfect might please to ask.

Again a little silence—again the odd sensation in Vane's heart, and the same sickening sense of suspense, and he felt he could not stand it much longer.

"I—I said I would not allude again to William Maubray, but I—I have altered that resolution. I mean, however, to ask but a question or two."

"Oh?" was all that Trevor uttered, but he felt that he could have wished the old woman and William Maubray in a sack at the bottom of his best pond at Revington.

"I—I wish to know, the Kinton Knoxes, aren't they a leading people rather, in their part of the world?"

"Oh, dear, yes. Kinton is one of the best places in the country," ejaculated Trevor, who being a kinsman, bore a handsome testimony.

"And—and—the young lady, Miss Clara Knox, she, I suppose, is—is admired?"

"So she is, by Jove—I know, I admired her awfully—so admired that the fellows won't let one another marry her, by Jove!—he, he, he! Very fine girl, though, and I believe her father, or rather her mother, will give her a lot of money."

Miss Perfect looked on the table, not pleased, very thoughtfully, and Vane Trevor looked down at her shortened countenance listlessly.

"And—and you spoke, you remember, of an idea that—that in fact it would end in a *marriage*," resumed Miss Perfect.

"Did I really say? well, but you won't mention what *I* say, I, upon my honour, and quite seriously, I should not wonder a bit. It is not altogether what she said, you know, Mrs. Kington Knox, I mean, though that was as strong as you could well imagine—but her manner; I know her perfectly, and when she wishes you to understand a thing; and I assure you that's what she wished me to suppose—and I really, I can't understand it; it seems to me perfectly incomprehensible, like a sort of infatuation, for she's one of the sharpest women alive, Mrs. Kington Knox; but, by Jove, both she and Clara, they seem to have quite lost their heads about Maubray. I never heard anything like it, upon my honour."

And Trevor, who had by this time quite shaken off the chill of his suspense, laughed very hilariously, till Aunt Dinah said, with some displeasure—

"For the life of me, I can't see anything ridiculous in it. William Maubray is better connected than they, and he's the handsomest young man I ever beheld in my life; and if she has money enough of her own, for *both*, I can't see what objection or difficulty there can be."

"Oh! certainly—certainly not on those grounds; only what amused me was, there's a disparity; you know—she's, by Jove! She *is*—she's five years elder, and that's something."

"And—and if it is to be, how *soon* do you suppose it likely?" asked Miss Perfect, fixing her eyes anxiously on him.

"Well, you know I know no more than the man in the moon; but if they really mean it, I don't see what's to delay it," answered Trevor.

"Because—because"—hesitated Aunt Dinah, "I have reason to know that if that unfortunate young man—not that *I* have any reason to care more than any one else, should marry

before the lapse of five years, he will be utterly ruined, and undone by so doing."

Vane Trevor stood expecting an astounding revelation, but Aunt Dinah proceeded—

"And therefore as *you* are his friend—of course it's nothing to me—I thought you might as well hear it, and if you chose to take that trouble, let him know," said Miss Perfect.

He looked a little hard at Miss Perfect, and she as steadily on him.

"I will, certainly—that is, if *you* think I *ought*. But—but I hope it won't get me into a scrape with the people there."

"I *do* think you ought," said Miss Perfect.

"I—I suppose *he'll* understand the reasons?" suggested Vane Trevor, half interrogatively.

"If you say—I *think*, if you say—that I said I had *reason to know*,"—and Aunt Dinah paused.

Vane Trevor, looking a little amazed, repeated—

"I'm to say, you said you had reason to know?"

"*Yes*, and—and—I *think* he'll understand—and if he should not, you may say—a—*yes*, you *may*, it has reached me through Henbane."

"I beg pardon—through *what*?" said Vane Trevor, inclining his ear.

"Henbane," said Miss Perfect very sharply.

"Henbane?"

"*Yes*."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Trevor.

A considerable silence ensued, during which a variety of uncomfortable misgivings respecting the state of Miss Perfect's mind floated through his own. He concluded, however, that there was some language of symbols established between Miss Perfect and her nephew, in which Henbane stood for some refractory trustee, or rich old uncle.

So he said, more like himself—

"Well, I shan't forget. I'll take care to let him know, and you may depend upon me."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## VANE TREVOR OPENS HIS MIND.

AFTER a silence, Mr. Vane Trevor, whose thoughts were not quite abandoned to Henbane and his friend William Maubray, but had begun to flow in a more selfish channel, said—  
 “Miss Darkwell, I suppose, in the garden?”

“Violet’s gone for a few days to our friends, the Mainwarings, at their new Rectory; they seem to like it extremely.”

“Oh, *do* they?” That’s delightful,” said Trevor, who looked very dismal. “And so Miss Darkwell is there.”

Miss Perfect nodded.

“I’m—I’m very unlucky. I—I thought such a fine day, I—I might have induced you both to—to—there’s such a pretty drive to Wilton.”

“Yes—I know—I’m sure she’d have liked it of all things.”

“Do you *really* think so?” exclaimed the young man, inquiringly. “I wish—I wish very much I could—I could flatter myself.”

Aunt Dinah looked up, and at him earnestly but kindly, and said nothing, and so looked down again. There was encouragement in that look, and Trevor waxed eloquent.

“I—I wish I could—I wish I dare—I—I think her so beautiful. I—I can’t express all I think, and I—there’s nothing I would not do to make her friends approve—a—a—in fact I should be so much obliged if I thought you would wish me well, and be my friend—and—and—”

And Vane Trevor, for want of anything distinct to add to all this, came to a pause—

And Miss Perfect, with a very honest surprise in her face, said—

“Am I to understand, Mr. Vane Trevor?”

And with those magical words the floodgates of his eloquence were opened once more.

“Yes, I do. I do indeed. I mean to—to propose for Miss Darkwell, if—if I was sure that her friends liked the idea, and that I could think she really liked me. I—I came to-day with the intention of speaking to her.”

He was now standing erect, no

longer leaning against the window shutter, and holding his walking-cane very hard in both hands, and impressing Miss Perfect with a conviction of his being thoroughly in earnest.

“I—I tell you frankly, Mr. Trevor,” said Aunt Dinah, a little flushed with a sympathetic excitement, and evidently much pleased, “I did not expect this. I—I had fancied that you were not a likely person to marry, and to say truth, I sometimes doubted whether I ought to have allowed your visits here so frequently, at least as you have made them for the last few weeks. Of course I can see nothing that is not desirable, in fact highly advantageous in the proposal you make. Am I at liberty to write to Sergeant Darkwell on the subject?”  
 “Oh! certainly—exactly what I should wish.”

“I’m very sure he will see it in the same light that I do. We all know the Trevors of Revington, the position they have always held; and though I detest the line they took in the great civil war, and think your poor father had no business helping to introduce machinery into this part of the world as he did, and I always said so, I yet can see the many amiable qualities of his son, and I have no doubt that you would make a kind and affectionate husband. I must, however, tell you candidly, that I have never spoken of you to Violet Darkwell as a—in fact, in any other light than that of an acquaintance, and I cannot throw any light upon her feelings. You can ascertain them best for yourself. My belief is, that a girl should be left quite free to accept or decline in such a case, and I know that her father thinks exactly as I do.”

“I—I may write to Miss Darkwell, do you think? I suppose I had better?”

“No,” said Miss Perfect, with decision; “were I you I should much prefer speaking. Depend upon it, there’s more to be *done* by speaking. But as you are acquainted with her father, don’t you think you might write to him. Violet may return in

three days, but will not, I think, quite so soon; and meanwhile you will have heard from him."

"I think so. I'll do it, certainly; and I—I feel that you're my friend, Miss Perfect," and he took her hand, and she took his very kindly.

"I've said my say, I *highly* approve, and I'm quite certain her father will also; he agrees with me on most points; he's a very superior man."

Vane Trevor, there and then, with Aunt Dinah's concurrence, wrote his letter to Mr. Sergeant Darkwell; and then he walked with Aunt Dinah in the garden, talking incessantly of Violet, and it must be added very much pleased with Miss Perfect's evident satisfaction and elation; and he remained to dinner, a situation which two months ago would have appeared the most ludicrous and dismal in nature, and he gabbled of his lady love, asking questions and starting plans of all sorts. And time flew so in this *tête-à-tête*, that they were surprised by the entrance of the household with the Bible and Prayer-book; and Mr. Vane Trevor, though not a particularly sober-minded youth, could not avoid accepting the role of the absent William Maubray, and officiated, much to the edification of the maids, in whose eyes the owner of Revington was a very high personage indeed; and "the chapter" for that evening delighted and overawed them, and they could hardly believe their eyes that the great squire of Revington

was pent up with them in that small drawing-room, and kneeling and saying "amen," and repeating the Lord's Prayer after Miss Perfect, "as mild and humble" as one of themselves.

When he got home to Revington, not being able to tranquillize his mind, he vented his excitement upon the two letters which I have mentioned as having reached the family of Kinton, at the breakfast table.

"Read that, Clara, my dear," said Mrs. Kinton Knox, with a funereal nod and in a cautious undertone.

Miss Clara read the letter, and when she came to the passage which related that poor old Sir Richard Maubray had had a second and much severer paralytic stroke, and was now *in articulo*, she raised her eyes for a moment to her mother's, and both for a moment looked with a solemn shrewdness into the others. Miss Clara dropt hers again to the letter, and then stole a momentary glance at William, who looked as if he were very ill.

As a man who receives a letter announcing that judgment is marked, and bailiffs on his track, will hide away the awful crumpled note in his pocket, and try to beguile his friends by a pallid smile, and a vague and incoherent attempt to join in the conversation, so William strove to seem quite unconcerned, and the more he tried the more conscious was he of his failure.

## CHAPTER XL.

### MRS. KINTON KNOX PROPOSES A WALK WITH WILLIAM.

In fact William Maubray had received a conceited and exulting letter from Trevor, written in the expansion of his triumph once more as the Lord of Revington, the representative of the historic Trevors, the man of traditions and *prestige*, before whom the world bowed down and displayed its treasures, and who, being restored to reason and self-estimation by his conversation with Miss Perfect, knew well what a prize he was—what a sacrifice he was making, and yet bore and gave away all with a splendid magnanimity.

So as he says, "it is all virtually settled. I have talked fully with

Miss Perfect, a very intelligent and superior woman, who looks upon the situation just as I could wish; and I have written announcing my intentions to her father, and under such auspices, and with the evidence I hope I have, of not being quite indifferent where I most wished to please, I almost venture to ask for your congratulations," &c.

"He is quite right—it is all over—she likes him—I saw that long ago—I fancied she would have been a little harder to please; they fall in love with any fellow that's tall, and pink, and white, and dresses absurdly, and talks like a fool, pro-

vided he has money—money—d—— money!" Such were the mutterings of William Maubray, as he leaned dismally on the window of the school-room, and looked out upon the sear and thinning foliage of the late autumn.

"This is very important—this about unfortunate Sir Richard; his son will succeed immediately; but he seems a good deal, indeed very much agitated, however, its a—a great point in his favour *otherwise*." So said Mrs. Kinton Knox to her daughter, so soon as being alone together they could safely talk over the missives of the breakfast table.

"I rather think he has been summoned to—to the dying man, and he'll go—he *must*—and we shall never see more of him," said Miss Clara, with superb indifference.

"Yes, of course, it *may* have been, I was going to say so," said her mother, who, however, had not seen that view. "I'll make him come out and walk up and down the terrace with me a little, poor young man."

"You'll do him no good by that," said the young lady, with a sneer.

"We'll see that, Miss Kinton Knox; at all events it will do no good sitting here, and sneering into the fire; please sit a little away and raise the hand-screen, unless you really *wish* to ruin your complexion."

"It can't be of the least importance to any one whether I do or not, certainly not to *me*," said the young lady, who, however, took her advice peevishly.

"You are one of those conceited young persons; pray allow me to speak, I'm your mother, and have a right I hope to speak in *this house*—who fancy that no one can see anything but *they*—I'm not disposed to flatter you—I never *did* flatter you, but I think the young man (her voice was lowered here) *likes* you—I *do*. I'm *sure* he does. It can't possibly be for *my* sake that he likes coming every evening to read all that stuff for us. You make no allowance for the position he is in, his father dying, in the very crisis of a painful domestic quarrel, it must be most uncomfortable; and then he's here in a position which precludes his uttering any sentiments except such as should be found on the lips of a resident

teacher. I've frequently observed him on the point of speaking in his real character, and chilled in a moment by the recollection of the apparent distance between us; but I think I know something of countenance, and tones, and those indications of feeling, which are more and more significant than words."

Miss Clara made no sign by look, word, or motion; and after a little pause her mamma went on sturdily.

"Yes, I ought, at my time of life, and having been I may say a good deal admired in my day, and *married*, not quite as I *might* have been perhaps, but—but still pretty *well*. I ought to know something more of such matters than my *daughter*, I think, and I can't be mistaken. I don't say *passion*, I say a *liking*—a *fancy*, and that there is I'll stake my life. If you only take the trouble to think you'll see. I hold it quite impossible that a young man should be as he is alone for several weeks in a country-house with a person, I will say, of your advantages and—attractiveness without some such feeling, *im—possible*."

Miss Kinton Knox looked indolently on her fair image in the mirror at the further end of the room.

"In those rides he and Howard have taken with you, I venture to say he has said things which I should have understood, had I been by."

"I told you he never said anything—anything particular—anything he might not have said to any one else," said the young lady, wearily. "He is evidently very shy, I allow."

"*Very! extremely* shy," acquiesced her mamma, eagerly; "and when all these things are considered, I don't think in the time you could possibly have expected more."

"I never expected anything," said Miss Clara, with another weary sneer.

"Didn't you? then I *did*," answered the matron.

Miss Clara simply yawned.

"You are in one of your unfortunate tempers. Don't you think, Miss Kinton Knox, even on the supposition that he is about leaving our house, that you may as well command your—your spirit of opposition and—ill temper, which has uniformly defeated every endeavour of

mine to—to be of use to you, and here you are at eight-and-twenty." The young lady looked round alarmed, but there was no listener, "and you seem to have *learned nothing*."

"I'll write all round the country, and tell the people I'm eight-and-twenty or thirty, for anything I know, if you have no objection. I don't see any harm it can do, telling truth perhaps mayn't do one much good; but if I've learned nothing else, I've learned this at all events, that there's absolutely no good in the other course."

"I don't know what you mean by *courses*. No one I hope has been committing any fraud in this house. If you please to tell people you are thirty, which is perfectly contrary to fact, you must only take the consequences. Your miserable temper,

Clara, has been the ruin of you, and when I'm in my grave you'll repent it."

So saying she left the room, and coming down in a few minutes in a black velvet garment, trimmed with ermine, and with a muff of the same judicial fur, she repaired to the school-room, where, much to William's relief, she graciously begged a holiday for Howard, and then asked William, with, at the end of her invitation, a great smile, which plainly said, "I know you can hardly believe your ears, but it's true notwithstanding," to lend an old woman his arm in a walk up and down the terrace.

William was of course at her service, though the honour was one which at that moment he could have dispensed with.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW THEY TALKED.

AFTER a few turns, and some little talk, Mrs. Kinton Knox said:—

"I'm afraid, Mr. Herbert, like most of us, young as you are, you have your troubles. You will excuse an old woman, old enough to be your mother, and who likes you, who really feels a very deep interest in you, for saying so. I wish—I wish, in fact, there was a little more confidence, but all in good time. I said you were—you were—it's perhaps impertinent of me to say I observed it, but my motive is not curiosity, nor, you will believe, unkind. I did see you were distressed this morning by the letter that reached you. I trust there was no illness, nor"—

"No, nothing—that is, which I had not—which was not," he replied. "Nothing very unexpected."

"For if there was any necessity, any *wish* to leave Kinton for a little, I should offer my poor services as a substitute with your pupil, if you would trust him to me."

Although her graciousness was oppressive and her playfulness awful, there were welcome signs of sympathy in this speech, and William Maubray greeted them with something like confidence, and, said he:—

"It's awfully kind of you, Mrs. Kinton Knox, to think about me. I—I don't know exactly what to say,

except that I am very grateful, and—and it's quite true, I've had a great deal of vexation and suffering—a kind of quarrel—a very bad quarrel, indeed, at home, as I call it, and—and some other things."

"Other things!—no doubt. There is one trouble to which the young are exposed, and from which old people are quite exempt. The course of true love, you know, as our great moralist says, never did run smooth."

Her prominent eyes were fixed with an awful archness upon Maubray, and conscious as he was, he blushed and paled under her gaze, and was dumb.

"My maxim in all such cases is, *never despair*. When a young man is endowed, like you, with good looks, and a—a refinement. You see I'm talking to you almost as I would to a son, that darling boy of mine is such a link, and one grows so soon to know a *guest*, and those delightful evenings, and I think—I think, Mr. Herbert, I can see a little with my old eyes, and I've divined your secret."

"I may—that is, I think it may have been—a *fancy*, just. I don't know," said William, very much put out.

"But I know. You may be perfectly certain you *are* in love, if you

ain't quite certain that you are *not*. Trust an old woman who has seen something of life—that is, of human nature,” insisted Mrs. Kinton Knox.

“I—I don't know. I did not know it myself until, I think, within the last few days. I dare say I'm a great fool. I'm sure I am, in fact, and I ought not to have allowed—but I really did not know.”

He suspected that Trevor had told all he knew of his story, and that the women, with the sagacity of their sex, had divined the rest.

“You see, Mr. Herbert, I have not guessed amiss. When I see a young person very much dejected and *distrait*, I at once suspect a *romance*; and now let me say a word of a—*comfort*, derived from observation. As I said before—I've known such things happen—*never despair*. There is a spark of romance in our sex as well as in yours. I think I *may* be of use to you. I dare say things are not quite so desperate as they appear. But do trust me—do be frank.”

“I will. I'll tell you everything. I—I don't know where to begin. But I'm so much obliged. I've no one to speak to, and—”

At this moment the “darling boy” Howard bounced from behind a thick shrub, with a shriek which was echoed by his fond mother, who, if anything so dignified could jump, *did* jump, and even William's manly heart made an uncomfortable bounce in his breast. At the same time Master Howard Seymour turned his ankle, and tumbled with a second horrid roar on the walk, from which his mother and his instructor lifted him, not much hurt, but bellowing in a fury, and requiring to be conducted for comfort to the house.

“I shall call upon you again, Mr. Herbert, when my poor darling is better, and we can—there, there! my rosebud,” began Mrs. Kinton Knox, distracted between her curiosity and her compassion.

“Shall I take him on my back? Get up. May he?” And so, with the lady's approval, he took the urchin, who was hoping round them in circles with hideous uproar, in his arms, and bore him away beside his anxious parent towards the house, where, having ministered to the sufferer, Mrs. Kinton Knox looked into the drawing-room, and found Miss Clara seated

by the fire, with her slender feet as usual, on a boss, reading her novel.

Mrs. Kinton Knox, stooping over her, kissed her, and Miss Clara, knowing that the unusual caress indicated something extraordinary, looked up with a dreary curiosity into her mother's face. When they were *tete-a-tete*, these ladies did not trouble one another much with smiles or caresses. Still her mother was smiling with a mysterious triumph, and nodded encouragingly upon her.

“Well?” asked Miss Clara.

“I think you'll find that *I* was right, and that somebody will ask you a question before long,” answered her mother, with an oracular smile.

Miss Clara certainly did look a little interested at this intimation, and sat up with comparative energy, looking rather earnestly into her mother's prominent, hard brown eyes.

“He's been talking very, I may say, frankly to me, and although we were interrupted by a—an accident, yet there was no mistaking him. At least that's *my* opinion.”

And Mrs. Kinton Knox sat down, and with her imposing coiffure nodding over her daughter's ear, recounted, with perhaps some little colouring, her interesting conversation with William Maubray. While this conference was proceeding, the door opened, and Mr. Kinton Knox, his gloves, white hat, and stick in his hand, walked in.

It was one of Mrs. Kinton Knox's unpublished theories that her husband's presence in the drawing-room was a trespass, as clearly as that of a cow among the flower-beds under the windows.

As that portly figure in the gray woollen suit and white waistcoat entered mildly, the matron sat erect, and eyed him with a gaze of astonishment, which, however, was quite lost upon him, as he had not his spectacles on.

“I hope, Mr. Kinton Knox, your shoes are not covered with mud?—unless you are prepared to buy another carpet,” she said, glancing at the clumsy articles in question.

“Oh, dear! no—I haven't been out—just going, but I want you and Clara to look over there,” and he pointed with his stick, at which Mrs. Kinton Knox winced with the ejaculation, “the China!”



"You see those three trees," he continued, approaching the window with his stick extended.

"Yes, you *needn't* go on, *perfectly*," she answered.

"Well, the one to the right, is in fact, I think it's an ugly tree; I've been for a long time considering it. You see it there, Clara, on the rising ground, near the paling?"

She did.

"Well, I'm thinking of taking him down; what do you say?"

"Do lower your stick, Mr. Kinton Knox, *pray*, we can see perfectly without *breaking* anything," expostulated his wife.

"Well, what do you say?" he repeated, pointing with his hand instead.

"Do you want my opinion as to what trees should come down?" said Mrs. Knox, with admirable perseverance, "I shall be happy to give it with respect to *all*—as to that particular tree it is so far away, I really don't think the question worth debating."

"Take it down, papa," said Miss Clara, who rather liked her father, and encouraged him when too much put down. "I really think you're always right about trees. I think you've such wonderful taste, I do indeed, and judgment about all those things."

The old man gave her a hearty kiss on the cheek, and smiling ruddily, said—

"Well, I think I ought; I've read something, and *thought* something on the subject, and as *you* don't dissent, my dear, and Clara says it's to come down—down it comes. She's looking very pretty; egad she is—wonderfully pretty, she is to-day."

"Folly!" exclaimed Miss Clara, pleased notwithstanding.

"Other people think her good-looking too, I can tell you," exclaimed her mother, whose thoughts were all in that channel, and who could not forbear saying something on the subject; "I think, even you, Mr. Kinton Knox, will see that I have done my duty by our child, and have been the means under Providence of promoting her happiness."

"And what is it?" said Mr. Kinton Knox, looking solemnly on his daughter.

"I don't know that there is anything at all," replied she quietly.

"Mrs. Kinton Knox beckoned him imperiously, and they drew near the window, while the young lady resumed her novel.

"He's in love with her," she murmured.

"Who, my dear?"

"Mr. Maubray."

"Oh! is he?—*what*, Mr. Maubray," inquired the old gentleman.

"Wynston Maubray—probably Sir Wynston Maubray, at this moment, his father, you know, is dying; if not dead."

"Sir Richard, you mean?"

"Of course, I mean Sir Richard."

"Yes, he is; he wasn't a bad fellow, poor Maubray. But it's a long time—thirty—thirty-eight years—yes—since we were at Oxford."

"And his son's in the house."

"Here?"

"Yes, this house, *here*."

"Very happy to see him, I'm sure, very happy—we'll do all in our power," said Mr. Kinton Knox, very much at sea as to the cause of his arrival.

"You know Mr. Herbert?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's he—Mr. Herbert is Mr. Wynston Maubray. If you were to stare till doomsday it won't change the fact; here he is, and *has* been—and has confessed to me that he likes Clara. He's very modest, almost shy, and without any kind of management on my part; had I stooped to that as other mothers do, she'd have been married, no doubt, long ago—simply placing them under the same roof, perceiving that he was a gentleman; ascertaining *who* he *was*, I left the rest to—to—you see, and the consequence is—as I've told you, and—and *humanly* speaking—she'll be Lady Maubray."

"Oh!" said Mr. Kinton Knox.

"Perhaps you don't like it?"

"Oh! like it?—very well; but—she's very young—there's no great hurry; I—I would not *hurry* her."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinton Knox, turning abruptly away from her husband, one of whose teasing hallucinations was that Clara had hardly emerged from the nursery.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## CONFIDENCES.

MRS. KINTON KNOX, still in walking costume, entered the school-room, intending to invite the pseudo-tutor to continue his walk with her; and with one of her awful smiles she began:

"I've come to claim your promise, Mr. Maubray." The name had escaped her. It reverberated in her ear like a cannon-shot. Hardly less astounded stood our friend William before her. For a full minute she could not think of a presentable fib; and stared at him a great deal flushed; and dropped her huge, goggle eyes upon a "copy book" of Master Howard's, which she raised and inspected with a sudden interest, and having read—

"Experience is the mo"

"Experience is the moth"

"Experience is the moth"

"Experience is the mo"

upon its successive lines, she replaced it firmly, raised her head and said—

"I have addressed you by the name of Maubray, which I've learned, just five minutes since, is your real name; but, should you prefer my employing that of Herbert—my using the other, indeed, was simply an accident; and, perhaps, it *is* better. I shall certainly do so. Your little confidence has interested me unaffectedly—very much, indeed—deeply interested me; the more particularly as Mr. Kinton Knox was once acquainted with a family of your name. Sir Richard Maubray, possibly a relation."

William, who was still a little confused, assented, and the lady, with growing confidence, proceeded:

"You mentioned some unhappy family discord; and it struck me—Mr. Kinton Knox, you know, and I—in fact, we have a good many friends, that possibly some—a—intervention—"

"Oh! thanks; *very* kind of you; but I don't know any one likely to have much influence—except, perhaps, Mr. Wagget; and I was thinking of writing to him, although I hardly know him sufficiently."

"And, may I ask who Mr. Wagget is?" inquired the lady, who had in-

tentions of taking the carriage of the affair.

"The—a clergyman—a very good man, I believe."

"Oh! in attendance at the sick bed?" inquired the matron, with proper awe.

"No—no; not that I know of; but a very old friend of my aunt's."

"I see—I understand—and he and your aunt would unite their influence to reconcile you."

"Oh, my quarrel, as we've been calling it, is with my aunt."

"Oh! oh!—I see, and your father has taken it up?" suggested Mrs. Kinton Knox, promptly.

"My father's dead," said William, with the gravity becoming such an announcement.

"Oh! dear me!—I'm shocked to think I should—I beg your pardon. I ought to have anticipated. You have, I assure you, my deep sympathy—all our sympathies. I do recollect *now* having heard something of his illness; but, dear! oh, dear! *What* a world it is."

William could only bow, with his former seriousness. It was more than twenty years since his excellent father had deceased; and though *he* could not remember, Mrs. Kinton Knox very well might, an event of that date. Still the fervour of her surprise and her sympathy were, considering all things, a little uncalled for.

"The rupture then is with your aunt—dear me! you must have wonderful self-command, admirable—admirable, in so young a person." A brief pause followed this oracular speech.

"And your aunt is married?" inquired Mrs. Kinton Knox.

"No, unmarried—in fact an old maid," he replied.

"Oh! yes, quite so. Then she's Miss Maubray?" said the lady.

"No, Miss *Perfect*," said he.

"Miss Perfect, *maternal* aunt, it must be;" and Mrs. Kinton Knox paused, a little perplexed, for she did not recollect that name in that interesting page in the Peerage, which she had looked into more than once. She concluded, however, it must be so, and said, slowly, "I see—I see,"

"And what—you'll do me the justice to believe, it aint curiosity but a higher motive that actuates me—what is the *ground* of this unhappy dispute?"

"She has set her heart on my going into the Church," said William sadly, "and I'm not fit for it."

"*Certainly*," exclaimed Mrs. Kinton Knox, "nothing, begging the old lady's pardon, *could* be more absurd—you're *not* fit of course, nor is it fit for *you*—there is *no* fitness *whatever*. There's the Very Rev. the Earl of Epsom, and the Rev. Sir James St. Leger, and many others I could name. Can anything be more ridiculous? They both have their estates, and—and position to look after; and their ordination vow pledges them to give their entire thoughts to their holy calling. I and Mr. Kinton Knox have had many arguments upon the subject; as you see, I'm quite with you. Mr.—Mr. *Herbert*, you must allow me still to call you by that name—that dear old name. I was going to say"—

William could only acquiesce—a little puzzled at her general exuberance; she seemed, in fact, quite tipsy with good-nature. How little one can judge of character at first sight!

"And, of course, it is not for *me* to say—but your reserve about your name—I suppose *that* is at an end. Since the—the melancholy termination of your hopes and fears—I mean there can hardly be—now that you appreciate me of your domestic loss"—

"It was entirely in deference to my *aunt's* prejudices, that I—Doctor Sprague, in fact," began William.

"I know, an old friend of poor Sir Richard's; but whatever else you do, I suppose we must make up our minds to lose you for a week or so; your absence would be of course remarked upon, in fact, those feelings never survive the grave, and there are sacrifices to decorum. Your friends, and you know there are those here who feel an interest; *no* one could advise your staying away."

"My aunt is not ill?" said William with a sudden and horrible misgiving, for the lady's manner was unmistakably funeral.

"Ill?—I haven't heard. I have not the honour of knowing Miss Purity," said Mrs. Kinton Knox.

"*Perfect*," interrupted William—

"thank God! I mean that *she's* not ill."

"I was thinking *not* of your aunt, but of your poor father; there are things to be looked after; you are of age."

"Yes, three and-twenty," said William, with a coolness that under so sudden a bereavement, was admirable.

"Not quite that, *two-and-twenty* last May," said the Student of the Peerage.

William knew *he* was right, but the point, an odd one for Mrs. Kinton Knox to raise—was not worth disputing.

"And, considering the circumstances under which, although you will not admit the—the estrangement, poor Sir Richard Maubray has been taken"—

"Sir Richard! *Is* Sir Richard dead?" exclaimed William.

"Dead! of course he is dead. Why you told me so yourself, this moment."

"*I—I couldn't; I—I didn't know—I—if I said anything like that, it was the merest slip.*"

"He's either dead or alive, sir, I *suppose*; and, whether intentionally or by a *slip*, it is for you to determine; but I'm positive you did tell me that he's *dead*, and if he be so, pray, as between friends, let there be an end of concealments, which can have no object or effect but a few hours' delay in making known a fact which must immediately appear in all the newspapers," expostulated Mrs. Kinton Knox as nearly offended as it was possible to be with so very eligible a young man, so opportunely placed, and in so docile a mood.

"He's *dying*, at all events," she added.

"*That* I know," said William, with that coolness which had before struck Mrs. Kinton Knox, during this interview, as a new filial phenomenon.

"And although we shall miss you, *some* of us *very* much, yet, of course, knowing *all*, we have no claim—no right—only you must pledge me your honour—you really must." She was holding his hand and pressed it impressively between both hers, "that you won't forget your Kinton friends—that so soon as you can, you will return, and give us at least those weeks on which we reckoned."

"It is very kind—it's very good of you. It is very odd, but I had such a wish to go, just for a day or two—only to see Doctor Sprague—and—to consult him about writing to Gilroyd before finally determining on a course of life. I was thinking of—in fact going away and leaving England altogether."

Mrs. Kinton Knox stared, and at last asked—

"Who is Gilroyd?"

"My Aunt's house, a small place, Gilroyd Hall."

"I was merely thinking of your attending poor Sir Richard's obsequies."

"The funeral?—I—I should not like to attend it uninvited," answered William. "I don't know that I should be a welcome guest; in fact I know I should not—young Maubray"—

"Your brother?" enquired the lady, who did not remember any such incumbrance in the record she had consulted.

"No, my cousin."

"Cousin? And what right could a cousin pretend to exclude you from your father's funeral?" exclaimed Mrs. Kinton Knox, unfeignedly amazed.

"I'm speaking of Sir Richard Maubray, my uncle—my father has been a long time dead—when I was a mere child."

"Oh, yes, of course—dead a long time," repeated Mrs. Kinton Knox, slowly, as the horrible bewilderment in which she had been lost began to

clear away. "Oh, yes, your uncle, Sir Richard Maubray; of course—of course that would alter—I—I was speaking of your father—I did not know you had lost him so long ago—it, of course, it's quite another thing, and—a—and—you wish to go to Mrs. Purty?"

"No—a—Perfect—not to go there—not to Gilroyd, only to Cambridge, to see Doctor Sprague."

"Very well—a—very well—I don't see—I shall mention it to Mr. Kinton Knox; have you anything more to say to me. Mr.—Mr.—pray what am I to call you?—Herbert, I suppose?"

"Nothing, but to thank you—you've been so good, so very kind to me."

"I—I make it a rule to be kind to—a—to every body. I *endeavour* to be so—I believe I *have*," said the majestic lady with a dignity indescribably dry. "I shall mention your wish to Mr. Kinton Knox; good evening, Mr.—Mr. Herbert."

It seemed to our friend William, that the lady was very much offended with him; but what he had done to provoke her resentment he could not divine. He reproached himself after the door had closed, for not having asked her; but perhaps an opportunity would offer, or he might make one, he could not bear the idea of having wounded a heart which had shown such friendly leanings toward him.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

MR. KINTON KNOX, with a couple of dogs at his heels, was tranquilly consulting his chief commissioner of woods and forests, when he was summoned from his sylvan discourses by a loud tapping on his study window, within whose frame he saw, like a full-length portrait of Mrs. Siddons, on a sign-board, if such a thing exists, the commanding figure of his wife, who was beckoning him imperiously.

The window at which she stood was in fact a glass door opening upon two steps, to which the peaceable old gentleman of sixty-two wonderingly drew near.

"Come in," she exclaimed, beckon-

ing again grimly, and superadding a fierce nod.

So up went the sash, and the little hatch which simulated a window-sill was pulled open by the old gentleman, who was vexed somewhat at the interruption.

She read this in his honest countenance, and said, as he entered—

"I don't mean to detain you, Mr. Kinton Knox, I shan't keep you more than five minutes away from your timber; but I think, for once, you may give that time to your family. It's becoming a little too much for me, perfectly unaided as I've always been."

"Well, I'm sorry you're annoyed.

Something has happened, I suppose. What do you wish me to do?" said that accommodating gentleman, in the gray tweed and copious white waistcoat.

"I told you, Mr. Kinton Knox, if you remember, when your friend Doctor Sprague, of whose character, recollect, I know nothing, except from your representations—I told you distinctly my impression when that gentleman was persuading you to accept the—the—a—person who's here in the capacity of tutor, under a feigned name. I then stated my conviction that there was danger in disguise. I declared myself unable to assign any creditable reason for such a step. Wiser people, however, thought differently—my scruples were overruled by you and your friend Doctor—Doctor—*what's his name?*"

"Sprague—eh?" said her husband.

"Yes—Sprague. It is not the first time that my warning voice has been disregarded. It does not in this case signify much—fortunately very little; but it is not pleasant to have one's house made a scene of duplicity to please Doctor Sprague, or to convenience some low young puppy."

"I thought you said he was the son of my friend Maubray—Sir Richard, you know?"

"It signifies very little whose son he is; but he's not—I simply conjectured he might, and certainly every thing was artfully, or not I can't say, laid in train to induce that belief on my part; but he's not—I thought it best to clear it up. He says he's some relation—goodness knows; but in point of everything else he's a mere pretender—the—the merest adventurer, and the sooner we part with him the better."

"And what do you wish me to do?" said Mr. Kinton Knox, with some little vehemence.

"I've given you my views," replied the lady.

"Yes, but you like to do every thing yourself, and you always say I'm wrong whatever I say or do," said the old gentleman, sonorously, flushing a little, and prodding the point of his stick on the floor.

"See the young man and dismiss him," said his wife, peremptorily.

"Well, that's easily done, of course.

But what has he done? I—I—there ought to be a *rea-son*."

"The reason is that I'm tired of disguises. We can't go on in that absurd manner. It never was known at Kinton, and I—I"—

Suddenly Mrs. Kinton Knox paused in her sentence, and with a great rustling hurried to the study window, where she began to knock with a vehemence which alarmed her husband for the safety of his panes.

The object of the summons was Miss Clara in that exquisitely becoming black velvet cloak and little bonnet which was so nearly irresistible, all grace, and radiance, and smiling—upon whom? Why, upon that odious tutor to whom she was pointing out some of those flowers which she claimed to have planted and tended with her own fingers.

Her mother beckoned fiercely.

"Assist me, if you please, Mr. Kinton Knox; open this horrid window, no one else can."

So it was opened, and she called rather huskily to Clara to come in.

"I want to say a word to you, please."

And without condescending to perceive William Maubray, who had raised his hat, she said, with an appearance of excitement not of a pleasant kind, and in presence of which somehow the young lady's heart sunk with a sudden misgiving—

"We'll go up, my dear, to my room. I've a word to say,—and—and I think Mr. Kinton Knox, as you ask me what you shall do, you may as well, in this instance, as usual, do *nothing*. I'll write. I'll do it myself. Come, Clara."

So suspending questions until the apartment up stairs was reached, the young lady, in silence and with a very grave face, accompanied her mother.

"Charming day—sweet day—we shall soon have the storms, though—they must come; we had them ten days earlier last year. Will you come with me to the Farm-road plantation, and give me your ideas about what I'm going to do?"

And the old gentleman came down the two steps from the glass door upon the closely-shorn grass, looking a little red, but smiling kindly, for he saw no reason for what his wife

intended, and thought the young man was about to be treated unfairly, and felt a liking for him.

"No; she can't come down again; I know her mother wants her, so you may as well come with me."

So off they set together, and I dare say William liked that ramble better than he would have done the other. The old man was sociable, genial, and modest, and had taken rather late in life, tempted thereto, no doubt, by solitude, to his books, some of which, such as "Captain Lemuel Gulliver's Travels," were enigmatical, and William was able to throw some lights which were new to the elderly student, who conceived a large and honest admiration for his young friend, and would have liked to see a great deal more of him than he was quite sure Mrs. Kinton Knox would allow.

In the course of their walk, William

Maubray observed that he seemed even more than usually kindly, and once or twice talked a little mysteriously of women's caprices, and told him not to mind them; and told him also when he was at Oxford he had got once or twice a little dipt—young fellows always do—and he wanted to know—he was not, of course, to say a word about it—if fifty pounds would be of any use to him—he'd be so happy, and he could pay him any time, in ten years or twenty for that matter, for the old gentleman dimly intended to live on indefinitely.

But William did not need this kindly help, and when his pleasant ramble with the old man and his dogs was over, and he returned to the "school-room," William found a note awaiting him on the table, in the large-hand of Mrs. Kinton Knox.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### BACK TO CAMBRIDGE.

THE letter upon the table was thus:—

— October, — 1860.

Mrs. Kinton Knox understanding from Mr. *Herbert* that he wishes to visit Cambridge upon business, begs to say that she will oppose no difficulty to his departing on to-morrow morning with that view; she begs also to mention that Mr. Kinton Knox will write by an early post to the Rev. Doctor Sprague upon the subject of Mr. Herbert's engagement. A carriage will be at the door at eight o'clock, A.M., to convey Mr. Herbert to the railway station."

"What *have* I done. I've *certainly* offended her—she who wrote all those friendly little notes; I can't think of anything, unless that boy Howard has been telling lies. She'll give me an opportunity of explaining, I *suppose*, and it will all be right; it can't be much."

Glad he was to get away even for two or three days to his old haunts, and to something like his old life. He made his preparations early for his next morning's journey, and sate in the evening with his ingenious pupil, wondering whether a change of mood might not bring him a relenting note on the usual pink paper, inviting him to

visit them in the drawing-room, and debating whether it might not be a wholesome lesson to the capricious old lady to excuse himself, and so impose on her the onus of explanation.

"I say, old fellow, listen. What do you think?" said Master Howard, who had been whistling, and on a sudden, being prompted to speak, poked the point of his pen uncomfortably upon the back of William's hand.

"Stop that, young un. I told you before you're not to do that. What have you got to say? Come."

"I say, I heard mamma say to Clara this afternoon, that you ain't to be trusted; and I told Clara I'd tell you, because she teased me; and mamma said you deceived papa. I heard every word."

"She could not have said that, because I never did anything of the kind," said William, flushing a little.

"Yes, but she did. I heard her, I'd swear; and Clara said, he's a low person. I told her I'd tell you. She did, upon my word—a low person, and I said I'd tell you; and I'll tell you ever so much more."

"Not now, please, nor ever. I don't want to hear that sort of thing, even if it *was* said. I'd rather not, I think, unless it was said to myself."

"And I heard Clara say, let him go about his business. I did, upon my honour."

"I say, young un, this is one of your fibs to vex Miss Knox."

Master Howard began to vociferate.

"Quiet, sir! If your mamma had any complaint to make, she'd make it to me, I suppose; and if you say a word more on the subject, I'll go in and mention the matter to your mamma," said William, growing angry.

"Catch me telling you anything ever again, as long as I live, that's all," said Master Howard, and broke into mutterings; and then whistled a tune as loud as he could, with his hands in his pockets, and his heels on the table. But he did not succeed in disturbing William. Thoughts that are thoroughly unpleasant hold fast like bull-dogs. It is only the pleasant ones that take wing at noise, like a flight of birds.

Away in due time went Master Howard—no sign appeared from the drawing-room—and William Maubray, who in his elevation and his fall had experienced for the second time something of the uncertainty of human affairs, went to his bed, mortified and dismal, and feeling that, go where he would, repulse and insult awaited him.

His early breakfast despatched—William mounted the dog cart, which, in her official letter, Mrs. Kinton Knox had dignified with the title of carriage, and drove at a rapid pace away from Kinton, with a sense of

relief and hope as the distance increased, and a rising confidence that somehow he was to see that abode of formality and caprice no more.

Doctor Sprague was now at Cambridge, and greeted him very kindly. He had not much news to tell. It was true Sir Richard Maubray was actually dead at Gilston, whence the body was to be removed that day to Wyndelston, where in about a week would be the funeral.

"No, William would not go—he was not recognised, it would not do—Sir Wynston, as he now was, would take care to let him know he was not wanted."

So said William in reply to the Doctor's question, and having related his experience of Kinton, Doctor Sprague told him frankly, that although Kinton Knox was a very good fellow, and very kind, though a little weak, you know, that he had always heard his wife was a *particularly* odious woman.

"Well, and what of Miss Perfect; any conciliatory symptoms in that quarter," asked Doctor Sprague.

"Oh, none; she is very inflexible, sir; her dislikes never change."

While they were talking some letters arrived, one of which was actually from Kinton, and in the hand of its mistress.

"Hey? Haw! ha—ha! I protest, Maubray, the lady has cut you—*read*," and he threw the letter across the table to William.

## CHAPTER XLV.

VIOLET DARKWELL AT GILROYD AGAIN.

"MRS. KINTON KNOX" it said, "presents her compliments to the Rev. W. H. Sprague, and as Mr. Kinton Knox is suffering from gout in his hand, which though slight, prevents his writing, she is deputed to apprise him that the gentleman calling himself Mr. Herbert, who has been acting as tutor at Kinton, need not return to complete his engagement. Mr. Kinton Knox desires to remit to him, through your hands, the enclosed cheque, payable to you, and for the full amount of the term he was to have completed. Should the young man feel that under the circumstances,

he can have no right to retain the entire amount, he will be so good as to return that portion of the sum to which he feels himself unentitled. We wish to mention that we part with him not in consequence of any specific fault, so much as from a feeling, upon consideration, that we could no longer tolerate the practice of a concealment at Kinton, the character and nature of which—although we impute nothing—might not consist with our own ideas upon the subject."

"She begins in the third person and ends in the first," said Doctor

Sprague, "otherwise it is a very fine letter. What am I to do about the cheque?"

"I will not touch a farthing," said William.

"Tut, tut; I think you've a right to it all, but if you object, we'll send them back all that represents the unexpired part of your engagement, but I'll have no Quixotism. I'm half sorry, Maubray, we ever thought of tuitions; we must think of some other way. You're quite right in resolving not to vex Miss Perfect more than you can help, I'm clear upon that; but I've been thinking of quite another thing—I have not time now to tell you all." He glanced at his watch. "But you can speak French, and you would have to reside in Paris. I think it would answer you very nicely, and I think you ought to let Miss Perfect know something of your plans, considering all she has done. I'll see you here again in an hour."

And William took his leave.

That evening Miss Violet Darkwell arrived at Gilroyd. She did not think old "grannie" looking well—was it a sadness or a feebleness—there was something unusual in her look that troubled her. *She* thought her Violet looking quite beautiful—*more* so than ever—so perhaps she was. And she asked her all sorts of questions about all sorts of things, and how the Mainwarings had arranged the rooms, for Aunt Dinah had known the house long ago, and whether the paint had ever been taken off that covered the old oak wainscot in the parlour, and ever so many other particulars besides.

And at last she said—

"Great news Mr. Trevor tells me of William." She somehow hardly felt equal that evening to the agitation of opening the Trevor budget to its more interesting recesses. "William Maubray—he's going to marry—to make a great match in some respects—money, beauty—"

"Oh!" said Violet with a smile.

"Yes; a Miss Kinton Knox. He has been residing in the house; an only daughter. *Kinton* is the place."

Something of this Violet had heard before she left Gilroyd, but not all; and Aunt Dinah went on—

"They are connected somehow with Mr. Trevor, whom I've grown to like

extremely, and he saw William there; and from what he told me I look upon it as settled, and so in fact does he."

"It's very cold, isn't it, to-night?" said Miss Violet. "That's all very nice—very well for William Maubray."

"Very well; better, perhaps, than he deserves. Had I been, however, as we used to be, I should have endeavoured to postpone it, to induce the parties to defer it for a little—in fact for five years. I may say, indeed, I should have made a point of it; because I—I happen to *know* that his marrying within that time will be attended with the worst consequences."

There was a silence.

"*Very cold*," repeated Miss Violet, drawing a little nearer to the fire.

"It seems odd, as a mere matter of *respect*—that's all, of course; he should not have written me a single line upon the subject," said Miss Perfect, grimly.

"Well, perhaps not *very* odd," answered Miss Darkwell carelessly, yet somehow, ever so little, sadly. "I'm beginning to think it a worse world than I used to think it, and— and so hard to know any one in it, except dear old grannie."

And up got the girl, and threw her pretty arms round old Aunt Dinah's neck, and kissed her.

"Little Vi, little Vi!" said Aunt Dinah, with a tender tremour in her voice, and she laughed a little.

"I think you are tired, darling. Your long drive," she added.

"I believe I *am*, grannie. Shall I run away to my bed?"

"God bless you, darling!" said grannie, and rang the bell for old Winnie Dobbs, who appeared; and away, with a second good night, they went.

"Well, old Winnie Dobbs, great doings, I hear. Grannie says Mr. William's to be married—a great lady, Miss Kinton Knox, she says—and very pretty—quite a beauty, quite a belle."

She was looking with a faint little smile down upon the trinkets she was laying upon the dressing-table, and she spoke in the tones in which people recall a very far-off remembrance.

"Well, she did tell me so, Miss Vi; and very glad I was, poor fellow;



but very young. I that knows him when he was only the length o' my arm—to think of him now. But very sensible—always was; a good head—wiser than many an older body."

"You've never seen the lady?" said Vi.

"No; but Mr. Trevor's groom was stopping there last summer for a week with Mr. Trevor, you know, and he did not much like the family—that's the old lady—no one has a good word of her; and the young one, Miss Clara—do you like the name Clara, miss?"

"Yes; a pretty name, I think."

"Well, they don't say much about her; only she's very distant like?"

"And *she's* the lady?" asked Violet.

"Ah! *that* she is, miss—the only daughter."

"She's tall?"

"Well, yes; he says she is."

"Taller than I, I dare say?"

"Well, he did not say that; you're a good height you know yourself, miss—a nice figure, yes indeed."

"And what colour is her hair?" asked Vi.

"Light—light hair, he said."

"Yes; he always liked light hair, I think," she said, still with the same faint smile and in the same soft and saddened tones. Vi was arranging

her own rich dark brown tresses at the glass.

"And blue eyes—large—something the colour o' yours, he said, miss; he used to take great notice to her, the groom—everything. She used to go out a ridin'. A hair-pin, miss?"

"No, Winnie, thanks."

"He says she's a fine rider; showy, handsome, that sort, you know."

"And when is it all to be?"

"Well they don't know; but once it's settled, I do suppose it won't be long delayed. Why should it?"

"No why, once it's settled, as you say."

"And is it not well for him, poor fellow, he should have some one to love him, and look after him? What's the good o' life without kindness, both o' them handsome, and young, and loving. What more need they ask?" said old Winnie. "And if they aren't happy, who will?"

"Yes, old Winnie, they will, very happy, I'm sure; and now I'll bid you good night, I'm *so tired*, very tired; it's a long tedious way, and I'm always wishing to come back to you, and dear old grannie, and poor old Gilroyd, where we were all so happy, where I always feel so safe—but I believe we always fancy the old times the pleasantest—when I was a child, I think—Good night, old Winnie."

#### VINES AND WINES.

It will be important to many of our friends engaged in the wine trade, as well as interesting to the public generally, to learn that the Vendemmia or vintage feast has been this year celebrated in Madeira with all the honours and ceremonies which belonged to its observance in the day of the island's greatest prosperity.

The grape, as is well known, is not one of the indigenous fruits of Madeira, having been introduced about three hundred years ago during the governorship of a Portuguese noble named Alvar, of whom mention has been made in a previous chapter.

After the departure of this man from the island, the cultivation of the vine was for a long time neglected,

the people in general meeting with no encouragement; while the poor Hebrews, who knew all that had happened, fled from their homes in fear, and hid themselves in caves and dens, clothed in sackcloth, living on herbs, and mingling tears with their drink.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, however, some nine or ten Jesuits landed at Funchal. These men were not only sages and scholars, but they were men strong in resources from repeated successful trials. No sooner had they touched the brown sands of Madeira with their sandalled feet, and breathed the pure atmosphere, stealing ever with refreshing fragrance from the groves and gardens, than they justly estimated

the amount of wealth which slumbered amongst the everlasting hills of Madeira, like living crystal in a rock, and they resolved at once on effecting important changes in the agriculture of the country.

They found that both soil and climate were particularly suited to the cultivation of the vine, and accordingly they procured cuttings from Candia, Cyprus, and Burgundy, and once more the hills in the neighbourhood of Funchal were clothed with amaranthine vineyards. Adopting the eastern custom, they trained the vines over trellised arches, allowing the rich clusters to droop through the leafy roof, beneath which thousands of delicate flowers lifted up their heads, wooing the sunny gleams which came and went, as the soft wind stirred the broad foliage above.

The rock-ribbed spaces lying between one leaf-woven colonnade and another, were left open, and of course presented wildernesses of flowers and ferns, the latter sending up their tremulous fronds from every crevice and fissure, shading and softening the gorgeous beauty of the scarlet and purple and golden flowers.

While on the subject of ferns, I may as well mention that one of those most difficult to find now in Madeira, is one which for centuries was thought to be indigenous only on the shores of the lovely lakes of Killarney—the *Trichomanes Radicans*. Even in the childhood days of the writer, it grew there in such profusion that tourists were in the habit of carrying it away in corn-sacks. Now, however, its beautiful filmy fronds must be carefully sought for in moist little nooks, and in the crevices of the rocks, or they will escape being discovered.

Having planted numerous vineyards on the hills, the Jesuits next turned their attention to the low grounds, and to the northern coast; but instead of watching, step by step, the progress of their judicious labours, it may be as interesting, and more profitable, to examine into the present appearance and prosperity of the island.

Comparing it with the years previous to 1852, before the sudden and fearful blight "*Oidium Tuckeri*" had destroyed its thousands of vines, the balance is against it; but comparing the current year with any other dur-

ing the past twelve, and the scale preponderates in its favour. The vines are recovering, and in all directions men are planting new vineyards.

The vines blossom in May and June, and frequently of late years, when they appeared most fresh and healthy, then, like a plague breath, came the blight, and they died off hopelessly. The disease first attacks the leaves, which, from a beautiful green, turn brown in a few hours; a clammy, whitish substance then appears, and they shrivel and roll up, never more to spread their fragrant surface to the skies.

This effect is attributed by some to an aphid; others say the stocks are worn out, and, like last year's nests, are fit for nothing. The chief remedy used is sulphur, and it is no uncommon circumstance to see two or three barrels of this powerful disinfectant dragged on sledges to a vineyard, to be sprinkled over the fruited plants, thus saving the grapes, but in a great degree destroying the flavour of the wine.

There were at one time between thirty and forty kinds of grape used in making the wines; now the island does not produce such a variety. The best grape for the wine known as "*Madeira*," is a small kind, of a reddish-brown colour, called "*Verdeilho*." Its flavour is rich, and the skin remarkably thick. The clusters are small, each grape being no larger than a good black currant.

The *Vinta Tinta*, or coloured wine, sometimes called "*Madeira Claret*," and "*Madeira Burgundy*," is made of various kinds of purple grape. To heighten the colour, the juice, when expressed, is poured into a vat, into which the skins have been thrown, and allowed to stand until it has acquired the desired hue. Its flavour somewhat resembles that of *Claret*.

"*Malmsey*," or "*Ladies' wine*," is manufactured from the *Malvazia Candida*, which grows in no other situation in the world better than in front of the cliffs beyond *Cabo Jiraõ*, or *Cape Turn Again*. Down almost to the water's edge the vine is cultivated, covering the very sands with verdure and beauty and fragrance, while from the heights come rills of limpid water, carried by means of conduits, to cool and nourish the shingly soil. There is a magnificent

view of this headland from the new road, which runs along the south-western coast for about three miles. If looked upon at sunset it will never be forgotten; when its lofty summits are gleaming with golden splendour—when the ravines, touched by the departing rays, have grown luminous to their most inaccessible depths—when the vineyards are glowing with the rainbow-hues of the dewy hour, and the two rivers, Socorridos and Vasio Gil (which, taking their rise high up in the Curral, unite near the base under the name of the “Curral River,”) flow like a stream of molten silver into the sea.

The sweet dry Sercial, the delicate and delicious Bual, and many others, belong peculiarly to the neighbourhood of Funchal. There is one grape, however, which I must not omit to mention, on account of its curious mercantile notoriety. It is a Hock grape, small and sour, grown chiefly in the northern parts of the island, and is so unpalatable that not only the rats and lizards, who lay all other vines under heavy contributions, leave it untouched, but even the “wild bees, humming their drowsy song,” refuse to use it in making their “honey hoards.” The wine made from this grape is all shipped to Hamburg, from whence it is exported to England, and being there mixed with other wines of a somewhat better quality, is sold at a considerable profit under the name of “Hock.”

During the last two years there has been a steady improvement in the vines, so much so, that in every direction new vineyards are being planted. This work is usually done in November, and if a visitor desires to witness the operation, he has but to choose any soft sunny day, when the trees are trembling in the fragrant air—when the deep blue waters of the bay are coming in with a quiet murmur, and the foam is lying at the base of the Pontingua Rock like carded wool—and wandering, without a guide, eastward from Funchal along the sea cliffs, he can hardly fail of seeing husbandmen planting a vineyard.

Imagine a number of graceful rustics, of medium height, athletic, free in their motions, heaving the “euxada,” a kind of light pickaxe, instead of

digging with the spade. They work as if in sport; there is no appearance of lusty labour; they look careless and merry; while the cheering song, and the electric joke which opens every throat at the same instant, keeps each man's heart dancing to its own music.

Having made deep parallel trenches, they next plant cuttings two and a half feet apart, and then, I am sorry I must add, they plant cabbages and batatas, and other vegetables, between the rows of vines; thus effectually depriving them of the necessary amount of moisture and nourishment. Returning in February, you find that the vineyard has been covered with cane trellis-work, presenting a succession of arched corridors about four feet and a half in height, over which the vines are wreathed and intertwined, so that when they are fruited, the clusters shall fall through and receive the benefit of the heat radiating from the earth, as well as that from the sun's rays, coming tempered through the mantle of soft green.

Or it may be that instead of leafy corridors, straight rows of cane have been placed behind the cuttings, which, holding them by their tendrils, encircle and garland them with living beauty. Gathering the fruit is a fatiguing work, and is always performed by the men, and it is also men's feet which press it, when it is thrown into the huge wooden troughs to be crushed. The average produce is a pipe of wine per acre, of which a tenth belongs to the government; one-half of the remainder to the owner of the vineyard; and the residue to the farmer or cultivator.

During the month of September the Vendemmia, or vintage festival, usually occurs; but for ten years—from 1852 to 1862—it was only spoken of as a thing of the past. During that period the cheerful peasantry of Madeira suffered toil and sorrow, distress and want; yet in the end, the Oidium Tuckeri, like the potato famine in Ireland, has proved a benefit, by discovering to the people fresh sources of independence within their reach, and by forcing the government to the expenditure of thousands of pounds in the improvement of their city, their villages, and their public roads.

## THE VINTAGE FEAST.

The Vendemmia may be said to resemble the English harvest-home, though it is far more picturesque, having all the advantages of a sunny sky, splendid scenery, and costumes bright as "blossoms flaunting in the eye of day," and fitting like dresses in a picture.

The sun has hardly streaked the "east with purple light" on the morning of the festival, before the strains of vocal and instrumental music are heard approaching Camacha, a village situated on the Serra, or rather St. Antonio da Serra, from every direction—from the interior of the island, from the well known northern routes, and from the sea, which is dotted with gaily painted boats coming in from the numerous little villages lying along the coast, between Funchal and Canical on the east, and Funchal and Magdalena on the west.

Groups of peasants follow each musician, and for hours the roads leading to the Serra are bright with the picturesque multitude. The dress of the men on these occasions generally consists of white linen "quakes," very much like our modern knickerbockers; buff goat-skin boots, white linen shirts, blue vests ornamented with several small solid gold buttons, and blue carapuças with long gold tassels. The blue cloth with which these latter articles are made is imported from Portugal, generally from the well-known firm of Correa and Company, or it may be from the rival house of Lafourie and Company. The women are, as usual, dressed in bright colours, some wearing native manufactures, but the greater number clad in the gaily striped cotton sent to the Funchal market by the Lisbon Weaving Company; while their lenços are of fancy shot silk from the factories of Joze Barboza, or have come from the celebrated cotton looms of La Luz. Their jewellery has only the fault of being too heavy; their chains are like ropes, their bracelets like golden cables.

Arrived at the Serra the first object of attraction is the Church of St. Antonio. It is a small building, somewhat resembling in its outer structure an English village church,

with a low square tower. The walls are of a brilliant white, bordered with black. On the present occasion a tall flag-staff runs up from the tower, and sustains an enormous crimson banner, on which the arms of Portugal are embroidered in silk, the huge crown only being worked in gold.

Surrounding the church is a square, answering the purposes of the adro of the Mount church, which is crowded with people who cannot obtain an entrance into the edifice, where a high mass is being performed. The Vendemmia, like every other festa celebrated in Madeira, beginning with a religious service.

While the multitude are thus engaged let us look at the scene around us. The Serra is dotted with barracas and tables heaped with provisions, besides each of which stands a little barrel of wine; while from the branches of the oak trees hang quarters of the best beef the island can afford. On the right, in a hollow, we see what looks like a roofless hut, but from the red light glaring up from between its walls, we know that there they are roasting whole the fat ox on which the vine-dressers are to feast in the afternoon. On the left, at a short distance from the church, is the cemetery, surrounded by a low wall. In the centre stands a wooden cross, and thick and close around it lie the mounds of bare red earth, beneath which the dead await the call of the last trumpet. Between this and the church there is a long, low building, having a pretty open verandah running along the front. This is known as the "Pilgrim's house," and is abundantly provided with culinary utensils, and mattresses stuffed with the soft silky hair which grows round the roots of the beautiful rare fern—*dicksonia culcita*. As lodgings are given gratis to all who bring their own provisions, this place is generally over-crowded during the Vendemmia, but chiefly with elderly people, the young preferring to sleep in the tents, or under the trees in the circa or grove, at the opposite extremity of the Serra.

At this season of the year this beautiful bower wears that rich autumn dress, of which

"Every hue  
Is but a varying splendour."

Bright-hued flowers are jewelling the earth under the soft shade of trees, whose tall trunks, from the roots to the topmost branches, are adorned either by the graceful fronds of the *Capillus Veneris* and *Davalia Canariensis*, or that curious lichen familiarly known as "old man's hair," hanging in gray tresses of half a foot in length, and waving loosely about with the faintest breeze.

There are many pleasant walks in the *circa*, but there is one which has a peculiar though melancholy interest for English visitors—it is known as the "hydrangia walk." Between rows of this beautiful shrub, whose branches are drooping beneath the wealth of *innumerable* large blue flowers, you pass on till about half way through, when a slight rising in the centre of the path attracts your attention. You inquire why it has not been levelled, and are told that it is a *grave*. He who sleeps beneath had renounced the religion which the State declares no man must forsake, nor even be suspected of leaving, lest his grave be made in the streets or highways, where his friends and neighbours cannot choose but trample on his dust. About a mile from the Serra, where three ways meet, there is another such grave, and there are many others scattered through the island.

While we are still admiring the singular spectacle presented by the Serra, the bell of the church rings out a merry peal—the service is over, and the multitude is swarming over the plain. It is a novel and picturesque sight, though some of its details are mean and unpleasant. The first rush is to the refreshment tables, and there, in drinking a sort of wine made from pears, oranges, lemons, and grapes, even the honest hearts of the Madeiran

peasants catch an unnatural spark, and shouts, whistling, and fantastic attitudes, such as one sees in the highlands of Scotland and the west of Ireland, accompany the dances, which commence all over the Serra at one o'clock.

In feasting and amusement the day is passed, and also a greater part of the night, when just as the brief, dim half-hour of dawn comes round, the bells clang out a summons to the young maidens to commence the preparation of the morning-meal—a last feast, for the time, of beef and wine and fine bread.

As soon as this is ended the whole multitude join in a dance, called the *cachuca*, though differing altogether from the Spanish dance of the same name. When this is over every woman takes her partner's hat and wreaths it with the beautiful blue flowers of the hydrangia, while the men on receiving them back make the mountains re-echo with their hearty shouts. Presently the Serra assumes a new aspect. Borequerous, who had been all the morning watching for the proper moment, now appear galloping into the Serra from all directions. Madeirans of every rank are graceful and fearless as Arabs on horseback, the borequerous, therefore, soon find customers, but the Lisbon ponies are in the greatest demand; they are well known to be strong, swift, and active, and though the riders will not be permitted to try their speed through the streets of Funchal, there will be many a well-contested race on the new road before the sun sets.

In a gleeesome picturesque procession the multitude enter Funchal, and pass through all the principal streets, loudly cheered at every step, as the harbingers of a promise of a golden future.

## A CHARING-CROSS CIGAR.

HERE, in the square of Trafalgar,  
This gusty day of February,  
I smoke a publisher's cigar,  
And watch the misty shadows vary,  
And see the innumerable pigeons start  
As ring St. Martin's bells for bridal,  
Some trooping to the roofs of art,  
Some soaring toward our naval idol.

Now from the classic portico,  
That noble work of good Sir Christopher,  
Trips the sweet bride, her cheeks aglow—  
Fond fingers touch the ivory wrist of her.  
The foolish fountains sparkle free  
For her, no more a sullen spinster,  
And sudden sunlight cleaves the sea  
Of mist above the western minster.

But lo, the magic of the weed !  
'Tis summer tide and forest lonely,  
And I am far away indeed,  
Sauntering with one sweet creature only,  
Just at the hour when thrush and merle  
Their mellowest throbs of music utter,  
And the young bosom of a girl  
Is fain with love's dim dreams to flutter.

Daintily over delicate moss  
Pass her light feet ; the woods we enter,  
And now the sparkling rivulet cross  
Which bubbles through the forest centre.  
Amid green growth of giant fern  
Love's laughing nymphs in sylvan nooks hide,  
And mock my longings as I yearn  
To clasp her by the haunted brookside.

And lightly as her footsteps fall,  
So lightly too her sweet lips chatter  
Of picnics, archery, county balls,  
And many another girlish matter.  
Yet surely, as the saffron west  
Sheds glory on the woodland cloister,  
Flutters that white-veiled virgin breast—  
Those dim brown eyes with love grow moister.

Ay, let me clasp thee, lady mine !  
And taste thy red mouth's honey-sweetness,  
And feel that timorous heart of thine  
Pant with love's passionate completeness,  
Out goes my weed : the streets are wet :  
Returns the palace of the Percy,  
For which "King" Thwaites and Bazalgette  
And Vullisemy have got no mercy.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

## THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY IN AMERICA AND IN IRELAND.

THE time appears to have come when the story of the Fenian Conspiracy may be written. The Irish Executive are still actively contending with the widespread ramifications of the plot, but the crisis is unquestionably over; and for various reasons it is desirable that a calm and complete estimate should be formed of the nature and extent of the danger from which the country has escaped. It is due to those who have exerted themselves energetically and effectively under discouragements, to repress Fenianism, that the public should know the difficulties they have successfully overcome. For the truth of political history it is requisite that facts should be fully stated, and such accurate information placed on record as considerations of the highest prudence rendered it necessary to withhold heretofore. Not only shall credit be given to those to whom it is due, but the difficulty of dealing with a secret rebellious organization at any future time, whether as a new organization or as a remnant of Fenianism, will be less, if we sound the depths of the Irish-American enterprise, and discover all its conceptions and methods. Nor can we avoid adding that this close examination of the matter has become more necessary in consequence of the necessarily inadequate and misleading impression created by the Press of the character, design, and reach of the project—the Fenian Society being one day ridiculed as the acme of Irish absurdity, and the next spoken of, even by the same writers, as a scheme unparalleled for wickedness, subtilty, and strong purpose. The public, dependent on the usual sources of information, have been puzzled whether to treat it as a pantomime, or an undertaking in plan formidable, and beyond all precedent successful, both in America and Ireland, in the one country in obtaining very large sums of money, and in the other in so expending its resources as not only to ensnare large numbers of the respectable artisan class in towns, but to some degree to corrupt the military. It was not, perhaps, surprising that Irish critics should be found sceptical as to the substantial

reality of any treason-organization in their country. There has been so much agitation verging on sedition in Ireland at all times, occasionally amounting to open menace of arms, that superficially regarded Fenianism might seem but a new phase of the old delusion—a more bombastic form of the familiar denunciations of “England”—Young Irelandism doubly ridiculous, as wanting the talent which gave the green youth of 1848 power over their countrymen—a mere vulgar imitation of the glories of that era of eloquence and patriotic song. Those, however, who knew most of the episode of 1848, and took pains to compare it, first with the Phoenixism of 1859, and next with the Fenianism of 1865, did not feel disposed to dismiss the last form of revolutionary conspiracy with a careless sneer. They discovered features in the American Celtic movement of a more serious description than any of the characteristics of the treason-spurt of Mr. Smith O’Brien. They saw that it had vastly greater resources in money; that the basis of the speculation, the possibility—probability some would have said a year ago—of a war between England and America, was anything but a wild one; that the persons at the head of the movement were experienced popular organizers; and above all, that it differed from former efforts in despising the arts of the demagogue, and inculcating in place of them sterner virtues of self-denial, long preparation, and secret and patient action. It was a business-like rebellion and invasion which Mr. James Stephens had laboured to bring about. No part of his intention was a “rising” merely to frighten the Government out of this or that political or religious concession. He intended a Revolution and nothing less, and under his instructions the St. Patrick Brotherhood cast all ordinary complaints of “grievances” to the winds, and turned up their sleeves to grind pike-lances, to run bullets, to prepare cartridges, and fit arms. We shall show in the sequel how complete and comprehensive was the plan through which this design

was prosecuted; how rapidly the members of the society became experts in the craft of armourers; and what fascination the very secrecy and high danger of the service had for thousands. It is enough to close these introductory remarks by stating, plainly and simply, what we mean to establish by facts that cannot be contested, and some of the most important of them not before known to the public—that Fenianism was the invention of men of uncommon powers, and that when the first blow was struck against it by the seizure of the *Irish People* newspaper in September last, it had obtained an extended hold upon the country, having its emissaries in every principal town; its so-called Centre in many counties; its depots of arms at convenient places; its regular meetings for the drilling of numbers; its well-paid and effective propaganda; its representatives among the non-commissioned officers of the army; its plans laid for seizing several of the largest barracks; its numerous sworn-in men; and its never-empty exchequer. Such an organization had in it nothing to cause alarm for the integrity of the Empire, but might have done an enormous amount of evil, might have led to the shedding of much blood, had it not been grappled with at the right moment when it had assumed its full shape, when its leaders had completely committed themselves, but before their preparations had been brought to a point where it might possibly seem to them that success awaited them in the field.

Before adducing authentic proofs that Fenianism was a conspiracy of great magnitude and boldness of conception, though not without its points of weakness and stupendous folly, we may refer to the course of Irish Celtic agitation subsequent to 1848. For some seven years after that date what was designated Nationalism did not prosper. The old *Nation* had been revived, but it was no longer "racy of the soil." The former poetry had ceased to stir the hearts of the people: they were anxious only to be let alone, to live on quietly as they might. Good reason had they, in all conscience, to believe that agitation could bring them no good. Many had spent half the period of their active lives in Repeal-warden caper-

ings, and roared their voices away in cheers at monster-meetings, and they had made nothing of it all. A more practical spirit began to prevail, and sensible men hailed it with gladness, though some of perverted minds mourned over it. Ireland, exclaimed one of the malcontents, is a corpse on the dissecting-table. But whatever she was, she improved in her trade, and her farmers learned to put by money. The expatriated Celts of 1848, however, had by this time become an element of some consideration in the populations of New York and Melbourne, and never relinquished the idea of returning to "free their native land." With many of their leaders talk of the sort was mere selfish hypocrisy, but those speeches served to keep the old flame burning; and when soon after a check was given to the prosperity of Ireland by several bad seasons, and consequent appeals were made to the Irish abroad for contributions to succour their distressed countrymen at home, the rainy skies and the distemper among cattle being attributed to "English misgovernment," there was easily raised—in California especially—what was called a Cry for Fatherland. It was under the stimulus of that agitation that the bones of Terence Bellew M'Manus were brought to Ireland; and the Government of the day were, all men now see, as some then saw, highly blamable in having allowed a procession through the streets of Dublin, accompanying his remains to the place of re-interment, which was as rebellious an exploit as was ever ventured upon in any country. It was remarkable that the leaders of that procession were a changed sort of Irishmen, persons with the appearance of the desperado, of long, hard, sallow face, peculiar beard, and an air of insult and contempt for others. It was, in fact, an American treason-march through the Irish capital, by the very same class of individuals who subsequently became the prime movers in the Fenian conspiracy.

The Irish-American strangers laid the foundations of Fenianism in Ireland on the day when they buried M'Manus, though the peculiar form of old Irish sedition and New World Republicanism mingled which received that name more lately did



not then pass by a title so imposing. As the M'Manus burial had these effects, it will conduce to a better understanding of the rise of Fenianism if we recall its principal incidents.

#### THE IRISH INTERMENT OF T. B. M'MANUS.

The bringing-home of the body of M'Manus (one of the Young Irelanders of 1848) was spoken of as a funeral of ten thousand miles, in the course of which the children of the scattered Irish nation had met it at every stage, and wetted the pall with their tears. The Roman Catholic clergy of Dublin refused religious rites to the remains, in so far that they would allow none of the city chapels to be used for the purpose of a lying in state; and the coffin was placed by the American-Irish who had accompanied it from the Far West in a mechanic's institute, and lay there until the day of re-interment. The procession to Glasnevin Cemetery was preceded by a brass band playing doleful music in honour of the "martyr's" memory. Ten or twelve thousand men followed, six or eight abreast, wearing green neckties and ribbons, passing through all the leading streets of the city. The body having been placed in a vault contiguous to the spot where O'Connell lies, an oration was delivered by a Roman Catholic clergyman, in which the ceremonial was spoken of, strangely enough, seeing that it was one of sepulture, as the symbol of Ireland's resurrection. A "Captain," a forerunner of James Stephens's captains, from California, spoke also, and as his words must have well represented the Celtism of the American type, they deserve more attention. "Fellow-countrymen," said this member of the "Fenian" deputation, "a few months ago the sacred treasure we have just committed to the hallowed soil of Ireland, lay in a grave thousands of miles away, by the waters of the vast Pacific. We have raised him from that grave, and with feelings that no king has ever won—could ever command—have borne him over a continent and two seas, the greatest space over which the dust of man has ever been carried by the faith, love, and power of his kind. Oh that some voice could have whispered in the dying ear of M'Manus the

prophecy of this unparalleled honour to his ashes!" . . . "Now, with almost half her sons in arms, and all the others creeping in chains, the stricken mother takes her latest martyr to her breast." At the close of this stirring harangue, the speaker came to the point by explaining the motives of the Americans in going to so much trouble with the martyr's bones:—"We would honour the patriot, but at the same time we would know if the assertion is true, that the Irish people have proved false to their history—their destiny—not only to aspire after freedom, but to toil for it, battle for it, suffer for it, till they clasp it to their hearts for ever. We believed that the funeral of M'Manus would test the truth. If the Irish people, we reasoned, fail to know this man, we shall look on them as a doomed race. If, on the other hand, they showed the feeling or the power we would fain believe vital among them, then shall we return to our brothers rejoicing, confident in our country's future, and for ever and in all ways bound to the cause for which M'Manus died. Well, having seen with our own eyes, we are convinced that the Irishmen of to-day are as true as any of their predecessors." The Captain cited proofs of the unchanged patriotism of the Irish race. At the Tipperary Junction railway station, a vast crowd had assembled when the "hallowed dust" arrived. At midnight, a large body of men knelt down and prayed. Every head was uncovered, and not a sound heard, or stir made. Then, the prayer for M'Manus over, the multitude rose, with heads still bared, and remained silent till the train drove away, when they knelt again, and so, as it passed from sight, they prayed on silently. In Dublin, the Captain acknowledged that a scene in every respect similar had occurred when the train arrived. Hundreds were kneeling on the platform as at Cork and Tipperary by some concerted arrangement, and when the corpse lay in the Institute awaiting the Procession-day, tens of thousands visited the place. "Fellow-countrymen," said this Captain N. O. Smyth, of California, "you have accomplished a great as well as a holy work this day, and I congratulate you with all my heart and soul, leaving to the future the

*unveiling of its full significance.* I shall now but call attention to the fact, that from beginning to end it has been the work of the people alone. With the knowledge of your power, this grand result should teach you the great, the essential virtue of self-reliance. You have hitherto proved yourself fully equal to the conduct of your own affairs. Why did you ever doubt your capabilities? You, the strong of heart and arm, are also strong in intellect, in the practical faculties needed to complete your toil. Employ these faculties wisely, without noise or bustle, and with untiring persistence, in the interests of your country, and the day for which your fathers groaned, struggled, fought, and suffered, cannot now be very far off." There were deputies present from Cork, Tipperary, Kilkenney, Callan, Monaghan, Glasgow, and Manchester—all places where Fenianism has since showed itself in strength.

It was manifest at the time that this re-interment and procession were a rebellious parade very defiantly conducted, and it was matter of astonishment that the authorities permitted them to take place. To the charge of dereliction of duty, it was replied that the transaction was contemptible: to pay it attention would have been to gratify its promoters by seeming to acknowledge and to fear their influence. But much could be said, and was said in 1861, on the other side; and the events that have since occurred show conclusively that nothing but mischief can arise in a country like Ireland from tolerating any clear breach of the laws in the shape of a seditious overt act, however unimportant may be the position of the persons by whom the transgression is committed. The Americans went back to their own country with the story that Ireland was as patriotic as in the days of Tone or Emmet, and the Saxon Government so weak that it dared not interfere when the Rebel's dust was being borne in triumph past the walls of Dublin Castle, under the symbolic flag of an Irish Republic. This representation it was which quickened the subscription of moneys for promoting treason, and doubtless that also which laid the foundation of the Fenian Brotherhood of St. Patrick.

JAMES STEPHENS, JOHN O'MAHONY, AND THE  
PHOENIX SOCIETY.

Until 1858, all the sympathy for "suffering Ireland" expended by the Irish in California, in Australia, and in the United States, led to nothing more serious than an occasional riot among the sympathizers themselves when some local strife arose, and the combatants ranged themselves under the Irish designations they had been familiar with as Young Ireland and Old Ireland, or adopted different leaders, Michael Doheny or John Mitchel. In that year the idea of an organization of the Irish scattered throughout the world to bring about an invasion and redemption of their native land was first started—some say by Doheny, others by Stephens and O'Mahony. All these had been concerned in the 1848 rising. Doheny was one of the most vigorous of the orators of the Young Ireland party, and a man of great talent and force of character. He was a native of Cashel, in Tipperary, and visited Ireland again about the time of the *Phoenix fiasco*. Whether he had an actual share in it is not known and matters little. He has since died. That 1858 is the year to which the Fenians refer the commencement of their enterprise was confirmed by Mr. John O'Mahony's Military Council in the address to the Fenians throughout the world, which they published on the 22nd of February, 1866, in New York. In offering proof of the sincerity of Stephens and O'Mahony as their leaders, they said—"The enemy will tell you that the Fenian Brotherhood is aiming only to raise ambitious men to power. Brothers and friends, believe not this. Look at the sufferings, the trials, the steadfast endurance under privations, of James Stephens and John O'Mahony for *the past eight years*." In 1858 the rebellious organization found existing in Kerry had Skibbereen as its centre. It was not formidable, but was likely to spread, and through the evidence of an informer the Government were able to strike it down at an early moment. The plotters were by no means as clever or bold as they became after the experience derived from their mistakes in Kerry had shown them the danger of choosing a rural district for the headquarters

of their conspiracy. At the Spring Assizes of 1859, five prisoners were arraigned on the charge of treason-felony, before Baron Greene and Judge O'Brien, and it is remarkable that their cases were in many respects parallel to those lately tried in Dublin. But the prosecutors being by no means as cautious or as successful in 1859 as those of 1865, the public interests suffered. Addressing the grand jury, Baron Greene described the Phoenix Society to be an association in aid of and by co-operation with foreigners—namely, the people of America, or persons from that country—to make an invasion on Ireland, to sever the country from other parts of the United Kingdom, and to withdraw its allegiance from Her Majesty in order to establish a Republic, either as a distinct state or in connexion with some other power. "Members of the society were bound by oaths to move and stir the citizens of the United States to invade Ireland, and make it an independent Democratic Republic; to take up arms and fight at a moment's warning, and to yield implicit obedience to superiors." The pledge in the latter clause is perfectly identical with that of the Fenian Brotherhood. The Phoenixites had been trained and drilled to the practice of military movements and evolutions, and were indicted as having "conspired to procure large quantities of arms, guns, muskets, pistols, swords, pikes, pike-handles, and pike-heads, and large quantities of ammunition.—gunpowder, bullets, and slugs—with intent to arm themselves and others against the Queen. The prisoners were a national school-master, an apothecary's apprentice, a shopkeeper, his assistant, and a schoolmaster in a workhouse—not a very formidable nucleus for a rebellious plot; and yet for the defence of these persons money was subscribed throughout the island by thousands of sympathizers. The Attorney-General at the time, in opening the prosecution, made reference to James Stephens, who did not openly appear in the movement, but was supposed to have been at the bottom of it. About a year before a person passing commonly as "Shuke," whose real name was none other than Stephens, suddenly appeared

in the county of Kerry. He passed through it, sometimes showing himself at Kenmare, sometimes at Skibbereen, sometimes at Killarney, and enrolled persons in each place. He lamented to say that this man had escaped justice. He had been described as one of the patriots of 1848, and "he was understood to be the person through whom aid was to come from America." The Kerry conspirators were promised money from the States and soldiers from France, and one of their objects was to "get back the confiscated estates"—simply the Fenian plot in miniature. Moreover, the Phoenix Society was to be such an association as "priests should know nothing about." Among the documents produced at the trial which contributed to illustrate its character there was a letter from the very O'Donovan (Rossa) who was treated with a mistaken clemency on the occasion, and who repaid the Crown with treachery and insult afterwards. "I don't believe," said he, writing to an associate, "that the Saxon will ever relax his gripe, except by the persuasion of cold lead and steel—no, never. Cold steel—to that must it come at last, nor quake to hear it spoken. By the blow alone, which we must strike in our strength, can the chains of the despot be shattered." The best idea that can be given of the character of the Phoenix conspiracy will be gathered from a short extract which we shall take from the depositions of the informer, O'Sullivan, who said:—"Cotter asked me if there was anything like a society in Kenmare, or did I hear anything of a man named 'Shuke.' I said not. Cotter said he would tell me something very good, that I would like very well, if I would take an oath, and that he would not ask me but that he was sworn himself. After he said that he gave me a book; I kissed it at his request. I swore to keep the secret, which he told me then was that the Americans were coming over, to be aided by the French, and that Stephens passed by to swear in members. I believe from the conversation we had he said the object of the Americans coming over was to take or take up Ireland, and that they would have war before Christmas, and that the greater part of the respectable people of Bantry

were members of a society, and that if I would become a member he would make me one by swearing another oath to him. I then consented to take the oath:—"I, Daniel Sullivan, do solemnly declare, in the presence of God, to renounce all allegiance to the Queen of England, shall do my utmost endeavours, at every risk, to make Ireland an independent Democratic Republic, shall take up arms and fight at a moment's warning, shall not reveal any of this secret in regard to this brotherhood, shall yield implicit obedience to my superiors or superior officers; and, finally, I take this oath without any mental reservation." "So help your God," says he; "kiss the book." I repeated these words; he handed me a book, and I kissed it. He then said he would give me the form of the oath to-morrow, and that I could swear in nine, and that I could give to some one of the nine the form, and that he could swear in nine more." Subsequently he was at a drilling meeting—"We all went to Glengarriff, and continued marching till we reached the foot of the mountain. Before we separated there was conversation about the object of the drilling, and that it was for war, which should take place in Ireland when the Americans would come over. I heard some of those say the war meant was between the Americans and the English; and that the Irish were to take part with the Americans to fight against the Queen's troops to make an independent country." Whether Stephens was really at the bottom of the Phoenix movement is nevertheless somewhat uncertain, but it is beyond a doubt that he was engaged in the work of stirring up rebellion against the English rule in some manner in that year of 1858.

To render this statement complete it will be advisable to mention the particulars of his personal history. James Stephens is the son of Mr. John Stephens, of Kilkenny, for many years an auctioneer's clerk. The son, about twenty-one years old in 1848, was usually described then as a "real, resolute nationalist," and joined Smith O'Brien at Ballingarry, and acted as his aide-de-camp at the siege of Farranrory farm-house, where the Rebellion of '48 began and ended. It having been found by Smith O'Brien that his followers in the Cab-

bage garden, sheltered by the barn from the fire of the police in the dwelling-house, were either too few or too faint-hearted to make a determined assault on the garrison, the leader sent Stephens to ascertain if a number of men who were also sheltered from the constabulary fire in a hollow at the other side of the premises, were willing to fight. In carrying out these instructions, the aide-de-camp incautiously got within range of the garrison fire, and received a ball in the back of the thigh, which brought him to the ground. Still he contrived to creep along a ditch till he got from under fire, and was then removed and concealed by the peasantry while under treatment for his wound. When sufficiently recovered to think of attempting flight from the country, it was given out that he had died. It was even reported that his remains had been interred at night, in one of the city cemeteries, and he soon after effected his escape. Being low of stature, of slight build, effeminate in appearance, and without a beard, the idea of dressing him as a female occurred to those aiding his departure; and in the character of lady's maid he got on board a vessel at Cork, and in the same capacity passed from the Dover steamer safely into France.

O'Mahony was also among the fugitives of 1848, and he and Stephens afterwards spent some years together in Paris. Stephens lodged in an attic in the Quartier Latin, and was often "hard put to it" to live. He is stated by his eulogists to have been all this time absorbed by the one thought and purpose—the freeing of his native land. He joined an extreme Republican club to master the arts of secret organization, and to discover how men could be brought to submit implicitly to the commands of a leader. This club, however, attracted the attention of the Emperor's police, and Mr. Stephens and his friend were again sent on their travels. They betook themselves to America. But in the summer of 1856 Stephens was teaching French at a ladies' school in Killarney. Subsequently he stopped at Glencar, and at Rossbeigh, and then returned to Killarney, where he was again engaged as teacher at a school. In the autumn of 1856 he left the neighbourhood for Dublin, where

he subsequently earned a livelihood as a tutor in several families of respectability. But in the summer of 1858 he was again in the South ; and since then all his powers have been devoted to the Fenian enterprise, and the course of his efforts, and his difficulties, and successes, we shall disclose, now that we have properly arrived at the point in the narrative where the Fenian conspiracy rises up in actual form and substance.

✓ THE COURSE OF FENIANISM AND ITS SUDDEN DEVELOPMENT IN IRELAND.

As a mere Irish institution Fenianism took no substantial root. This is proved by the correspondence of James Stephens himself with his transatlantic confederates, which fell into the hands of the authorities. The American element was from the start its vital principle. The organizer-in-chief went about promising the landing of an invading force, and establishing to the people the truth of the representation by expending large sums of money obtained from the United States, and by having a number of agents in a variety of capacities, some sworn Fenians, and others not, but all working towards the designs to which the fanaticism of the bold projector urged him on. Among a people so ready for treasons and stratagems, and perhaps it must now be added, spoils, as the Irish, the circumstance that he had large pecuniary resources commended his work to general sympathy. His outlays were exaggerated ; his supposed ubiquity became a proverb ; his mysterious hints were taken as assurances worthy of absolute trust ; his followers were, in popular conversation, numbered by thousands where a small public-house held the whole fraternity. The delusion was kept up by sending Irish Fenians to America as agents, who received a ceremonious welcome from John O'Mahony and his staff, and finding with the chiefs of the conspiracy all the outward signs of large and growing influence, all the accessories of a practical scheme, returned to Ireland to report that the Brotherhood had their splendid building in Duane-street, New York, their military, financial, and correspondence departments, their imposing staff of clerks, their agencies in every

chief town in every State, their armoury, their privateers building, and above all, their close friends within the American Cabinet, exasperating the differences between England and the United States, with the object of bringing about a war in the special interest of the Fenians. All this was told, not by Stephens, but by persons at once his emissaries and dupes, in the drinking shops, and beside the forge-fires of the country, and, under the condition of the relations of England and America towards the close and immediately after the civil war, had a powerful effect. The old prediction of England's difficulty being Ireland's opportunity appeared at last in the fair way of being fulfilled.

The rise of Fenianism, however, with all these helps, was for a considerable period slow. At the beginning of 1863, Stephens's prospects of being able to create any powerful organization in Ireland were small. A careful review of his expressed opinions to his American associates at this period shows that his hopes were all but crushed. No material progress had been made after enormous labour. The pecuniary means at his command were narrow. His individual exertions could at the best accomplish little, and he was without the power of supplementing them as his experience dictated that he might. What was to be done ? Would he abandon the cause ? It is a remarkable proof of the force of character of this man that he was not discouraged by these obstacles. He selected one of the cleverest of his co-conspirators, Thomas Clarke Luby, and despatched him to America in the spring of 1863. Luby went with a distinct mission to the military Irish in the States. It was his task to convince them that Ireland was a conquest they might easily make. Luby saw in New York General Corcoran, the chief of the Irish Brigade in the service of America, and made an easy convert of the gallant Celt, who permitted him to follow his camp, to hold meetings of his officers and men, to harangue them on the possibility of a successful invasion of Ireland, and to enrol them as the friends of the undertaking, with the distinct understanding that they should be ready to engage in the

enterprize when the American struggle had closed, provided that the Irish in Ireland used the interval in getting ready to receive them. Luby's success astonished both himself and Stephens, and was the first real stimulus the movement received. O'Mahony, being then in New York, assisted Luby; and at the same time sought to bring the American Government under an obligation, by using his influence in procuring Irish recruits for their army. Luby remained nearly a year in the States, and exerted himself in the most active manner both among the military and in lecturing to civil audiences. He travelled over the greatest part of the Union, and everywhere stirred up the Irish by promising a war between England and America, and a raid by Irish-America upon Ireland as an incident of it. About midsummer, 1864, Luby joined Stephens again in Ireland. He had previously communicated to the latter a detailed account of his work in America, which the Attorney-General, in his opening statement against Luby at the Special Commission, treated it as among the most significant of the documents that had come into his possession.

It was Luby who laid the basis of the Fenian organization in America. Fenianism had before his visit been little more than a sentiment, and the adoption of the title of the ancient warriors merely a conceit. As the fruit of his efforts, it acquired a serious purpose. Whether Luby, or Stephens, or O'Mahony, was the author of the nomenclature of the conspiracy, with its Centres, Head Centres, Squares, and so forth, and its As, Bs, and Cs, it is impossible to say, but almost immediately after Luby left America for Ireland, the Chicago Congress took place, at which for the first time the Society became a reality. The plan of action was prepared with extreme care. The Irish applications of it only was kept a profound secret. There was an ostentatious parade of publicity as if to the mere blowing of the Fenian trumpet the power of England was to fall as did the walls of Jericho by the miraculous blast of the horns, but the public advertisement of objects, of rules, and of names of principals, of the mode of carrying on the undertaking,

had thus much of American astuteness added to Irish bombast, that not a hint ever so remote was let fall as to what the leaders of the Brotherhood were doing, or intended to do, in Ireland. It was from the documents discovered on the apprehension of the conspirators that it was learned for the first time that the Chicago plan contemplated the sending of money to Ireland without delay in as large sums as possible, to be used by James Stephens in drilling men, and supplying them with arms.

How Stephens came to be so completely trusted by his associates, and by the Fenians, remains a mystery. His antecedents hardly account for his sudden exaltation to such a position, and until much more is known of his life between 1848 and 1859, and 1859 again and 1863, than an acquaintance with its main incidents, it must be matter for speculation how it was that he obtained the supremacy in the conduct of the conspiracy, even above O'Mahony himself, whom Stephens, in fact, as his superior, has severely reprimanded on several occasions.

In the spring of 1864 Stephens himself left Ireland for America, finding it impossible by letter to settle his differences with O'Mahony, and with the object of completing the establishment of the Fenian Order in the States. Before that date he had established the *Irish People*, not to create Fenianism, for it existed in America, in Ireland, and in England before the paper came into being, but to feed it, and perhaps somewhat to throw the Government and the Irish public off their guard as to the nature and growth of the plot. To the authorities and all not in the secret the journal seemed but another of the seditious prints not unknown in Ireland, rather more philosophical than others of the class, sharper in style, and with a dash of Americanism hardly sufficient to excite suspicion. Its writers had a certain amount of sympathy on account of their occasionally clever and forcible protests against those excessive clerical pretensions in politics which have recently raised anew in Ireland old strifes that were supposed to have been buried. Without the varied ability of the old *Nation*, the *Irish People* was more pungent and independent on points of that

sort. It was not possible for persons unpossessed of the Fenian secret to know before the seizure of the paper and its manuscripts and records that far from being a spontaneous utterance of the Irish discontents which have ever existed, it had been deliberately established for the purpose of preparing the people to receive the insurrectionary plans which the Head Centre was devising. Those who have had but an imperfect knowledge of the facts blamed the Government for not prosecuting the *Irish People* a full year before the 15th of September, 1865, but they should remember that to the authorities, as to themselves, and to all classes of the Irish public, the paper appeared to be no more than an organ of the long-familiar Celtism, mitigated by vigorous philippics against the high-Church doctrines of the extreme Papal party. Had a paper supposed to bear this character been prematurely prosecuted, the proceeding would have seemed a violent interference with the freedom of the Press in the interest of political ecclesiasticism, and in all probability would have proved abortive, and resulted in a direct encouragement of Fenianism. The simple answer to all complaint is the fact that the Government did not know any more than did the public suspect, that the *Irish People* was the gazette of the "Irish Republic, now virtually established"—to quote Mr. Stephens's formula—until the seizure of September had taken place, and the mysteries of the concern were to some extent laid bare.

Stephens was the founder of the *Irish People*, and he went to America among other things to stimulate the supply of money for the purpose of assisting in its gratuitous circulation. He was completely successful in all the purposes of that visit. He remained there till August, 1864, and every journey he took, every act he did, became known to the Crown lawyers eventually by the papers found with Charles Underwood O'Connell, on his arrest at Queens-town on the 3rd of September, 1865. This O'Connell was one of the officers of the intended revolutionary army, many of whom started from America for Ireland in August and September, and was intrusted with all the private papers of Stephens which

he had left behind him in America from considerations of prudence, as he was aware he had been for some time more or less under the surveillance of the police. In America Stephens, as Luby had done before, but on a larger scale, went among the military, preparing them for "the coming day." He travelled under one of his many aliases as Captain O'Daly, and went in particular through the army of the Cumberland, under passes from commanders of the American forces of the highest rank, frankly stating his object to be to enlist the future services of the Irish soldiers for an Irish invasion. His activity in the work was almost incredible. He travelled immense distances, endured many fatigues, spared no labour, and proved himself a man of great earnestness if misguided and malignant. There is no reason to believe that the American Government knew anything of the facilities afforded to him of tampering with the military, which are to be excused by considering that the state of discipline in the American army had become very low, and that it was the interest of its commanders at the moment to humour the Irish. To these two visits to the army by Luby and Stephens is the immigration of American colonels and captains into Ireland after the war, which rendered the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus necessary, entirely referable. The enthusiasm of the Fenian missionaries communicated itself to a portion of their military countrymen, and led them to make the fatal mistake of supposing that fresh work as adventurers of the sword was ready awaiting them in Ireland whenever the hour of disbandment arrived in the States. None of the native Americans fell into the trap, fond as they are of filibustering adventure. The Fenian conspiracy in the States, in fact, has been all through regarded as the plaything of the Irish. It amused them, made them more tractable, and did the Americans no harm.

Stephens, when in America, arranged his quarrel with O'Mahony, obtained large promises of money, and came back to Ireland. The Irish-Americans were as good as their word in the matter of remittances. Immediately after Stephens's return, liberal sums began to be received, and

as far as can be ascertained were honestly expended in furtherance of the cause, and not as some have thought in providing luxuries for the knot of principals. The first money transmitted came from New York to Ellen O'Leary, sister of John O'Leary, the editor of the paper, formerly a studious and inoffensive person, of respectable family, but having about him, as his appearance showed, much of the fire and inconsiderateness of the Celt. O'Leary was the second of the prisoners convicted, and signalized himself among his confederates by the violence of his farewell speech and declaration before leaving the dock. He seems to have been the most vigorous of the writers of the paper, though not the most refined. The latter distinction belonged to Luby, whilst the malice came from O'Keefe. O'Leary had the art of inventing correspondence to keep up the idea of the *Irish People* office being a centre of advice and direction to the whole Fenian body in the three kingdoms. The Crown lawyers were able to trace in all about £14,000, as transmitted to the Irish Dublin Fenian leaders alone between August, 1864, and September, 1865. But it must not be imagined that this was the total sum sent over. Unquestionably a great deal more came. A Member of Parliament, who lately returned from America, declared in the House of Commons, when referring a few weeks ago to the Fenian subject, that for some years as much as £40,000 per annum has been expended in Ireland, of American money, in connection with insurrectionary designs. That probably is an excessive estimate, but it is certain that the Fenian money which came to Dublin was by no means all that reached Ireland. The Cork organization, which was independent of that of Dublin, had its share of the sums forwarded from the Fenian Exchequer in New York, and that share was not inconsiderable, as the necessities of Fenianism in the capital of Munster, and throughout the county of Cork were even more remarkable than those of Dublin. The use made of the money, in so far as Stephens had the direction of its outlay, was to pay emissaries who were despatched to every part of Ireland to enrol men and drill them.

## HOW THE FENIAN EMISSARIES PROCEEDED.

The agent arrived in a town, and immediately began to treat the idler portion of its inhabitants in public-houses. It was easy at all times to get the audiences assembled into political discussion. Denunciation of the Government was natural at these orgies, and the next step to the taking of the Fenian oath easy. The Stranger, after a time, having felt his way, constituted the most zealous of the neophytes the Centre of the district, and on his departure that person continued to receive money for supplying drink in like manner, and so carrying on the work. In many cases it is known that sums of five pounds sterling have been spent by Centres on a Sunday, in public-houses of villages, the individuals paying for the liquor being shopmen and artisans, who could not have spent a crown of their own proper money upon any such purpose. The small drinking-shops in certain towns in Tipperary, in Mayo, and in Cork, had a "roaring trade," and there were some of them in garrison towns, which had authority to supply such soldiers freely with drink gratis as were introduced by Brethren. Large sums were expended in the attempt to corrupt the military, and bribes in actual money were not infrequent. The emissaries escaped notice when they entered a town by being accredited to a person supposed to be respectable, such, for instance, as an attorney's clerk, or a tradesman holding a good position in his way; meetings were soon convened in the public-houses where the free drinking had been, as a preparative, going on for a certain time—the participants were harangued and excited, and extraordinary stories told to them of the determination of the American Government to free Ireland, and of the enormous Celtic army already in existence in the States, which they were all to be ready to join when it came over, to secure for themselves by a short and glorious struggle the predominance in the island, and the possession of the property which the Saxon element in its population now enjoy. To the young and ardent artisans in towns, adventure and plunder were the baits held out; to the soldier high command was offered in the army of the Republic; with the more respectable



class of farmers a still bolder line was taken—maps were shown, purporting to be those of confiscated estates, and the townlands which were to be won back for their families, indicated. The Irish farmer is the most gullible of mortals, and weak on this point especially. There is scarcely a parish in some parts of the country in which there is not a supposed representative of some ancient chief, whose fabled doings live in local story. This man is regarded by those about him as one who is some day to come by his own again, and treated with deference accordingly, though perhaps but a cottier. In most instances the claim of descent is as pure a delusion as the tale of his ancestors' glories: the same narratives will be found in various parts of a county, here of the Byrnes and there of the O'Tooles, from the lips of their dispossessed successors who have now no more property than the pig that pays the rent. It was upon the impressible minds of this class that the emissaries of James Stephens worked first of all, and next upon those of a class immediately below them. The sons of farmers fell into his snare, as being the most open to the influences of romance; and it was easy enough, when once a sort of lodge or club had been established in a village public-house, to deposit the machinery of the system there, and prepare the members to receive the visits of the drillmasters, who were sent at intervals from adjoining towns to teach the Brotherhood the art of war. No man was allowed to join those drillings who had not taken the Oath, which was never dispensed with in Ireland, though in America, to satisfy the scruples of the priesthood against secret oaths, a pledge was instituted.

Nothing is more remarkable about this conspiracy than the secrecy with which all these proceedings were conducted from Dublin, from Cork, and from other convenient stations in north and west, Stephens being the principal puller of the wires. Considering the large numbers engaged, the fidelity of the Brethren to each other and to their chief has been extraordinary, and it may be added in Ireland unprecedented, for in 1848 the information received by the Government from adherents of the cause was much fuller and regularly supplied from the first. Whether to

the credit of the Fenians or not, it vastly embarrassed the authorities in dealing with their plot that it was carried to such a height, and spread so far throughout the country, before the Executive had a knowledge of its design, plan, or ramifications upon which any action that would have been effective could be taken. It is to be borne in mind that the development of the society's influence in Ireland was very rapid. If Stephens laboured through 1862, 1863, and the greater part of 1864 unsuccessfully, from the August of the last-named year the organization grew enormously. The agents became active and bold all over the country to an almost incredible degree, apparently caring little for being observed, and scattering money with prodigal hand. The *Irish People* from this time took for granted in every sentence that all was ready, that the hour was near, and displayed a seeming consciousness of strength which did more to propagate the treasonable spirit than could any amount of excited writing.

#### THE INFORMATION POSSESSED IN SEPTEMBER, 1865.

Up to the beginning of September, 1865, the amount of real information in the hands of the Government was slight. The police in Dublin were vigilant; they knew that something was going on; they had suspected drillings from December, 1864, and had noted gatherings for the purpose from time to time at the *Irish People* office and elsewhere. These matters they reported, but the Government could turn those scattered intimations to no account in the absence of an informer with knowledge of the workings of the conspiracy. One informer had stated, at intervals, certain matters to the police, but important as they were, as showing the necessity to find out more, they lay in reality on the very edge of the organization, and amounted to so little, looked at with the legal eye, that no prudent man could have dared to take action upon them. It was fortunate that nothing precipitate was done, and the Crown lawyers deserve no small credit for the patience with which they waited until the time arrived when they could deal with the case effectively.

And it is but right to say that the police of Dublin are entitled to high praise for having honestly and fearlessly from the commencement applied themselves to the difficult task of getting at the bottom of the mystery which they knew existed, but could not expound.

An incident of a curious character in July, 1865, threw a flood of light on the information, meagre as it was, which the Government possessed. A boy in the employment of the telegraph company at Kingstown, within a few miles of Dublin, on the 22nd of July found an envelope lying on the esplanade of the railway terminus. It had no address, and he was scarcely able to read it; but on opening it he found inside three papers, on one of which he could read "New York." The lad took the papers to a Miss Mitchell, a young person of much intelligence, employed in the same office, who gave them to her sister. They came on the same evening into the hands of the Superintendent of Police, and the Government immediately discovered their nature. One of them was a Bill of Exchange, the draft of Belmont & Co., bankers of New York, on Rothschilds, in favour of George Hopper, for £500, and the other two were letters in the handwriting of "Head Centre, John O'Mahony," indicating in the plainest manner that the bill was for the treasonable purposes of the organization; that two special emissaries from America had come over with it, accredited to Stephens; and also stating O'Mahony's regrets that a person of the name of "O'Donnell" had left America so soon. So closely had the movements of the suspected persons been watched that this so-called O'Donnell was found to be no less a person than O'Donovan, the very "Rossa" who had appeared in the Phoenix business of 1859, and had then obtained the clemency of the Crown. In the month of June, 1865, O'Donovan was traced to Queenstown, where he took a passage for America under the name of O'Donnell. He was also traced back by the same ship which bore the persons who brought the Bill of Exchange. The utmost caution was observed by the authorities. The telegrams sent to London from the traitors in relation to the lost bill were quietly got, and the

most perfect plan arranged to capture the person applying for payment. So careful were the conspirators, however, that no payment was ever demanded. This transaction much aided the conclusions to which the constant watching of the movements of the conspirators had led, and it appeared to the Crown officers that the time was at last come when an effort should be made to strike down the organization by a simultaneous arrest of those supposed to be its leaders, and a seizure of the *Irish People* office as the nucleus of treason, and the repository of everything tending to the spreading of sedition.

#### THE SEIZURE OF THE "IRISH PEOPLE."

The house where the paper was printed was, in fact, the headquarters of the conspiracy, and the journal proved very much a deception. The Government expected to find much more on the premises than the materials to convict a few personally unimportant individuals of treasonable writing, and were not disappointed. Considering the slender character of the information in their hands at the time regarding the conspiracy as a conspiracy, the exploit must be considered to have been a bold one, and creditable to their administrative vigour in the highest degree. In this, as at all other stages in the contest with Fenianism, Lord Wodehouse proved himself fully equal to the occasion—at once discreet and bold, careful in judging and prompt in action. The public were half disposed to think, at first, that the seizure of the *Irish People* went the length of an unnecessary arbitrariness. It was openly referred to a desire to make political capital of Fenianism, but events very soon proved that the Government had judged justly. The arrests at the *Irish People* office, and the consequent searches, were so well effected that the Government in twenty-four hours became masters of the whole conspiracy, and of its designs and objects. Its principal founders and sustainers were taken at one sweep of the net; but so little was learned from Informers, that absolutely the whereabouts of James Stephens was not revealed, and he remained at Fairfield House, Sandymount, untouched, until the 11th of November, 1865, when he was

arrested there along with three of his associates, Brophy, Duffy, and Kickham. Kickham and Brophy were both convicted at the Special Commission in Dublin, and Duffy escaped a trial on the plea, supported by irresistible medical evidence, that a trial would cost him his life. Persons deeply implicated in the conspiracy were also arrested in Cork on the 16th of September, and its formidable character immediately became apparent. The examination of the documents found at the *People* office and with individuals in Cork and Dublin was a tedious task; and whilst it was proceeding, and the nature of the testimony against the prisoners could not be fully declared, it was natural that the public should suppose the Fenian organization to be but another silly attempt at rebellion which the authorities and the public could afford to treat lightly. Fortunately, however, the levity with which serious breaches of the law, and offences against society of a political nature, have too often been treated in Ireland, was not witnessed on this occasion. When the Executive had obtained something like a comprehensive view of the Fenian plot from its papers and records, they recognized the necessity for dealing with it as a matter of the utmost gravity, and the Special Commission was at once appointed. When the names were announced of the Judges selected, it was clear that there would be left with the prisoners or their sympathizers no ground for the pretence that they had not a fair trial. Two Judges were chosen whose impartiality and ability were unquestioned and unquestionable, and it was absolutely necessary that the trying of all the cases should be entrusted to them. The result of the Commission was that every leader of the conspiracy, and its most active emissaries, were convicted either at Dublin or Cork. No prisoners ever in the annals of trials received more fair play. All the evidence, documentary and otherwise, which was to be adduced against them, was placed in the hands of their attorney and counsel, and without exaggeration the Crown brief was put at their disposal. The Law Officers had recourse to no extraneous help; they conducted the prosecution with the aid of the ordinary pro-

secutors, and did not seek to overawe or overbear the prisoners by the multitude of counsel. The course taken by them in every case was decided, and all the law points made for the prisoners were promptly met by legal argument, without nervousness or flutter.

In the case of the Phoenix State prosecutions in 1858-9, when Mr. Whiteside and Mr. George were the Law Officers, there were eight or ten men amenable at Kerry, and seven or eight at Cork. Yet but one man was put on trial at the Kerry Spring Assizes of 1859, and after five or six days' trial the jury disagreed, and the assizes were adjourned over the approaching Cork assizes. At these last, the prisoners being ready for trial, Mr. Whiteside, then Attorney-General, without assigning any cause, insisted on postponing the trials. The adjourned assizes at Kerry came on, and the same man tried before was put up again. His counsel having retired from his defence he was convicted. Not long after the Government of Lord Derby fell, and Mr. Whiteside went out of office; so that the whole result of that prosecution was the conviction of one undefended prisoner, and the abandonment of the prosecution against all the rest. If the Phoenix conspiracy had any serious hold in the country at the time, this result would have been disastrous. It was but the commencement of the plot, and seemed contemptible enough; but there can be no question that the manner in which it was treated stimulated the after-planned Fenian seditious organization.

It has been often said that the Irish Government were too late in their action, and that at all events the *Irish People* newspaper should have been prosecuted for the treason its columns contained long before September; but it seems perfectly plain that if this had been done no possible result could have been of much value, whilst there was great risk of failure. Press prosecutions for strong writing are, rightly enough, not popular with juries, and it is easy to see how an adroit counsel could have made a case for the *Irish People*, in the absence of proof that it was but a minor part in a formidable organization, which might

have caused an acquittal on the charge of treason-felony—the only charge worth trying its conductors upon at any time. If there was not an acquittal, there would have been, probably, a disagreement of the jury, which would have been equally disastrous to the cause of peace and order, and a victory of the highest moment to the Fenian Brotherhood. It would have been a valuable boast in America—worth many tens of thousands of dollars to the body—that James Stephens had commenced his triumphs by defeating the Saxon Government in its own courts of law! This would have been regarded as an augury of the greatest ultimate success. On the other hand, to what would success for the Crown in such a prosecution have amounted? One or two individuals would be cast into prison for a short term, but the journal itself would still be published, and the organizers would have become more cautious. A much wiser course was pursued in allowing the matter somewhat to mature. By no other plan could the whole band of Fenian chiefs have been laid hold of, put upon their trial, convicted in a quiet and orderly manner, and removed from the scene. The convictions were the result of an accumulation of proof so complete that no jury could hesitate; so complete that counsel for the Crown needed none of the arts of the rhetorician, and had only to present their case, as they did, with admirable temper and clearness. A premature prosecution of the newspaper would simply have been fatal. It would have prevented them from getting at the underlying conspiracy. The stroke on the 15th of September mastered it. Its entire correspondence fell into the hands of the Crown, and the inmost secrets, thoughts, and workings, of all its members, were unmasked. To the Attorney-General, Mr. Lawson, and the Solicitor-General, Mr. Sullivan, the highest possible praise is due. They were ably assisted by Mr. Charles Barry, who acted as Law Adviser to the Castle. Nor should it be forgotten how successfully the Crown Solicitor, Mr. Anderson, discharged the portion of the duty which devolved upon him. It was fortunate that Lord Wodehouse was seconded in his ef-

forts by men so cool and bold—men like himself not to be moved by passing gusts of popular opinion, but who went right on in the performance of their duty as a cool judgment dictated, trusting that at the right time full justice would be done to their measures, and their patient waiting for the proper moment to intervene regarded as the most to be commended of their acts. Nor would it be right to leave this portion of our observations without recording the public sense of the constitutional fairness, vigour, and self-command under difficult circumstances of the Judges, and especially of Mr. Justice Keogh. They completely fathomed the conspiracy themselves, not only in its details of plan, but in its larger scope as a political movement originating in another country, and based upon a wickedly false representation of the state of circumstances in this country. They rendered it odious by exposing its character as a scheme of plunder, and did the nation a real service by abstaining from all mischievous sentimentalism and weak sympathy with wrongdoers, from which even the Bench has not been always free. The addresses delivered by them on several of the trials were the means of showing to the English public and to foreigners what Fenianism was, how groundless were its complaints, how gratuitously malignant were its designs, and to how small a degree it had any popular support.

#### THE ARREST AND ESCAPE OF STEPHENS.

The trials in Dublin were a success even before the capture of James Stephens. His arrest in one of the suburbs of the city, however, was the greatest blow given to the conspiracy, since it was his many previous escapes, and the halo that surrounded his person that chiefly gave it vitality. The capture of the arch-plotter relieved the public mind, and checked the progress of treason. It had been the boast of the Fenians in the public-houses of Dublin that their cause was still prospering although a few of the good and true men had been carried from the dock in Green-street to Pentonville. With Stephens in a gaol-cell, however, nothing could be done. It was at the time of his capture, doubtless, that the various armouries

afterwards discovered through the city stopped working. But in proportion to the relief given to the public by his arrest, was the sense of disappointment, the general and just indignation that ensued on his escape from Richmond Bridewell. That escape remains unexplained. It was due to treachery, manifestly; but the hand of justice has been laid successfully on no delinquent. Stephens had plenty of money, and there were numerous American friends outside, as subsequent occurrences showed—and together they were more clever than the authorities. It would be useless to endeavour to apportion blame in the matter where all concerned would have to bear a share. We mention the matter at all chiefly to be able to add what the facts strongly suggest, that the Fenians in the position of leaders must have been much more than vulgar conspirators, and must have been truer to each other than Irish patriots usually have been, otherwise Stephens could never have got out of prison, and having escaped could not have baffled the police aided by a reward of £2,000, and finally made his way out of the country. A plot whose principal machinators displayed so much ability and constancy was certainly not contemptible.

#### THE FENIAN ARMOURIES.

The last peculiarity of Fenianism it seems necessary to notice was the means taken by Stephens to provide his followers with arms. Five or six different depots and factories, two on a considerable scale, were discovered in Dublin, where pikes had been made in large number, packed in boxes, and transmitted to various parts of the country. These weapons are rude, but formidable enough, with very long handles. They differ from the pikes of an older date in being lances merely. There can be no reasonable doubt that large numbers were manufactured and fitted ready for use. It would appear as if the Fenian Brethren in Dublin had been divided into lodges, somewhat after the Ribbon model, and that each lodge was obliged to have ready a certain quantity of arms and ammunition. With every batch of pikes were found revolvers and other weapons, chiefly of American pattern, for the use of officers, and

the same style of bullet-mould was discovered in a number of places, showing some common direction in the manufacture. In all the Fenian documents issued in America it has been stated that there were sworn-in men enough in Ireland, but a great want of arms. To import these would have been dangerous as prematurely exciting suspicion. Stephens consequently set his followers to the task of making pikes, hoping, no doubt, that by using these in a sudden attack on some barracks, within which among the red coats there were "friends of Ireland," they would possess themselves of better weapons. The great effort seemed to be to provide ammunition. There was an idea that rifles would be had when wanted, either by being seized or from abroad.

The manufacture of pikes and the casting of bullets appear to have been actively resumed after the escape of Stephens, and the Fenian flame burst up again for a time, until the diabolically cool judicial murder of a man named Clarke by a band of Fenians, who decoyed him from the city to a lonely spot, where the crime was perpetrated, led to the suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus. Here again the Irish Government acted with skill and promptitude. The American captains who came over to lead the Fenian forces were in safe custody before a whisper of what was coming could reach them, and since then the police have succeeded in clearing the country of the worst of the disturbers.

#### FENIANISM AND THE ARMY.

The disaffection in the army has been exaggerated by the public fears. The cases have been very few in which evidence has been found implicating soldiers. But at this point again the earnestness of the conspiracy appears. The Fenian plotters laid the most careful plans for corrupting the Irish troops, and expended a large proportion of their resources upon this department of their operations. Special men for at least two years were engaged on the duty. Public-houses for many months were in the pay of the Fenian emissaries as decoys for soldiers. The red-coats, no doubt, drank with the Fenians, and in some instances took the Fenian Oath, though the cases must have been few.

In many instances they at once informed upon the traitors, who were by this means brought to justice. In spite of the convictions in Dublin and Cork, by the dint of money and the force of constantly recruited emissaries from America, the organization went on, and the military were tampered with actively. The American emissaries, principally natural-born Irish subjects, who had enlisted in the Federal army and returned to Ireland at the end of the war, took up their posts in the small towns throughout the country. By a list found with Stephens on his arrest, it appeared that about twenty-six or thirty such persons, varying in rank from majors-general to captains, left New York in August and September, 1865, supplied with large sums from the Fenian treasury in America, avowedly to become the leaders of the Revolutionary army. These persons kept no papers, and acted with extreme caution. They distributed sums of money, however, drove through the country at all hours, received visitors at their houses, and attended all gatherings of the people, such as races. Their sole object was to keep up the delusion that the Fenian army was coming over, and that they held the country as an advanced guard. They committed no open act that could be laid hold upon. They affected garrison towns, and treated the soldiery to such an extent that it was found necessary to make various military changes in consequence in the way of precaution. Nothing but the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act would have put an end to the career of these miscreants. They either now lie in prison arrested on Lord Lieutenant's warrants, or have contrived to elude the vigilance of the police and got over to England, from whence many of them returned to America. Until it had become quite clear that this form of the nuisance could not otherwise be abated, Lord Wodehouse did not write his letter to the Cabinet asking to be armed with summary powers.

The Irish law officers have resolved not to bring any of the prisoners remaining over from the Special Commission, and since arrested, to trial at present, and the determination is a

wise one. What the country wants now is the restoration of a state of peace, which the excitement of a new course of trials would tend in some degree to prevent. There is power to detain the most seriously compromised for a year, and if it shall become advisable they may be formally tried at a later date. It is not likely that in the present case the weak error of a misplaced leniency to real offenders will be committed. There is a large class of persons in Ireland who require to be taught a proper respect for the law. There is, besides, little fear that it will be forgotten that whilst Fenianism continues to exist among so excitable and uncertain a population as that of America, and whilst large sums of money shall be sent from the States to Ireland, and from English manufacturing towns, to support its agencies, it will be requisite that the liveliest vigilance should be exercised for the protection of those among our people who might be duped by it again to their utter ruin. It is chiefly on their account that the public will approve the continued maintenance of a state of suspension of the Constitution. They are wayward children who require to be taught obedience by the necessary if unwelcome process of chastisement. Secure from a renewal of troubles it is plain that Ireland can only be kept by a firm hand. The occurrences of a few months have shown that the Lord Lieutenant, if the proper responsibilities of the office are felt and its duties manfully discharged, is not mere empty show and weak ceremony. There was work of real difficulty for Lord Wodehouse to perform, and he applied himself to it with an energy and success which have signalized his rule over that of most of the Irish viceroys. There is work still to do. The serious task remains to be performed of so governing the country as to teach its people wisdom; to expel old delusions and foolish hopes; to impress them with a conviction that to intimidate by an unreasoning public clamour is as vain an idea as to intimidate by Fenian drillings; to encourage loyalty by refraining from the opposite practice of discouraging it by rewarding the selfish ministers of unrest, who enter upon courses of agitation on a deliberate calculation that these afford the shortest

road to large emoluments. All this the Government has before it as a duty, the honest discharge of which will be an attractive novelty in Ireland, and will establish a unique character for those who perform it. There is an excellent feeling towards Ireland in Parliament and among English people at present which Irishmen perceive and acknowledge. The moral of Fenianism seems to have been read aright throughout the Empire, and the Irish Executive will not lack support in taking the course which experience dictates, and to which patriotism invites. Rooted as many Irish prejudices are, powerfully as the traditional hatreds sprung of ages of persecution still influence its population, a bold and impartial Government would in a few years renew the face of society. So rapid is the transition which natural causes, and emigration mainly, are bringing about, that ere long the Ireland of sedition—the Ireland whose mind was large enough to contain no larger sentiment than an irrational hatred of the Saxon—the Ireland of a spurious nationality, which all persons of truly national feeling were forced to resist, will have shifted its position as effectually as if the island were lifted from its solid foundations and placed in another hemisphere. The Irish element which boasts itself so chiefly will have been transferred to America, there to expend its physical and mental energy, and to exhibit its want of moral control, in interfering with the political quiet of the newer country, and there to meet with, no doubt, a prompt re-

buff and a completer humiliation than it has received at home. The dream of the Return of the Exiles from all lands, an army of deliverance for Ireland, is destined never to be more than a vision of the poet. Celtism has found a home in Australia and in America, but its own excesses have expelled it from Ireland, and the great rural population are prepared for the new era of industry and peaceful progress. If only their former tormentors would allow them to follow their proper instincts, a large change, and a salutary one, might be seen within a very short term of years. Those who know Ireland most intimately are the most hopeful for her future, and look for improvement less to any adventitious interference of legislation than to the natural working of the forces that are in motion towards industry and content. An obstacle to this progress has been removed by the crushing of a formidable conspiracy of the growth of which the peasantry have been more or less conscious for a period of eight years. After the Young Ireland failure of 1848 there was a rapid development of practical effort, and a substantial advance in prosperity; and now that probably the last of the series of plots generated by long years of false agitation has become matter of history, it may be expected that every reasonable man and lover of his country will prefer the practical progress possible within his own lifetime to the fostering of delusions which can only provide perils for his children.

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[NOTE.—Our attention has been called to an accidental error in the article in the February number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE on the "Opening Session." In a paragraph referring to non-resident incumbents in Irish dioceses, it is stated that there are thirty-two such cases in the diocese of Cashel. The fact is, there are eight only, and five are cases of absence by licence in consequence of sickness. The statement of the article was founded upon the authorized statistics, but it has been explained to us that in these returns, as made year by year to the Privy Council, clergymen are set down as Non-Resident even where they are residing in the nearest possible place to their church, and actually doing the duty of their parishes in person, whenever they are not resident *within the parish*, although there may be no glebe-house, or house to be had. Remonstrances have been made with the view of having so misleading a statistical document modified, but as yet without effect: the terms of the Act of Parliament, it is said, must be complied with. We certainly think the attention of the House of Commons should be called to the matter by the representatives friendly to the Irish Church: meanwhile, we make the correction, and we trust in a manner calculated to save our contemporaries from falling into a not unnatural mistake under the circumstances.]

# DUBLIN

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### THE STREETS OF PARIS AND THEIR TRADITIONS.

If phrenology be worthy of the name of science, the organ which it has appointed or invented for locality, urges its possessor, as often as he hears mention made of person or thing, to fix on a scene in which to place him or it. He whose favourite reading is confined to books of travel and topographical works, has little comfort in the perusal of the last book borrowed or bought, if it be not provided with maps and illustrations. Without them his personages are moving at random over a wide unlimited plain, their movements confused, and the bearings of the different stations lost.

The legend of St. Brendan's voyage is sufficiently wild, and the adventures startling, but the most excitable reader feels uncomfortable in its perusal; he cannot at any time guess at the latitude and longitude of the spot where any adventure occurs. Very differently he feels with the travels and voyages of Lemuel Gulliver, mariner, before him, illustrated by maps, and thus affording sceptics an opportunity of proving the scrupulous veracity of the wonderful narrative.

If acquaintance with the locality of a historic deed gives it additional interest, the converse is equally true. Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Dublin, attract the attention of visitors and archaeologists by the strange and romantic occurrences that took place within their walls in past centuries. The perusal of Gilbert's

"Streets of Dublin" has roused even the listless dwellers of that old Danish city, and forced them in their own despite to examine more carefully their now decayed streets, and the sites of ancient buildings, now no more.

Before London became a wilderness there were found earnest and patient men who chronicled the memorabilia of her old streets, and bridges, and buildings. Stowe and Pennant, and, in our own time, Timbs and Leigh Hunt, and many another zealous explorer, have rendered their memory imperishable by associating with them records of statesmen, and warriors, and writers, whose names and deeds will die only with the extinction of history.

Equal or greater care has been bestowed by French writers on the worthy celebration of every part of their eminently historical capital. They are rich beyond other nations in biographical treasures, and the usages, fashions, and manifestations of popular feeling have for several centuries past been carefully marked by contemporaneous writers. Paris to them was the capital of the civilized world. It contained all that was desirable in life; and everything connected with that European metropolis,—the disputes of its influential chiefs, the relations of the governing and the governed, the manners and usages of the different classes, their amusements, and their domestic con-



ditions were sure to be carefully marked. If an old building was destroyed, or an inconvenient street was effaced from the plan of the city—a rare occurrence—the circumstance made a strong impression, and the locality of street or building was sure to be accurately remembered.

Incurious and inexact as most French men of letters are where foreign scenery or foreign society is concerned, they exhibit extreme acuteness and accuracy in everything relating to their own land, and specially to their beloved Paris, the "Heaven of women, the Purgatory of men, and the Hell of cattle," great, in consequence, is the number and merit of works on the subject of old Paris, its libraries, its old buildings, its Guilds, its everything, not omitting its out-door spectacles.

Keeping these circumstances in mind we are prepared to sympathize with living Parisian romancists, archaeologists, and antiquarians in their mighty sorrow and chagrin at the simultaneous destruction of streets, which, if unsightly and inconvenient, were dear to them from their social, and historical, and literary associations. The mere novelists must have taken to themselves a large share of the general chagrin, for you can scarcely enjoy a modern French work of fiction without a knowledge of the plan of Paris. Enthusiasts in this rather useless department of literature, could have pointed out hundreds of private houses once occupied by their favourite characters, particularly those depicted by Ch. Paul de Kock and Henri Murger.

What a mortification it must be to a diligent student of the gaily-covered volumes of the day whose knowledge of Paris localities is derived from a guide twenty years old, when on having searched for hours for the dwellings of Arthur, and Fifi, and "La Jolie Fille de Fauborg," and the "Famille Gogo," and the garret where the famous dance was kept up by the students and the grisettes, nothing can he find but clean wide streets and stark new houses, and crossings and intersections not to be found in his old familiar map.

This reminds us of the feeling of some future innocent, well-read

country youth on coming to London after the next century or two of changes wrought by subterranean and aerial railways, and other detestable improvements. He is full of Shakespeare, and Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Dickens, and Washington Irving, but will be unable to find out the Boar in East Cheap, or Chaucer's Hostelry, or Arbour-court, or Bevis Marks, or make a guess as to the site of the once classic locality, the Seven Dials. However such changes as we are fated to undergo, will be effected by degrees, nor overwhelm our sensitive archaeologists with mountains high of misery at once. But not so with the living corresponding class in Paris. They see a speedy demolition and removal of all traces of streets and buildings rendered interesting by old associations, and their place occupied by rows of new and unpicturesque houses possessing necessarily not an atom of archaeological or antiquarian interest.

And all this is done to work out a *problème Napoléenne*, and against the earnest desires of millions, and with only the interested good-will and concurrence of a very small portion of the Emperor's subjects. Great must be the power of the man who can effect so stupendous an undertaking with so little public encouragement and so much of the contrary. It is only inferior to Peter's transfer of his seat of government from the comparatively comfortable city of Moscow to the cold and bleak buildings on the wild shore of the Finland Gulf.

For the convenience of the stray reader whose topographical studies have not embraced the French capital a few outlines are submitted.

The Seine, flowing westwards, divides the city into two not very unequal portions, the northern one including the Palace, and the fashionable streets, and pleasure-grounds. From the Tuilleries and Louvre on its north bank, and near the centre of the city, ran eastwards a long straggling street to the site of the demolished Bastille in the Fauborg St. Antoine, and it is in the neighbourhood of this thoroughfare that the Emperor's hammers and trowels have been most busy. Nearly opposite the Tuilleries but more to the east lie three islands in the Seine—

the *Cité*, the Isle St. Louis, and the Louvier, the first-named beginning the series on the west, and being the only part of the city occupied by the primal inhabitants. It is in outline an elongated oval, the celebrated Pont Neuf connecting its sharp western point with the northern and southern banks of the stream. Two long streets traverse the whole city from north to south, crossing the *Cité* in their course. The extreme southern portion of one of these is called Hell St. (Rue d'Enfer), and the northern, Rue St. Denis. The southern portion of the other is Rue St. Jacques (St. James), and the northern Rue St. Martin. Within the *Cité* stands the venerable and ancient Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. On the east side of the Tuilleries (so called from the tuile (brick) field on which the Palace is built), and divided from it by the spacious court,—the Place du Carrousel stands, the ancient Palace of the Louvre (Resort of Wolves). West of the Tuilleries lie the pleasant "Elysian Fields" along the river bank, and if you continue your promenade further in that direction you pass under the Arch of Triumph, and after an agreeable walk enjoy the cool avenues in the Bois de Boulogne. The city proper is encircled by the gay Boulevardes (the ancient bulwarks), and outside these again lie the Barrières, the intermediate spaces being occupied by the Fauborgs. This latter arrangement is only partially carried out on the southern side of the Seine. The notorious Palais Royal built by Cardinal Richelieu is to the north of the Tuilleries, and the *Marais* (marsh), distinguished by many historical buildings, but latterly a gloomy and impoverished region is to be found in the north-east quarter of the city.

We have enlarged on the regret of archæologists for the destruction of historical buildings, but there are not wanting sensitive souls on whom sadness descends at the sight even of the dismantled common dwellings whose domestic joys, and griefs, and privations, thus seem exposed to the heartless gaze of indifferent saunterers. Few there are, endowed with ordinary sensibility, that have not experienced a passing sadness at the sight of rusty grates and cold hearths which often witnessed happy family groups enjoy-

ing cheerful breakfasts and fireside converse. Here is a literal translation of M. Louis Bouilhet's poetic

#### LAMENT FOR THE LEVELLED HOUSES OF PARIS.

"Ah the poor houses destroyed by the axe of the leveller! poor ruined dwellings, poor nests emptied by the fowler!

"When your badly-secured partitions display to contemptuous eyes the secrets of the domestic hearth, which has witnessed the lapse of a century,—

"And when there is seen along your walls, beneath the marks of the grappling hooks, strips of room paper wave and hang like entrails,—

"My heart is vexed, my faith is shaken in presence of this work where the pitiless axe lays bare to the crowd the consciences of these poor old walls.

"Behold the faithful garret where the poet, though miserably poor, confided to the swallow's little nest his glowing dreams of red gold!

"Oh wretched death-morgues! They have brought all before the garish eyes of day, from the chamber of the death agony to the bed of the newly wedded.

"Mount, O ye sprays of ivy to hide them from sight! Burst the asphalt of the side ways, draw the winding sheet of your dark foliage over the shame faced ruins!

"Oh ye cold coffins envied by the wise, I have seen your gloom and your drapery; but these sepulchres of the-living are much more mournful than the tombs of the dead."

Victor Hugo to whom Paris is as dear as if he there first saw the light, and who still cherishes the memory of his earliest dwelling there, but of which he can recollect nothing but a draw-well in the yard in the shade of a willow tree, and a goat with whom he gambolled, speaks feelingly in "*Les Misérables*," of the annihilation of cherished bits of the old city during his exile.

"Many years has the writer been absent from Paris,—Paris the natal city of his heart. Among demolitions and reconstructions this Paris of his youth, this Paris which he has religiously enshrined in his memory, is at this moment a Paris of long ago. Let him be permitted to speak of this Paris as if it were still in existence. It is possible that in the spot whither the author is going to conduct his readers, saying, 'in such a street such a house stands,' there is at this moment neither house nor street.

The readers however may rectify any mistake made by taking a little trouble.\*

## MONTMARTRE.

Of one of Hugo's most memory-cherished dwellings *l'Impasse* (no thoroughfare) *des Feuillantines* where he lived till he was ten years old—of the sombre stately dwelling, and large quiet garden not a trace is now visible.

This place must needs keep a strong hold on the poet's affections, for there between two chestnut trees he had got a swing suspended, and frequently he frightened his mother with his rash projections into space, often reaching the high boughs of the trees in his flights.

Making full allowance for the influence of the recollection of boyish scenes, still there should be a line drawn some where. Encumbering the square of the Carrousel and in the spot where now a fine palace pleasantly greets the sight, sprawled nests of old curiosity shops and stalls of bird-fanciers. A poet has been found in the person of M. Charles Baudelaire to lament the change, in a poem addressed to M. Victor Hugo, called the "Swan." Here is presented a literal version of the lines relative to the poor bird, but how the recollection could arouse any pleasing image must be left to the reader's fancy.

"A swan who had escaped from her cage and was brushing the dry pavement with her webbed claws, dragged her white plumage along the rough ground, and opened her beak, poor bird, at the edge of a waterless drain.

"Nervously bathing her wings in the dry dust she sighed out, her heart full of her natal lake, 'Rain when wilt thou descend? Lightning when wilt thou flash?'

"I saw this poor wretch, strange and fatal myth, convulsively stretch her thirsty beak along her neck towards the mocking and cruelly serene sky, as if bitterly reproaching it."

M. Charles Baudelaire, if consistent, should rather praise the living architects and their employers for putting it out of the bird-fancier's power to inflict further torment on the poor exile in the neighbourhood of the Carrousel.

Montmartre a hill adjoining Paris, was rendered an object of devotion to the pious of ancient days, as being the scene of the martyrdom of St. Denys or Dionysius. Before the revolution of 1789 the chapel was much frequented as well from a principle of unaffected piety as from motives on the part of the womankind, which if pious in the main were certainly modified by a leaven of selfishness, as will be seen from the following passage in the MS. of Philibert Delamarre.

"At Montmartre there is an image of our Saviour appearing to Magdalen, and underneath, an inscription in which the word *Rabboni* occurs. Good wives took it to be the image of some saint, whose speciality consisted in reforming bad husbands. To apply his good offices to their individual cases they piously touched the statue with their husbands' shirts, and in consequence they would either become good (*rabbonissent*), or burst in the course of the year."

The Chapel of St. Denis and the subterranean apartments, the places of retreat of the early Christian martyrs, were long the objects of veneration. Visits to the vaults had however for a long time been discontinued when in 1611 the soil falling in under some workmen, they made their way to a subterranean chapel, and found an altar-table and a cross cut out of the calcareous stone of the hill. A sudden revival of devotion ensued, which gradually went on cooling till in 1737 some zealous archæologist wonderfully fitted for the discovery of mares' nests, gave an account to some friends of a *find* he had happily lighted on. They repeated the welcome news and by the time the third or fourth version of the discovery had got abroad it had assumed this form.

"Mons. Dubois the oculist in a late exploration among the catacombs of Montmartre, had the singular good fortune to discover some antiquarian treasures of the value of which it would scarcely be prudent to pronounce an opinion for the moment.

\* Count Victor-Marie Hugo was born at Besançon, 26th February, 1802. His family was ennobled in 1581. His mother served the royal cause as a zealous Vendean, and Hugo's earliest poems are all inspired by royalist aspirations. His father being one of Buonaparte's devoted officers, the poet's boyhood was spent between France, Italy, and Spain. His early political prejudices deserted him in 1830, and his objections to power generally have condemned him to exile since the *coup d'état* was executed.

Among them are two bronze statues of Osiris and Isis, each about five feet four inches in height, and this proves beyond doubt that Isiac worship prevailed among the early inhabitants of Lutetia. Near the statues were seventeen hollow cylinders of iron, each three feet long, and the diameters of the circular ends measuring eleven inches. One of these being opened there fell out a heap of gold coins or medals bearing on one side a figure of Cybele, and on the obverse, a sprig of mistletoe and some (at present) indecipherable characters.

"These were mere temple treasures but the temple is there also. It is of circular shape, supported by eighteen arches, and in the centre is a vast silver altar on which stand twelve golden statues bearing swords and bucklers of silver. In a neighbouring chapel were found eight silver statues of goddesses most lovely of face and graceful of figure."

Dubois did not content himself with the discovery of this rare temple and its treasures; he walked for seven hours along a vaulted passage in the direction of Paris and suffered much from its low temperature.

The learned Abbe Lebeuf lost no time in ascertaining how much truth was concealed in the splendid report, and all collapsed into some ordinary relics of an old Roman villa with its baths, a few bronze medals, and bits of alabaster.

In 1790 when the Abbey demesne of which the chapel and its appurtenances formed a part was sold as national property, a man whose staple commodity was plaster of Paris, purchased the ground, levelled the edifice to its foundation, burrowed for, and removed his gypsum, and not one of the few still living who must have been very young at the time, is now able to point out where the Martyr's Chapel once stood. The adjoining spring and its stream were put out of sight by the regenerators of the first revolution. To this day treasure-seekers are intent on discovering a valuable deposit supposed to have been carefully concealed by the last Abbess, Madame de Montmorency before her death at the hands of the apostles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. As yet it has not been discovered.

#### THE CONSPIRACY OF THE QUAI DE CHAILLOT.

Recalling to mind the many plots devised for removing the present Emperor, and standing as we are on a terrace below which we hear the muffled clank of conspirators' tools, it is refreshing to recall the plot arranged by Georges Cadoudal and his friends for the removal of the First Consul. The house No. 10, Quai de Billy, west of the Champs Elysées, was selected for the preparation and accomplishment of the bold design. But the brave old Royalist would not condescend to the use of infernal machines or to take life in cold blood. "Georges," said Desmarest who helped to frustrate the design, "would only proceed against the First Consul sword in hand, and attain his object by strength and courage." Seventy or eighty men of proof were to be brought from Morbihan, and lodged in the house already mentioned, the quay on which it stood being then called Quai de Chaillot, and when the First Consul should be passing that way to St. Cloud, surrounded by his escort, all these men were to rush out, engage the party, and take the great man prisoner. The Count d'Artois and the Duke of Berry would present themselves, in due course, to the welcome of the fickle Parisians, and Bonaparte be transmitted to England. General Brèche who had just started to collect the seventy Bretons when Cadoudal was seized, afterwards alleged that the British Government intended to send the First Consul to the very island-prison which, twelve years later, he eventually occupied.

#### THE KING OF ROME'S CLOUD PALACE.

On the high grounds adjoining this quay, it entered the head of the Emperor to have a splendid palace built for the future King of Rome, and the preparations begun three months before the birth of the Monarch in *nubibus*. The plan was on an extensive scale, but when the disasters of 1812 began to thicken, he changed the general design to that of a *Sans-Souci*, and these proportions were in turn gradually modified, as the imperial horizon darkened, till they became those of a mere retreat for a convalescent.

Golden visions or bitter resentments seized on the inhabitants on and near Mount Chaillot as the preparations went forward, according as they did or did not desire a change of residence. One proprietor of a large house let in tenements, addressed, in more than one sense, a moving letter to M. le Comte Daru, the intendant of the Emperor's household : parts of it are worth quotation :—

"I am proprietor of a vast house on the quay de Billy, No. 62; the commissioners of the palace for the King of Rome have pronounced its sentence, they have marked it with black chalk. The lodgers are aware of the fact, and are preparing to quit, as much through prudence as respect. The consequence is that if the emigration continues all the inhabitants left will be a few labourers and the swallows. You must be well aware, M. le Comte, that with such lodgers it will be difficult for a citizen to meet his demands. . . . My petition is therefore that the Emperor purchase my house, and recompense me like a just and liberal monarch, ordering payment to be made as promptly as possible, seeing that I am dogged by my creditors, and have engagements to fulfil."

The brave citizen knowing more than a little of the circumlocution observed in government bureaux, himself being in the revenue, guarded against the inconvenience of delays by despatching a letter to Majesty itself, this time sweetening the re-

quest by enveloping it in rhyme, we fear to say poetry.

"Sire, au pied du Capitole  
Qui va couronner Chaillot,—

Je possède un hermitage  
Habité par l'indigent,  
Qui prudemment déménage,  
Et ce depuis qu'il apprend  
Que Napoléon le Grand  
Qu'on appelle aussi le Juste,  
Destine ce bâtiment  
A servir incessamment  
De rampe au palais d'Auguste."

The exordium being skilfully achieved, he put forward his hopes and expectations, and then proceeded with his well studied peroration :—

"On prétend qu'au Roi de Rome  
J'aurais bien dû m'adresser  
Mais Sire, à vous c'est tout comme.  
Je suis sûr qu'en pareil cas  
Il ne vous dedira pas.

Je crois donc tout me promettre,  
Si Sa Majesté veut mettre  
En marge de cet écrit  
'Soit fait ainsi qu'il est dit.'†

The Emperor laughed more heartily at the naïve composition than probably some of our readers will, and with the best possible intentions, appointed the petitioner porter to the King of Rome.

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\* Were it not for our rule invariably to translate in this series, we would not encounter the difficulties of this production; the happy fatuity of the original is beyond our power to render.

"Sire, at the foot of the Capitol  
Which will shortly crown Chaillot,—

I possess an hermitage  
Occupied by th' indigent,  
Who've been prudently decamping  
Ever since they've heard it said  
That Napoleon the Great,  
Whom they also call the Just  
Has decreed this tenement  
Immediately to serve as pass  
To the palace of Augustus."

† "They say it's to the King of Rome  
I should indeed address myself;  
But Sire, it's all the same to you,  
I'm confident that in this case  
He will not from your word draw back.

So I may have great hope of all  
If your Majesty will place  
On the margin of this brief—  
'Be it done as therein said.'"

## LE PALAIS DE LA LÉGIION D'HONNEUR.

On the left bank of the river (Quai d'Orsay) and nearly opposite where the King of Rome would have kept his Court under other circumstances, stands the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, originally built by a German Highness, Frederick III., Rhin-Graff of Salm Kyrbourg. This prince of æsthetic and luxurious tastes, weary of finding that he could gallop across his territories in an hour, came to Paris to eat (*gallice*) his possessions. On the spot mentioned he had a noble palace constructed, and finding that the entire mortgage of his principality did not afford means to finish it, he brought to the hammer a few estates which he possessed in a ravine in the Vosges. He gave a house warming to which all Paris was asked, several of the guests accosting him as one of the invited. This was towards the end of 1786; next year the architect purchased the hotel in order to indemnify himself for his outlays, and the prince became his tenant.

Like other ruined princes of the hour and place, he took service under the Republic one and indivisible, and in his discharge of duty as commander of a battalion, according to the "Petit Dictionnaire des Grands Hommes de la Révolution," he made a descent at the head of 3,000 warriors on the Cemetery of the Invalides, being persuaded of the existence of a conspiracy, and that all the money and all the cannons in France were hidden there. He courageously entered in full panoply, bravely contended for five hours without discovering anything contrary to the interests of the Republic, and from his boldness in face of the dead, we may judge of his gentleness towards the living."

The poor prince was victimized by evil tongues. "Riddled with sword-thrusts," says Tilly, "his courage was suspected; ruined by getting rid of all his property, his honesty was impugned. An immense loser at play, it was generally believed that he cheated. They allowed him wit, but denied him common sense."

The Sans-Culotte prince contrived to keep apartments in the house, and his head above water in the

general tumult, as his creditors did not care to press a citizen of his standing too severely, especially as a red-hot noisy club was held in the hotel. However he shared the fate of better men. Having been arrested and kept some time in prison, he was brought before his Highness Fouquier Tinville, and accused of secretly aiding the Germanic Coalition under the mask of patriotism. Out of forty-nine arraigned that day forty-six, including the ill-starred German Rhin-Graff were guillotined. Four days later came the 9th of Thermidor and the doom of Robespierre, but too late to save him.

His sister princess Amelia of Hohenzollern was unable to distinguish his remains among the slain. She purchased the neighbouring cemetery where her unfortunate brother rested among thirteen hundred victims of public security, and got it re-consecrated and enclosed. André Chenier the poet rests in that churchyard, along with General Lafayette and his wife. There also repose the remains of the Canonesses of Picpus interred between 1647 and 1690. A commemorative pyramid was erected within the enclosure under the empire, and every year on the second Sunday after Easter, the priests of the chapel of Picpus celebrated a solemn service for the repose of the souls of all interred there.

Under the Directory a barber's apprentice but yet a millionaire occupied the Salm Folly. Having exchanged the soap of commerce for that which cleans the faces and hands of scoundrels, he purchased the right of calling himself Count or Marquis of Beauregard, whichever he pleased. The parties which he gave were of the most expensive kind. All Paris were invited, and they came, and admired, and ridiculed the giver. While exercising their teeth at his expense, they gave full swing to their tongues in his disparagement.

Son of a vine-dresser in Burgundy or Nivernais young Lieuthraud discharged in succession the duties of barber's boy and nobleman's valet. His master at the breaking out of the Revolution, proceeded to the frontier with all his available fortune clinking in his saddle bags, and his valet attended him. Finding the barrier pass well watched, the nobleman

turned to the left to find a quiet place, directing his boy to do the same on the right, and meet him at a certain town in the next territory. Curious enough the money was left in the care of the valet, who, while seeking a convenient exit, began to reflect on the non-necessity of emigrating at all. He was a Frenchman, —Frenchmen are not comfortable in foreign parts; *parbleu*, he would turn his horse's head, proceed to Paris, and improve his appearance. On entering the city he recollected the presence of his master's property in the saddle bags, but it was too late to commence a useless chase after him.

Another version of his acquisition of riches reads thus. Being concerned with a foundry of cannons at Moulins, he obtained considerable advances from the Republic, and profited well thereby, for though he received the money, the arsenal got no cannon in exchange. Paris and the Palais Royal soon witnessed his mighty success in matters of finance. He did not look too close at the fitness of things in his dealings with his patrons and the public, but his immense riches soon signalized him as the most honourable man in Paris. He purchased the dozen superb steeds of the Prince de Croi, he acquired the Hotel de Salm and the Bagatelle, he became the lover of Mlle. Lange of the Rue Feydeau at the outlay of £500 per day, payable in advance, and he signalized this connexion by setting up in his best salon, her and his own portrait, each ornamented with £750 worth of jewels.

He furnished iron to the Republic as his foundry furnished cannon, and this iron in his hands became gold, even as once happened to Midas of the Ass's ears. More fortunate than Midas he was not obliged to take a strange barber into his confidence, for as M. Edouard Fournier informs us, "he combed and arranged his flowing locks like an angel."

Having appropriated the title of Le Comte de Beauregard towards the end of the Revolution, he looked on a marriage with a lady of birth as the supplement to his glory. He proposed for Mlle. Montholon, and though his offer was not definitively accepted,

Mme. Montholon received his visits, and in company with her daughters, returned them. "And she did wisely," said Arnault, "for while she reflected the fortune of Citizen Beauregard disappeared and so did the citizen himself. The day following a splendid ball given in honour of the ladies, he vanished. What became of him I know not; the river is at every one's service."

Before this, the Davenport Dunn of his day had been obliged to endure some mortifications. Being sent to prison on suspicion of sharing in a Royalist plot, the police examined his desk at their leisure, and found evidence of such mighty swindles that being acquitted of treason, he was re-committed for cheating on a large scale. By dint of bribery he escaped for the time, but after a year's renewed luxury and insolence, he was re-committed as a forger and condemned to the pillory, to four years' penal servitude, and the felon's brand.

Again he evaded the rigours of his sentence, but the people to whom he was indebted proved more inflexible than the ministers of justice. He had spent his fortune in proving himself an honest man, and not seeing any respite at the hands of his creditors, he disappeared as mentioned, and no more was heard of him. M. Fournier adds with regard to his splendid house,—

"The Hotel de Salm could not, in escaping from the hands of such a rascal, become all at once that which it continues to this day, a vestibule to the temple of glory; it needed a purification. Madame de Stael effected the desirable object by there holding together with Benjamin Constant, the seances of the *Constitutional Circle*. The fire of these great spirits having burned in it for a season, the Hotel de Salm was found purified."

#### THE ARCHEOLOGY OF THE PARIS RAT.

Taking M. Fournier for our guide and naturalist in ratology, for we own to absolute personal ignorance on the subject, we find that the original Celts of France were totally unacquainted with this mischievous species of the *rongeurs* till they were first disturbed by the Vandals with

whom came the brown furred animal : of him M. Fournier says,—

"The brown rat himself was an immigrant; he reigned in France not by right of birth but that of conquest. He had come in with the Barbarians of the North. 'To every horde its rat,' says M. Toussenel in his ingenious work *L'Esprit des Bêtes*. To every superficial occupation of the ground corresponds a subterraneous one. There is the Gothic rat, the Vandal rat, and the rat of the Huns."

Once the brown rats got possession they would not budge an inch. They merely sent a colony to England in the 11th century (12th in the text), under the protection of the invading troops of the Conqueror. They had multiplied so fast in France that they could spare some idle youngsters. The English in time returned the compliment. At every invasion the insular vermin paid their unwelcome visits, and gave their Gallic relatives, lessons in address and voracity. We prefer giving the following bit of information in M. Fournier's own words, not judging it authentic in all its bearings.

"These English rats also found opportunities for making descents on Ireland. The frogs found there in great number were delicious tit-bits to them. They regaled on them with such good appetite that one fine day the race of these amphibia was found to have disappeared. What an opportunity for an Irish *Batrachomyomachia* (Battle of the Frogs and Mice)! still no bard availed himself of the opportunity. The rats finding their larders empty disappeared in their turn. The fact is that there are much fewer rats in Ireland now than there were in the middle ages (?)."

A short time before the war of the Fronde (Temp. Louis XIII., middle of the 17th century), a new subterranean invasion of iron-grey animals occurred, and fierce and bloody were their wars with their brown cousins of many removes. Imaginative folk not otherwise able to account for their presence, said they were the same that were known in the country in the days of St. Gregory of Tours (sixth century), and talismanic images of them in bronze had been found from time to time in a certain quarter of Paris. A founder having lately discovered one had the imprudence to melt it, and lo, next day the sewers of the city were full of live specimens, iron-gray in colour.

Many corps of paid German lansquenets had been employed in France in the end of the 16th, and beginning of the 17th century and it was not impossible for very small colonies to cross the Rhine in the baggage carts of these mercenaries. But their transit in barges is more probable.

In 1725 there were earthquakes in the neighbourhood of the Caspian, particularly in the Desert of Coman, and multitudes of fierce strong animals of the rat tribe, with fur of a foxy hue were seen issuing out of caverns and fissures of the surface. They spread themselves on every side, swam rivers, crossed the Volga, took possession of boats, and by easy stages finally reached England and the west of Europe. M. Fournier says they arrived in England in 1750, and were at once called Hanover rats, as reminding John Bull of the human *rongeurs* that accompanied George I. to England "for its goods." Like others of his talented countrymen, M. Fournier contents himself with vague and erroneous information on foreign subjects.

These *surmulots* are the present rulers of the sewers of London and Paris, having reduced the iron-grey or black rats to the condition of a myth.

In whatever else we may excel our brothers beyond the *Manche*, we are decidedly inferior to them in the expression of sensibility in neat terms. Read the following extract from Esquiros, and be convinced :—

"I was taking a walk one evening with a Highland naturalist in the poor, hungry, ugly, picturesque region of Wapping. We descended the *Wapping Old Stairs* celebrated in sea songs. The moon shed an icy light on the Thames. Except the voice of the river all was silent. On the muddy and worn steps we were witnesses of a combat between two rats of different sizes and colours. The weaker was killed by the stronger before we could interfere. My companion heaved a mighty sigh. 'Poor Briton!' cried he, 'behold your fate! You are everywhere obliged to give way before the attack of the invader. A little time and the naturalist will seek you in vain in your natal isle.'

"How many times has the Paris rag-picker made over the carcase of some rat, who has perished under the fangs of his foxy foe, a funeral oration, less erudite perhaps, but certainly not less affecting."



## THE GOOD LADIES OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.

Among the houses taken down some years since to beautify the approach to the Théâtre Français, was the snuff-shop of the "Civet Cat" which had flourished for more than a century. About 1750 it was established by a young couple known to the beneficent Duchess of Chartres, Louise de Bourbon-Conti, married five or six years before that time to the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans. She wished to serve the young couple, but in such a way as not to humble them in their own eyes. So proceeding in her carriage from her apartments in the Palais Royal, she stopped before the shop, requested the inmates to fill her box, put it to her nose, and said aloud to the mistress that her snuff was the best in Paris. A few dawdlers heard the remark, next day all Paris was aware of it, and on the next, the shop was surrounded by a crowd of snuff-takers, amateur and professional. The proprietors flourished and the shop kept up its reputation though once or twice obliged to move over the way, till its final demolition.

Another lady of this house, daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre, and mother of the late King, Louis Philippe, was a model of goodness. A few years before the '89, she remarked a pretty child playing in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and entered into conversation with her. "In what way are your parents employed?" "Making shoes, Madame, and I help them, but the room is very dark, and the waxed ends scrape my fingers." "How would you like to be occupied?" "Oh, Madame, in some way in which I might have flowers and the open air around me."

Next day one of the Duchess's ladies took the little girl with her to a basket-maker's, bought a charming one for her, called at a florist's, purchased a nice bouquet, and putting it into the basket, gave all to the child, and sent her home in ecstasy; under the nosegay she found a beautiful purse, marked with the Duchess's cypher, and containing a handsome sum in Louis-d'ors. All this could only have happened in Paris, but the sequel was possible anywhere.

While the Revolution was in full

blow, the Duchess remained unmolested for a considerable time, her humble and devoted friends forming as it were a guard of honour about her. But the evil day came, and she was imprisoned in the Luxemburg, October 6, 1793 (24 Brumaire, An. 2), where she remained for months in sad want even of necessities, and attended by a girl of ill-repute, whom they inflicted on her in mockery of her irreproachable life.

By advice and example she effected a complete reformation in the poor creature, and she became a devoted servant.

Being allowed, on account of her weak health to remove to the *Maison Belhomme* in the Rue Charonne, she was soon surrounded by those grateful creatures whom she had aided in her prosperity. One of the first was Marie the flower girl, who, without waiting to put on her best clothes, ran with flowers and money and open heart to alleviate the condition of her kind benefactress. The poor girl ran to her with tears in her eyes holding out her basket, and the good lady, throwing her arms round her neck, kissed her affectionately on forehead and cheeks, and selected one of her roses to put in her bosom. Every day during her imprisonment in that house she received a rose from the good-hearted girl.

A lady once called in a carriage, and having sent in a small parcel to the Duchess, drove away, and was never after recognised by any of the inmates of the house. The parcel contained a large sum of money and enabled *Mme. Egalité*, as the Jacobins designated the Duchess, to continue her acts of beneficence.

## LE CAFÉ DE LA REGENCE.

This celebrated house of entertainment, the neighbour of the Civet Cat's snuff shop, maintained its vogue from the days of the Regent, Philip of Orleans, to these late evil ones of demolition. There nearly opposite the Théâtre Français soon after the introduction of coffee, Procopé, the Italian, taught his customers for the first time to relish ices and sirrups, and there dramatic authors received compliments on the success of their pieces, or condolences on their defeats.

The great feature of the Café de

Regence from its first institution was the incessant succession of games of chess. Le Sage, author or translator of "Gil Blas," a great frequenter of coffee-houses, and who left a description of Procopé's and of the Café de la Regence, represents the latter as the silent refuge of the "movers of wood" (chessplayers).

"You will see in a vast hall adorned with lustres and mirrors, a score of grave persons playing at draughts or chess on marble tables, and surrounded by persons most attentive to the game. So profound a silence is observed that nothing is heard except the stirring of the pieces. You might call it the Café of Harpocrates, where perfect solitude is enjoyed in the company of sixty persons."

Some sixty years later the author of "Faublas," himself a great chess-player and frequenter of coffee-houses, amused himself with the reflective silence of the habitués, and their impatience and fury at the least word, even the faintest sigh :—

"He sat at loggerheads a young spectator who happened to be in love, and an old player who being disturbed by the exclamations and sighs of the other, was at last obliged to cry out, 'A plague on all lovers, I say!' 'Sir I do not comprehend.' 'Not comprehend?' 'Look at your work, a move spoiled!' 'But what have I to do with it?' 'To do indeed! For a whole hour you have been at my elbow with your "dear Sophia" here, and "your pretty cousin" there. I could not avoid hearing your nonsense, and see I have played like a schoolboy. Sir, when a man is in love he should not visit the Café de la Regence.'"

But what could the young gentlemen talk about except love? There were no newspapers then allowed in cafés, and politics were strictly prohibited. Seldom was a house of entertainment to be found at any hour of its being open without the presence of a spy elaborately disguised.

Sometimes as in the case of young Marmontel and old Boindin, the philosophers of the day settled on a peculiar *argot* beforehand. The soul was Margot, religion *Javotte*, liberty *Jeanneton*, a being not to be mentioned here was, say, Monsieur Three Stars. The sages were indulging in their colloquy with the greatest comfort, when a person with a squint joined in the conversation. "May I ask, gentlemen," said he at last, "who

is Monsieur Three Stars, with whom you are so dissatisfied?" "Sir," said M. Boindin, "he was a police spy."

Jean Jacques Rousseau was also a frequenter, less to see, however, than to be seen. When he found himself the centre of an admiring throng he escaped from observation, carefully marking whether his flight was regretfully observed by the company. In order to escape public attention or possibly only affecting the wish to do so, he began to visit the café disguised as an Armenian but this only redoubled the enthusiastic crowd. M. de Sartine, minister of police, was one day obliged to station a sentinel at the door, and so disgusted was Jean Jacques at his celebrity that he did not show himself at all next day.

At a later date the proprietor would be heard directing refreshments to be served to Voltaire or to Rousseau, these names representing two tables, said to have been patronized by these celebrities. He probably took a liberty with the philosopher of Ferney, as he was not an *habitué* of cafés.

Sovereigns are generally less greedy of public adulation than philosophers. Joseph II. of Austria, brother of Marie Antoinette, came to Paris not to fritter away his time in court ceremonial or to present himself for senseless admiration or inspection. He passed as Count of Falkenstein, lived quietly at a hotel, was said to cook his own dinner occasionally, and devoted the greater part of his time to the acquiring of useful information. It gave him serious annoyance to be recognised in the streets, or find himself the centre of a crowd. He lodged at a hotel in the Rue de Tournon then (1777) kept by a brother of Mercier, author of the "Tableaux de Paris," and since that time bearing the Emperor's name.

A report getting abroad one morning that he was to visit the Palais Royal, a large crowd collected before it. Leaving his hotel on foot he found a nearly impenetrable throng before the Palais; so he turned into the long salon of the empty Café de la Regence, untenanted at the moment by any one but the Hebe of the establishment.

"Ah, sir," said she, 'you are very welcome. Not one but yourself has come in all the morning. This plaguy Emperor is to blame; he robs us of our customers. And

if he were only exact at the places where people are waiting to see him, it would not be so bad. They'd see him, they'd find themselves thirsty after the sight, they'd come to refresh themselves with a cup of coffee. But no. He always comes late when he comes at all. He likes to make people wait for him. Look at that crowd before the Palais Royal. There they'll remain the whole day, and we shall not have a visitor till night.

"Have you seen this tiresome Emperor?" "Faith, I have not; not but I'd like to see him; but he makes people wait too long, and I have no time to lose."

"While talking, the Emperor had come to the end of his cup of coffee, he evidently enjoyed it to the last drop, for in these days there was good coffee to be had in cafés. He arose, and cast a new double Louis on the counter.

"'Oh the beautiful coin!' said the *limogadière*, 'that is the head of our good King Louis XVI.'

"'Yes madame, and this is the head of the Emperor.'

"Smiling he lifted his hat, and vanished, without waiting for his change."

Paul of Russia also visited the *café incog*. All the memorabilia of his visit consisted in winning a Louis by betting on a game, and handing it to the waiter as he passed out.

Towards the end of the *Ancien Régime*, a serious looking gentleman was observed in attendance for twelve years from seven till eleven in the evening. His occupation consisted in watching the games. He scarcely spoke at all, but was considered a profound authority on every thing connected with chess. So, one night when there were but few in the room he was appealed to in a dispute. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have selected an incompetent judge; I do not even know the moves." "Well, why have you been watching the games so earnestly for more than ten years?" "The answer is easily given. I am terribly tired of my wife; she annoys me continually. It is a complete relaxation here to look on without seeing any thing, and to hear things without understanding them."

During "the Terror" few came to play at the *Café de la Régence*. People had not the heart, and it was not pleasant to see through the panes, the cars bearing the condemned

through the Rue St. Honoré to execution. Robespierre often took a seat but few had any wish to play with him, such terror did the insignificant looking little man strike into every one's heart. One day a very handsome young man sat opposite him, and made a move as signal for a game; Robespierre responded, and the stranger won. A second game was played and won, and then Robespierre asked what was the stake. "The head of a young man," was the answer, "who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for his release wanting only your signature; and be quick,—the executioner will give no delay." It was the young Count B. that was thus saved. The paper was signed, and then the great man asked, "But who are you, Citizen?" "Say Citizeness, Monsieur, I am the Count's betrothed. Thanks and adieu!"

Napoleon I. in the days of his sous-lieutenancy, played chess in the same salon, and very badly too. He always began unskilfully, and had no patience with any delay on the part of his adversary. He would bite his lips, stamp his foot, drum impatiently on the chessboard, and make the pieces dance. It was still worse if he lost. He would dash his hand down on the table, and make every thing jump. The waiter who recited these anecdotes to our authority and his friends, said he was surprised when he heard that the Sous Lieutenant when he became Emperor, and had very skilful opponents among the courtiers, never lost a single game though he had not improved in the slightest degree.

The most remarkable of the chess-players of the *café* were La Bourdonnais, Philidor, Deschapelles, St. Amand, Boncourt, Boissy d'Anglas, Barneville. This last player would have been unable to endure the tedium of life without the chessboard. He probably asked some one, as Maupertuis is known to have done, "What could he find to do outside a coffee house?"

In the days of July, 1830, the front of the building was injured. It was afterwards repaired and decorated.\*

\* A popular compound of the moment, took this shape. "Why have they decorated the *Café de la Régence*?" "Because it is one of the 'Wounded of July.'"

Twelve years since the business was removed to the Rue Richelieu while some changes were being made. The most remarkable customer it had in latter times was Alfred de Musset.

#### LEGENDARY PARIS.

The Parisian, comme il faut, knows very little of the mere legends connected with his beloved capital. He can if he has made any excursions relate Scotch, Swiss and Rhenish legends, but few have been blessed with Parisian nurses, and ballad or romantic story connected with Paris is to him a perfect novelty. Those related by M. Fournier are chiefly confined to the Cité. The incidents in the story of the Jew-barber stated by some to have been related by ocular witnesses so late as 1780, were discovered by patient antiquaries to have occurred in the time of Francis I., but one of the earliest tellers of the story unsettled all this by fixing the date at 1270. This man, called the Lame Poet, thus began his frightful tale :

"In the street of the Two Hermits

Very near the Marmousets,  
There lived two accursed souls,  
As may be gathered from their deeds,—  
One a sanguinary barber,  
T'other a daring pastry-cook,  
Both discovered by a dog,  
Giving their customers to eat  
Through outrageous cruelty  
Flesh of Christians for their food."

The man of verse then went on to relate how the Jew-barber after shaving his customers in his peculiar style, passed their dead bodies to his Christian neighbour the pastry-cook, who used them in the ordinary way of trade. The thing was done once too often, for the dog belonging to the last victim would not leave the barber's door, but there remained whining and barking. The man's family began to search for him, the neighbours gathered about the dog, an exploration was made, and the dead body discovered in the cellar on a mighty heap of bones. The two wretches were burned in iron cages, and their houses levelled to the ground. When a new building was raised on the spot some years later, the image of the faithful animal cut in stone was inserted in the front. A stone is to be still seen in front of the house forming

the angle of the Rue des deux Hermites and the Rue Marmousets, presenting some faint contours which a zealous archæologist might recognise as those of the noble brute in question.

As the woods came to the very gates of the city when it was still young, the wolves paid several unwelcome visits to the streets in times of scarcity. Savans are of opinion that "Little Red Riding Hood" (*Le Chaperon Rouge*) was first told by a Parisian story-teller to a Parisian audience.

The legend of the Giant Isoré preserved from early times has not been considered by the Thierry's, and Guizot's, and Millots, worthy of admission in their dry chronicles. It is well remembered, however, by students of legendary history. Some authorities represent Isoré as a Saracen admiral, others as a king of Coimbra, but passing this question as one not easily solvable in our day, we find him approaching the walls of old Paris to revenge his friend Sinagos, who had been lately slain before Palermo. Why he did not rather repair to the scene of the crime does not appear. Some philosophers maintain that every one is punished for every other one's faults; perhaps the original historian belonged to this class. King Louis (time and number omitted) finding himself literally and morally circumvented, sent a knight of Auvergne, Anseis by name, in search of "William of Orange of the short nose," the only hero able to extricate him and his people from the difficulty. This redoubtable champion not being discoverable, the king and his people were in a state of despair, but he came when least expected, and giving the giant's forces the slip, he knocked at a postern gate, and was admitted. There getting lodging with Bernard of the trenches, he sent him into the city to purchase capons, and plovers, and partridges; white bread, pepper, and cummin; apples, cloves, and candles; and being mightily refreshed, he met Giant Isoré in deadly fight, and after a pretty tough struggle defeated and beheaded him. All danger being passed the citizens poured out, measured the headless trunk, and handed its length down to posterity. It was exactly fifteen feet long. For memory of the thing

Louis ordered a tomb to be constructed to receive the remains of the tall fellow, in the place called since "Our Lady of the Fields."

Another legend peculiar to Paris was that of the Four Sons of Aymon, who left their names to one of the streets. In time the father's name was forgotten, and the street was merely called "La Rue des Quatre Fils." One only of their adventures continued popular with the Parisian story-tellers. Bayard the brave bay Destrier of Renaud and his brothers, thought nothing of bearing the four on his back at once. Charlemagne coveting the possession of the matchless steed, invited Renaud who was then at Montauban, to try his courser's mettle in a grand race about to be run between the city and the hill of Montmartre, the prize being 400 marks of gold, 100 pieces of striped silk, and the golden crown of the Emperor.

Maugis, a wise man who accompanied Renaud, in order to prevent the abduction of Bayard before the race began, painted him white, and even made him pretend to be lame; and Charlemagne scornfully laughed at the limping racer as he went to place himself at the starting-point. There Renaud suddenly cried to the intelligent Bayard, "Rouse, my brave horse; show what you can do; they will blame us at Montauban if we are left behind." So Bayard pricked his ears, began to curvet, and snort foam from his nostrils; and when the barrier was lowered, he literally devoured the ground till he came in at the winning-post, many lance-lengths ahead of his competitors. There Renaud reached his hand for the promised crown, but Charlemagne cried, "Stay, descend from Bayard, and I will give you all the money in my treasury for him." "Ah Charles!" said the other, "I set no value on your treasures. If you wish for Bayard send your nephew Orlando for him. He is to be won not by gold but sharp steel." So saying he spurred his charger, rejoined Maugis, and both were immediately out of sight.

The Palace of the Tuilleries is not without its legend. Before the loss of power by king or emperor, a small man in a red cloak is seen by the frightened inmates promenading its

halls and galleries. This is a tradition liable to abuse by ill-willers of the supreme chief.

We must refer those readers who wish for further information concerning the demolished and undemolished buildings and streets of Paris to the work quoted at the commencement of the article. The author has furnished information of an archæological character concerning the high and singular tower of that "John without Fear" who flourished in the terrible era of Isabelle of Bavaria, and of the Hotel de Pimodan built by the son of an inn-keeper, sold by a cobbler, and once inhabited by that daring scamp, le Duc de Lauzun, who made the first cousin of Louis XIV. pull off his boots after she had indulged her bad taste in becoming his wife.

M. Fournier has not forgotten the frightful old prison of the Chatelet, where some of the cachots were completely dark, and where the wretched prisoners' feet were covered with water, and crawled over by slimy vermin. The neighbouring taverns with such signs as *Le Veau qui tette* (the sucking calf) are not forgotten, nor the convenience which the roof of this one afforded to some daring-prisoner in his escape, for it was built up against the prison wall.

The author finds place for the conflagration at the Austrian Embassy in the Chaussée d'Antin during the ball given in honour of the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise of Austria, and for some remarkable floods by which the city severely suffered in former days. The publication of the book is well-timed. The minds of all who take an interest in the old world glories of an ancient city are full of the souvenirs of old Paris, when so many of its landmarks have been just removed or are on the point of being so. The Emperor can scarcely reckon on the devoted archæologists over whom he rules, as the most loyal of his subjects. He certainly is possessed of a much greater stock of moral courage than his uncle.

THE AUTHOR OF THE PARIS CHRONICLES AND LEGENDS.

M. Edouard Fournier was born at Orleans, 15th June, 1819. His life has been devoted to literature chiefly of an archæological character, but he has found time to compose (frequently

in collaboration) several successful dramatic pieces. These are the names of some of them;—"Christian and Margaret" (Théâtre Français, 1851), "The Village Romance" (Odeon, 1853), "The Two Spaniels," "The King's Hat," 1856, and three pieces with Corneille, Molière, and Racine for their subjects.

Among his other works are "Historic and Literary Souvenirs of Loiret," 1847; "Essay on Orthography," 1849; "Essay on Lyric Art," 1849; "A History of Inns and Hotels," 1850; "History of Printing and Book-selling," 1854; "Enigmas of

the Paris Streets," 1860; "History of the Pont Neuf," 1861; "History of Ball-playing," 1862; "The Romance of Molière," 1863; "Book-binding in the late Centuries." He has also edited some of the old works mentioned in our notice of the folk books of France, and the unpublished letters of the Marchioness of Crequy, and contributed articles innumerable to literary journals. He was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, August 14, 1862, a distinction apparently well deserved, taking his talents and diligence into account.

## "NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

PEOPLE cannot indulge in such frantic emotions as I have tried weakly to portray in the last chapter, without paying for them—paying a good price too. Nature will avenge herself on those who maltreat her, so uncalculatingly. For the second time in her life, Kate was struck down by a violent brain fever. Again for weeks and weeks she lay, hovering on the ill-defined borders of life and death, in a sort of debatable land that hardly belonged to either. Again, in delirious frenzies, she raved about her for-ever-lost Dare; imagined that he was in the next room; that they were keeping him from her; flung herself about, and fought violently, wildly, with her attendants to get to him. Again, after a long, weary interval, she struggled back into full consciousness, woke up from her fevered dreams, and saw her

"Set, gray life,"

in its own dull colours—the colours it would always wear henceforth.

After a person has been as much pulled down as Kate had, it takes some time to build them up again. It was by almost imperceptible degrees that she seemed to creep back to health; but, for all that, creep back she did, surely and safely. The summons had not gone forth for her yet. For many a long hour and day she lay on the green sofa by the fire, wrapped in a white dressing-gown

that was hardly whiter than her face, with her great eyes bigger than ever, now full of dreamy, vague speculations. Almost listlessly she thought of Dare, this weary sickness of hers seemed to have interposed such a deep gulf between him and her. Sometimes she thought that she had lost the power of feeling anything; that nothing could any more move her to tears or laughter; that she had used up all her stock of feeling in those two horrible days, that she would gladly have blotted out of her remembrance altogether. Then, too, she used to plan and portion out, and plot her future life, making many a resolution which she was as yet too weak to carry out. Sometimes Margaret, or the old servant that had nursed her twenty years ago, would come softly into the still room, would speak gently to her, ask her how she did, and whether she wanted anything, stoop down and kiss her perhaps, and then go out again as softly, for fear of disturbing her. James came too, to see her very often, sat by her, and read chapters and bits out of the Bible to her, and sometimes she would listen and say, "Thank you," very gravely, at the end; sometimes her thoughts would wander off, weakly straying away

"To other scenes and other days,"

or she would drop asleep, and only wake to find him going; and to scold

herself for her self-indulgence and ingratitude to him.

It was the end of February, and the cuckoo-flowers were beginning to blossom out shyly in the damp green water meadows away down in the country, before she was able to walk about the house in her old, elastic, springy way, before she was restored to full glowing health, before she was quite the same girl that she had been before her seizure. *The same girl*—that is to say, solely as regarded bodily conditions, for as for everything relating to her mental and moral part, it was soon patent to all her friends, that she was not by any means the same girl as she had been. There had come upon her a new kind of austerity, a sort of hardness, which had she been of a different faith, would have made her relish, almost enjoy, the severities and mortifications of such a convent as that of the Perpetual Adoration. She had lost all belief, all confidence in herself. Since that last passage in her history, she believed herself capable of any crime. What security had she that, in some fresh access of insanity, she might not hurl herself upon ruin, when no one should be by to pull her back? No reins, she considered, could be too strait and tight to curb and check so untamed a soul, no manacles too heavy and close to fetter it. In her convalescence, as soon as jealously guarding nurses allowed her to make any exertion, to be left to herself for ten minutes—with eager haste, she had put away out of her sight, without one regretful sigh, those gay garments with which she had been wont to heighten her beauty; those simple little ornaments, with which she had decked her fair neck, and round arms of yore. She had done for ever with the flowers and jewels of life; the thorns must be her portion now, and she would wear them crownwise, round her brows, and not clamour or complain about the blood they drew. On her past harmless coquetties she looked back as on so many deadly sins, and she could hardly be persuaded to speak civilly to George Chester, because he was connected in her mind with passages of her life, which seemed to her of inexcusable folly and fatuity. It was evident that this exaggerated strictness, sprung from a morbid remorse, could

not last. It was only the rebound from her former recklessness. Any one could see that this girl was in a state of transition, though transition to what remained to be proved. Then as to her parish visiting, and ministering to the sick and needy; formerly, she had gone about this in a very lazy, capricious, dilettante sort of way, tripping about on her errands of mercy, daintily dressed, scattering about, helter-skelter, tracts and religious books, which she had been in the habit of turning into the most complete and thorough ridicule. She had allowed herself, too, to have favourites among her people, partialities and aversions; and had also thought herself at liberty to avoid dens and holes, where churls lurked, and stench ramped, unreprieved. Then, when she got home, she would devise some becoming new headdress, would practise some soft little plaintive song, or prepare one or other of the small traps, in which she lured that shy bird, man, so successfully. Oftenest of all she would meet George Chester on her homeward way; would carry on a brisk trade in sentimentalities, as she dawdled along with him, and after leaving, would feel mildly elevated at the thought of having done a little mischief. How different it was now. Heart and soul, with all the energies of her body, and all the faculties of her mind, she went into that work, with which she had formerly trifled and played. Her great object appeared to be, that no second of her life should be without occupation. She could not be too ceaselessly busy, to keep thought at bay. It was only the happy and innocent, she used to say, that dare sit down with folded hands and be idle. She took James for her model now; and strove emulously to pull in the same yoke with him. Women are always in extremes; impetuous, passionate women like Kate, more especially so. No earthly power could get her now to go out to any parties, to make any calls, or pay any of the duties people owe to society. She was not fit to go into society, she would answer gloomily, when urged on this point. If people knew the sort of girl she was, they would not receive her into their houses. A system of flagellation, and fasting five days a week, hair shirt, &c., &c.,

would have appeared to her distempered imagination much more suited to her case than any meeting of light-hearted, glad friends. She seemed to think that she could not possibly make her present life too different from her past one. "You're going regularly through the stages of a Frenchwoman's life," Margaret said, one day laughing, to her; "*coquette, prude, dévote*, only I think you are running the last two into one." Margaret stuck religiously to the first.

"How different those two sisters are to be sure; no one would take them for sisters." People made that remark, apropos of the Chesters, very often in these days. Different! I should think they were. As different as summer and winter, as sunrise and sunset, as death and life; as different as any two things most opposed to one another in the world. Margaret had made several acquaintances of late; had found reason to modify her unflattering opinion of Queenstown; after all, it was no worse than other places. Beauty was rather at a premium there this winter, which perhaps accounted for the fact of Margaret being received with such open arms in the drawing-rooms of all the green-blinded stucco villas, and lodges, and houses. It is a well-known fact that when the moon is not up, the stars shine bright. Now that the moon, to wit, pale Kate, had voluntarily withdrawn herself, that fair star, her sister, had a chance of showing any lustre she might possess. And a fair star she was, shining with a clear, modest, wholesome light, that cheered and illumined, though it did not dazzle. One or two adventurous individuals succeeded in getting up half a dozen balls and soirées in these bleak months; and on these occasions Miss Chester made quite a sensation. Numberless gentlemen appertaining to the War Office, the Treasury, &c., &c., never seen in daylight without the incumbrance of disfiguring black bags, at night, freed from these impediments, whispered soft nothings to her under the gas-lights. Yes, all was smooth and smiling before her, though it was only little trifles that made it so.

With no great grief cold at her heart, with no evil deed on her soul, with a pleasant face, a fairly quick

wit, and a sweet temper, as women's tempers go—what more could a young woman want? But this young woman had her annoyances and grievances too, though she did not kick and scream about them. She was not by any means sure that the romance of her life would end happily, though perhaps nobody might find out that there was anything particularly tragic about it. The hero of it had not as yet behaved in so satisfactory a manner as the heroes of any of the dog-eared novels at the circulating library. The four Chester girls (they always congratulated themselves on being four, because their friends could not call them the Graces) fired many small arrows of good-humoured ridicule at Kate, on her first entering upon her new rôle. They thought it only a passing whim that she could be easily laughed out of. But they might as well have aimed their darts at the tough hide of a hippopotamus. So they found out ere long; and, being sensible, good-natured young women, went their own way, and let her go hers, unmolested; even helping her, now and again, with old clothes and broken meats for those poor folk, in the tendence of whom she was now so completely wrapped up, to all appearance at least.

And James—how did this new phase in Kate's history affect him? What was he doing now? How was he getting on? Doing? He was doing what one told us all to do many, many years ago—what very few of us *do* do—"Crucifying the flesh, with the affections and lusts." Getting on very surely and bravely with his work; feeling, somehow (now particularly after having been permitted to rescue Kate), that it was more than three parts done; though the battle still seemed at its hottest. Getting on so as not to be taken at unawares by the Great Reaper, whose harvesting time is all seasons of the year. And did he keep to his old line of conduct and eschew Kate's society—keep clear of her in her sore need? Not he. That would not have been like him. He saw plain that *now* duty led him towards her, instead of, as formerly, away from her; and, wherever the Pilot Star of Duty shone, there he would do his best to follow it, even if it led him over quaking morasses



and through thorny brakes. Hand in hand, like brother and sister, they went forth to that labour they had set themselves; there would never be any estrangement between them again. Every day they were together, often for hours, and yet no one ventured to mention the name of marriage or love-making in connexion with them.

It was twenty times harder now for James to contend against that old enemy, his single-hearted devotion to Kate, than ever before; when, by the aid of his system of absenting himself, he had nothing but memory and imagination to torment and harass him. Now, every day, a thousand little trifles—almost invisible, imperceptible, singly, but together, an armed host—fed and nourished his deep affection. Kate was not the same girl, either, that she had been—not the gay, sparkling, witty Kate Chester who had seemed a being of another sphere. Now she was grave and mournful like himself; far graver and more mournful indeed; for as yet there was no serenity, no restfulness, in her melancholy. How he longed often to be able to say something that would comfort her; would bring back the old smile to the set white features. I think her religion did not make her happy. No one ever heard her joking now, or making little witticisms; very seldom she laughed. Perhaps it might have been said, as of another, with truth—

"One face, remembering his, forgot to smile."

Since the service James had rendered her—(sometimes, even now, she caught herself longing that he had not rendered it; longing, sickly, to have Dare back at any price)—since then, I say, she had trusted in him wholly; had leaned on him; had gone to him in all her difficulties; called him her dear, good, old Jemmy—her one friend; had laid bare her whole heart before him. It was very, very hard for him to keep his great love out of every word and look; but, hard as it was, he did it. Not once, while life and strength gave him power to conceal it, did she guess at its existence.

"'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the spring comes slowly up this way."

Came up, not borne on the strong wings of loud, blustering, health-giving March winds; not lit by a broad-faced, jocund, spring sun; but creeping in with fog and rotting mist, and low-hanging clouds and ceaseless rain, bearing malaria in its wet bosom.

One afternoon Margaret Chester, returning from an almost diurnal visit to her cousins at Grove House, came hastily up the stairs and into the drawing-room of their own little cottage. Here she found Kate, sitting by the table, leaning her head on her hand; for a wonder, doing nothing. She flung herself down into an arm-chair, pulling off her hat, and said impatiently—

"There's no use talking—I cannot bear it much longer."

"What?" asked Kate, looking up, heavy-eyed.

"Why, this fever, to be sure; it's spreading like the plague."

"Ah!" said Kate.

"The Chesters have just been telling me," continued Maggie, "that that wine merchant's daughter in Queenstown—that pretty girl that George pointed out to us one day—is just dead of it."

"Is she really?" said Kate, with a shocked intonation of voice.

"Yes, indeed," replied Margaret. "She was quite well the day before yesterday, walking about on the Parade, and last night she was dead."

"Poor thing!" murmured Kate, softly. "It was a sudden message she had sent her."

"It will get into your district next," went on Margaret, very discontentedly; "as sure as fate it will; those low, crowded parts, so close to the river side."

"Two cases have broken out there already," remarked Kate, quietly; "so I found out to-day. I did not know it before I went there."

Margaret jumped up in a second, and put the length of the room between them.

"And you have actually come back here," she said with horror, "to bring the infection to me! I never heard anything so inhuman."

"I knew you would be in a dreadful fright," answered Kate, almost smiling, in her slight scorn; "so I took the precaution of changing all my clothes."

"Of course you'll not go near them

again, now you do know," proceeded Margaret, a little reassured by this information. "You could not be so mad."

"I'll take a lodging in Queenstown if you like," replied Kate, pushing her hair wearily off her low, wide brow. "Indeed I think I had better, on account of you and the servants; but I certainly could not be so cowardly as to desert them, poor creatures, now of all times, when they want me so much more than ever."

"I do not know what people mean by throwing away their lives in such a way," grumbled Margaret, angry with the fever, angry with the people who had caught the fever, angry with Kate, angry with everything and everybody. "It would be all very well to be so prodigal, if one had two or three lives to spend."

"Two or three lives!" exclaimed Kate, involuntarily. "What a frightful idea!"

"Why, I'd have twenty, if I could, or twenty times twenty," said Margaret, with animation.

"And I would never have had half a one if I had had the choice," answered Kate, gloomily.

Silence then for a few minutes. Kate leaning her elbow listlessly on the table, still fiddling, white fingered, with Dare's locket (the one last remnant of him, that she could not tear from her heart even yet). Margaret tapping her foot impatiently on the floor, flinging eau-de-Cologne in a wide circle all round her, as a sort of disinfective. Then she spoke again in a fume—

"It is getting nearer every day; why it is not a hundred yards from our own door now!" and she wrung her hands in her panic.

"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late,"

said Kate, with serious composure.

"Everybody is leaving the place, but us; everybody except the doctors and the undertakers," continued poor Margaret.

"Oh," said Kate.

"The Chesters are going Monday week; they cannot get off sooner, or they would," went on Maggie again, "going down to stay with an aunt of theirs in Kent."

"Are they?" said Kate, indifferently.

"I wish to goodness I was going with them," cried Margaret, exasperated at the little impression her pieces of news made.

"It is a great pity that you cannot induce them to ask you," replied Kate, drily.

"Ah, but they have," said her sister, triumphantly. "They did to-day, all of them—begged me."

"And why on earth did not you say yes?" asked Kate, opening her large eyes in mild surprise.

"Oh, because I would not settle anything till I had seen you," returned Maggie.

"Seen me?"

"Yes, they want you to come too; they told me to tell you so; and you will, won't you?" Maggie, as she spoke, came over to the table, and put her hand pleadingly on Kate's shoulder.

"No, I shall stay here," answered Kate, quietly.

Not much use to try and move her when she spoke in that tone; as well try to lift up one of the old recumbent giant blocks at antiquary-defying Stonehenge, with your finger and thumb.

"And catch the fever," suggested Miss Chester, aghast.

"Well?" said Kate, shrugging her shoulders in the old devil-may-care fashion.

"And die of it," proceeded Maggie, trying to add blackness to the picture she was painting.

"I do not suppose it is a particularly painful death," said Kate, indifferently. "I suppose it is only that you are very hot, and troublesome, and noisy, for two or three days, and then very cold, and very peaceable, and silent for ever."

"Ah, it is all very fine to be so stoical about it now," cried Maggie, indignantly; "but let it come close to you, it will be the old fable of the old man carrying the bundle of fagots. You would not be so nonchalant then."

"Perhaps not," said Kate, calmly; but to her own heart she said that to her, death would be "like a friend's voice, from a distant field, calling."

A few more days went by, cheerless, as if a curse had fallen upon those fair fat Thames banks. Fed by the fog, and the river mist, and the warm drizzle, the fever shot up like a tro-

pical plant, from an infant into a full-grown giant. Scorching, livid-faced, it stalked and ramped stealthily among the reeking crowded courts and alleys. In and out of the red-roofed old houses, went Death, laying a finger upon such as he chose for himself, as a woodman walks through the forest, marking the trees that must fall beneath his axe. One evening, Kate returned very late, past seven o'clock, and came into the room, after a long day's work, languidly, very white faced, very grave, very tired. Margaret was already dressed for dinner, lounging in an arm-chair by the fire, trying to read, but unable, through the fast-coming thoughts that pressed on her brain.

"Kate, it really is too bad of you," she began, fretfully, as her sister entered; then she broke off suddenly, "Good gracious, child! how ill you look."

"I'm not ill," answered Kate, rather faintly, tumbling down on the sofa; "I'm only rather knocked up, and headachy, after being so long in those close stuffy rooms."

"You'll be catching your death in your absurd Quixotism, as sure as you sit there," cried Maggie, sitting upright in her chair, with glowing cheeks and eager eyes.

"Catch a fiddlestick," said Kate, rather crossly, from among the cushions, for she had heard something like this once or twice before.

"Well, all I can tell you is that every soul is leaving this pestiferous place," said Maggie, warmly. "Only an hour ago, I met Mrs. Walton, and she told me they were as busy as possible packing up, to be off to-morrow."

Kate rose up suddenly, and stood by the fire—

"Maggie," she said, resolutely, "you shall go too. You are miserable here, and there's nothing to keep you. You shall go."

"What! and leave you?" interjected Maggie.

"Yes; you shall go down into Kent with the Chesters, on Monday. You know you will be as happy as the day is long with them; and the country air will do you no end of good, and—George will be there." So she ended, with a slight, good-natured smile. To herself she appeared now about a hundred years

old; felt quite a grandmotherly interest, or rather, perhaps the interest that a disembodied spirit looking down from above, might be allowed to feel in her elder sister's heartaches and love troubles.

"And you?" asked Margaret, with a pleased blush.

"Oh, I shall do very well," answered Kate, lightly.

"If you can do very well here," persisted Margaret, "of course I can too."

"No," said Kate, "that does not follow. I have not got that horror and dread of this complaint that you have, so I'm safer than you, for that predisposes a person to catch it. No, say no more about it, go you shall; I've settled that."

"But," remonstrated Margaret, "suppose you were to be laid up here, all alone, with not a creature near you, how desolate you would be. Just fancy!"

"I shall not be laid up," answered Kate, confidently, "at least I do not feel as if I should. Why, I have only just tumbled out of one fever, and it is not very likely I should tumble into another immediately afterwards. However, if I do, I do, and there's an end of it."

The Miss Chesters were not demonstrative in their affection towards one another, but now Margaret came over to her sister and kissed her. "Kate," she said, in a pained voice, "you're so young and so pretty. Why do you care so little about living? It's very sad to see you now, after what I remember you."

"And yet I would not have the old days back if I could," said Kate, shaking her head.

"What! not the old days, when we played with the doll's house, and had bread and treacle in the nursery, and planned what we should do when we grew up?"

"No," replied Kate, firmly. "Johnson always said that there was not a week in his life that he would have over again, and I agree with him, only I go farther. I say that there is not a day nor an hour in my life that I would have over again."

"What! do you mean to say that you would not have it come over again, to be spent exactly as you did spend it; or that you would not have it, even if, with the advantage of your

present experience, you might be allowed to spend it differently?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Kate, thoughtfully. "It would be a great gift if one could be allowed to put one's remorse and repentance into action. It is its utter futility which is the great sting of remorse; that's its essence, indeed. Good heavens! how differently I'd live my life if it were to be given into my hands again."

"You're not singular in that," said Maggie, sighing; "I expect we all feel that more or less."

"How different I'd be to mamma," went on Kate, looking very sadly into the fire, "if God would give her back to me—at least I think so now. I dare say if I had her again I should be just as undeserving of her as I was in the old days."

"Kate, Kate, you're getting morbid with the dreadful life you're leading," cried her sister, pained. "You'll send yourself melancholy mad if you feed upon such thoughts."

Kate did not heed her.

"I lie awake so often at night," she said, softly, with the tears coming dimly into her eyes, "thinking how I long to see her, if only for a minute, to tell her how sorry I am; to tell her how I miss her."

"She knows, I'm sure," said Margaret, earnestly, "without your telling."

"No, she does not," answered Kate, despondently. "I'm certain she is not permitted to know anything about me. It would mar her perfect beatitude if she were. I'm not the same girl she left me."

"You're a much better girl," said her sister, stoutly; "you're too good by half, I think. But what is the use of dwelling on such gloomy themes? 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' It is the present we have to do with, and quite enough, too, I think."

"Yes, that's true enough," Kate answered, with dejected acquiescence; and she went on gazing into the fire, as though she could read her future history in its little flaming chambers. Then, after an interval, she spoke suddenly, "Maggie, I'm going to make my will."

"What! at two-and-twenty, and outlive all your legatees! Absurd," said her sister, derisively.

"It seems to me that people die

full as often at twenty-two as at seventy-two. What is that song I so often hear you singing about the reaper whose name is Death, that—

'Reaps the bearded grain at a breath  
And the flowers that grow between.'

I think the flowers are the easiest mown down of the two."

But Margaret pooh poohed it.

"It is the exception, not the rule. It is contrary to the course of nature."

"Very likely; but you know we are not a long-lived family. A white-headed Chester is rather an anomaly. And judge for yourself. Do I look a woman likely to hang on into the *eighty's*. I live too quick to live long. Why, even now I'm not unlike a corpse set upright on a chair. I should have done for a *memento mori* at an Egyptian feast."

"Stuff and nonsense," said her sister, indignantly.

"Yes, I should; but that's neither here nor there. What I wanted to say to you is, that I should be very much obliged to you if you would not try any longer to dissuade me from this way of life I have taken to. It'll do no good."

"I cannot help it," said Margaret, "it seems so unnatural."

"I wonder you cannot see that it is the only course of life for me to take to now. I feel that. It is the only thing that keeps me from some great crime. I'm so enormously wicked, that unless I'm bound hand and foot, I'm sure to rush to my ruin, as I have been so near doing twice already."

"But it seems such a throwing away of yourself."

"I'm thrown away already. I've done that for myself. I am done for altogether. But even if I were not, there could be no throwing away of oneself in making it one's prime object to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. It's the only way I shall ever take it, if I do."

"I do not see how you would not have every bit as good a chance of getting to heaven without cutting yourself off from all your relations and old friends, and ways of life, without isolating yourself so completely." Thus Margaret spoke, with a certain sisterly anger.

"Why, Maggie, even if I did not

isolate myself, as you call it, circumstances would soon do it for me."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, before long, I shall stand quite alone in the world, rather remarkably so for so young a woman. I shall have a sort of premature old maid's fate come upon me."

"Why?"

"Why, indeed! How can you ask? Just look at Blount. What am I now to him in comparison of what I used to be? Now that he's in the army, and has got new interests, new friends, new views altogether, what is a sister's society to him? I shall see him, I suppose, henceforth, for a week at a time occasionally, like any other friend. That will be all. It seems to me that all the ties of my childhood, all the links that bind me to the dear old days when I was so happy, when I used to look forward to such a different future, are falling away from me as fast as they can."

"And, meanwhile, what am I to be doing?"

"Oh, you'll marry, of course. Ah! you may shake your head; but you will. It's the natural order of things. And you'll have children growing up about you, making you very happy and very miserable; you'll get matronly, and staid, and careworn, when I have been lying for many a long day in some quiet church-yard (not here, I hope: I hate town church-yards), but somewhere away down in the country, in a green grave, all by myself. And, perhaps, you'll have a Kate among your children, and will fancy sometimes that her eyes, or her hair, or her smile, are like the sister's that's gone. I feel so weak to-night; I could cry over my own maunder; shed tears of feeble self-pity at my own tomb. Maggie, you will be a happy woman, there's no doubt of that."

"Great doubt, I think!"

"You'll marry George Chester; I know that. Not just yet, perhaps, but all in good time. And you'll make him much happier than I could ever have done; I, whose love is a curse not a blessing; and he deserves to be happy. He is a good, brave, honest gentleman."

"Never, never!"

"And before you do marry and leave me, I want to arrange my few little affairs, make my will, and that

sort of thing, so that there may be nothing to hinder me in the execution of a project which I have in my head."

"What is it?"

"Oh, you'll know soon enough. It would be premature to explain it now."

"I hope it is that you intend to marry some one yourself. You're too bewitching—though I'm not much in the habit of paying you compliments; too formed for sending men wild about you, to be left to 'braid St. Catherine's tresses'."

"It's nothing about marrying. The word marry might be erased from the dictionary—from existence for all it will ever have to say to me. No. Don't ask me any more questions. I won't tell you anything about it now." And so the subject dropped.

On the day but one after Miss Chester, after many futile entreaties to her sister to go with her, took her departure from Cadogan-place. Went away jubilant, with her cousins, from the fog, and the fever, and the ever new stories of dying people, and the frequent funerals; off into the breezy country to damson trees in blossom, and larks singing their hearts out, and all the other delights of showery, feathery April. Kate went with her to the hall-door, bid her good-by very calmly (Maggie, by-the-by, cried a little, the circumstances of this parting being peculiar, and rather impressive), and then went back slowly to the drawing-room, feeling, despite herself, rather lonely and deserted; obliged to acknowledge that, whatever she might say to the contrary, there was yet left in her a capacity for being bored. She drew a chair to the fire, thanked Providence mentally that Tip was not afraid of infection, but still sat there winking gravely as of yore, stroked his white head, and prepared to indulge in a quarter of an hour's musings before she set off on her afternoon's labours. Away she drifted into a sea of thought; but punctually at the end of the quarter of an hour she drew her soul back again from the regions of fancy into the chill land of reality, jumped up without giving herself a moment's law; put on her out-door things, and laden with her usual supply of beef tea and jelly, and cool drinks, went

forth bravely to her unsavoury work. At one of the plague stricken houses she met James Stanley (these were the sort of scenes that were always throwing them together now), and after a brief conversation, despite all his anxious remonstrances, she resolved on and declared her resolution of staying there all night, watching beside the sick man, so that his poor worn out rag of a wife might get a little respite and refreshment in sleep.

"Why should I spare myself?" she asked, in answer to his objection, looking up with her large sad eyes. "Have not I got youth and strength? What were they given me for but to use? How do I know how long they may be left to me?"

"Youth and strength are great gifts, Kate, not to be lightly thrown away. Don't be extravagant of them. Husband them that you may not wake up some day to find yourself bankrupt in them."

"They'll last my time, James; but I'm not wasting them. I'm spending them very economically. How often have you told me yourself that one can never waste anything in God's service?"

He could not answer her to that. That speech was so much after his own heart—in his own style. This was the first occasion on which Kate stayed out all night. Hitherto, hard as she had worked, she had always gone home in the evening, her sister's presence had necessitated that; but now that she was gone there was nothing to prevent Kate wearing herself out, as fast as ever she chose. There was no mother or kinswoman to hinder her. So all through the watches of that long night she kept

her dreary vigil, in a little squalid room, lit by one flaring tallow candle, alone with a dying man. It was a great ordeal for a delicately nurtured young girl, and she certainly was very much frightened, particularly at first. Superstitiously she fancied that she heard death watches ticking; one minute gave a violent start of fright, because her patient moaned or moved uneasily, dreading lest he should become violently delirious, struggle and fight as she had seen people do, in such paroxysms (she a weak woman all alone there to cope with him); the next minute longed for him to stir, to do anything to break the awful stillness, to prove that he was not dead. Then she tried to read the Bible, turned to the most comforting soothing parts (the grand denunciations of the Prophets would have set her mad in her present frame of mind); but the lines danced up and down, swam before her eyes, in the dim light of the one guttering tallow candle, and the words knocked at the door of her brain in vain, and found no admission. Next, she became arithmetical, counted every single thing in the room, multiplied the bed-posts by the rungs and legs of the two rickety chairs, and subtracted them all from the drab and yellow squares of the tattered paper; that really took some time doing, and was not uninteresting.

Morning came dawdling in at last, and the slipshod rag-wife came back and resumed the care of her lord, and Kate—good, religious, miserable, sleepy Kate—went home by the chill grey river, and did not throw herself in as a present to the fish, though sorely disposed so to do.

## DREAMS, OMENS, AND PREDICTIONS.

Strange state of being (for 'tis still to be),  
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.—Byron.

WHAT are dreams? Whence do they proceed? What is their object, if they have any? Many theories have been propounded on this subject, but none are universally adopted. Are we to conclude with Shakespeare, that

"Dreams are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;"

or are we to decide with physicians, that they proceed from a diseased mind, or a body disturbed by indigestion. Some remarkable dreams have been as remarkably realized, but the greater number evaporate in air. Some persons are great dreamers; many never dream at all. Are the latter healthier or happier for such insensibility in sleep? We think not. Pleasant dreams are supplementary existence. Disagreeable ones are compensated for by the delight of waking, and finding them mere phantasmata. "If we can sleep without dreaming," says Franklin, "it is well that painful dreams are thus avoided. If while we sleep, we can have any pleasing dreams, it is, as the French say, *tant gagné*, so much added to the enjoyment of life." In discussing this subject, of course we do not venture to appeal, as evidence, to the instances and interpretations recorded in Holy Writ. They were manifestations of divine will and power, sparingly exhibited under special circumstances, for specific purposes, and would be unsuitably referred to in a general argument. One of the most remarkable modern cases is the vision of Colonel Gardiner, as related by Dr. Doddridge. We feel convinced this was a dream; that it happened exactly as Colonel Gardiner stated to his biographer, and that the latter has given it in the colonel's life, precisely as it was told to him. No reasonable mind can think otherwise. It is also quite certain that the effect was complete—the conversion of a young man of dissolute habits, to what he ever afterwards continued through life—a believing, practical Christian.

The story told by Pitscottie and Buchanan, of the appearance of the Apostle John in the Church of Linlithgow, and of his solemn admonition to James the Fourth, not to plunge into the war with England, which ended so disastrously, is of a totally different character. Sir Walter Scott poetizes it in "Marmion," and adds in a note, "the whole account is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle and an imposture." In this instance, we unhesitatingly adopt the latter solution. Pinkerton plausibly suggests, from the caution against dealings with the fair sex, included in the advice, and which was the king's besetting weakness, that the queen participated in the expedient adopted to deter her husband from his rash undertaking. The jugglery failed of its object, and James, with the flower of his nobility, perished on the fatal field of Flodden, "Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield."

He might have lived and reigned in peace to a respectable old age, had he listened to the friendly counsel, whether supernatural or contrived; so might Julius Cæsar, had he paid attention to Calphurnia's dream or to the warning of Artemidorus.

An acute writer, the author of *Lacon*, says: "As all dreams, as far as I can recollect my own, or find out by inquiring of others, seem to be produced by vivid paintings on the mind's eye, it would be a matter of very interesting investigation of what forms, shapes, or figures, are the dreams of those composed, who have been born blind? Do they ever dream? and if they do, can they explain what they have been dreaming about, by any reference to outward objects which they have never seen? I merely suggest these hints for those who have leisure and opportunity." We have never acted on this idea, but recommend it to the curious. The same writer says also, the faculty of judgment is suspended and quite dormant, in dreams: "the most glaring

incongruities of time, the most palpable contradictions of place, and the grossest absurdities of circumstance are most glibly swallowed down by the dreamer, without the slightest dissent or demurrage of the judgment. I remember that on conversing on this subject with a gentleman of no mean acquirement, he informed me of a curious circumstance with respect to himself. He dreamt that he saw the funeral of an intimate friend, and in continuation of the same dream, he met his dead friend walking in the streets, to whom he imparted the melancholy tidings, without experiencing *at the time*, the remotest feeling as to the monstrous absurdity of the communication; neither was his conviction of that event shaken in the slightest degree, until he awoke, by this astounding proof of its falsehood."

The position taken up by this author is not so universal as he maintains. Many dreams are perfectly coherent, and embrace no outrage of the reasoning or reflecting faculties. Coleridge tells us that he composed a considerable part of a poem—we think it was *Kubla Khan*,—while asleep, and on awaking recollected and wrote down the verses without difficulty or alteration. He then continued and completed the poem from this commencement. On the other side of the question, Dr. Johnson related that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. "Now," said he, "we may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for had not my judgment failed me, I should have seen, that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much uttered by me, as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character." Yet Dr. Johnson had, to a certain extent, faith in dreams. In a prayer composed on the death of his wife in 1752, and found in his desk, after his own decease, in 1784, by his servant, he says: "O Lord, Governor of Heaven and Earth, in whose hands are embodied and departed spirits, if thou hast ordained the souls of the dead to minister to the living, and appointed my departed

wife to have care of me, grant that I may enjoy the good effects of her attention and ministration, whether exercised by appearances, impulses, *dreams*, or in any other manner agreeable to thy government." On this, Boswell observes: "What actually followed upon this most interesting piece of devotion by Johnson, we are not informed; but I, whom it has pleased God to afflict in a similar manner to that which occasioned it, have had certain experience of benignant communication by dreams."

Dr. Johnson was supposed by his ridiculers to have believed in the Cock-lane Ghost. Churchill caricatured him for this, under the name of Pomposo, in a poem on the subject, because he went to witness the trick, and considered a serious inquiry necessary. Boswell declares that Dr. Johnson was one of those by whom the imposition was detected. Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, informed the inquiring biographer that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote, in their presence, an account of it which was published in the newspapers and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and undeceived the world. He (Johnson) disliked being pressed on this subject, and once, when Boswell persisted in urging it on him, grew annoyed, and said, "I will not be put to the question. Sir, these are not the manners of a gentleman. I will not be baited with *what* and *why*. What is this? what is that! Why is a cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?" Boswell, considerably chop-fallen—"Why, sir, you are so good that I venture to trouble you." Johnson—"Sir, my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill." Croker adds in a note, "Johnson had little reason to be proud of his share in this foolish dupe, and, therefore, was angry when Boswell pushed the question on him." We cannot agree with Croker. A man is not of necessity a dupe because he listens to a tale of imposture, and even goes to investigate it. Curiosity, and a desire to detect, have often more to do in these cases than credulity. Of the thousands who crowd to the Hume and Davenport mummeries, the greater number disbelieve although they may not be able immediately to



unravel them. Six or seven years ago, soon after the first appearance of Mr. Hume in London, the writer of this article happened to be present at a *seance*, at which were assembled several persons who had certainly never met before, including some public celebrities. A gentleman, a warm patron of Mr. Hume, and a firm believer in his assumed powers as a medium, volunteered a declaration that until very recently he had followed the principles of *materialism*—in broad terms, that he had been a professed *atheist*, but had become thoroughly converted to a belief in moral responsibility, and the Christian doctrine of a future state, by these table-rapping manifestations. The first part of this startling avowal was listened to by more than one of the auditory with wonder, perhaps compassion; the latter, with uncharitable incredulity. If the speaker was sincere, here was, beyond doubt, a good effect resulting from a very suspicious and questionable cause. Not having met the gentleman since, we cannot form any idea of the quantity or quality of the revolutions a mind so ductile and easily biassed may have since undergone.

The warning conveyed through a dream, at second-hand, to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was assassinated by Felton, at Portsmouth, on the 23rd of August, 1628, is recorded by one of the gravest and least superstitious of historians—Clarendon. He says—"There were many stories scattered abroad at that time, of several prophecies and predictions of the duke's untimely and violent death. Amongst the rest there was one, which has had a better foundation of credit than usually such discourses are founded upon." He then gives the details as follow:—Mr. Nicholas Towse,\* an officer in the King's wardrobe at Windsor Castle, an honest and discreet person, about fifty years of age, when he was a school-boy had been taken much notice of by Sir George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham's father, and had received from him many obligations; but it so happened that he had held no intercourse with him subsequently. This gentleman, as he was lying one night in bed at Windsor,

about six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, in very good health, thought he perceived a person of venerable aspect draw near his curtains, and with his eyes fixed upon him, asked him if he knew who he was. The poor gentleman, after a repetition of the same question, recalling to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers and the very clothes he used to wear, answered, half dead with fear, that he thought him to be that person. He replied, he was in the right; that he was the same; and that he must go and acquaint his son from him, "that unless he did something to ingratiate himself with the people—or, at least, to abate the extreme malice they had against him—he would be cut off in a short time." After this he disappeared, and the poor man, next morning, considered it no otherwise than as a dream. But the visitation was repeated, with a more terrible aspect, the next night, the apparition telling him—"Unless he performed his commands he must expect no peace of mind." Upon which he promised obedience. The lively representation of this vision strangely perplexed him; but considering that his station placed him at such a distance from the duke, he was still willing to persuade himself that he had been only dreaming. The same person repeating his visit a third time, and reproaching him for his breach of promise with a terrible countenance, Mr. Towse summoned courage enough to tell him that it was a difficult thing to gain admission to the duke, and even more difficult to be credited by him; that he should be looked upon as a malcontent or madman, and so be sure to be ruined. The person, after a repetition of his former threats, replied—"That the duke was known to be very easy of access; that two or three particulars he would (and did) tell him, and which he charged him never to mention to any other person living, save only to the duke himself, would give him credit;" and again repeated his threats, and left him.

This third apparition, or dream, so confirmed Mr. Towse that he repaired to London, where the Court then was, and being known to Sir Ralph

\* This name is not mentioned by Clarendon, but by various subsequent writers.

Freeman, who had married a lady nearly related to the duke, he acquainted him with enough of what had happened to let him know there was something extraordinary in it, without communicating all the particulars. Sir Ralph having informed the duke of what Mr. Towse desired, and of as much as he knew of the matter, his Grace, according to his usual condescension, told him that the next day he was to hunt with the King; that he would land at Lambeth-stairs by five in the morning, when, if the person who wished to communicate with him attended, he would talk with him as long as should be necessary. Accordingly, being conducted and introduced by Sir Ralph, Towse met the duke, and walked aside in conference with him for nearly an hour; Sir Ralph and his servants being at such a distance that they could not distinctly catch a word, though the duke was observed to speak sometimes, and that with emotion. Towse told Sir Ralph, on his return over the river, that when he mentioned his credentials, the substance of which he said he was to impart to no other man, the duke swore that he could come to that knowledge by none but the devil, for those particulars were a secret to all but himself and another, who, he was sure, would never give utterance to them. The duke returned from hunting before the morning was spent, and was shut up for the space of two or three hours with his mother in Whitehall; and when he left her his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger; and she herself, when the news of the duke's murder, which happened within a few months after, was brought to her, seemed to receive it without the least surprise, and as a thing she had foreseen.

It has been objected, on fair grounds of reasoning enough, that if this dream or vision had really been intended as a warning, it would have been addressed to the immediate evidence of the duke's own senses rather than have reached him through the medium of a stranger. To this it may be replied that human logic cannot embrace the entire scheme of providential economy which governs the universe; it cannot account for the unaccountable; and we know,

moreover, that in the ordinary occurrences of life secondary agency is sometimes resorted to, and succeeds, where a direct appeal has failed. Clarendon says, in concluding his account of this matter, that he kept the memorial of the prediction, though no man in general looked upon relations of that nature with less reverence and consideration, because the substance of it was confirmed to him by Sir Charles Freeman, and acknowledged by some servants of the duke who had the closest intercourse with him, and were informed of much of it before the assassination occurred. Lord Kames, in his "*Sketches of the History of Man*," misrepresents Clarendon's account, and sneers at the great historian as weakly credulous. Kames disbelieved the tale, and in trying to establish his summary of it, has a fling at a loftier intellect than his own. Dr. Johnson justly censures him for this.

This was not the only warning received and unheeded by Buckingham. At an earlier period, Sir Clement Trockmorton advised him to wear armour under his coat, which counsel the duke received very kindly, but gave him this answer:—"Against any popular fury a shirt of mail would be but a silly defence, and as for any single man's assault, I hold myself to be in no danger."

In the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," we find it written as follows: "I have spent some inquiry (Sir Henry Wotton, a contemporary of Buckingham, *loquitar*), whether the duke had any ominous presagement before his end, which though ancient and modern stories have been infected with much variety, yet oftentimes things fall out of that kind which may bear a sober construction, whereof I will glean two or three in this particular case. When taking leave of His Grace of Canterbury, then Bishop of London, before departing on his intended expedition, 'My lord,' said the duke, 'I know you have good access unto the King our sovereign; let me pray you to put his majesty in mind to be good, as I no ways distrust, unto my poor wife and children.' At which words, or by the expression of his countenance, the bishop, somewhat troubled, asked him if he had any secret forebodegment on his mind. 'No,' replied the duke, 'but some

adventure may kill me as well as another man.' On the very day when he was slain, his sister, the Countess of Denbigh, received a letter from him, to which she replied with heavy heart, bedewing the paper with her tears, as if under some fatal impression of coming evil. The day following, the Bishop of Ely, her devoted friend, who was thought the fittest person to prepare her for the doleful account he had to deliver, came to visit her, but hearing she was at rest, attended until she should awake of herself, which she did under the terror of a dream. Her brother seemed to pass through a field with her in her coach, when hearing a sudden shout of the people, and asking the reason, was answered that it was for joy, because the Duke of Buckingham was sick, which she had scarcely related to her gentlewoman, when the bishop entered her chamber, as the chosen messenger of the duke's death."

In another place, Sir Henry Wotton, speaking of the Duke's death, at Portsmouth, says: "Upon Saturday, the 23rd of August, when, after breakfast, he came out of the room (into a kind of lobby somewhat darker, and which led to another chamber where divers waited) with Sir Thomas Fryer close at his ear, in the moment as the said knight withdrew himself from the Duke, one John Felton, a younger brother, of mean position in Suffolk, gave him with a back blow, a deep wound into his left side, leaving the knife in his body, which the Duke himself pulling out, on a sudden effusion of blood, he sank down under the table in the next room, and immediately expired. One thing in this enormous accident is, I must confess, to me beyond all wonder, as I received it from a gentleman of judicious and diligent observation, and one whom the Duke well favoured, that within the space of not many minutes after the fall of the body, and removal thereof into the first room, there was not a living creature in either of the chambers with the body, no more than if it had lain in the sands of Ethiopia; whereas, commonly in such cases, you shall note everywhere a great and sudden conflux of people into the place, to hearken and to see; but it seems as if the horror of the fact had stupefied all curiosity. Thus died this great

peer, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, in a time of great recourse unto him, the house and town full of his dependents and suitors, his duchess in an upper room, scarce yet out of her bed, and the court, which had been the ladder of his greatness, not above six or nine miles from him."

The house in which Buckingham was killed still survives modern improvements and alterations, and may be seen by the curious in the High-street of Portsmouth. It narrowly escaped being sacrificed when the new barracks were built. A gorgeous monument in the parish church attests the affection of his widow, and records in a florid inscription his fate, dignities, and virtues. The death of his son and successor, a man of more wit, vice, profligacy, and extravagance than himself, equally seems to "point a moral." In his sixty-first year, worn out by debauchery, having exhausted both fortune and health, he died, Dean Lockier says, between two common girls, at a little alehouse in Yorkshire. Pope moralizes on the scene in one of his most impressive passages:—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,  
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,  
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies;—alas! how chang'd from him,  
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!  
Gallant and gay, in Clieveden's proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;  
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring  
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.  
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!  
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.  
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends."

The appearance of Sir George Villiers to warn his son, rests on better evidence than Lord Lyttelton's Dove and White Lady, which were long considered equally authentic. In the first case the incident, as we have seen, was made known *before* the event to which it referred; in the second not until *after*. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall,

in his Memoirs, states that the authority was his lordship's valet. He says, "At his stepmother's, the Dowager Lady Lyttelton's, in Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, I have frequently seen a painting, which she herself executed, in 1780, a year after his death, expressly to commemorate the event; it hung in a conspicuous part of her drawing-room. There the dove appears at the window, while a female figure, habited in white, stands at the foot of the bed, announcing to Lord Lyttelton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed, after the description given to her by the *valet-de-chambre* who attended him, and said his master related all the circumstances. Lord Fortescue was in the house with Lord Lyttelton at the time of the supposed visitation, and mentioned the following circumstance as the only foundation for the celebrated ghost story. A woman of the party had one day lost a favourite bird, and all the men tried to recover it for her. Soon after, on assembling at breakfast, Lord Lyttelton complained of having passed a very bad night, and of having been worried in his dreams by a repetition of the chase of the lady's bird. His death followed soon after."\*

Sir Godfrey Kneller was as much noted for a habit of profane swearing, as for his celebrity as a painter. His notions on religion were loose, or rather he had no fixed notions at all on that momentous subject. He was withal an incarnation of vanity, and swallowed flattery in doses that would have choked a cormorant. Two days before his death, Pope paid him a visit, of which the poet gave the following account, according to Spence. "Sir Godfrey was lying on his bed, and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself, and the memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie amongst the rascals at Westminster; a memorial there would be sufficient; and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards, and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life." Here it is, and no

one, we think, will be inclined to reverse the author's sentence on himself. Pope's epitaphs are all unworthy of him, but this is pre-eminently bad, and almost entitles him to a competitionary plunge in Fleet Ditch with the heroes of his own "Dunciad."

"Kneller, by heaven and not a master taught,

Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;

Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate

Whate'er was beauteous or whate'er was great,

Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,

Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie

Her works; and dying, fears herself may die."

Pope wrote one good epitaph, not included in his published works, a parody on the celebrated couplet on the Count of Mirandola.†

"Here lies Lord Coningsby; be civil;  
The rest God knows, perhaps the devil."

Sir Godfrey, on the occasion of Pope's visit above alluded to, related to him a strange dream that he had recently had.‡ "I dreamt," he said, "that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people crowding round it. I walked on towards them. As I drew nearer I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys, with some others of the apostles; they were admitting the people as they reached the door. When I had joined the company I could see several seats in every direction at a little distance within the entrance. As the first person approached for admittance, St. Peter asked him his name, and then his religion. 'I am a Roman Catholic,' replied the spirit. 'Go in then,' says St. Peter, 'and sit down on those seats there on the right hand.' The next was a Presbyterian: he was admitted, too, after the usual questions,

\* See Sir Walter Scott on "Demonology and Witchcraft."

† "Johannes jacet hic Mirandola; cætera norunt  
Et Tagus, et Ganges, forsan et antipodes."

‡ See "Spence's Anecdotes."

and ordered to take his place opposite to the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so, than St. Luke, who was standing by turned towards me, and exclaimed, with much sweetness—"What! The famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, from England?" "The very same, sir," says I, "at your service." On this, St. Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we had both of us followed in this world.\* He entered so far on the subject that he seemed almost to have forgotten the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you. But, apropos, pray sir, what religion may you be of?" "Why truly, sir," says I, "I am of no particular religion." "O sir," says he, "you will be so good, then, as to walk in and take your seat where you please." We may remark here that this story has been fathered on David Hume, and others who came within the same category of careless religionists. But we believe the above to be the original version. Pope surely did not invent it, neither is it likely that Kneller did, under the circumstances. We can only conclude that, however strange, it was a *bonâ fide* dream, and a remarkably coherent one, too, in all particulars.

One more anecdote of Sir Godfrey's vanity (on the authority of Dr. Warburton) and we leave him. He had a nephew, a Guinea-trader, who one day called to pay him a visit when Pope was there. "Nephew," said the painter, "you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world." The honest dealer in human flesh, looking at them in the light of so much marketable commodity, and seeing that neither were of imposing dimensions, said, "I don't know what you mean by great; but I think very little of your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you put together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

Sir Walter Scott had a theory of his own respecting dreams. In his diary, printed in Lockhart's *Life*, we find the following entry, a few weeks after his wife's death: "June 11, 1826. Bad dreams. Woke, thinking my old and inseparable friend beside me; and it was only when I was fully awake that I could persuade myself that she was dark, low, and distant, and that my bed was widowed. I believe the phenomena of dreaming are in a great measure occasioned by the *double touch* which takes place when one hand is crossed in sleep upon another. Each gives and receives the impression of touch to and from the other, and these complicated sensations our sleeping fancy ascribes to the agency of another being, when it is in fact produced by our own limbs rolling on each other." A little further on he says, "As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard, as I thought, my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me. My recollections on waking were melancholy enough. These be

'The airy tongues that syllable men's names.'

All, I believe, have some natural desire to consider these unusual impressions as bodements of future good or evil. But, alas! this is a prejudice of our own conceit. They are the empty echoes of what is past, not the foreboding voice of things to come."

Great events have frequently been supposed to be heralded or followed by omens and prodigies. In all these cases there was probably some foundation. Tradition may easily exaggerate, but can scarcely invent. Many of these signs and tokens were said to accompany the death of the first Cæsar. All the Greek and Roman histories which treat of his career are rife with them. To these Shakespeare alludes when he makes *Horatio* say in "Hamlet"—

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the  
sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman  
streets."

We find it recorded by Suetonius

\* The general belief is that this Evangelist was a physician; but there are authorities, Catholic and Protestant, particularly the former, who maintain that he was a painter. In the Roman Calendar he is enrolled as the tutelar saint or patron of painting.

that not long before the memorable scene of murder in the senate house, by the Julian law recently passed, a colony was sent to be planted in Capua, and some ancient monuments were demolished to make room for the foundations of new houses. In the tomb of Capys, one of the reputed companions of Æneas, who is said to have been the founder of Capua, there was discovered a brazen table, in which was engraved, in Greek letters, that "whosoever any of the bones of Capys should be removed, one of the Julian family would be slain by the hands of his own party, and that his blood should be revenged, to the great damage of all Italy. At the same time, also, those horses which Cæsar had consecrated after his passage over the Rubicon, abstained from all kinds of food, and were observed with drops falling from their eyes, after such manner as if they had shed tears. Also the bird called *Regulus*, having a little branch of laurel in her mouth, flew with it into Pompey's court, where she was torn in pieces by sundry other birds that had her in pursuit; where also Cæsar himself was soon after slain with twenty-three wounds by Brutus, Cassius, and others."

The same writer says, in his "*Life of Galba*," that, as there were the presages of the end of the greatest Cæsar, so there wanted not those of the extinction of the whole family, whether natural or adopted, which was concluded in Nero; and it happened thus. Livia was newly married to Augustus, when, as she went to her villa of Veientum, an eagle gently let fall a white hen, with a branch of laurel in her mouth, into her lap. The Empress received this as a fortunate presage, and causing the hen to be carefully looked after, there came of her abundance of white pullets. The branch of laurel too was planted, of which sprung up a number of the like trees. From these, afterwards, he that was to triumph gathered that branch of laurel, which, during the procession, he carried in his hand. The triumph finished, he used to plant that branch also. When it withered, it was observed to presage the death of the triumpher that had planted it. But in the last year of Nero, with whom the line of Cæsar ends, both all the stock of white hens

and pullets died, and the little wood of laurel was withered to the very root. The heads also of the statues of the Cæsars were struck off by lightning, and in the same manner the sceptre was thrown out of the hands of the statue of Augustus. It is remarkable enough that all the murderers of Julius Cæsar died violent deaths, either in battle, by shipwreck, or suicide, and within three years of the great political mistake, as Talleyrand would have preferred calling the crime they had perpetrated.

The night before William Rufus was killed (see "*Baker's Chronicle*"), a certain monk dreamed that he saw the king knaw with his teeth an image of Our Saviour on the Cross; whereupon he was struck to the ground, and as he lay there, a flame of fire with abundance of smoke issued from his mouth. This being related to William by Robert Fitz Hamond, he made a jest of it, saying, "This monk would fain have something for his dream; go, give him an hundred shillings, but caution him that he dream more auspiciously in future." The same night, the king himself dreamed that the veins of his arms were broken, and the blood issued out in great abundance. Some of his friends, as did those of Julius Cæsar, used every effort to dissuade him from hunting the next day; and being something moved by their advice and the apparent presages, he remained within all the forenoon. But about dinner time a noted artificer came, and brought him six cross-bow arrows, very strong and sharp; four of these he kept to himself, and the other two he delivered to Sir Walter Tyrrell, a knight of Normandy, his bow bearer, saying: "Here, Tyrrell, take you two, for you know how to shoot them to good purpose." And so, having at dinner drank more liberally than his custom, as it were in contempt of omens, out he rode to the New Forest, where Sir Walter Tyrrell shooting at a deer, at a spot called Charingham, the arrow glanced against a tree, or as some say, grazed upon the back of the deer, and flying forward, hit the king upon the breast, with which he instantly fell down dead. Thus died William Rufus in the forty-third year of his age, and the thirteenth

of his reign. His body was drawn in a collier's cart, with one horse, to the city of Winchester, where the following day it was buried in the cathedral church of St. Swithin.

The same authority tells us that the Lord Hastings, who was hustled off to the block by Richard of Gloucester, with short shrift and no trial:—"By Holy Paul! I will not dine until his head be brought me;"—was forewarned the night before his execution, by a secret messenger despatched to him in haste, at midnight, by Lord Stanley, to acquaint him of a dream he had, in which he thought that a boar with his tusks so gored them both in the head, that the blood ran about their shoulders; and forasmuch as the Protector used the boar for his cognizance or crest, the dream left so fearful an impression upon his heart, that he was thoroughly resolved to stay no longer near the court, and had made his horse ready, requiring the Lord Hastings to go with him, and that presently, so that they might be out of danger before day. But Hastings answered the messenger: "Good Lord! leaneth your master so much to trifles like these, to put such faith in dreams, which either his own fears create, or else they rise in the night by reason of the day's thoughts? Go back, therefore, and commend me to him, and pray him to be merry, and have no fear, for I assure him I am as confident of the man he speaks of, as of my own right hand." The person Lord Stanley had named was Sir William Catesby, who deceived him, and was the first instigator of his death. This Catesby was one of the triumvirate, of which Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Lord Lovel were the other two, alluded to in the celebrated couplet:

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel the Dog,  
Rule all England under the Hog."

The author, William Colingbourne, a gentleman of wealth and station, was sentenced to suffer death for his audacious rhyme, under the most cruel and trying tortures; these he bore with unflinching heroism, and lived through all, until his heart was finally torn from his bosom, when he was distinctly heard to say, as he expired, "Lord Jesus! yet more trouble!"

Lord Hastings had still another

warning on the day of his execution. His horse twice or thrice stumbled with him, almost to falling; on which Baker observes, "this, though it often happens to many to whom no mischance is toward, yet it hath of old been noted as a token foregoing some great misfortune." When William the Norman jumped on shore from his galley, at Pevensey, he fell and rolled over on the ground. It was an age of superstition, and his companions looked blank. But he turned the accident to good account. Springing up at once, and showing his hands filled with earth and sand, "Behold!" said he, "I make *seisin* of the land," that is, "I take legal possession of my new kingdom." When Napoleon reached the Niemen, in his grand and disastrous invasion of Russia in 1812, he rode on in front of his army to reconnoitre the banks, before deciding on the points of passage. His horse stumbled, and he fell to the ground. "A bad omen!—a Roman would return," exclaimed some one; it is not certain whether the Emperor himself or one of his attendants.

Sir Christopher Wren, as we are all aware, was a wonderful architect, but it is not so universally known that he was a great dreamer, and in one or two instances his dreams were realized. On the night after the battle of Worcester, being at his father's house at East Knoyle in Wiltshire, he dreamt that he saw a great fight in a market place, with which he was unacquainted, where some were flying, and others pursuing; and amongst those that fled he thought he saw a kinsman of his, who had gone into Scotland to join the king's army. The next night, this relation came to Knoyle, and was the first that brought the news of the battle of Worcester. After the Restoration, Wren being chosen Surveyor of the Works to King Charles the Second, was called upon to prepare a plan for the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral, which he subsequently rebuilt. Before he ventured to give in his ideas on a matter of so much importance, in which no less a master of his art than Inigo Jones had been engaged before him, he thought it prudent to take a survey of the works of the best masters abroad, and accordingly obtained the king's leave to travel for a few months. While he was in Paris, he

fell ill of a feverish disorder, and sent for a physician, who pronounced the attack dangerous, ordered the medicines suitable for a pleurisy, and recommended immediate and copious venesection. Having a strong aversion to bleeding, he put off that operation for a day longer, and in the course of the night dreamt that he was in a place where palm trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit handed some dates to him. Though he found himself much worse in the morning, he sent for dates, and eating plentifully of them, from the moment they entered his stomach he thought himself better, and without any other medicine or treatment, speedily recovered.

The two subjoined passages from Josephus ("Antiquities of the Jews"), are remarkable illustrations of dreams or visions. Both are quoted by M. De Sauley, in his "Journey round the Dead Sea, and in the Bible Lands."

1. "Alexander the Great having taken Tyre and Gaza, marched on Jerusalem. The high priest, Jaddus, on hearing this terrible news, ordered public prayers to be offered up, to avert the ruin impending on the city of David. During the night he was directed in a dream to banish all fear, to open the gates, and to proceed to meet Alexander with all the pomp of religious ceremony. Taking courage, the pontiff hastened to obey what he believed to be the command of God, and marshalling his retinue in order, issued from the city. The Phœnicians and Chaldeans who formed a portion of the Macedonian army were already rejoicing in anticipations of sack and massacre. But Alexander, perceiving from a distance this multitude of men in white robes, headed by their priests in linen tunics, and by the high priest in a violet gown embroidered with gold, and wearing on his head the pontifical tiara, ornamented with the golden plate, upon which was engraved the name of Jehovah,—Alexander halted his army, advanced alone to meet the procession, adored the name of the Most High, and was the first to bend

the knee before the pontiff. Then all the Jews surrounded Alexander, and shouted forth his praise with one voice; and the kings and generals who followed him thought that he was stricken with madness when they saw him accept this homage with a satisfied and courteous demeanour. Parmenio was the only one who ventured to question his master, and to ask him how he could have thought of bowing himself down before the high priest of the Jews. Alexander answered that he had not adored the man, but the God whose minister he was; that he recognised in him a mysterious being who had appeared to him in a dream at Dios, in Macedonia, when he was meditating his intended campaign, and promised him the conquest of all Asia, with the overthrow of the empire of Darius; and that he now no longer doubted his complete success. Taking the pontiff by the hand, Alexander walked towards Jerusalem, went to the Temple, and offered there a sacrifice according to the Judaic rites. The book of Daniel was shown to him, wherein the prophet declared that a Greek should destroy the empire of Darius, and this passage he naturally enough applied to himself.\* The next day Alexander convoked the high priest and the people, and asked them what boon they wished to obtain from him. Jaddus replied that they only desired permission to preserve the customs of their fathers, and to be exempt from tribute every seventh year. Both these demands were granted. Shortly afterwards Alexander went away from Jerusalem, taking along with him a number of Jews who had enlisted in his army, to march against the Persians.

"2. Manahem, of the tribe of the Essenians, was reputed above all others for the holiness of his life, and was enabled to foresee the future, either in dreams or by some other divine intuition. Meeting Herod one day, when a child, as he was going to school, he predicted to him that he would become king of the Jews. Herod, thinking that the

\* The passages shown were, probably, Daniel, vii. 6, viii. 3-8, 20, 21, 22, and xi. 8. Some or all of these are indirect predictions of the conquests of Alexander, and of his successors.



Essenian did not know, or was mocking him, replied that he was of humble extraction. But Manahem, smiling, struck him with his hand and said—'Thou shalt reign. Never forget the blows which Manahem has given thee on this day, so that thou mayst remember that fortune is but fickle. It shall be well for thee if thou lovest justice, religion towards God, and clemency to men; unfortunately I, who know everything, know that such will not be thy behaviour; thou shalt be prosperous, thou shalt acquire enduring renown, but thou wilt forget both religion and justice, and at the end of thy life God will punish thee!' At that time Herod paid no attention to this prophecy, but when fortune had made him a king he sent for Manahem and asked him how long his reign would last. The Essenian made no answer, and Herod repeated his question—'Shall I reign ten years?' 'Thou shalt reign twenty, nay, thirty years; but I cannot name the period of thy existence.' Herod was satisfied with this answer, shook Manahem by the hand, and allowed him to depart. From that day the monarch felt a great veneration for the Essenian."

In Isaac Walton's "Life of Sir Henry Wotton" we find the following curious narrative:—"In the year of our redemption 1553, Nicholas Wotton, Dean of Canterbury, being then Queen Mary's Ambassador in France, dreamed that his nephew, Thomas Wotton, was inclined to be a party in such a project that if he was not suddenly prevented, would turn to the loss of his life and ruin of his family. The night following, the same dream visited him again, and knowing that it had no connexion with his waking thoughts, and none with the desires of his heart, he began to give it his serious attention, and resolved to adopt a prudent remedy, by way of precaution, which might lead to no inconvenience to any concerned. With this view he wrote to the Queen, and besought her, with all duty, that she would cause his nephew, Thomas Wotton, to be sent for out of Kent, and that the lords of her council might interrogate him on some such feigned questions as shall give a colour for his commitment to a favourable prison,

declaring that he would acquaint Her Majesty with the true reason of his request when he should next be so happy as to see and speak with her. It was done as the dean desired, and Mr. Wotton was sent to prison. At this time a marriage was concluded between Queen Mary and King Philip of Spain, which many not only declared against but raised forces to oppose. Of this number, Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Boxley Abbey, in Kent, betwixt whose family and that of the Wottons there had been an ancient and close friendship, was the principal actor. He, having persuaded many of the nobility and gentry, especially of his own county, to side with him, and being defeated and taken prisoner, was arraigned, condemned, and lost his life. So did the Duke of Suffolk, and divers others, especially many of the gentry of Kent, who were then in several places executed as Wyatt's confederates; and in this number, in all probability, would Mr. Wotton have been included if he had not been under durance; for, though he was not ignorant that another man's treason is made his own by concealing it, yet he confessed to his uncle, when he returned to England, and came to visit him in prison, that he had more than an intimation of Wyatt's intentions, and thought he should not have continued innocent in the eye of the law, had not his provident relative so happily dreamed him into a prison."

Dreaming seems to have been hereditary in the family, for this same Thomas Wotton also, a little before his death, dreamt that the university treasury was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars, and that the number of depredators was five. Having that same day to write to his son Henry, at Oxford, he thought it was worth so much pains by a postscript in his letter to make a slight inquiry in the matter. The letter, written from Kent, came to his son the very morning after the night on which the robbery was committed; and when the city and university were both joining in a hue and cry after the thieves, then did Henry Wotton show his father's letter, and by it such light was thrown on the work of darkness that the five clerks of Saint Nicholas were presently discovered and apprehended, without

putting the university to so much as the casting of a figure.

Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Exeter, who obtained the name of the Christian Seneca, in his treatise called "The Mystery of Godliness," states the following fact from his own observation. "A marvellous cure was wrought at St. Maderne's, in Cornwall, upon a poor cripple, whereof, besides the attestation of many hundreds of the neighbours, I took a strict and impartial examination in my last visitation. This man, for sixteen years together, was obliged to walk upon his hands, by reason the sinews of his legs were so contracted; and upon being admonished more than once in his dreams to wash in the well there, was suddenly so restored that I saw him able to walk and get his own sustenance. I found here was neither art nor collusion. The name of this cripple was John Trelille."

Cælius Rhodius, who amongst other peculiarities had the gift of seeing in the dark, says: "When I was twenty-two years of age, being busied with Plato, I was reading that place in his seventh book concerning such as grow up beyond the usual proportion assigned by nature, and that they are called by the Greeks *εὐπράγματοι*. This word was some trouble to me. I knew I had read something concerning it, but could neither recall to my memory the author from whom nor the book wherein. Fearing the censure of unskilfulness, I laid myself down to rest, the best remedy for a perplexed mind; where, while my thoughts were still employing themselves about it, methought I remembered the book, yea, the page, and place of the page, wherein that was written I sought for. When I awaked, I recalled what was offered to me in my sleep, but valued it all as a mere illusion; yet still haunted with the apprehension of being deemed an ignoramus, that I might leave nothing unattempted, I caught up the book of which I had dreamed, and there found it accordingly." The dream of St. Bernard's mother was even more extraordinary. She fancied that she carried within her a little white and barking dog. Communicating this to a religious friend, he, as by a spirit of prophecy, replied, "Thou shalt be the mother of an excellent dog indeed; he shall be the keeper of God's house, and shall

incessantly bark against the adversaries of it; for he shall be a famous preacher, and shall cure many by the means of his medicinal tongue."

Petrarch had a friend so desperately ill that he looked upon him as past recovery. Falling into a slumber, he seemed to see the sick man stand before him, and to tell him he could stay no longer now as there was one at the door who would interrupt their discourse, to whom he desired he would recommend his case, and that if he would undertake it, he should be restored. Presently after a physician entered who came from the identical patient, and had given him over, which intelligence was the object of his visit. Petrarch, with tears, recounted to him his dream, and earnestly importuned him to return and try his skill once more. He did so, and ere long the sick man was restored to his wonted health.

These two last instances rest on the authority of Fulgوسus, but have been repeated by several more recent writers of repute. This same Fulgوسus relates that Richard the Second, accompanying Henry, Duke of Lancaster, from Flint Castle to Chester, after his surrender, a greyhound belonging to the king was loosed to accompany them. On this occasion he neglected his master and leaped upon the duke, fawning and caressing him. The duke asked the king what the dog meant or intended? "It is an ill and unhappy omen to me," said the king, "but a fortunate one to you; he acknowledges you to be king, and that you shall reign in my stead." This he said with a presaging mind upon a light occasion, which yet in short time was verified accordingly.

Dr. Heylin, in his Life of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, mentions the following as preages of his fall and death. On Friday night, December 27th, 1639, such a violent tempest arose that many of the boats drawn to land at Lambeth, were dashed one against another, and broken to pieces. The shafts of two chimneys were blown down upon the roof of his Grace's chamber, and beat the lead and rafters upon his bed, on which he must needs have perished, if the roughness of the weather had not forced him to remain at Whitehall. The same night at Croydon, a country retiring place belonging to

the archbishop, one of the pinnacles fell from the steeple and beat down the lead and roof of the church about twenty feet square. On the same night, too, one of the pinnacles upon the belfry dome of the cathedral of Canterbury, which carried a vane with Archbishop Laud's arms upon it, was violently struck down, but borne to a considerable distance from the steeple, and fell upon the roof of the cloister, under which the arms of the archiepiscopal see itself were engraven in stone; which arms, being broken to pieces by the former, gave occasion to one who was no friend to Laud to collect this inference, "That the arms of the present archbishop breaking down the arms of the see, not only portended his own fall, but the ruin of the metropolitan dignity itself." Of these incidents his Grace took less notice than he did of what happened on St. Simon and Jude's eve, not above a week before the opening of the parliament which had determined on his destruction. On that day, going to his upper study to seek some manuscripts to be sent to Oxford, he found his portrait fallen to the floor, and lying flat upon its face, the string being broken which suspended it from the wall. This immediately fell upon his spirits as an omen of the evil impending over him, and occasioned him to recall a former misfortune which chanced on the 19th of September, 1633, the day of his translation to the see of Canterbury, when the ferry-boat transporting his coach and horses, with many of his servants in it, sank to the bottom of the Thames.

In the year 1707, John Needs, a Winchester scholar (see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 44), foretold the death of Mr. Carman, chaplain to the college, of Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, and of himself, within that year, to several of his school-fellows, amongst others to George Lavington. This exposed him to much raillery, and he was ludicrously stiled Prophet Needs. Mr. Carman died about the time he mentioned; for this event, however, he had little credit, it being said that the death of an old man might reasonably be expected within the time prefixed. Bishop Mew also died by a strange accident. He was subject to fainting fits, from which he

was soon recovered by smelling to spirits of hartshorn. Being seized by a fit while a gentleman was with him, and perceiving its approach, he pointed eagerly to a phial in the window. The visitor took it, and in his over anxiety poured the contents down the bishop's throat, which instantly suffocated him. As the time approached which Needs had predicted for his own dissolution, of which he named the day and the hour, he sickened, apparently declined, and kept his chamber, where he was frequently visited and prayed with, by Mr. Fletcher, second master of the school, whose son became Bishop of Kildare. He reasoned and argued with the youth, but in vain; with great composure and self-possession he resolutely persisted in affirming that the event would verify his prediction. On the day he had fixed, the house clock being purposely put forward, struck the hour before the time. He saw through the deception, and told those that were with him that when the church clock struck he should expire. He did so. Mr. Fletcher left a memorandum in writing to the above purport; and Bishop Trimnel, about the year 1722, having heard this story at Winchester, wrote to New College, of which Mr. Lavington was then fellow, for further information. His answer was, "that John Needs had indeed foretold that the Bishop of Winchester, Mew, and old Carman should die that year, but then they being very old men, he had predicted for two or three years before that they should die within that time. As to foretelling his own death I believe he was punctually right." Dr. Lavington gave the same account to his friends after he was Bishop of Exeter.

Mr. Edward Rolle, writing to Joseph Spence, the collector of the "Anecdotes," in 1747, on a subject somewhat similar to the above, says, "*My mother's story*, which you desire to have related for Mrs. Spence's sake, is briefly this:—On the eve of last midsummer was twelve month, Susan Turner, too inquisitive about Futurity, watched near the church porch of the parish of Monkinton, to see who might happen to go through the said porch into the church, which it seems was a certain token of their mortality the year

following. As our parish is but small, she wisely foretold but few deaths; and as predictions with probability on their side are most likely to be fulfilled, of the four persons she pretended to have seen, two were expiring at the time, and died that very night, and the two surviving, one of which was my mother, were by far the oldest people in the parish. However they are, I thank God, still both alive, and my mother, though much shocked when she heard of the prophecy, is at present very well and likely to live in spite of it. Indeed she hath now fairly outlived the date assigned, and I hope two such disappointments will be a discouragement to a practice which hath been known sometimes to give timorous people a great deal of real uneasiness."

The profligate Lord Rochester in early youth was present in the great sea-fight between the Earl of Sandwich and Von Tromp, and in the same ship were Mr. Montague and another gentleman of quality. Montague seemed persuaded that he should fall in the action. The other was less positive, but entered into an engagement with Lord Rochester that if either of them was killed, he should appear and give the survivor notice of a future state, if there were any. Montague declined entering into the bond, but though with a strong presage of his approaching death, remained throughout the action in the place of greatest danger. The other gentleman signalized his courage in the most undaunted manner until near the end, when he fell into such a trembling that he could scarcely stand. Montague went to encourage him, and as they were closely locked in each others arms, a cannon ball carried off both. Lord Rochester long after, during the illness which led to his penitent conversion, told Bishop Barnet that the non-appearance of this gentleman, according to promise, was a snare to him during the rest of his life, tending to confirm him in unbelief and vicious courses. But when he mentioned this, he acknowledged that it was unreasonable in him to think that beings in another state were not under such laws and limits that they could not command their own movements; and that one who had so perverted the natural

principles of truth as he had, could not expect that a miracle should be wrought for his conviction.

He also told the bishop another presage of approaching death, which happened in the family of Lady Ware, his mother-in-law. The chaplain had dreamed that on a certain day he should die, but being by all the family laughed out of this intimation, he had almost forgotten it until the evening before at supper. There being thirteen at table, according to an old conceit, when this happened one of the party must soon die. A young lady present reminded him that he was the person; upon this the chaplain, recalling his dream, fell into some disorder, and Lady Ware reproving him for his superstition, he said he felt confident he should die before the next morning. Being in perfect health he was not much attended to. It was Saturday night, and he was to preach next day. He went to his chamber, sat up late, as it appeared by the burning of his candle, and had been preparing notes for his sermon, but was found dead in his bed the next morning.

Dryden, with a strong mind and clear understanding, yielded with many others of his own level to the weakness of indulging in judicial astrology, and used to calculate the nativity of his children. When his wife was on the point of confinement with his eldest son, Charles, he laid his watch on the table of his room, and begged one of the ladies then present, in the most solemn manner, to take an exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which she did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when Lady Elizabeth Dryden was pretty well recovered, he took occasion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and observed with sorrow that he was born under an evil conjunction of the planets, which he explained technically, but of course she was unable to understand him. "If he lives to arrive at his eighth year," he said, "he will go near to die a violent death on his very birthday; but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will, in the twenty-third year, be under the same evil direction, and if he should survive that also, the thirty-third or

thirty-fourth year will, I fear——” Here he was interrupted by the grief of his lady, who could no longer listen with patience to the calamity prophesied as likely to befall her son.

The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country seat of the Earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him at Charlton, in Wilts, his lady being invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, Lady Elizabeth wished him to take John, and leave Charles with her, but he was absolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be content with John.

When the apprehended day arrived, the anxiety of the mother's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into a violent fever, and her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, assuring her that her child was well, upon which she recovered her spirits, and six weeks after received an explanation of the whole affair.

Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being laughed at as superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in astrology, and therefore could not excuse his absence on his son's anniversary from a general hunting match Lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he set the boy a double exercise in Latin, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return, well knowing the task he had given him would take up much longer time.

Charles was attending to his lesson, in obedience to his father, when, as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house, and the noise attracting the servants, they hastened out to witness the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also; when just as they reached the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court wall, which being very low

and old, and the dogs following in a rush, threw down a part of it, about ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after languishing for six weeks in a dangerous condition, recovered. So far his father's first prediction was fulfilled.

In the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower of the Vatican, at Rome, occasioned by a swimming in his head with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a weak state of health.

In his thirty-third year, having returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor. He had, with another gentleman, swam twice over the Thames, but returning a third time, it was supposed he was seized by cramp, as he called for help, though too late. Thus the father's calculations proved but too prophetic.

Bacon, in a short essay on Prophecy, quotes a passage from Seneca, the tragic actor, which seems to predict the discovery of America. He also tells that, Tiberius said to Galba, *Tu quoque Galba degustabis imperium*, thou also Galba shalt taste of empire; that in Vespasian's time, before he was emperor, there went a prophecy in the East, that those who should come forth of Judæa, should reign over the world; which though it may be was meant of our Saviour, yet Tacitus expounds it of Vespasian: that Domitian dreamed the night before he was slain that a golden head was growing out of the nape of his neck, and indeed the succession that followed him for many years, made golden times; that Henry the Sixth of England said of Henry the Seventh when he was a boy, and served him with water, “this is the lad that shall enjoy the crown for which we strive;” that, when he was in France he heard from Dr. Paré, that the queen mother, Catherine de Medici, who was given to curious arts, caused the king, her husband's nativity to be calculated under a false name; and the astrologer gave a judgment that he should be killed in a duel; at which the queen laughed, thinking her husband to be above challenges and duels, but he was slain in a tilting course, the splinters of the staff of the Count de Montgomery's

spear going in at his beaver, and piercing him through the eye into the brain; that he heard a trivial prophecy when a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, which ran thus:—

When hempe is spunne  
England's done;

whereby it was generally conceived that after the princes had reigned whose names began with the letters of that word hempe, Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth, England should come to utter confusion, "which, thanks be to God," he adds, "is verified only in the change of name, for the king's style is no more of England but of Britain."

The great philosopher sums up his catalogue and argument thus:—"There are numbers of the like kind, especially if you include dreams. My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and to serve but for winter talk by the fireside. That they have obtained some grace and credit consisteth in three things: first, men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss; the second reason is, that probable conjectures or obscure traditions many times turn themselves into prophecies—while the nature of man, which ever coveteth divinations, thinks it no peril to foretell what they do but infer or collect; the third and last, which is the great one, is that almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and by idle and crafty brains merely contrived and feigned *after* the event." Bacon's latest commentator observes on this—"We have here a very just remark. So-called strange coincidences and wonderful dreams that are verified are really not all marvellous. We never hear of the nine hundred and ninety-nine that end in nothing; but the thousandth that happens to precede its fulfilment is blazoned by unthinking people as a marvel. It would be a much more wonderful thing if dreams were not now and again verified."

Lord Byron says, in his beautiful poem of "The Dream,"

"Our life is twofold; sleep hath its own world,  
A boundary between the things misnamed  
Death and existence. Sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality;

And dreams in their development have  
breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of  
joy."

In his journal, November 24th, 1813, before he was married, we find it thus written:—"I awoke from a dream. Well, and have not others dreamed? Such a dream! But she did not overtake me. I wish the dead would rest, however. Ugh! how my blood chilled; and I could not wake—and—and—heigho? I do not like this dream; I hate its foregone conclusion. And am I to be shaken by shadows? Ay, when they remind us of—but if I dream thus again—I will try whether *all* sleep has the like visions." He mentions no further particulars, either there or in any other place. This dream must have been something real as well as terrible. Lord Byron was given to *mystifying* the public. It was "meat and drink" to him to do so; but we doubt if he ever wished or sought to *mystify* himself.

When the Empress Josephine was yet a child in the West Indian island in which she was born (Martinique or St. Domingo), an old negro sorceress, or Obi woman, predicted to her that she would lose her first husband, undergo extreme misfortunes and trials, but would afterwards be greater than a queen, and yet outlive her dignity. Her prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. Her first husband, Count Alexander de Beauharnois, a general in the army of the Rhine, was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. She herself, in the dungeons of the Conciergerie, expected every hour the same fate. Even then she mentioned the prediction to her fellow-prisoners, and to direct their melancholy thoughts named some of them as ladies of the bedchamber—a jest which she afterwards lived to realize to one of their number. Sir Archibald Alison, when relating this incident, adds in a note:—"The author heard this prophecy in 1801, long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne, from the late Countess of Bath and the late Countess of Avonmore, who were educated in the same convent with Josephine, and had repeatedly heard her mention the circumstance in early youth." According to some, the last clause in the prophecy was that she should die in an hospital. This was in the sequel interpreted to

mean Malmaison, where she breathed her last—a palace which, like our own St. James's, had once been an hospital.

Truly, says Shakespeare, "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges;" and never was this more strongly illustrated than in the fortunes of the Napoleonic dynasty. The first Napoleon repudiated the wife of his choice, in the hope of leaving his crown in the direct line to a son and heir. A son was born to him; that son died, unmarried and disinherited, and the grandson of Josephine sits firmly on the throne of France. He, too, foretold his own elevation. It is well known that when his fortunes appeared to be completely stranded, and scarcely anything short of a mi-

racle could float them again, his faith in his destiny never wavered, and he communicated that strong conviction to the few intimates in whom he placed confidence.

The world at present is given over to extremes, and vibrates alternately between credulity and unbelief. Both are deadly errors. Let us hope that before long, the sliding scale at each end will glide satisfactorily into the broad, settled highway of truth, and that men will march steadily on to the promised goal, without pushing the fair exercise of reason to unjustifiable audacity, and without entangling their steps and progress in fallacies unworthy of their care, and mysteries beyond their comprehension.

#### NUMBER FIVE BROOKE-STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

#### BOOK THE FIRST.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE CHARADES.

THE Barrister was now very busy behind "the scenes" (as it was complimentarily called, though there were no scenes properly), getting ready for *their* turn. To say the truth, he and Mr. Canby and the Miss Fentons pronounced that that last scene "rather hung fire, you see." It was rather too metaphysical; and that sort of thing didn't do for charades—all that "hair-splitting" and special pleading; you must have "business."

"Never mind," said the Barrister, "we must put our shoulders to the wheel, and stir 'em up this time. Look here, Canby; I've a capital notion, just come into my head. I'm to come rushing in carrying a jug of milk, and not see you, and come bolt against you, and then we must both tumble over together, and smash the jug—and you'll see how they'll roar. We had it at Paddy Oysterman's, and thought they'd never stop laughin'."

The reader will, no doubt, have guessed the two syllables of this clever charade. "Inn" was, of course, the first, and a very little

consideration will help them to the second. "It was uncommonly good," every one said—Inn, the hotel you know, and spectre, a ghost coming back from the other world. But how would they manage the "whole—Inspector?"

"Oh, my dear," said one country old lady, "leave it to *them*; they'll manage it, I warrant you, never fear; they're clever enough."

And this was the way they managed it—at a railway-station; *there* was an idea. It was the cleverest, *completest* thing "you ever saw in the whole course of your life." You'd just fancy you were walking in to the waiting-room at Datchley, and all positively "knocked up," as Mr. Canby assured us with his own lips, "in less than half an hour." But the secret is, you know, "you must have an eye for this sort of thing." You hit it off at once; whereas common bunglers, with all the painters and carpenters in the universe, and a whole month, would break down. Strictly speaking, there was nothing special; but it was the air of a station—everything was perfect,

even to the newsman, who was done by the Barrister, who indeed did fifty characters with a surprising versatility, and who called "*Times*, *Post*, *Telegraph*, and mornin' pipers—observe 'pipers'"—enough, as a country gentleman remarked, 'to make you split.' What shall be said to when he came in again as an elderly passenger, with a white hat, carrying a heap of luggage, which he dropped again and again, and had a dispute with a porter? "Now, that was as like what you'd hear only on the platform as you could guess." But what was this to his sudden change? When he came on again, having merely turned up the collar of his coat and painted on a number, he was there utterly changed—an inspector, with the hall-bell in his hand, and calling, "Take your seats, please; now then, tickets, please; passengers for London, Liverpool, and the Bilberry Junction. Take your seats." The capital he made out of this feat was, indeed, surprising; the vivacity—the constant current of conversation, or rather monologue he kept up was extraordinary. Though, indeed, it must be said he engrossed a little more than his share, and made a monarchy of what might have been a republic. Indeed, Mr. Canby, who had laboriously got himself up in a porter's dress, had at times to remonstrate under his breath—"Oh, I say, confound it, do give a feller a chance, you know." But this chance Mr. Canby never got. He had not that readiness which is born of constant practice; although he had, with great toil in his own chamber, elaborated some jests about "buffers" and "bilers," which did not get the fair play they ought to have done, and were overborne by the obstreperous rillery of the Barrister—who, as the applause rose, grew more and more grasping—almost forgot his partners—gave no time for a word in reply, and carried the whole thing through on his own shoulders. He was everything and everywhere, and in the grand *melée* which wound it up, when the passengers, all growing riotous, crowded round the "Inspector" in a perfect Babel of tongues, nothing could be happier than the speech he made them—all impromptu, of course—and nothing could be

neater than the allusion to the Hall at the end:

"My head's quite goin'," said the Barrister, "there's about fifty parcels, and 'ampers inside, d'rected to Sir John Digby. O! Digby. Ah, there's a man for you, a true gent. Ladies and gents, I've dined there once or twice" (great laughter; a country gentleman explains to his wife—"Capital. You know he dines there every day")—"and you never saw such 'ospitality. A splendid first-class engine that Sir—good, solid, sound work—no tricks in him. Goes as steady as a rock; and, ladies and gents, I hope that 'ere engine 'ill continue to run on the Digby line for many a long year to come."

Could anything be neater or happier? It was capital. It was hard to say whether the applause was for Sir John or for that clever Barrister, of whom a country gentleman again prophesied—"Mark my words, that young fellow will be on the bench yet."

The company now broke up. The soft tones of the harmonium were heard from behind the curtains; Miss Fenton had run to it under a happy inspiration, swelling in our noble National Anthem, which "makes every true Briton's heart beat, sir;" and, it might be added, is recognized by those who have not a note of music in their constitution. On the harmonium, however, it became a little hard to distinguish from the Old Hundredth.

They poured out of "The Theatre"—so we may call it still—a slight compliment enough after such labours. There was to be a supper in the small dining-room; and here was Captain Philips very fresh and in good humour, after a short nap and a tranquillising smoke—"for once in his life he had got a fair cigar at the moment he wanted it"—and he was now well inclined for "his" supper.

The guests were really delighted. "I assure you, I have seen worse at a London Theatre." "I can tell you, that young man would make his fortune on the boards." Happy young man who had thus no less than two careers before him, and the highest places in those careers.

There was to be a sort of dance after the supper. The young barris-



ter came down modestly among the crowd, and was followed wonderingly by many rustic eyes. "There he is," he heard many times as he passed. "Look, my dear, he was just like you or me, or any one else." It is only weak natures that are overset by triumphs of this sort.

"O you are very good to say so, just a little thing knocked up in half an hour. If one had had time, you know. But, I must say, we pulled through very fairly."

There, too, were the Miss Fentons, who had kept on their dress of office, the charming barmaid, for whom rustic youths sighed, and to whom they were introduced with hot cheeks and much confusion. Captain Philips sauntered about with an air of amused tolerance.

"I am sure it was all very grand. I can take your word for it. I am sure it was the finest thing ever done on any stage. Our friend, Steene, of course, distinguished himself. The Lord Chancellor will hear of it, and make him Attorney-General. Between you and me, this is the worst ordered house I ever was in—not Sir John's fault of course. But, I bet you half a sovereign, those beasts of

servants have supper cooling on the table, and don't think it worth their while to come and tell us, I suppose jabbering over this tomfoolery."

The Captain was quite right, for in all matters connected with the table, he had an instinct that was almost certainty.

But for the charming vision who had been so witty, so piquant, and—though the gauze had such an air of divine spirituality—the graceful creature, who had played with such a just title to the part, the comforter from the skies—for hers was the real triumph of the night. She shrank from wearing that graceful white robe, with the gold edging, as entailing *almost too great a publicity*.

"Don't ask me, please," she said, almost piteously. "I don't like; and after all he said and did. Oh, I must have lost my head." Well, surely we could compound the matter—concede something; and it was agreed that the head-dress—the gold fillet and the hair down on the shoulders, should be retained, as a concession to public feeling. How the rustic eyes followed her as she walked through the crowd, on *Sir John's arm*.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AN ARRIVAL.

"You did it really very well, ma'am—so uncommon ready; and you touched *him* up nicely. I assure you a month of that sort of thing will do him—good training, you know—teach him to put down those infernal, flippant Radicals."

"Ah, Sir John, what praise! You overpower me! It's too kind of you! But *he*! Oh, Sir John, I am so sorry I did it, for *he* will never forgive me—never."

"Tut, tut," said Sir John, in high good humour, "to be sure he will. And he *shall*, too. Let us go and find him now. Tell me now, where did you pick it up? For, to tell you the truth, I didn't believe, you know—"

"Exactly, Sir John. I didn't think myself. I suppose," said she, a little slyly, and putting back the long hair, "I was reading, Sir John, a chapter of your bishop, just before

dinner; and I believe I must have caught up some of his *smart capital*—"

Sir John stopped to laugh loudly. "Oh, good, good, good," he said. "What! reading 'The Short Way'? I knew you'd like it. Very good indeed. I am so glad of this. And so you picked up those smart things from the bishop, eh? Sly of you, though."

"Oh, it was delightful, Sir John. So funny, too."

Sir John became grave and almost discomposed.

"I mean so lively and severe. Do you remember, Sir John, where he says how dreadful Dissenters are? Now, let me remember the exact words. Yes—'The very Black Beetles of Sedition that creep, yea and crawl over this fair land of England.' Is not that good, Sir John?"

"Oh, fine, fine," answered Sir John,

"and how you pick it up—how *very good* the Black Beetles—so they are."

"Oh, and again, Sir John—let me think," she went on, putting her hand to her forehead to recollect. "Ah, yes, where he says that those who would introduce forms, you know, Sir John, and ceremonies into our holy churches, they do remind me of those young sparks in our militia who ape the air and bearing of officers in His Majesty's troops."

Sir John looked at her with wonder. "She has it by heart," he cried. "Upon my word you delight and surprise me, ma'am. I tell you what I'll do; I'll write to London to-morrow morning and you must let me get you down a little present. I must gratify myself in this—not a word. I'll just write to Johnson, a smart fellow in Piccadilly, and make him hunt high and low, and scour London for a copy of the bishop; and you must leave me your address, and he'll send it; but it's very scarce."

We may conceive how gratifying was this to our heroine. The bishop *was* scarce, and "untold gold," according to Sir John. She thought for the moment, though from the manner and form of words used, that it was to have been an ornament, or some such vulgar decoration. Disappointed; no—

And here was Severne. "Come here, sir," said Sir John, in high good humour. "Come, sir, show yourself to this lady. She's done you a world of good already."

Mrs. Lepell shrank away. "O, he will not speak to me, and no wonder. I lost my head. I did indeed. I forgot what I was about, and said such things."

There was an air of vexation about Severne, mixed with an attempt at good humour. "Good gracious," said he, "how—why? Surely it was all fun. You had the best of it certainly; but then, to tell you the truth, I was taken by surprise."

"Indeed I saw that," she said, sadly, "as well you might be. Oh, some wicked spirit came and took possession of me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sir John, "then I can tell you what that was. Only think, my boy, that was all the bishop."

"The bishop!" said Severne, in wonder.

"The Short Way,' my friend; she's full of it. Has it by heart. Can say it backwards, devouring it all up in her room. Can't be kept from it—say that about the black beetles for him."

"O that's it," said Severne, with a strange look in his eyes, and in perfect good humour now. "Dear me, so *that* explains it. Devouring 'The Short Way'—ha, ha!"

Mrs. Lepell put aside her hair, and looked at him with that calm steady gaze of misunderstanding, which she sometimes used on such occasions. "No," she said, shaking her head, "I don't follow. He laughs at me for reading serious books. Sir John, *I am sure at this moment he thinks I am pretending.* And yet I would put this book into his hand this moment, and let him examine me as they do at Oxford. Is there any crime in us poor women reading these serious books? As the poor bishop said, "we poor women are in the militia, Sir John, and I suppose Mr. Severne thinks we are aping the line."

Sir John nearly fell down with laughter at this clever turn. "O now you may give up, Harry," he said; "you can't do it, you know. She's too much for you—there, Mrs. Lepell, go with him and get your supper comfortably. There's roast wild duck down here. I must look after my Lady Hall."

There was a pause. Severne gave her his arm.

"Sir John is right," he said; "you are too much for me. The fact I confess at once. I am all out. I am a mere babe in judging."

Mrs. Lepell looked round nervously. "Now," said she, "I can speak. I was longing to speak to you quietly, and without any one being by."

"O, goodness, why should you think of that?" he said. "Here we are at the ducks. Will you have a wing?"

"Anything—any part," said she, in the same hopeless tone, and holding out her plate. "You don't understand me," she said, "as you say, most truly; and it is most natural you should not. I don't expect any one to take the trouble. Why should I? But I merely wanted to explain. You thought I was forward, unfeminine, smart, flippant, and all the rest of it. You did, I know. I saw it in your face."

"That most expressive face, eh?"

"Well, yes," she said, calmly, "if you like; but I merely want to explain, and we shall not say anything more after this; *and you can believe me or not, as you please.*"

"O dear me," he said. "Why, this is the play going on still."

"Yes, believe me or not, as you please. You don't believe me about that book of Sir John's. You know you don't. I can't help *that*. But I wish to say this—I assure you, when I stepped upon that stage to-night I no more meant to speak in that way—and I say this from my heart—than I—than I—"

Severne waited a moment. "That form is always hard to finish," he said, smiling, "unless, indeed, you can bring in the child unborn, who has done such duty before now—"

Other guests at the supper were looking at her almost Pagan figure, with the fillet and the long hair, and the tragedy-earnestness in her eyes. He saw she was a little put out at his coldness and *wit*, and was a little pleased.

"Just let me finish then," she went on, "and you can make fun of one then as much as you like. When I came in that time, everything came rushing on me—your manifest dislike to me from the first—"

"Goodness, Mrs. Lepell!"

"Yes; let me finish—your repugnance to let me into the house—a mere wanderer—an adventuress, perhaps—though recollect, Sir John knows all our family. Your making me an object for that keen wit which Mr. Severne means later to treat the House of Commons to, and those little whispers about poor me, and my reading 'The Short Way,' which is one of kind Sir John's most natural hobbies—I say I thought of all this, at that single moment, and I could not resist trying, you know, Mr. Severne, in my weak way, to make some little defence. I was very absurd, and very foolish, and very pert and arrogant—whatever you like—and I can only beg pardon very humbly."

And a portly gentleman, in a white waistcoat, with a plate in his hand which he was trying to get rid of over somebody's shoulder, saw the brilliant lady whom he had so admired on the stage, with a suppliant ex-

pression, and her hands put together in an attitude of prayer.

"Good gracious!" said Severne. "Nonsense—now don't. Why you make too much of everything. I wanted to turn you out of the house! Nothing of the kind. As you ask me, I do say now, I don't quite believe in your frantic enthusiasm for 'The Short Way.' But now, admit I am not to be in the best and most favourable of humours, after the public attack you made upon me, which, however, I don't complain of, as I brought it on myself."

"Very well," said Mrs. Lepell, hastily; "let us say no more; you have humiliated me in addition by making me ask pardon. That fat gentleman going away saw me. No matter. It is another lesson. Let us be on the old terms until I go, at least."

"What do you call the old terms," he said, much interested, "a kind of half and half toleration—neither war nor peace?"

"Give me a little of that duck, please," said she, very pleasantly; "away with sentiment. No, I prefer war. No half and half measures with me. It must be war or peace, Mr. Severne. Go, make up your mind."

He paused.

"Do you know," said he, "and forgive me for saying it, that you are a very extraordinary person?"

"Another compliment," said she, smiling. "Could you get me a little champagne, Mr. Severne?"

"I mean," he said, hastily, "an out of the way character—one that you don't meet every day."

"A crime?" said Mrs. Lepell.

"No," he said, gravely. "As for war; no, of course not, or rather let me think it over."

"There's Lord John," said she, eagerly. "Ah, Lord John, I saw you applauding—it was very good of you!"

"It was," he said. "Come with me now, and take a turn round the place, I want to talk to you. Here, take this arm."

"Delighted, Lord John," she said, and putting her plate into Severne's hand, and went off eagerly, leaving him a little astonished.

"I am quite pleased with you, you know," said his lordship, "you're

an uncommon gamesome creature, and the way you dressed up that lad delighted me."

"Everybody is telling me this, Lord John," she said, with a look of pain, "and I can't make it out. Surely it was only a play."

"Oh, Mrs. Innocence," he said, laying his finger to his nose; "that does well enough for the soft ones. O you're a deep little sharp-shooter; you were not brought up on gruel and weak tea."

"Now, Lord John," she said, gravely, "none of *those freedoms*. I had to scold you to-day, recollect."

"O, my dear!" said Lord John, putting on a low bass voice, highly comical—"of course—of course, to be sure, I kiss the rod that smites me, and a very nice rod it is—eh?"

Mrs. Lepell took no notice of this.

"Who are you, now?" said Lord John, in a gay, airy way (he had been obliged to "oil" his throat all that night. He felt, he said, as if he was in a flour-mill). "Confide in me—in 'Pappa Johnny,' as some young lady friends of mine in Paris used to call me. It was very pretty to hear them trying the English in an infantine way—'Pap-pa Johnny'; all tricks, you know; but it was very nice. Come, tell me now about yourself. Where do you come from? Who are you? There has been some little fun in your life, my dear girl. Better out with it. By the Jingo that'll come for me one of these days in a black coach with sulphur and brimstone—I'll make it out for myself. Now I'm serious, I give you fair warning, my little girl."

Mrs. Lepell drew her arm away quickly, and looked at him courageously.

"I am sure you are not in earnest, Lord John. You could not speak in that way to any lady, if you were serious. Speak so, sir, if you like, to the creatures you taught to call you 'Pappa Johnny'; but not to an English lady, whose helpless husband lies sick up-stairs, unable to protect her."

Lord John dropped back in a sort of convulsion of delight, and caught at the wall. "If she goes on she'll kill me. This goes beyond all the beyonds! Why, you beat Pappa Johnny to sticks. You'd sew us all in a sack, before I could say 'Jack Robinson.' Well, I won't worry

you; but, hang it, why can't you gratify a curious and engaging young creature like me? You see, my dear, I wouldn't for the world pry into female history—the Lord forbid and guard us!" added his lordship, in a chanting tone; "but, you see, the way is, I know every man, woman, and child on God's earth for the last twenty years—every soldier, horse and foot—every Jack traveller, man and woman—men of all kinds, shapes, sizes, and classes; and women—well, ahem!—no matter about that (see how nice I'm behaving—I'll be saved yet, my dear). Well now, knowing all this, and with such opportunity—why, the what's-his-name himself, my master—ahem!—must be in it, if the thing doesn't get to me in some way of itself, without my moving a limb or stirring a hand. *Don't you see that, my dear?*"

He paused. A little trouble and uncertainty came into her face, and her eyes fell upon the ground. Lord John smiled and winked to himself. They were walking along one of the long galleries that ran round the house, and were coming into the hall.

"Why, what in the name of glut-tony," said Lord John, "is all this about! Trunks coming in, and women's trunks, too. Ask Pappa Johnny to tell you the difference. Who's running from the bailiffs now? More company coming to gorge. God help the host. My dear, I congratulate you heart and soul, body and bones. You'll be top sawyer in this house if you play your cards well. Why, old Sir John there, you'll twist him about your thumb like a bit of black ribbon; and as for that donkey, Severne, you rolled his nose in the mud. Well, well, my dear; but I forgot our poor, poor helpless husband lying up-stairs, sir. *You dare not do it, sir!* Capital! You'll be all right here, my dear; and—here's more I declare. Here they come, after their trunks!—Duncan, who in the name of Satan is coming in now?"

Duncan answered, as if this was the correct form by which servants of quality should be addressed—"The ladies, sir, that have been expected—Mrs. Palmer, sir."

"Good again," said Lord John, "I must have a good stare at them as they come in. *Would you, sir?*"—this to a stout gentleman, and lady as

stout, who were coming from "their" supper in great good-humour.

Through the open hall-door came a rather tall and slight lady, sweeping the oak hall with a large Indian shawl. Behind her walked timidly a young girl, tall also, with black and rather brilliant cheeks. The wondering company, idle, and listeners—stopped to stare, and almost made a sort of lane.

Duncan came to Lord John :

"Would you, my lord," he said—"I can't find Mr. Severne or Sir John—would you speak to the ladies, sir, while I run and look?"

"All right," said Lord John, and with a "*Will* you, my good sir?" to the stout gentleman in front, was making towards the two ladies who were standing irresolute. Suddenly Lord John drew back and turned away sharply. "Fanny Clarke, by the Immortal!" he said. "What the devil!"

He drew away Mrs. Lepell, and walked down the gallery, smiling and muttering to himself "God Almighty! after *that*—a game of this sort, among decent women, too!"

Mrs. Lepell wondered. "You know them, Lord John?" she asked.

He did not hear her, and was smiling to himself "Well! well!" Then he suddenly stopped and released his arm. "My dear woman," he said, "you know the road—on as straight as a whip. Follow that nice little nose of yours. I've something to do—letters to write, of course."

He left her there; but he was wrong. She did *not* know the road; and now, here was Severne hurrying down from the other end.

"I have lost my way," she said,

smiling, "and Lord John has very unhandsomely——"

"Did you hear they had come?" he asked, hastily. "Which way? Where are they—in the hall? Quick. Ah, I see," and he was gone in a moment.

And a charming little speech about "our reconciliation" perished on her lips. She was annoyed by these two ungallant desertions; and, indeed, she saw that Severne was now possessed with but one thought—the brilliant creature—for Mrs. Lepell had to own this to herself—who had arrived that night.

But already it was breaking up. The carriages were galloping on the gravel. There was a crowd of fluttering figures in the hall. There were the heartiest and most *grateful* good byes. The young barrister is shawling, or rather, to use his own droll phrase, "opera-cloaking" a young lady; and we can see one of the stout gentlemen of the country speak to him.

"My name is Barrow, sir. You delighted me, sir. Excuse me, but if you are down here again, hope you will look in at Barrowcliff. We shall see you on the woosack yet, sir."

"You do me proud, sir," the young man answered, in a pleasant and humorous way; "and when I am sitting in the House, if you have any little *case*, we'll manage it, and coach it through;" and the young advocate laid his finger to his nose, with infinite humour.

"Ha, ha! very good, sir."

And going home in the carriage, he entertained "his ladies" with an account of the interview. It was a very pleasant night indeed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE NEW GUESTS.

AT breakfast, the next morning, every one was looking anxiously for the new arrivals. They were a little late, and came in with Severne, who introduced them in a perfect flutter.

Mrs. Palmer had a firm, steady face, with glossy black hair, laid very flat to her forehead, which gave her an almost "hard" look. Her eyes were quick, and periodically travelled from face to face. The flat, black hair she

often smoothed, during which operation she did not droop her eyes, as some may do; but peeped through her fingers as if they were chinks—at least, Lord John was heard to vow to his God that he had caught her very often.

But more troubled and restless eyes were bent on the daughter. The Miss Fentons looked at her askance, and with suspicion. This gorgeousness of

colour, brilliancy of eyes—so wonderful—were dangerous. When she spoke, her voice was like a stream of music; but she kept so tranquil and composed and unexcited, that a gleam of hope came to them, and they began secretly and joyfully to entertain the idea that she was “a stick of a girl” that could only fall into attitudes, and “look pretty.” We must recollect that these Fentons, like the little Arabs and “codgers” of the street, had their wits prematurely sharpened, and were trained never to lose a chance.

The mamma was a “comfortable woman,” and eat with great heartiness—speaking as she went on:

“This is most kind of you, Sir John Digby,” she said, “and we are so glad to see Mr. Severne strong again. We had some very pleasant weeks when he was with us. We can only stay a couple of days, Sir John, and must pack up our camp-kettles on the day after to-morrow—mind, dear, you have notice.”

Mrs. Lepell caught Captain Philips’ eye, and smiled at him—perhaps an incredulous smile. Mrs. Palmer saw it.

“We knew a very witty Frenchman,” she went on, “Baron Molè, who had been envoy in Italy, who said that vampires were all fables and nonsense; but that the *real* vampire was the guest that was going every day, but remained every day. What was that story he told us, dear, of the French Countess that got thrown from her horse at his palace-door, and was convalescent every night in time for dinner, but had a relapse every morning, and stayed six weeks altogether.”

This anecdote—accidental, no doubt—came in very awkwardly.

“Would you be kind enough?” she said to Mrs. L., “across the table, just that clotted cream near you. Captain Philips has been praising it so.”

This was given like an order; and Mrs. Lepell, in some haste dropped the knife, &c., off the plate.

Now entered Lord John. “You have left a trifle, I hope, for a hungry man. Amn’t I early, eh? I’ll save my soul, my boy—cold pheasant, yes—save my soul and be sitting in Paradise yet, with a crown on my head, when all the bishops are howl-

ing. Mrs. L., there’s room next you, I see—down *here*, I mean—ha, ha!”

“I say,” said Sir John, “you see we have new friends—Mrs. Palmer, Lord John Radley—Miss Palmer, Lord John.”

Both ladies bowed with ceremony. Lord John nodded to Mrs. Palmer, but stared at Miss Palmer.

“I saw *you* come in last night,” he said to her. “Funny time to arrive, wasn’t it? with the fiddles scraping like all the cats in—ahem!—broke loose. What did you take us for?”

The young lady looked at him gravely, and with a repulsion scarce concealed, that it was evident to all round made his lordship blush a little.

“Are we Tonga Islanders?” said he, rather wickedly, “or have I seven heads? Will you count ‘em, please? How you look at me! What’s the matter, now?”

The colour came to the young lady’s face very fiercely.

“I did not understand your allusion,” she said. “It is, as you say, the language of the Tonga Islanders to me.”

“My dear!” said her mother, with warning; then in a half voice—“She is so impulsive—flames up at the least offence.”

Severne had just come in and stood at the door listening. There was great delight, and almost pride, in his face—as, indeed, Mrs. Lepell and Lord John saw.

Lord John said nothing, but turned to his neighbour—“Look at *him*,” he said. “Just look at the looks of love. There’ll be fine work by-and-by, mark me. He’s taken it hot and strong, he has.”

That day, however, was a day of departures. Captain Philips was “obliged to go.” If he remained, as he told Lord John, in what was little better than an open shed, he might as well take to his bed; as it was, among them all, with their passages and infernal baronial nonsense, they had left him the beginnings of a lumbago for next spring.

“Take my advice,” he said to Sir John, “and do get the thing modernized—these passages cut up, and double doors everywhere. ‘Pon my soul, they’ll be bringing in manslaughter against you if you don’t

I've had a knife down my back ever since I came."

Sir John never knew how to answer this cool officer, though he did not like his tone.

"Not offended, I hope," said Philips. "You know it ain't my affair *now*. If every guest you had were bellowing with rheumatics, of course that would be their own affair. Good-by! Now driver, don't dawdle, but touch up your cattle well."

The Dean went also; so did the young officer who had caused such uneasiness in the shooting to Captain Philips. Selby remained for "one more day," though he had fixed on going.

"You may as well," was Sir John's sincere, though careless invitation. "There's no one for your room—so please yourself."

Mrs. Lepell had met him in the corridor which had been so fatally "draughty" to Captain Philips.

"Are you *sorry*, Mr. Selby," she said, with grief, "*leaving us*?"

"Yes," he had said, nervously, "I have been here too long. I am not wanted. No one will miss me."

This was put as a question.

"Oh, yes," answered she, gravely, "I shall. I tell you so, Mr. Selby. And I would like you to stay—I really would. You are one of my friends—a very small circle, recollect—so I like to keep them about me."

Her look was so open, and there was such candour in this avowal, that Selby was hardly pleased. He would have preferred less speech and more confusion.

"I should like to remain," he said, irresolutely.

"Good-by, then, if you must go," said Mrs. Lepell, whose eyes had been wandering down restlessly to the end of the gallery. "I hope we shall see you again—good-by."

"I should *like* to stay," said Selby, wistfully.

"Stay then," she said, with a little air of mystery and confidence which was always very becoming to her. "Take my advice. There"—and she was gone. Whoever was waiting, was, no doubt, impatient.

Mr. Selby, of course, remained.

"Well, Sir John," he said, "I should *like* to stay, you know."

"All right," said Sir John, coolly. "Just tell Duncan not to have the carriage round."

At lunch that day they met again. The ladies were present. Miss Palmer seemed every moment to be growing in confidence. She talked, in her low, musical voice, on subjects above the common level, with an enthusiasm that was not pedantic, and made every one listen. Even her phrases and choice of words were more or less exaggerated; and yet it was an exaggeration that seemed only refreshingly quaint. A little sneer, or contradiction only "warned her up;" and she "put down" that nobleman more than once in a very effective way.

Mrs. Lepell was silent, and looked at her with surprise—not unnaturally, lifting her eyebrows at this forwardness in one so young. She was sitting next Sir John.

"What do you think of her, confidentially you know?" said he.

Mrs. Lepell looked at him slyly. "May I tell you?" she asked, a little timorously.

"Certainly, ma'am," he said.

"Well then, Sir John, she reminds me of what a certain writer once said—a little wickedly—of a terrible Dissenter that flourished long ago. 'His tongue seemeth to caper hard against his mind, but leaveth the latter named in the ditch.'"

Sir John laughed. "Not bad," he said; "but where did you pick that up, ma'am?"

"Where would you think, Sir John?" and the eyes fell demurely.

Suddenly Sir John burst out with a laugh of delight. "What! not in the bishop, eh? You don't say so. Famous—capital! Oh, I must tell *that*! The tongue capering up to the mind, and leaving the whole lot in the ditch. Now that you do say it," added Sir John, listening to Miss Palmer, "it hits our young friend off exactly. Oh, after lunch, you must come into the study and show me the very place; and we'll get down the bishop and have a good, long hour's study at him."

Mrs. Lepell shook her head. "As for finding *that*," she said, "it is a big folio, recollect, Sir John. Just turning over the leaves my eye fell on the passage."

Often afterwards, Sir John put on his spectacles, and took the book on his knees, as if it was a child; and searched every page, but never could

find the remark. It was a pity, for many visitors were deprived of the correct shape of "one of the best things you ever heard in the whole course of your life. The soul and body cutting capers together and tumbling into a ditch!"

As he was laughing over this, and Lord John was growling to his neighbour that it was only one of his old two-penny-halfpenny jokes, a servant came in with a letter, and said that a man on horseback was waiting to take back an answer. Sir John turned it over again and again, and laid it down on the table while he got out his glasses.

"Why," said he, "it's from old George Lee! Did he say Mr. Lee had come back?"

"Yes, sir; came back last night."

"Phew! what's in the wind now?" said Sir John, reading. "I declare—" he stopped and read. "Here, Duncan, get out the phaeton and pair, and tell the man I'll be over as soon as he. What can be up? George Lee down from London, when I thought he was speaking to the House of Commons, and wants to see me on particular business. Says he's not himself. D'ye hear, Harry!—I'm going over to Lee-field—what d'ye say to that, sir!"

Severne, whispering in a low voice to Miss Palmer, started. "Mr. Lee down here," he said. "What can he want?"

"Never mind," said Sir John, rising. "We'll see to-night. Don't wait dinner for me, if I don't turn up at seven. I have my suspicions—but no matter. All in good time, my boy."

Sir John was gone in great spirits. Severne looked after him with a little disquiet.

"Who is this Mr. Lee?" asked Mrs. Lepell, softly.

"Member for the county," said Lord John. "Hot and strong. Tory—rank to a degree—knock you down. No wonder the baronet runs to him."

Mrs. Lepell then went up to her sick husband.

"I must go now," she said. "Nurse is wanted."

He was much better that morning, and there were hopes of "getting him" down for a walk in the sun, or perhaps, an easy drive along the smooth avenue. Nurse went up to her duty.

Selby looked after her, with deep and sad admiration, and said, "*There was a faithful wife!*" He never saw such *unobtrusive*, unostentatious devotion!

"Such unobtrusive, unostentatious devotion!" repeated Lord John, looking at him up from foot to head. "*That's* good! I suppose that can be said of you. It's like the knights, ain't it? Soul of honour and all that. Not daring to lift our eyes, you know, but still worshipping secretly and virtuously, eh? No harm in that; eh, my boy?"

The broad-shouldered young man coloured. "I never understand your jokes, Lord John," he said; "and don't care to be made the subject of them."

Lord John turned on him at once. "Oh, don't you?" he said. "But, my dear Knight Templar, I never consult people on the matter, and don't mean to consult you, I give you fair notice. If you wish to do battle for your divine ladye, with all my heart. There's the bowling-green behind! Come, Sir Gawaine. No? My poor boy," added his lordship, soothing, "don't let it be angry. I say, look at him," said Lord John, laughing loudly and pointing to him. "I declare, if he ain't in earnest. Look at his cheeks, I say? Oh, by the Lord!—this is worth coming to Digby for!"

This was a malicious turn of his lordship's, who was accustomed to fall thus savagely on any one who crossed his humours. Selby was a little awkward, and stood there glowing, and literally not knowing how to answer.



## IRISH FOLK BOOKS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

In the eighteenth century Ireland did not possess the boon of Commissioners to prepare useful and interesting school books, nor a Kildare-place Society to issue cheap works of a harmless and edifying character. However, as the mass of the peasantry wished to give their children the only education they could command, namely that afforded by the hedge schools, and as young and old liked reading stories and popular histories, or at least hearing them read, some Dublin, Cork, and Limerick printers assumed the duties neglected by churchmen and senators, and published "Primers," "Reading-made-easies," "Child's-new-play-things," and the widely diffused "Universal Spelling Book" of the magisterial Daniel Fenning, for mere educational purposes. These were "adorned with cuts," but the transition from stage to stage was too abrupt, and the concluding portions of the early books were as difficult as that of the "Universal Spelling Book" itself, which the author, in order to render it less practically useful, had incumbered with a dry and difficult grammar placed in the centre of the volume.

Two Dublin publishers, Pat. Wogan, of Merchants-quay, and William Jones, 75, Thomas-street, were the educational and miscellaneous Alduses of the day, and considered themselves as lights burning in a dark place for the literary guidance of their countrymen and countrywomen, of the shop-keeping, farmer, and peasant classes. In the frontispiece of some editions of the spelling-book grew the tree of knowledge, laden with fruit, each marked with some letter, and ardent climbers plucking away. Beneath was placed this inscription:—

"The tree of knowledge here you see,  
The fruit of which is A, B, C.  
But if you neglect it like idle drones,  
You'll not be respected by William Jones."

That portion of the work containing "spells" and explanations was thoroughly studied by the pupils. The long class was arranged in line

in the evening, every one contributed a brass pin, and the boy or girl found best in the lesson, and most successful at the hard "spells" given him or her by the others, and most adroit in defeating them at the same exercise, got all the pins except two, the portion of the second in rank (*the queen*) and one, the perquisite of the third (*the prince*).

Every neighbourhood was searched carefully for any stray copies of Entick's or Sheridan's small square dictionaries (pronounced *Dixhenry's* by the eager students), for hard spells and difficult explanations to aid them in their evening tournaments.

The grave Mr. Fenning was censurable for admitting into some editions the following jest (probably imported from Joe Miller), among his edifying fables and narratives:—

"A gay young fellow once asked a parson for a guinea, but was stiffly refused. 'Then,' said he, 'give me at least a crown.' 'I will not give thee a farthing,' answered the clergyman. 'Well, father,' said the rake, 'let me have your blessing at all events.' 'Oh yes: kneel down, my son, and receive it with humility.' 'Nay,' said the other, 'I will not accept it, for were it worth a farthing you would not have offered it.'"

We cannot, however, quit the school-books without mention of the really valuable treatise on arithmetic, composed by Elias Vorster, a Dutchman naturalized in Cork, and subsequently improved by John Gough, of Meath-street, one of the Society of Friends. "Book-keeping by Double Entry," written by Dowling and Jackson, was so judiciously arranged that it is still looked on as a standard work.

The same followers *longo intervallo* of Stephens and Elzevir published, besides prayer and other devout books, a series of stories and histories, and literary treatises such as they were, printed with worn type, on bad grey paper, cheaply bound in sheep-skin, and sold by the pedlers through the country at a *tester* (6½d.) each. Of history, voyages, &c., the pedler's basket was provided with "Hugh Reilly's History of Ireland," "Ad-

ventures of Sir Francis Drake," "The Battle of Aughrim," and "Siege of Londonderry" (the two latter being dramas), "Life and Adventures of James Freney the Robber," "The Irish Rogues and Rapparees," "The Trojan Wars," and "Troy's Destruction," "The Life of Baron Trenck," and "The Nine Worthies—Three Jews, Three Heathens, and Three Christians."

The Fictional department embraced, chiefly in an abridged state, "The Arabian Nights," "The History of Don Quixote," "Gulliver's Travels," "Esop's Fables," "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," "Robin Hood's Garland," "The Seven Champions of Christendom," "The History of Valentine and Orsön," "The Seven Wise Masters and Mistresses of Rome," "Royal Fairy Tales," "Tales of the Fairies," "The Noble Slaves," "The Garland of Love, or Royal Flower of Fidelity," "The Fortunate and Unfortunate Lovers," "Montelion the Knight of the Oracle," "Guy Earl of Warwick," "Parismus and Parismenos," "Don Bellianis of Greece," "The Death of Abel," "Reynard the Fox," and the collection called "Laugh and be Fat,"—the two last being decidedly objectionable in manner and matter.

In the department of the Belles Lettres may be classed, "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," "The Academy of Compliments," "The Fashionable Letter Writer," "Hocus Pocus, or the Whole Art of Legerdemain," "Joe Miller's Jest Book," &c.

The list would not be complete without mention of the books of ballads. These were sold in sheets, each forming 8 pages, 18mo., and adorned with cuts, never germane to the ballads they illustrated. Some of these sheets contained only one production, the "Yarmouth Tragedy," or some early English ballad sadly disfigured. One related how a "servant-man" was accused by an envious liveried brother, of being a confirmed card player. On being examined he obtained a complete victory over the informer, convincing his master that what he, the master, called cards, was to him a prayer-book, a catechism, a calendar, and what not. The different numbers reminded him of the six days of the creation, the seven churches of Asia, the ten command-

ments, the twelve Apostles, &c. The king recalled to him the duty he owed that supreme magistrate, the ace of hearts, the love due to God and our neighbour. "How is it," said the master, "that you have always passed over the knave in your reckoning?" "Ah, I wished to speak no ill of that crooked disciple that went to backbite me to your honour." The reader anticipates the victory of the ingenious rogue.

The purchasers of these sheets sewed them as well as they could in a book form, but they were so thumbled and abused, that it is at this date nearly impossible to procure one of those repertoires of song printed towards the close of the last or the beginning of the present century.

Of all these works that we delight in most at present (it was not so when we were young), is the unmatched "Academy of Compliments" which was the favourite of boys and girls just beginning to think of marriage, or its charming preliminary, courtship. Very feelingly did the writer in his preface insist on the necessity of eloquence. "Even quick and attractive wit," as he thoughtfully observed, "is often foiled for want of words, and makes a man or woman seem a *statute* or one dumb." He candidly acknowledges that several treatises like his have been published, "but he assures the *courteous reader* that none have arrived to the perfection of this, for good language and diversion."

This is the receipt for accosting a lady, and entering into conversation with her :

"I believe Nature brought you forth to be a scourge to lovers, for she hath been so prodigal of her favour towards you, that it renders you as admirable as you are amiable."

Another form :

"Your presence is so dear to me, your conversation so *honest*, and your humour so pleasing, that I could desire to be with you perpetually."

The author directs a slight departure from this form, in case the gentleman has never seen the lady before, and yet has fallen passionately in love with her.

"If you accuse me of temerity, you

must lay your own beauty in fault, with which I am so taken, that my heart is ravished from me, and wholly subjected to you."

Under the head of "Witty and ingenious sentences fit for introduction in genteel society," we light on these :

"You walk in artificial clouds, and bathe your wanton limbs in sweet dalliance."

"Report could never have got a sweeter air to fly in than your breath."

From among "Further improvements in the art of well-speaking" we cull these notable and sometimes enigmatical assertions.

"Blind is the censure of uncertainties."

"A politician must, like lightning, melt the marrow and not the skin."

"Good wits are the greatest extremity."

"Envy stands upon tiptoe to pull down innocence."

Decent people would scarcely thank us for troubling them with many of the "witty questions and answers for the improvement of conversation." A few must be quoted, however, with discreet selection.

"Q. What said the tiler to the man when he fell through the rafters of his house?

"A. Well done, faith ; I like such an assistant as thou art, who can go through his work so quickly.

"Q. What said the tailor's boy to the gentleman who, on his presenting his bill, said tartly, he was not running away?

"A. If you are not, sir, I am sorry to say my master is.

"Q. Why is a soldier said to be of such great antiquity?

"A. Because he keeps up the old fashions when the first bed was upon the bare ground."

The style of the model letters must be guessed at without examples. So may the eloquent and long-winded appeals of the model lover to his coy sweetheart, her evasions of his suit without direct refusal, and finally her flattering consent on finding all his professions sincere and honourable.\*

A scroll curiously interlaced, (*The True Lover's Knot*) and bearing a love inscription, which makes as little sense when read forwards as backwards, is the only illustration, except the dumb alphabet, one of the very few useful features in the volume.

This most absurd production was a genuine hand-book with the pretentious young country folk of fifty years since, and, what is still more strange, continues to retain its place among the limited number of the old chap-books still in circulation.

\* THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

It may appear strange that "The Battle of Aughrim," written by an adherent to the Hanoverian succession, should so long have continued a popular volume among the Roman Catholic peasantry. This has, perhaps, been due to the respectful style in which the author treated the officers of Irish extraction. All his contempt and dislike were levelled at St. Ruth, the French General, and his masters, English James and French Louis. Though the style of the rhymed play is turgid enough, there are in it occasional passages of considerable vigour and beauty, and a brisk movement in the conduct of the piece ; and sentimental youth have an opportunity of shedding a tear over the ill-starred love of *Godfrey* and *Jemina*. It was scarcely fair of the author to represent St. Ruth as a stabber in cold blood, but hear the moving periods he makes Sarsfield utter:—

"Oh heavens! can nature bear the shocking sound

Of death or slavery on our native ground!

Why was I nurtured of a noble race,  
And taught to stare destruction in the face?

Why was I not laid out a useless scrub,  
And formed for some poor hungry peasant's cub,

To hedge and ditch, and with unwearied toil

To cultivate for grain a fertile soil,  
To watch my flocks, and range my pastures through,

With all my locks wet with the morning dew,

Rather than being great, give up my fame,

And lose the ground I never can regain?"

Those Irishmen, who like ourselves, have read and enjoyed this drama in early boyhood, before the birth of the

\* In a notice of the Folk-Books of France, in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for November, 1865, we find an elaborate programme of an honourable love affair. There is a ludicrous resemblance in the French and Irish procedures.

critical faculty, will find it out of their power to divest themselves of early impressions when endeavouring to form a just estimate of its merits. We vainly strive to forget the image of a comely and intelligent country housewife, spiritedly reciting the interview of the Irish and English officers after the day was decided, and bravely holding out the tongs at the point where Sarsfield presents his weapon. Talmash, Mackay, and Sir Charles Godfrey, confront the Irish chiefs, Dorrington, O'Neil, and Sarsfield, and Talmash courteously addresses them.

"Take quarters, gentlemen, and yield on sight,

Or otherwise prepare to stand the fight.  
Yet pray, take pity on yourselves and yield,

For blood enough has stained the sanguine field.

'Tis Britain's glory, you yourselves can tell,

To use the vanquished, hospitably well.

Sarsfield.—Urge not a thought, proud victor, if you dare,

So far beneath the dignity of war.

I am a peer, and Sarsfield is my name,  
And where this sword can reach I dare maintain.

Life I condemn, and death I recommend;  
He breathes not vital air who'd make me bend

My neck to bondage, so proud foe decline  
The length of this (*extending his sword*),  
because the spot is mine.

Talmash.—If you are Sarsfield, as you bravely show,

You're that brave hero whom I longed to know,

And wished to thank you on the reeking plain

For that great feat of blowing up our train.

Then mark, my lord, for what I here contend;

'Tis Britain's holy church I now defend,  
Great William's right, and Mary's crown,  
these three.

Sarsfield.—Why then, fall on.—Louis and James for me (*They fight.*)"

Sarsfield's declaration ends the animated discussion rather lamely; but what poet has maintained a uniform grandeur or dignity? The writer was a certain Robert Ashton. The play when printed was dedicated, circa 1756, to Lord Carteret, and if peasant tradition can be trusted, it was only acted once. The Jacobite and Hanoverian gentlemen in the pit drew their swords on one another, probably at

the scene just quoted, and bloodshed ensued. This is not confirmed by the written annals of the time.

"The Siege of Londonderry" was, and still is bound up with "The Battle of Aughrim," but there is nothing whatever in it to recommend it to the sympathies of the populace. There is nothing but mismanagement and bad feeling on the part of the native officers from beginning to end; and if fear or disloyalty shows itself in one of the besieged, his very wife cudgels him for it. Observe and admire the great qualities of Mrs. Captain Buff.

"Mrs. Buff.—Captain Buff, little I ever thought you'd renege serving King William and our gracious Queen! Put on your sword, man, and go out among your fellows. Five in a house, and not one to serve the King!

"Capt. Buff.—No wife. I'll wear no sword again till peace is proclaimed. I'll be hanged if I do!

"Mrs. Buff.—Ah, you haven't the heart of a goose. An ill-used capon has more. Come, on with your sword!

"Capt. B.—Trouble me no farther, wife; I will have nothing to do with it.

"Mrs. B.—Then, I will; hand me over your *trowsers*. Mind the house and I'll out among 'em.

"Capt. B.—With all my heart; anything but fight, dear wife!

"Mrs. B.—(*Taking his sword, putting her apron on him, and giving him a whack with the naked blade*)—There now I dub you Knight of the White Apron. D—— do you good of your dignity!"

There is something very naive and old-fashioned in the observation inserted at the end of the list of the *dramatis personæ*:—

"Cartel agreed upon—No exchange of prisoners, but hang and quarter on both sides."

DON BELIANIS OF GREECE; OR THE HONOUR OF CHIVALRY.

The re-perusal of portions of this early favourite of ours has not been attended with much pleasure or edification. There is a sad want of style, accompanied by a complete disregard of syntax, orthography, and punctuation. The objects to be attained are so many and so useless, one adventure branches off into so many others, and there are so many knights and giants to be overcome, and emperors so carelessly leave their empresses in the dark woods exposed to so many dan-

gers, while they go themselves to achieve some new and futile exploit, that the narrative has scarcely more continuity and consistence than a dream. If the original author had had access to the histories written before he proceeded to compose, he certainly turned his opportunities to small account, as may be seen in the opening of the subject which takes this form :—

“When the Grecian monarchy flourished in most glory, triumphing over the greatest part of Christendom, there swayed the awful and imperial crown and sceptre of Constantinople, an emperor named Don Bellaneo, whose heroic deeds and administration of justice to his subjects were by them so admired, that the superfluity of words in revealing them would impoverish rather than enrich the perpetuity of his glory.”

Don Bellaneo having consumed the best part of his youth in warfare, be-thought him of marriage. So calling on the services of the King of Hungary and the Prince of Macedon, they undertook an embassy, on his behalf, to *Tolvan* King of Hesperia to demand his daughter in marriage. The two royal ambassadors were received with much distinction at *Hispalis*, the capital; and when the Hungarian king would have kneeled to the queen, and kissed her hand, she would in no wise permit it, but “taking him up in her arms, embraced him as worthily as the dignity of his state required.”

Don Bellianis, the issue of the marriage that soon ensued, began his career of arms at fourteen years of age, and during a hunt in which the emperor leaving the empress in peril, went to try the adventure of the castle, he and his cousin, Don *Arsileo* encountered a terrible adventure of lions, and bears, and giants in a magic cavern, where Don Bellianis on the point of being slain, drew a sword out of an enchanted pillar and put his giant out of the way of doing him mischief.

The hero and his trusty brothers in arms lose more blood in their many conflicts than could be afforded by the bodies of a score of ordinary champions; but the sage Bellona, their tutelary enchantress, is ever at hand, with ointment vastly superior to Mr. Holloway's; and the ladies and princesses, *Floribella*, *Mattarosa*, *Flo-*

*rina*, *Persiana*, and *Aurora*, are prepared on the shortest notice to attend to her prescriptions, and nurse the disabled knights till full strength returns. *Friston* is the antagonist-wizard, ever furthering the wicked designs of the soldan *Frebizond*, but Don Bellianis is so well aided by Don *Brianel*, Don *Damartino*, Don *Baltozona*, Don *Contumeliano*, and other invincible knights that victory remains with them.

Amid the maze of adventures and the multiplicity of persons, the writer has one important object in view, namely, the winning of *Floribella*, the soldan of Babylon's daughter, by the matchless Don Bellianis, and to the mortal despite of the soldan of *Frebizond*, a terrible man at play of sword and spear, and moreover assisted by the sage *Friston*. We must quote part of a combat between the knight of Fortune and Don Bellaneo, Bellianis's father, calling himself the knight of the Crown, the scene of combat being a tournament held before Bellianis himself, who not knowing that one warrior was his father in person, lent him his shield, as his own was pierced in several places.

“The two heroic warriors, the knights of the Crown and of Fortune, spurring their fierce coursers against each other, the earth seemed to tremble and shake under them, and their lances striking the shields pierced them through together with their armour and coats of mail, and riders and horses were flung on the ground from the shock. ‘Oh immortal gods!’ cried out the valiant knight of the Image (Don Bellianis), ‘what terrible encounters be these? Dead without doubt, are the best knights that lived!’ Within himself he wondered to see his shield pierced, which till then was impenetrable by any weapon. But this was effected by the arms of the knight of Fortune against which no enchantment prevailed, being forged by the art of the wise *Friston*, as shall hereafter be shown.

“But the knights rising at the same moment more furious than the tigers of *Hyrkania*, came one against the other with drawn swords in their hands, with whose slicing edges they wounded one another, so that they forced their heads to touch their knees; but the courageous knight of Fortune warding a blow of his brave adversary with his shield, ran within him, and gave him so great a blow that it cut his armour with a piece of his flesh from which there issued abundance of blood, and quickly stepping back thrust at him with his sword which pierced all his defensive arms.

"The knight of the Crown feeling himself wounded, and seeing his adversary so nigh him, would not strike him with his sword, but with one of his hands got hold of his shield, and so strongly plucked him thereby, that he had not time to shower any more blows upon him. Letting his sword fall, he drew his dagger and gave him two such blows as pierced his harness, and so deeply opened his flesh that any other but he could no more have fought. The knight of Fortune seeing his enemy so use him took his body athwart in his arms with such fury that both had like to have fallen. The knight of the Crown did the like, and they so strongly pressed each other that the blood gushed through their mail in several places. At last with sheer fatigue they drew apart, being scarcely able to stand. Then Don Bellianis approaching, courteously addressed them—'Renowned knights, these jousts were only intended for pleasure, and I entreat you to leave this combat as it is.' The knights being as courteous as valiant and finding they could not end the combat, were much troubled."

The author had ten times as many separate sets of adventures to conduct simultaneously as ever had the estimable G. P. R. James. So he was frequently obliged to suspend one series, and take up another,—a mode of composition which all novelists who read this article, are advised to eschew. Leaving Don Bellianis investing the emperor of Trebizond, who stoutly disputed the possession of the fair Florisbella's hand with him, he proceeds to tell what happened at the joustings of Antioch in consequence of the happy union of Don Brianel and the peerless Aurora. Thither came Peter, the knight of the Keys; from Ireland. He was son to the king of Munster, and being anxious to seek foreign adventures embarked at *Carlingford* and performed prodigies of valour in Britain and France, and then sailed for Constantinople. Being within sight of that city, a storm forced his ship away and drove it to Sardinia, where Peter won the heart of the fair princess, Magdalena, by his successes in the tournament, and his beauty of features when he removed his helmet after the exercise. The princess has a claim upon our indulgence, for as the text has it, "he looked like Mars and Venus together." The knights of those happy times be-

ing as distinguished for modesty as courage, the princess ran no risk in desiring an interview with the peerless Peter, and they vowed constancy to each other till death.

A neighbouring king demanding the hand of the lady for his son, the lovers decamp, and find themselves on a strange island in a day or two. Peter having given the princess a red purse containing some jewels, she happened to let it fall by her, and it was at once picked up by a vulture, on the supposition of its being a piece of raw meat.\* Flying with it to a tree overhanging the river, and finding his mistake he dropped it into the water, and there it lay on the sandy bottom in sight of the lovers.

The knight arming himself with a long bough, and getting into the boat, would have fished up the purse, only for the circumstance of being unprovided with oars. The tide having turned he was carried out to sea and by the time he had got rid of his armour he was nearly out of sight of the poor princess, now left shrieking behind, who was conveyed away after a day and a night's suffering, in a ship bound for Ireland, where she took refuge in a nunnery, and in time became its superioress. This was near the palace of her lover's parents, and to match this strange coincidence by another equally strange, their cook one day preparing a codfish for dinner discovered within it the identical purse of jewels carried away by their son, and lost in the manner described in the distant Mediterranean. They gave him up then for lost, but he was merely searching through the world for his mistress, jousting at Antioch, killing a stray giant here or there, and rescuing from the stake at Windsor an innocent countess accused of a *faux pas*—all these merely to keep his hand in practice. Don Clarineo with whom he had fraternised at Antioch is also engaged on the same quest, and comes to Ireland in the course of his rambles. In that early time Owen Roe O'Neill was chief king, MacGuire, father of Peter was king of Munster as before stated, Owen Con O'Neill and Owen Mac O'Brien ruled two of the other pro-

\* This episode is borrowed from the Romance of "Peter of Provence and the Fair Maguelona" noticed by us among the French Folk-books.

vinces, but the territory claimed by each is not pointed out. The compiler was probably not well up in the old chronicles; he would else have given O'Brien the territory of Munster, and settled MacGuire somewhere near Loch Erin.

Be that as it may the reigning king of Ulster refusing his fair daughter to the prince of Connaught, was minded to bestow her on the terrible giant Fluerston, whose inhospitable abode was in the mountains of Carlingford. The father of the rejected prince determined to resist this "family compact," sent out knights and squires to impress every knight errant they met into his service. Being rather more earnest than polite on meeting with Don Clarineo, he slew about a score of them, and after he succeeded in learning their business with him he was inclined to slay another score for their stupidity in not being more explicit at the beginning, whereas he would have devoted ten lives if he had them, to the cause of prince *versus* giant.

Having easily massacred the Carlingford ogre, he began to bestir himself in his quest for the lost princess, and so quitted the Connaught court which according to our author was held at that era in Dublin, and his loyalty was suitably rewarded in discovering his own as well as Don Peter's true love.

The best human institutions have their defects. The knights-errant of yore were so distinguished by constancy to their lady loves that some of these last were not so reserved toward them as ladies in our times toward the knights that illustrate the nineteenth century. Florella, Don Clarineo's affianced, happening to be in this category and having very great confidence in her lord's loyalty, did not at the same time think it unprofitable to stay near him in the guise of his squire, very careful all the while to keep him in ignorance of her identity. Visiting the convent presided over by Magdalena she knew her at once, and directed Don Clarineo to go there next day, promising him a sight that would surprise him. On entering the building judge of his astonishment on beholding two princesses of ravishing beauty, one the exact likeness of his dear Florella, whom he dreamed of but a moment

before, as walking in her palace gardens on the banks of the Bosphorus. All mysteries were cleared up, and Don Peter who was no farther off than Windsor soon completed their happiness by crossing the Irish Channel and joining them. Under the circumstance it is evident that Magdalena was only a sort of lay incumbent, for the author related her marriage without mention of the slightest hitch interposed by solemn vows.

The abridger of the original romance thus pleasantly wound up the Irish episode.

"The joy of the whole kingdom was proclaimed with loud acclamations, blazing of fires, ringing of bells, jousts and tournaments, with many other recreations too tedious for my weary pen to relate, in which joy I will leave them, and conclude this history famous at this day in Ireland, and past, doubt, not a little esteemed in other countries."

But it would be unmeet to close our notice by any event of less importance than the reception of the hero of the book by the fair Florisbella when he returned in triumph after putting the Soldan of Trebizond, his rival and inveterate enemy, beyond the power of doing further mischief. While the Soldan of Babylon and his courtiers were vying with each other in efforts to make his reception a thing to be remembered—

"Don Bellian's eyes were fixed on none but his fair princess, who adorned with jewels and gold, looked like a little heaven all spangled with stars, and in the midst her lovely face the sun, whence beauteous rays were set (sent, *qu.*) to cheer mankind. But he gazed not more steadfast on her than she on him, so that in mutual admiration their eyes were fixed, not able to speak for joy, and then they entered the palace."

Reduced to anything but good humour by the horrible grey paper of our copy of the very scarce *Burton*, the faint impressions of the letters, and the too evident want of skill in the compiler and his assistants, we were surprised by the tolerably good character of the original given by the curate when examining the renowned library at La Mancha.

"I have here," said the Barber, "got in my hand the renowned Don Bellian's." "Even he," answered the priest, "with the second, third, and fourth parts, stands very much in need of a little rhubarb to purge

his excessive choler, and ought to be pruned of that whole "Castle of Fame" and other mere impertinences. For which reason let the sentence be changed into transportation, and according as he reforms he shall be treated with lenity and justice. In the mean time, friend Nicholas, keep him safe in your house out of the reach of every reader."

A careful reader will easily detect many good situations and interesting passages of the original which have been sadly spoiled in the pedler's compilation.

It was originally written in Spanish and part translated into French by Claude de Beuil, and published by Du Bray, Paris, 1625 in an 8vo.

THE NEW HISTORY OF THE TROJAN WARS  
AND TROY'S DESTRUCTION.

The compiler of this *Burton* did not share in Homer's excusable prejudices in favour of his countrymen; he was a Trojan to the back-bone. This might be excused in compliment to the noble and patriotic Hector, but he disturbs commonly received notions of family relationship among the ancients, a thing not to be pardoned. He does not scruple to burn incense before his performance at the very outset, a liberty few authors venture to take now-a-days.

"Reader, in this new book you will be entertained with so pleasing and delightful a theme, revived from the overwhelming of time, that it may properly be termed a gay and youthful phoenix arising from the ashes of former ages. The stem indeed has been sounded by the trumpet of fame to all the known parts of the world, but having been confounded with fables not warranted by authentic historians, I have cleared up that light which shined before but dimly, distinguishing between the bright lustre of true history, and what is merely held to be fabulous."

After proposing the true histories of Hercules, Theseus, the destruction of Ilion, and other equally authentic facts, he proceeds to relate—

"How Brute King of the Trojans arrived in Britain, and conquered Albion and his giants, building a new Troy where London now stands in memory of which the effigies of two giants in Guildhall were set up, with many other remarkable and very famous passages, to revive antiquity out of the dust, and give those that shall peruse this elaborate work, a true knowledge of what passed in ancient times, so that

they may be able readily to discourse of things that had been obliterated from the memories of most people, and gain a certainty of the famous deeds of the renowned worthies of the world."

Our truthful historian then relates with many corrections of the legendary accounts of the lying Greeks, the histories of Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, Jason, and the other Ante-Trojan heroes; and either through mere whim, or better information, tells us that Proserpine at the time she was snatched away to hell, was the bride of the enamoured Orpheus, and the wicked King Pluto putting armour on his equally wicked followers,—the giant Cerberus and others, and festal garments over the armour, carried her away despite the resistance of the bridal party. Orpheus obtained her, as mentioned by the fabulists, but looking back, Cerberus who was close behind arrested her progress, and the unfortunate husband returned to upper air half dead. Thereupon Theseus and Pirithous tried the adventure, but the giant Cerberus slew the last named, and would have slain Theseus, but Hercules closely following, gave the giant such a knock of his club as left him lying in a swoon for some hours. Advancing to the throne of the black tyrant, he administered another crushing blow on his helm, and leaving him for dead, conducted the trembling but delighted Proserpine to her mother and husband in the pleasant vales of Sicily, and "if they didn't live happy that we may!" As for the traitor Cerberus he was presented to Hippodamia, the disconsolate widow of the murdered Pirithous who found a melancholy satisfaction in putting him to death after first subjecting him to well-deserved tortures.

In the rest of the history of Hercules our compiler does not think it necessary to depart from the statements of the early writers. He gives him indeed as second wife, *Joel*, daughter of King Pricus, neither of whose names we recollect.

Our authority being keenly alive to the injustice done by Homer to the Trojans, corrects his statements on sundry occasions. Well disposed as we are to rectify prejudices he has not convinced us that the knights on both sides, mounted, armed in plate,



and setting their strong spears in rest, charged each other in full career in the manner of Cranstoun and William of Deloraine. These are his words.

"Hector and Achilles advanced in the front of either army, and ran at each other with great fury with their spears, giving such a shock as made the earth to tremble, with which Achilles was thrown from his horse; whereupon the noble Hector scorned to kill a dismounted man, passed on, making lanes through the enemy's troops, and paving his way with dead bodies, so that in a fearful manner they fled before him.

"By this time Achilles being remounted by his Myrmidons, a second time encountered the victorious Hector, who, notwithstanding his utmost efforts, again bore him to the earth, and went on making a dreadful havoc as before."

It is probable that his account of the death of Hector will prove the least digestible of his emendations to the admirers of the early Greek poets. The version here given appears to depend on the sole authority of our compiler, and we do not feel here at liberty to interpose in the literary quarrel sure to arise on the publication of this article.

"Hector having taken prisoner Menestus, Duke of Athens, who had on a curious silver armour, he was conveying him out of the battle when thinking himself secure, and being overheated with action, he threw his shield behind him, and left his bosom bare.

"Achilles spying this opportunity, ran with all his might his spear at the breast of the hero, which piercing his armour, entered his undaunted heart, and he fell down dead to the earth. And this not satisfying the ungenerous Greek, he fastened his dead body to the tail of his horse, and dragged him three times round the city of Troy in revenge for the many foils and disgraces he had received of him."

The rest of the narrative corresponds tolerably with the old accounts, but we have not heart to accompany the author through the burning of Troy, the adventures of Eneas, and those of Brutus in his descent on Britain, and his victory over Albion, Gog, and Magog. Besides, the death of the "Guardian Dog of Troy" has disturbed our equanimity, for we acknowledge as great an esteem for Hector and as strong a dislike to the ruthless Achilles, as was ever entertained by the compiler of the "New History of the Trojan Wars."

The prejudices of the romancers of the middle and later ages in favour of the Trojans were probably due to the History of the War supposed to have been written by Dares, a Phrygian priest mentioned by Homer. It is in Greek, and the work of some ingenious person of comparatively recent times. It was translated by Postel into French, and published in Paris 1553. The first edition in Greek came out at Milan in 1477. Another spurious book on the same subject in Latin, was attributed to Dictys, a follower of Idomeneus, King of Crete. The first edition of it was printed at Mayence, but without date.

#### THE IRISH ROGUES AND RAPPAREES.

The literary caterers for our peasantry, young and old, have been blamed for submitting to their inspection the lives of celebrated highwaymen, tories, and "rapparees." Without undertaking their defence we cannot help pointing out a volume appropriated to gentry of the same class in the *Family Library* issued by John Murray, whom no one could for a moment suspect of seeking to corrupt the morals of families or individuals. We find in Burns' and Lambert's cheap popular books, another given up to these minions without an apprehension of demoralization ensuing among the poor or the young who may happen to read it. So it is probable that J. Cosgrave contemplated no harm to his generation by publishing his "Irish Rogues and Rapparees." It were to be wished that the motto selected for his work had either some attic salt or common sense to recommend it.

"Behold here's truth in every page expressed;  
O'Darby's all a sham in fiction dressed,  
Save what from hence his treacherous master stole,  
To serve a knavish turn, and act the fool."

The reader will please not confound the terms "tory" and "rapparee." The tories, though that generic for Irish robbers is as old as Elizabeth, are yet most familiarly known as legacies left us by the Cromwellian wars, and chiefly con-

sisted of those rascals who pretending to assist the parliamentary cause plundered the mere Irish farmers, and every one of both sides who had anything worth taking. They were a detestable fraternity. The raparees were the Irish outlaws in the Jacobite and Williamite wars, including many a scoundrel no doubt, but many also who while they supported themselves in outlawry, at the expense of those who in their eyes were disaffected to the rightful king, yet kept their hands unstained by vulgar theft or needless bloodshed. Many who at first kept to the hills and the bogs as mere outlaws, and exacted voluntary and involuntary black mail for mere support, according as the assessed folk were Jacobites or Williamites, gradually acquired a taste for the excitement and license of their exceptional life, and became *bona fide* plunderers, preferring (all other things being equal) to wasting the *Sassenach* rather than the *Gael*, and that was all.

Such a gentleman-outlaw was Redmond Count O'Hanlon, who flourished after the conclusion of the Cromwellian wars. Redmond was worthy of a place beside Robin Hood and Rob Roy, and has been made the hero of two stories, one by William Carleton, the other by W. Bernard McCabe. Some interesting incidents are also related concerning him in a late number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, and to these sources we refer the reader for information concerning him and *Cahir na Capail* (Charley of the Horse), a king in the horse-stealing line.

We now proceed to quote a few of the exploits of those troublesome individuals of high and low degree, who disturbed their country in the end of the seventeenth, and first half of the eighteenth century, and furnished amusement to the peasantry and their children, during the golden days of the pedlars.

The great Captain Power of the South travelled northwards to meet and try the skill of Redmond, and they had a shrewd encounter with broadswords for nearly half an hour, neither gaining a decided advantage. They swore to befriend each other in all future needs, and in consequence, Redmond rescued his brother from

the soldiers when they were conducting him to execution.

Power coming into Leinster, lodged at the house of a small farmer whom he observed to be very dejected all the evening. On inquiry he found that his landlord and the sheriff were expected to make a seizure next day, for rent and arrears amounting to £60. After some further discourse, Power offered to lend him the sum on his note of hand, and the offer was gratefully accepted. Next day the farmer after much parleying acknowledged that he had £60 given him to keep, and that he would produce it rather than have his little property distrained, and trust to God's goodness to be enabled to put it together again. The landlord after sufficiently abusing him, gave him a receipt in full, and parting company with the sheriff's posse, returned home. In a lonely part of the way he was set on by Power, and robbed of the £60, and his watch, and other valuables. In a day or two the robber called on the farmer, said he was going away, and the promissory note would be of no use to him. So he took it out and tore it in pieces.

How the unreflecting hearts of the fireside group glow over such quasi-generous deeds of robbers, and how little they think on the selfish and abandoned and iniquitous portions of the lives of their favourites! "Bah! they took from the rich that could afford it, and gave to the poor that wanted it. Dickens a bit o' me 'ud betray Redmond O'Hanlon or Captain Power if I got a stocken' o' goold by it."

These fine fellows were finally betrayed by young girls who had suffered in reputation from them. "By women," said Power on the scaffold (we quote Mr. J. Cosgrave), "was I enticed to continue in sin, and by a woman was I at last betrayed, though she pretended to be my friend," which speech melted the spectators into tears.

Strong John MacPherson is admitted among the Irish worthies by Mr. J. Cosgrave, though he was more probably a Highlandman. There was much of the milk of human kindness about strong John. If a horseman would not lend (John merely requested a loan), he never used the ugly words

"stand and deliver," he pulled him off his horse, and gave him a squeeze. If that failed he carried him away from the highway, giving the horse his liberty, and rifled him in some quiet nook. Being set on one night by a crowd in an inn kitchen, he threw the hostess over his shoulder, and no better shield could be. Making his escape he laid her on the ground, set his foot apparently on her body—it was only on her gown, however—and extorted twenty pence from her friends before he released her.

Strong John was in no instance guilty of murder. He never even struck but in self-defence, and always betook himself to defence by a woman when practicable. He met the usual destiny of his tribe about 1678. On his way to the gallows he composed and played on the pipes the *Purth MacPherson*. It is of him or a near relative that Robert Burns sung:—

"Sae wantonly, sae dauntingly,  
Sae vauntingly gaed he,  
And played a spring, and danced aroun'  
Below the gallows-tree."

Will Peters, born among the romantic scenery of the Slieve Bloom mountains, might have lived and died a respectable man, or at least have acquired the fame of an Highwayman, had it not been for two trifling impediments. His father was a receiver of stolen cattle, which being commonly kept in a neighbouring field, whose owner remained out of sight, the crime could not be brought home to him. The other mischance consisted in his staying at school only till he had mastered "Reynard the Fox." It was the opinion of Mr. J. Cosgrave that if he had got through "Don Bellianis," the "Seven Champions," and "Troy's Destruction," he would have arrived at the honours of the high-road. After a few mistakes in his cattle-stealing apprenticeship, he became acquainted with the renowned *Charley of the Horse*, and thus made use of him. He was placed in durance for stealing a sorrel horse with a bald face and one white foot, and committed to Carlow gaol, the horse being intrusted to the care of the gaoler. Peters' *Pere* on hearing of the ugly mistake (see Talleyrand) revealed the family sorrow to

the great Cahir, and he being fully informed of the marks, colour, &c., of the beast, sent a trusty squire of his to the assize town a few days before the trial, mounted on a mare with the same marks as those above noted. The gaoler's man took the horse down to the Barrow's edge every morning to drink, and the agent making his acquaintance invited him to take a glass at a neighbouring "shebeen" the morning before the trial. While they were refreshing themselves, the squire's double-mounted on the mare approached where the horse was tied outside, substituted his own beast, and rode off on the other. The refreshed man on coming out observed nothing changed, and rode the new comer home to the stable.

The trial coming on the prosecutor swore home to his property, but Mr. William Peters said he was as innocent of the theft as the Lord Lieutenant. "My lord," said he, "ax him if you please, what did I steal from him." The answer came out that was expected, "a sorrell horse, such and such marks." "It wasn't a sarrell mare you lost?" "No." "My lord, will you please to send for the baste, and if it's a horse let me be swung as high as Gildheroy." The animal was sent for, the whole court burst into a roar, and Will Peters demanded compensation, but did not get it.

Peters once prevented a stolen cow from being recognised by clapping two hot loaves on the horns, and turning them in when softened. Another time he ingeniously stitched a half tail to the remnant of that appendage of another stolen cow, and in this disguise was not afraid to let her be seen by the former owner.

Being taken up again he was executed, as far as hanging for fifteen minutes could effect it. However, being at once taken away by his people he was resuscitated. Once more he was seized, and conveyed to Kilmainham, whence he escaped rather than be transported.

In union with two others he once laid an ingenious plan to rob the house of a shopkeeper in Thomas-street, Dublin. One of them making some purchases asked the favour of allowing a sack of his to remain there till

morning. A huge fat fellow sitting down on the sack later in the evening, so incommoded the man inclosed that he was obliged to betray himself. Being at last secured in Kilkenny for running away with a roll of tobacco from a poor huxter-woman, he was once more placed on the drop. Two ropes broke with him, and it was only by plaiting three strong bed cords together that the Sheriff was finally relieved of his fears.

Such were the unedifying subjects presented to the consideration of the young in Mr. J. Cosgrave's collection. He certainly had no evil in his mind when composing it, but its moral effect was at best questionable. It would be a book very ill suited for rustic fire-side reading in our day. The same may be said of the "Wars of Troy," though no indication of evil intention is apparent. We subjoin the names of those books that still continue in print. Why they should still find buyers seems strange, when such care is expended in supplying useful, pleasant, and harmless reading for the lower classes. However, any evil inherent in them is slight compared to that of *some* of the Lon-

don halfpenny and penny journals. The following still form portions of the pedler's stock :—"The Academy of Compliments," "The Arabian Nights," "The Battle of Aughrim," "Esop," "Gulliver," O'Reilly's "Ireland," "Hocus Pocus," "Irish Rogues," "James Freney," "Robin Hood's Garland," "Seven Champions," "Tales of the Fairies," "The Trojan Wars," "Valentine and Orson," and the "Seven Wise Masters and Mistresses of Rome," some of them absolutely harmless.

In the whole collection, there was not one volume racy of the Irish soil, or calculated to excite love of the country, or interest in its ancient history, or literature, or legends. The eighteenth century was certainly a dreary one in many respects. Formality, affectation, and cynicism prevailed in the manners and literature of the upper classes, and the lower classes were left to their own devices for mental improvement. It says something for the sense of modesty inherent in the Celtic character, that there were so few books of a gross or evil character among their popular literature.

#### SCENES IN THE TRANSITION AGE FROM CÆSAR TO CHRIST.

##### SABINA POPPÆA'S DRESSING-ROOM.

It was the noon of a day some time after this order had been despatched. Sabina Poppæa had just risen and entered her bath-chamber, while two of her favourite women, Pyralis and Orilla, were preparing her toilet apparatus in the adjoining dressing-room. The scene is in a small but superb mansion, in which the ambitious beauty had resided for several months; a villa which Nero had erected for her on the southern declivity of the Palatine hill, opening on one side toward the gardens of the palace, and fronting on the other the Latin Way, and the Vivarium on the Coelian Mount—the great menagerie for the beasts intended for the sports of the amphitheatre.

This beautiful residence, which was entirely built of white Alban stone and various marble, was surrounded by gardens in which the rarest exotic trees and flowers ex-

haled their perfume. Numerous fountains flashed and played in their bowery walks, in which by day green twilight perpetually reigned, and on either side of the marble colonnades, which led thence from the gates to the porches and piazzas, embellished with choicest statuary, which had been taken from the Grecian cities and towns in the Aegean islands. Although so near the centre of the city and the great lines of traffic and concourse, this elegant villa wore a secluded look; shielded by walls and lofty trees on the south, the din and *strep*or of Rome came softened to its luxurious precincts, repelled by the ranges of great structures which rose to the east along the Sacred Way and the declivities of the Palatine in that direction; while to the west its nearest neighbour was the mansion of Caius Piso, one of the most magnificent buildings of that imperial and aristocratic quarter. This great urban villa, likewise sur-

rounded by gardens, stood on the projecting angle of the Palatine mount, overlooking the southern end of the Circus Maximus.

The chamber in which the freed-women of Sabina were making preparations for attiring their mistress, though of moderate dimensions, was constructed and ornamented with the most luxurious taste. Between the slender pillars of alabaster, which rose to the arched roof, rich with carving and device in ivory and crystal, appeared a series of paintings illustrative of the mythologic adventures of Aphrodite and Mars, Cupid and Psyche, animated with the imaginative beauty and colour of the rarest Greek art of the period. In the centre of the marble floor, which was covered in parts by the precious matting of Egypt, and strewn abundantly with the leaves of Cyrenean roses, a fountain of perfumed waters pulsed languidly in the subdued light of the two high casements which opened in the wall, beneath which was arranged the toilet table of the bathing beauty, upon which was placed the polished silver mirror, bright as a moon, numerous crystal boxes and phials of unguent, odour, and colour, and such other accessories of the art of physical fascination as Ovid has enumerated. Of the doors of this dressing-room, one led to the bath-room, beyond which opened a vista of a chamber lined with mirrors, the other to a spacious apartment at the opposite side. The latter, which presented a rich and shadowy vista, was unoccupied, save by a nightingale, which from its golden-wired cage embosomed in dark shrubs, ever and anon interrupted the plashing of the fountains by its ecstatic *roulades*.

Presently, the door of the bath-room opening, Sabina entered with a proud but languid step, and seated herself before a mirror, which reflected her beautiful, but evil, and somewhat anxious face, her long black tresses silkily flowing around the full stately neck and shoulders, enveloped in a soft robe of snowy Egyptian linen. Sabina, glancing at her image with a look of apathy, which presently intensified into eager observance, threw herself back in the chair, the while her tiring-women—of whom one, Pyralis, was a Grecian ;

the other, Orilla, a Syrian of Antioch—commenced the prefatory administration of their toilet duties. Remaining silent for a time, Sabina presently said, in a sighing tone of indolent irritation :

"Ah—ha—Pyralis, I feel so languid and wearied to-day. Methinks, too, my beauty begins to fade ; my eyes are dim, and mark something of a wrinkle is absolutely gathering on my brow."

"Oh, the gods," cried Pyralis, as with golden comb in her right hand she divided the long floating ebon, laughing the while with a fawning and engaging air : "a woman indeed, as they say, passes from the age of the dimple to that of the wrinkle ; but to the last you are many years distant yet ; and for your eyes seeming dim, madam—ha, ha, did you ever hear the like ? when they have the soft fresh hue of the violet and the sparkle of the sapphire. By my troth, though, I shall begin to believe what you say, as they seem careless to see how full of spirit they are, madam."

"There is certainly a wrinkle gathering on my forehead. Even at this distance it is plain."

"As plain as on the brow of Venus, where none such can be," said Orilla, glancing with an affected air of indignant seriousness from the table, where she was arranging a few trifles, a golden box of spikenard and a small brush and phial of a certain die for the eyelids ; "why your languor becomes you, lady."

"La la, mayhap the bath was too warm to-day. But in sooth, women," Sabina added, "I have been wakeful a night or two, and anxious about, about, the delay—still this uncertainty"—

"Oh, interrupted Pyralis, if that be it, empress, smooth your mind and rest in calm, for never again into the walls of Rome shall Octavia enter ; she shall see those of Pluto first."

"I think so, I trust so, I believe so ; yes, we are secure in that quarter," said Sabina, eagerly ; "but hark, good Pyralis, have any women been at the palace for the few days past ?"

"Should you not know it, madam, if there were ; not so in sooth, even Acte has been sent to Antium."

"And what has past these two days, since I have seen the emperor ?"

"Little. Day before yesterday the emperor passed morning with Menecratis practising on the harp—your head a little the other way, madam—then Seneca came for a grave hour, after when the chariot was ordered for the circus. In the evening, men only, a drinking revel, till midnight, after which the emperor issued certain executory orders. And yesterday much the same."

"Pyrallis, haste with my hair; all's well so far, and yet some care sent by a demon still shadows me."

Here the sound of a footstep in the neighbouring chamber caused the two maids to turn. The intruder was a beautiful Asian singing boy, some ten years old, whom Nero had purchased for a great sum, and presented to his mistress.

"'Tis but Usitha," said Pyrallis; "are you disposed to hear him sing, madam?"

"I care not; hark you, how the beasts roar on the hill opposite."

"Nay, now you must have a song; music will do you good, mistress; 'twill gentle your blood; faith, for a headache there's nothing like it."

"Well, 'twill wile the time. But first," said Sabina, "fill me a cup of yonder Lotus wine."

"Come now, Usitha, a choice love song," cried Orilla, "one of Sappho, or Pædo, or Catullus."

"Or that you voiced the day the emperor visited here, remember you it?" said Sabina, whose head, finished so to speak to a hair, just emerged from the silken tunic in which Orilla tired her.

"He knows as many songs as there be stars," said Pyrallis. "Begin, Usitha."

The tinkling of a small harp was now heard, and then the voice of the boy in clear soft voluptuous cadences singing:

Where hast thou hidden, sweetest one,  
Who mocked me but one darling day,  
Then sighing fled with love away  
Like golden swallow with the sun?  
Rich passion swaying in my blood  
Makes fancy deem that thou afar,  
Art wandering in a lovesome mood  
And whispering to yon burning star,  
Somewhat regret that drops in dew,  
Some memory that relumes desire,  
And kindling scatters through  
And through  
Thy rosy veins, a future fire.

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Sweet, dost thou think upon the noon  
That o'er us passed along the heath  
As soft and balmy as thy breath;  
Until the clear and conscious moon  
Looked when we lay; in love, I think,  
With the delicious danger there,  
With burning pulses on the brink  
Of all delight and all despair;  
Then as flush love no more would  
hide  
Within the temperate shade of  
will,  
That crimson lip you turned aside  
With pleasure faint, but lingered  
still.

"Pretty in sooth," said Sabina; "a song 'tis to some maiden, and instinct with a grateful protervity."

"Well sung," said Orilla, clasping a bracelet on the ivory arm of her mistress; "you beat the nightingale."

"Ha, ha, I believe you, Orilla," laughingly lisped the boy in broken Latin. "See how it flutters its wings against the wires; the bird envies me my voice, and would pick my eyes out."

"Not so, 'tis a good bird and a sweet," said Pyrallis.

Here the nightingale's song again swelled, the music panting in its throat so long sustained that it seemed eager to perish in giving its passionate heart utterance.

"What earrings will you wear to-day, lady," inquired Orilla, raising her voice, while this music lasted, "pearl or diamond?"

"Methinks the pearl becomes you best by day, madam," insinuated the fawning voice of the other tire woman.

"Good," returned Sabina; and while Orilla, bending, inserted the ornament, Pyrallis cried to Usitha.

"Hark! the nightingale challenges you again. Continue your song Usitha; you charm us."

"Poor voice," said Orilla, carefully pencilling with some dark juice the eyelids of her mistress to give greater languor and brilliancy to the orbs. "Poor voice, could he—which he can never—feel love, well as he sings of it, happy he." The boy continued:—

Oh, come again while summer and I  
Can strew a couch of roses sweet  
To hide those white and dainty feet  
And cool the cheek that blushes high;  
And we will learn all lovesome arts  
While love pouts near unsatisfied,  
Make pretty playthings of our hearts,  
And turn love, come too near, aside;

The while I whisper in your ear,  
 Perchance, perchance his joy  
 would be,  
 Like light upon the glowworm  
 near,  
 Lost in the hand that gave it me."

At the moment the song concluded there was a pause, in which, jarring upon the ear, from the Vivarium opposite the windows, came the roaring of the wild beasts, whose feeding time had arrived. Just then a tall, impassive, feminine-faced figure entered, and standing at the door, said :

"I came to acquaint you, madam, that your orders have been executed. A messenger has just arrived from Pandataria with the parcel you expected. Approach, little Laso—steady now, let not the salver fall."

Sabina had sprung suddenly to her feet, and with eyes flaming tiger-like, stared towards the door, while she screamed, "Bring it, bring it hither ; quick, that I may slack my eyes."

As she spoke, a pretty little child, rosy-faced, and nearly naked—the plaything present given her by Nero, to whom we have previously alluded—entered, bubbling with innocent laughter, and bearing in its chubby, cupid arms a golden salver, on which something lay, covered with a cloth.

With faces pale with affright they vainly tried to conceal, the tire women stood apart, as Sabina quickly seized the offering; laid it on the toilet table, and with rapacious hand snatched away the covering.

A decapitated head, death pale and bloody, was disclosed. It was that of the young Empress Octavia.

The women could scarce restrain a scream, the child fell a crying, and while the eunuch and singing boy disappeared from the adjoining chamber, Sabina, gazing pitilessly on the cold face, cried, "Wish me joy, Pyralis and Orilla ; at last I am empress. Behold the head which has hitherto kept the crown from mine. Approach, my women ; but what ! you shake and tremble. Away, bring thither from the next chamber the amphora of strong wine, that you may nerve yourselves, and that I may pour a libation to fortune on this triumphant day."

Pyralis and Orilla, interchanging meaning looks, did as they were ordered. Sabina filled their cups

and made them drink, and then bending over the ghastly relic of her jealousy, hatred, revenge, before the mirror in which it and her living face were reflected, began to criticise it with cruel and contemptuous terms, an occupation in which her women, now giddied and stupified by the strong wine, presently joined her. Now, with the playful insensibility of a cat, she toyed with the sad trophy, turning it from side to side ; now with tiger-like rage, she held it up by the hair, laughing furiously.

"Nay, in faith she had a pretty ear, Pyralis, very, though it shall never hear the name "empress" more ; and the eyes, let's see"—and taking a golden bodkin she lifted the dead, white lid, and gazed on the glassy orb ; then spat upon it, muttering in a sort of growl, into which hatred had changed her siren voice, a broken and but half-understood soliloquy—struck the dead face with her hand, then threw herself back in her chair, before it, pale and panting, gazing with sullen demon eyes on her piteous treasure.

A brief period elapsed, and then the marriage of Poppea and Nero was celebrated with unexampled magnificence ; the small and infamous court circle exulting in this spectacle of crowned crime, the virtuous among the old nobles and knights regarding it with disdain and horror ; the plebians and foreign population of Rome with mingled feelings—many of the first, with whom the young empress Octavia had been an object of affectionate popularity, with pity and deep breathing hatred ; the latter with laughter and indifference. Nero was now rapidly mounting to the hellish meridian of his career ; each successive atrocity perpetrated by the tyrant being endorsed by his slaves, the senate, who, on the occasion of this murder, as of many preceding, ordered sacrifices and thanksgivings to be offered in the temples of the gods.

#### THE AGAPÆ.

The house in which the Agapæ was held was an old structure, standing in a dark, steep, and narrow street, which, running from the south-west extremity of the Velabrum, ascended the lower declivity of the Aventine

Mount, which had for ages been the special quarter of the poor. It was rented by a Christian named Tharsaia, and was resorted to for the most part by members of the nascent society whose ecclesiæ or assemblies were at this period held in private. Here, as in a few other districts of Rome, they lived in small communities, having all things in common, working each for the other, and thus bound together by the ideas and promises of their newly-revealed Faith, forming isolated societies amid the fierce, gorgeous, luxurious, and evil world of paganism. Indoctrinated with the ideas and history of the Saviour and Comforter, with the divine principle of universal Love which he originated, with the belief in immortality deduced from the recorded facts of his resurrection—accounts derived orally from witnesses, and from those brief histories of the sublime event which had so lately occurred in Judea, of which each society possessed several—those primitive Christian companies led a laborious, exclusive, pure, and enthusiastic existence, animated with the principles of the holy, good, and true, and anticipative of the immediate second coming of the incarnate God, when, amid the fiery ruins of the old world, the spirits of those who had become His; regenerate through His doctrines and through faith in His Messianic mission, should ascend emancipated from death, and become partakers of His eternal heavenly kingdom. The night was calm, the blue air radiant with stars, when Iusa and Grian, having threaded their way through the magnificent and densely thronged streets, arrived at the portal of the house, beside which two keepers stood, who after an interchange of signs, admitted them. Passing through the vestibulum or entrance hall, lit with a single lamp, they arrived at the atrium, a large chamber, supported by pillars, dim and solemn. Here a few lamps threw their light on the Christian company collected; a company composed chiefly of slaves and artizans, among whom those of the Hebrew nation predominated. At the lower end of the room the men occupied a number of rude tricliniæ arranged by tables; at the upper end the women of the community were similarly disposed. On their entrance, Iusa and

Grian saluted the assembly with the customary "Hail, peace be with ye, brethren and sisters in Christ,"—to which the community replied in earnest and gentle voices—"Hail and peace." Then, bowing before a cross which stood near the centre of the chamber, they advanced and mingled with their Christian sisterhood.

In that assembly was seen many a countenance which bore the traces of oppression, suffering, vice; but all such pagan and pristine shadows seemed eclipsed by the expression of the new internal spirit with which they were animated; and eyes which had looked on a hundred scenes of misery, tyranny, and guilt, were now illuminated by mutual love and good will, and by an ardent zeal and enthusiasm as they conversed. The tables were spread with an abundant but simple repast of bread and wine, a store of which, as well as clothing, was placed apart, for distribution among the sick, the unemployed, and poor. As yet the feast remained untouched, the company appearing to await the arrival of some important guest, and in the interim their general attention was fixed on a man in slave's garb, who with an air simple and calm, had been narrating a strange tale of his late sufferings; of his having upwards of a year before been crucified at the villa of a noble, not for any fault, but merely to serve as a model for a painter; of his rescue when nearly dead by a few of his brethren, who had heard from friends among the slaves of the atrocious act; of the dangers he had since endured; being constantly pursued by the civic authorities with the object of putting him to death. Those statements commanded unusual sympathy. Many cried out—"Fear not, oh, Eunus, for thou shalt receive protection here in Rome, and if so minded, be afforded means to regain your native country." But Eunus said, "Suffering and persecution, oh brethren, I heed not, nay covet them rather, as thus to be tried by the powers of the world, is to a Christian as I, one of the conditions for obtaining heaven. It is but to follow in the footsteps of the Master. When the God-man Christ has suffered from the evil ones of the earth, why should we his worshippers and followers complain, much less I; for I who now speak, have spoken with those who



beheld him offered up—a sinless sacrifice.”

As he made this thrilling announcement, all eyes rested on him, and many cried, “Speak, speak, oh Eunus; tell us how was this, and who were the witnesses you have known?”

“It is twenty years since I, oh brethren, a native of Antioch, became a Christian. Some years later I joined this society, which then as now lived recluse in the town of Pella, to the north-east of Jerusalem, where I met with many who had spoken with Peter, but chiefly with Simon the Cyrenian, who on the terrible day of Christ’s death, carried his cross from the judgment hall to the hill of death, outside the walls of the city. Drawn thence by the soldiers and Jewish mob, he with many more crossed the valley of Hermon, and ascended a rock some furlongs distant, where as long as the light of day remained above the land, they beheld the agonizing and awful scene.”

“Narrate, oh, Simon, what they beheld—what thou has heard,” exclaimed many earnest voices.

“After the judgment had been pronounced, and while the soldiers of Pilate, who were Gallic mercenaries belonging to the Celtic legion, were about to bear away the Master to the place of execution, finding that He was unequal to carry the weight of the cross, they called aloud to the multitude for one to bear the burthen. From amid the tumultuous crowd of Jews and priests who clamoured for His death, and followed raging and mocking, Simon advanced and seized the fatal wood. The Master, though weak, bore a calm and inspired look, as He silently advanced amid the furious, devil-possession company. A single, great, divine thought seemed to fill His soul, and He walked as though He saw them not. The house-tops were crowded with furious and anxious faces as the procession moved through the narrow streets, and at length arrived at the summit of the low hill looking to the north-west, over the valley of Hermon. It was about noon; a dark day. Several disciples and a number of women had followed the raging mob; but when they came where the cross was being erected, the soldiers drove them away with their spears; and crossing the gloomy valley the group ascended

the nearest hill, where they could see the dread spectacle. Simon also was driven away, but from his place he saw Christ nailed to the cross, with the thieves beside him, the soldiers sitting beneath, casting lots for the garments, the circling crowd roaring and mocking. Then it was that Christ, raising His voice in prayer and calmly regarding His murderers, said, “Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do.” Absorbed in anguished prayer, the group gazed from afar for an hour, and a second, and a third. Then—for the voices of the multitude had gradually calmed—they heard a cry shivering up to the heavens;—saw the soldiers starting to their feet, gazing on the central cross a moment; then they and the multitude fall to the ground, for a mighty earthquake shook the world; and thunder, mingled with the awful sheets of flame, filled the heavens. Cries and shrieks of despair were heard, and, save for the fearful light which ever and anon pierced the gloom, the opposite hill became lost in a horror of thick darkness. At that moment, when the soul of the Son ascended to the Father, it seemed as if the earth itself and the powers of the air, agonized at the spectacle, desired to perish also.”

Eunus had hardly ceased when the sound of a firm hasty footstep broke upon the attentive silence of the assembly, and all eyes were turned toward the entrance of the chamber, where a figure entered, and raising an arm aloft cried, “Hail, brethren in Christ!” An universal “Hail, Paulus!” responded, and many of the men, rising respectfully, made place for the illustrious prophet, while several of the women, who were now for the first time in his presence, rushed forward to behold him.

He was a man a little below the middle stature, broad and powerfully formed. His features were aquiline and strong; the head, which was bald, though of small dimensions, was lofty in the crown, broad and strikingly marked on the forehead, beneath whose deep brows, dark eyes of intense lustre glowed. His countenance—the lower part of which was veiled in a flowing beard, whose sable was mingled with gray—bronzed with sun and travel, worn with the traces of physical and mental toil, and bearing upon it

many a scar of torture-lash and lion's claw, while, typical of vast energy, was chiefly characterized by a pure deep exultation and enthusiasm, which alternated with an expression of rapt benevolence and sweet courtesy. A fixed expression, a deep and central fire, inspired its lineaments, across which in moments of calm, flitted a dim ideal light, in which, had a physiognomist been there, he would have recognised a being of action, mingled with the soul of a dreamer. His voice was of mighty power, deep and musical; his familiar manner, distinguished by a captivating grace.\*

Having passed from one to another, to whom he addressed a few kindly words, Paulus reclined beside Tharsaia, the deacon of the small Christian assembly; of whom he made inquiries touching its finances, the while placing the contents of a purse of sersterces on the table, which he instructed his neighbour to place in the common treasury, while he remarked with cheerful content, that he, his wife and son, had been at work from dawn desirous to contribute to the common fund. Presently having earnestly conversed with the deacon respecting the state of the treasury, the number of poor supported, and having received satisfactory replies, returning to the table he signalled the attention of the whole assembly for prayer, and kneeling before the cross, around which all gathered, poured forth an invocation to the ascended God to bless the work and preserve them for ever united in the spirit of faith, of love, and of charity.

All then drew round the tables to partake of the sacred supper. Paulus, who ministered, broke the bread and distributed it, saying in the words of Christ, "Take, eat in remembrance of Me;" and subsequently apportioning the wine, accompanied it with a similar recommendation in the words of the Saviour. After the supper had terminated, Paulus then read a portion of the Scripture from a small scroll he carried in his robe, which comprised the Sermon on the Mount and the account of the last days and sa-

crifice of Christ, nearly in the same words as we now find them in the Gospels, but more fragmentary, the document containing these precious memorials being one of many of the copies from which the existing Gospels were afterwards compiled. The reading finished, Paulus rose to deliver, as customary, an exhortation to the community; alluding first to the state of the nascent Church, of whose progress generally he detailed his experience in many countries, in Syria, Judea, Idumea, Arabia, Greece, Gaul, and Italy, through which, for more than thirty years after the day of his conversion, he had incessantly travelled, spreading the good tidings of salvation. He spoke of Christ, His life—the final verification of prophecy; of His miracles and teachings, as he had orally received them from several of His companions and apostles; of His resurrection, and commands to them whom he appointed to go forth over the whole earth, spreading the light of His ideas among Jew and Gentile; of His appearance to him in thunder and lightning near Damascus, whither he had gone to persecute the faithful, and of the influence of that miraculous event on his subsequent career. After noticing in detail the Divine ideas of the Saviour and Comforter, and asserting that a supernatural power had descended on all who, through a profound faith in His redeeming mission, became His apostles, he addressed a passionate appeal to the assembly to purify their hearts, to be constant in prayer, to live in love, fearless and strong, warring against the vices and demons of the earth, and making of the heathen captives for heaven, remembering that through faith all things are possible. Many whom he addressed had been steeped in sin—regenerated by the new glorious belief, they had become new creatures. What though they were still plunged in poverty, in slavery, in misery, the greater their sufferings for the truth, the greater the happiness hereafter. Many whom he observed, bore the slave's garb; but,

\* A slight notice of St. Paul's personnel may be found in Eusebius, and in the apocryphal Gospel of Paul and Thekla. Like other Jews, Paulus supported himself by a trade, tent-making, as we learn from the Epistles. During this his first visit to Rome, he lived in a house which he rented in the neighbourhood of the Prætorian barracks, to the south of the Esquiline hill.

distinctions in the sight of man were nothing in that of God, who, like the sunshining on all alike, lives specially in those who worship Him in holiness. What matters it whether one is slave or master? those only are free who have purified their hearts, who live strong in the faith of Christ's redemption, happy in the hope of His coming to judge and to save. Around us on all sides hell rages, and the Evil One enslaves the heathen worshipping the demon-gods of their personified lusts and passions, which their very laws are purposed to punish. Hell is in battalion against us. Let us, then, create in our hearts a heaven of pure thoughts, and make our lives a heaven of pure deeds, which nothing external can influence; thus imitating and living for Jesus, the Comforter, and Strengtheners, and Saviour of all who turn to Him, the destroyer of the obstinate and vicious. Let us lose not an hour in the work of attaining Christ-like perfection, for the time approaches when, seated at the right hand of God, He shall appear upon the earth in thunder and fire. Here in this very city, I say, those now living shall see Him raining fire from heaven, enveloping in a flaming tempest those proud and mighty structures of an evil power and people, suddenly to be swept away; while from that flaming deluge those alone shall be saved who worship Him in truth—soldiers of Christ who have fought the good fight, and alone destined to enjoy, as the reward thereof, the new-born heaven of the holy, which, bright as the sun, shall arise, recreate from the ashes of the universe, where as here, all who worthily have God in them shall be eternally united in spirit with Him.

The address and exhortation of Paulus, which continued for an hour, was delivered with an inspired fervour and burning zeal. He enunciated ideas which animated, purified, ennobled, which exalted the slave, to whom the world had disappeared. Revolutionized by holy and God-like thoughts, he felt himself a spirit only, full of the power which springs from faith and love, and inspired with the purpose of conquering a spiritual world, which should extend far beyond Roman dominion, and effect a conquest as superior to it as the immortal soul is to the material sword.

Amid the assembly was a poor man who had been smitten with a nervous affliction—namely, palsy, and when a short interval had elapsed after Paulus had concluded his address, the sufferer, who had drank deep of his words, was placed before him by several who entreated him to heal him.

Paulus taking his hand knelt down beside him and for some moments prayed fervently. Then rising and fixing his eyes upon him, the while his aspect exhibited a powerful concentration of nervous force, he waved his hands over him for some time, blessing him, then cried, "In the name of Christ I call upon you to be made whole." The man whose eyes were still immovably fixed on those of Paulus, as in a dream, suddenly aroused by these words, raised himself on his feet as by an irresistible inner impulse of the soul, of which alone he seemed conscious; a shiver passed through him, he stood upright, walked across the chamber; then knelt at the feet of Paulus, who, raising him, directed that he amid the assembly who had the greatest faith should perfect his restoration by daily prayer and the laying on of hands.

Again, all resumed their places, and joined in a hymn, breathing of love to God and man and of hope in the coming heaven;—the voices of men and women mingling in a rapture of musical prayer, which arose sacred and sweet through the impluvium of the chamber to the deep night sky radiant with innumerable stars. After this, it being now near midnight, the assembly broke up, and invoking peace on his brethren, Paulus departed, promising soon to meet them again before his departure for Corinth, then imminent.

He was accompanied by Iusa and Grian, their common way lying for many streets in the same direction; their residence being on the Pincian hill, that of the apostle to the south-east of the Esquiline not far from the Prætorian barracks. The streets though silent as compared with the uproar which reigned amid them by day, were still thronged in parts. They passed through the Velabrum, through the Roman Forum, that of Julius, and into the leading street of the Suburra, and thence towards the Esquiline.

Lights still gleamed in the halls and windows of the great houses and in a few of the Temples on the hills. Now they encountered a debauched throng, full of wine and insult; now the train of some knight or senator before and behind whose lectica slaves marched carrying torches; songs of revel; the voices of the watch crying out the hour broke upon the night air. Gradually however those groups and sounds lessened, as they approached the shady ways leading along the gardens of the Pincian, and arrived at the entrance of the secluded nook where Iusa lived, Paulus bade her and her companion a holy and gracious adieu, and turning to the right hastened to his domicile.

As he approached it through a narrow street in which many artizans, armourers, and others lived, he encountered a man of sullen and sarcastic, but watchful aspect, who approaching cried in an insolent tone:—"By Hercules, you return late, oh Paulus. Doubtless you have been as ever preaching against our gods, and seeking to destroy the livelihood of their ministers. Thinkest thou, Christian cur, that I and my craft will suffer thee thus to injure our trade. Knowest thou not, if thy ideas prevailed, accursed one, the business of moulding gods for the temples would cease. What name hast thou for this but robbery?" "Alexander the copersmith," replied Paulus calmly, "I have indeed been occupied as thou sayest; and so shall be ever while life remains. Idols and their worshippers I hate and pity; and shall endeavour with all my soul and will to make the one an object of contempt, and to convert the other from the ruinous darkness in which they are plunged, to the Truth by which alone they can be saved."

"Out upon thee, blasphemers and madman," cried the man advancing with a furious gesture; but upon observing the calm courageous aspect of Paulus, retreating a step or two, "The day is coming, dog, when thou shalt be given to the carnifex. I shall see thee hang yet," he roared.

"The day is coming," returned Paulus, "when yonder city and all the temples for which thou and thy craft workest, shall be consumed by fire from heaven like withered leaves."

"Thou hast let slip thy purpose,"

cried Alexander. "An incendiary by Pollux; the Christians design to burn the city—ha, wouldst thou deny it?"

"The Christians are men of peace," said Paulus.

"Away," roared the fellow. "Mark me thou shalt hear more of me and of the suicidal confession thou hast let slip. Burn the city! thou shalt burn thyself first, if I live till dawn," and, casting a savage look at Paulus he rushed into his house, while the former calmly regained his abode.

#### ROME.

It was the 27th of March, a gala day in Rome, it being the feast of the goddess Cybelle, whose worship, if such it may be called, had obtained an increasing popularity among the populations of the city, so large a proportion of which, slaves and managers of the theatres and circi, gladiators, actors, pantomimists, musicians, &c., were of eastern origin. Early in the day one of the many processions of the goddess had set forth from her temple—the same circular structure which is still to be seen fronting the Tyber, to the west of the Palatine hill—a procession representing in its personages the loves of Atys and Cybelle, and attended by a great gathering of bloated and licentious priests, painted, attired in gorgeous robes and mitres, clashing sistrums, shouting songs celebrative of her legend, and from their lofty chariots scattering badinage and scurrilous jests among the plebs, who retorted in a similar vein. All gods and their forms of worship were received in Rome, as the city represented a conquered but united world; but though the descendant remnant of her ancient citizens adhered to their old local and national deities, while tolerating, disdained the licentious ceremonies of the East, that indifference did not extend to those of Cybelle, whose fete day was enjoyed by all classes, it being a sort of pagan carnival, a spring saturnalia, in which not slaves only but all classes took part.

The streets through which the processions past were profusely decorated. Draperies and hangings, gaudy, or rich and gorgeous, depended from the roofs, windows, and portals; the pillars were adorned with wreaths of

flowers and ribbons. In the lower regions, in the narrow ways branching from the thoroughfares, the wine and cook shops drove a roaring trade, while numerous women of all ranks, masked and disguised in pantomime apparel, sallied forth on foot or in their chariots to enjoy and take part in the tumultuous movement, to laugh and be laughed at, as they mingled in the endless procession, whose groups and figures, fantastically got up for the occasion, formed a burlesque representation of the manifold legends of mythology. The population at such times may be said to have become actors in an universal Attelian\* farce of the most grotesque, the broadest, and most infamous character. The housetops and windows were alive with faces, as the procession moved on its way; the bloated priests working themselves up in a sort of bacchanalian furor, dancing, singing, gesticulating, and saluting the passers-by and each pantomime group in their customary style of licence. Shouting, laughter, various minstrelsy, witty and obscene jests filled the air around; while from windows and vehicle, storms of sweetmeats, baubles, and small coin, were showered and scrambled for—the Cybellian priests in such encounters exhibiting an obese activity in collecting the popular tribute;—stopping occasionally in an open space to perform some incidents connected with the story of Atys and Cybelle, to chant the dithyramb, and threaten the female population with the barren curse, if they did not contribute to the support of their religion. As the scenes and dialogue of this dishevelled pagan fete, originated to give scope to all that was fantastical, humorous, and licentious among the plebes and citizens of the orientalized Rome of this period, would hardly be tolerated in description, for the present let us follow the procession through a few of the principal streets of the vast metropolis, as it appeared in the spring of A.D. 63—a year before the great conflagration.

The procession started as we have

said from the round temple of Cybelle, near the Forum Boarium or cattle market, between the Tyber and the great circus, and advanced through the chief street of the Velabrum—a low lying district, comprising a congeries of narrow streets of shops toward the Vicus Tuscus or Tuscan quarter, the great emporium of clothing in Rome. There the houses were of great height, mounting to eight or ten stories, intervalled by insula or blocks of building, the lower part occupied by shops, the upper let out in lodgings, to cattle and corn and provision merchants, travellers, artisans, &c., &c. To the left by the river side rose the temple of Fortune; to the right, somewhat in advance, that of Janus, in whose portal stood the double-faced statue, looking toward the broad-paved Clivus Victoriæ or street of victory, which led up the declivity of the Palatine mount, to the palatial range of building which Tiberius had erected beside the residence of Augustus. From this point the scene was striking. To the right rose the Palatine hill with its vast range of palaces, their long colonnade extending along its western declivities, overlooking the long area of the great circus, overtopped by its three obelisks. On the summit of the hill shone the Temple of Victory, the sun gleaming on its golden-winged figure; and on the arbourage of the surrounding gardens, with their multitude of marble shrines, monuments, arches, statues, and spouting fountains, while beneath the line of the palaces, nearer the circus, appeared a long line of superb mansions, the property of the great nobles. Proceeding from this point, the procession entering the Tuscan way, noted for its knavish shopkeepers, passed beneath the enormous wooden bridge, supported on arches a hundred feet high, which spanned the northern end of the Velabrum, a gigantic work of Caligula, which formed a passage from his palace, fronting the northern angle of the Palatine, to the Temple of the Thundering Jove, on the Capitoline hill. Emerged from its shadow and

\* The Attelian farce was an entertainment confined to the upper classes. It was performed in costume, and not from a written but extemporized dialogue. Resembling the masquerade, as distinguished from the drama, it was intended to amuse select societies by eliciting wit, satire, &c. Parody of known individuals was one of its chief elements.

passing between the Julian Basilica and the temple of Saturn, they crossed the Sacred Way and entered the Roman Forum.

Let us cast a glance around this famous locality, the centre of Rome, and of its history, republican and imperial.

This open, flagged space, between the Capitoline and Palatine hills is about six hundred feet long by a hundred broad, at its broadest or northern end, and less at its southern. Facing the Capitoline, you see the Triumphal Arch of Tiberius to the right—fronting the Temple of Saturn, an old massive pillared building, the bank and mint of Rome. The Sacred Way passing under this above-named arch extends before the facade of this temple, until it joins the steep street, lined with porticoed public buildings, which, diverging to the left, and taking another turn, ascends the declivity of the lofty Capitoline to the brazen portals of the Capitolium, with its three great temples. Immediately in front rises the superb Temple of Concord, with its ranges of vast marble pillars, intervalled by statues and crowned with its brazen dome. Behind it on the ascending slope, extending a hundred yards in width, is seen the Tabularium, a long range of massive and splendid building, comprising the chief offices of the state. To the right, a little in advance of the Temple of Concord, the small old shrine of Janus stands, and where the angle of the steep hill extends, fronting the Via Nova, you see the iron gates of the terrible Tullianum, the black prison cut out of the rock, in whose underground chamber Jugurtha perished from cold and hunger. Raising the eyes, the mighty and magnificent structures of the upper region of the hill, towering amid numerous buildings and statues, shine whitely against the austere blue of the Roman sky—on its right summit is the citadel—on its left, the temples under one roof of the three Guardian Deities, and near them the Tarpean rock, with its hundred ascending steps; in the hollow between them the Asylum, an aged and historic structure, surrounded by trees, amid which is preserved the cottage of Romulus, and other memorials of the early days of war and conquest, when the wolf-blood still ran in the veins of the barbaric founders

of Rome—memorials which carry the mind back to the period when cattle grazed on the green slopes of those marble-piled mountains—when the forum was a marsh—when volcanic smoke still occasionally issued from the Aventine—when, from their fastnesses, the robber founder of the seven hilled city, issued forth on the cattle raid, or to battle with Alba, Tibur, and Etruria—when Horatius held the bridge—when the chosen brethren championed their armies—when the devoted Curtius plunged into the chasm yonder—where the splendid fountain rises and the statue of the middle Janus stands in the centre of the broad, paved Forum—when the beleaguering Gauls scaled the steep in the stealthy night. Of fiery heroism and national faith, many are the reliques there still preserved, altar and trophy, rude statue and weapon, in the shade of this centuried grove beneath the majestic structures of the presiding and historic gods, whose statues seem to smile proudly on the rude beginnings of their worshippers, whose swords and laws have rendered yonder lofty hill the centre of a dominion which embraces the world. Turn and look southward down the Forum, you see the Sacred Way extending from the Sacellum Sternæ, hallowed by the altar of Numa to the left, fronting the Tuscan way which stretches along the superb portico of the Julian Basilica and Curia, the temples of Castor, on the side of the Palatine (which some years since Caligula made the entrance of his palace), and the round temples of Vesta—to this grey arch of Fabius, and thence turning to the left, disappearing behind the basilica of Paulus, at the end of the Forum. Immediately before the latter, where the commitum or assembly-house of the Patricians once stood, rises the temple of Julius Cæsar, before which his body had been burned. To the left, fronting the Via Nova, stands a round temple—the Aedes Penatium—still nearer and in succession, the basilica or law courts of Amelius—beside it the entrance to the forum of Cæsar, in which is the superb temple, erected to Venus Genetrix, fronted by the brazen image of the Dictator's famous horse. Still further to the left the forum of Augustus, standing on the ground once occupied

by the Argiletum at the entrance of the Suburra. Looking to the left of the end of the Forum Romanum, you see the heights of the Esqueline, on which rises the vast villa of Mæcenas, and lower and nearer the splendid mansions of the Carinæ.\*

Around, and from the Roman Forum, the most magnificent buildings—temples, palaces, and monuments of the people, old and new, are evident—but we must ascend the Capitoline to comprise in one view the entire area of the city—its temples and mansions rising on the heights, the steep-walled sides of many of the hills—the narrow streets and lanes of lofty houses—the Tyber, skirted with immense granaries; the Field of Mars shining with splendid buildings and monuments; the villa-dotted and garden-covered hills to the east; the vast structures and towering palaces of the Palatine; the house-piled slopes of the Aventine; the gigantic aqueducts, arches, and highways; and hear the streper and tumult of the lofty city.

Many hours passed during which the procession of the priests of Cybelle moved through the streets, receiving contributions from windows, and from the masquers on foot and in chariot. In one of the narrow streets of the Suburra, they met a rival company of corybants, between whom and them a contest ensued for public favour, immensely to the delight of the mob, the male portion of whom taking sides, pitted either company against the other, while the women, awed by their supposed influence, bought their blessings with gifts of money, meat, and wine, so that presently the lofty chariots of the sacred emasculati groaned under the collection of good things heaped thereon, which, indeed, was so abundant that the temple of the holy men might have stood a siege of several months of direst famine. The day was declining toward evening, when having passed through the Vicus Patricius, the exhausted Cybellian throng stopped before the mansion of Caius Piso, which stood on the south of the

Palatine hill, near that of Poppæa, before proceeding along the Circus Maximus, amid whose inns and lupanars, crowded with the rif-raff classes, they expected to make a lucrative "finish."

Caius Piso was one of the most illustrious of the Roman nobility, being paternally a descendant of the great Calpurnian race, and connected through that house with many of the optimati. Though luxurious in his habits, he was in other respects a type of old Roman virtue, and had rendered himself popular with the citizens by his defensive eloquence, and those largesses, frequently distributed, which his great wealth enabled him to bestow. No house had a larger train of clients than his, and in none was the spontula more magnificently and more regularly bestowed than in his, where the grandeur of old republican principles and manners appeared united with the elegance and display, which the opulent conquests of the state had long rendered fashionable. Amid the scene of imperial degeneracy, something of the spirit of Cato still lingered there, if still more, of Lucullus. Piso, who was married to a beautiful lady to whom he was devoted, and had several children, of whom the eldest, Galierus Calpurnius, was long after destined to play a part in history, had engaged the genius of the sculptor Arion to adorn his mansion with the statues of his wife and family, in the progress of which works he had become intimate with the former, and attached to him by admiration for his talents, and sympathy with a character, in which under the elegant gloriole of genius, he recognised a heart lofty and intrepid as his own. On the day in question, Piso when driving through the streets with his boys, to see the masquerade, had encountered a few friends of his order, whom he had invited to supper—an entertainment which he had requested Arion to join. The party consisted of Flavius Sævinius, the senator, the young poet Annæus Lucan, nephew of Seneca, Natalis, one of Piso's

\* The Vellia was a ridge of ground which extended from the south of the area where the Colosseum stands, along the south of the Forum Romanum, toward the Palatini; on its highest part the arch of Titus stands. The back of the temple of Julius Cæsar in the Forum rested on it. At a later period this elevation was almost wholly occupied by the great temple of Venus and Romæ.

oldest and firmest friends, Statius Proximus, the Prætorian Tribune, the host, and Arion.

The feast had been enjoyed and removed, and the symposium had commenced in the small but airy and elegant triclinium, whose marble pillars were hung with garlands, whose walls were adorned with a few choice pictures, busts, and statues, whose tessellated floor was strewn with roses, and whose arched roof reflected on its elaborate devices in crystal, ivory, and gold, the trembling lustre of a fountain, on which the rays of the declining sun shone sidelong through the small windows looking south, when a great clamour was heard approaching from one of the streets of the Velia opposite, but was at first unnoticed by the party who reclined on the three couches which occupied the upper end of the chamber, engaged in conversation. Lucan, who reclined beside Arion, had been speaking of the degeneracy of the arts in Rome, compared with the best Greek period; when Arion said:—

“Great art, like all things great, is the expression of a new inspiration; of new ideas developing under fortuitous circumstances, and when Greece enjoyed the bright but transient summer of the soul, her artists living in a confraternity of bright ideas, devoted their genius not for sale in a market as at Rome, but to the glory of the gods in whom they believed, and whom they sought to bring from heaven in images of beauty and power. The art of painter and sculptor was then a true worship according to the limited ideas of the period; in creating, and so beautifying the world they thought they approached nearest its Creator; and although this merely respected form, it was the emanation of a glorious childhood. Art is now critical, traditional; to become creative again, and still higher, it but awaits its application to a new and higher spirit revealed of late from heaven. In truth, our paintings and statues are the noblest part of the old religions of ignorant and childish nations. Whereas, though they may seek excellently to represent, they can never, except as dim accessories, reflect the glory of the new revelation.”

“New revelation? What mean

you, Arion?” said Lucan, rising on his pillow.

“The Greeks imaged God as beauty—his spirit embodied in Christus is love, truth, immortality—this faith is still but the possession of the poor and ignorant, but——”

Here the voices of the company were drowned in a deafening clamour, rising from the street beneath. Piso and his guests springing from the couches hastened to the windows, where the scene beneath was visible. There, in the centre of an immense gathering, Nero appeared, riding in a lofty gilded chariot, from which he was scattering handfuls of coin among the greasy multitude, who cried “Cæsar for ever. You are the proper sort of emperor. Down with the senate. Kill who you will, Nero, so you give us bread, money, and games for nothing—hurrah.”

Piso and his guests regarded this scene for some moments in silence, with looks of contempt, rage, and abhorrence.

“Ye gods,” muttered Piso, “how long is Rome to suffer this degradation? Behold yonder scoundrel mobbing, drunk in the public way, buying the fœtid voices of that living scum, who cry ‘down with the senate’ to—this emperor.”

“Emperor,” cried Flavius Scævinius, the senator, a man of great strength, whose hand involuntarily sought a dagger of curious workmanship, which he carried in his robe; a weapon which he had taken from the Temple of Safety, in Etruria, and which he was accustomed to say he intended for some great enterprise. “Emperor of vice; king of the thieves of the Palatine; cowardly assassin of mother, brother, of closest intimates and friends; yet shall I see thee dragged with a hook in thy neck through the streets by the very wretches for whose inconstant favour thou biddest with those handfuls of state silver.”

“Since the days of the republic our governments rivalled each other in infamy, have in the present reign reached a crisis which no imagination of enormity can surpass. Even Caligula, madman as he was, attended at times to the safety of the empire, whereas the government of yonder murderous catiff exists only to sus-



tain his personal vices. Every month some man of wealth dying, or secretly destroyed, and our heads only remain on our shoulders until the want of money, the caprice of some prostitute, or the pure love of destruction bids them fall."

"Heads indeed in Rome hung on a single hair," said Lucan, whose pale face quivered with emotion. "Had the old Roman party, patrician and popular, but one neck, it would long since have been no more. 'Tis demons that now govern, not men."

"And meanwhile we look on and senselessly await the uncertain moment of our ruin," said Natalis, the confidant of Piso.

"Ah, gods! had we the Prætorians with us, one glorious effort would restore the Republic," said Piso; and, turning to Statius Proximus, the Tribune, inquired how the battalions were affected.

Proximus looked grave. "Their pay, as you know, has been trebled," he said. "What change for the better could they hope from a change of events?"

"Yet I know," said Piso, "that you, my Proximus, Subrius Flavius, Fennius Rufus,\* and many military men disdain the position as instruments of the loathsome tyrannical clique who meet to conspire against the laws yonder. Their spirit, I assure me, is easily transferred to their corps."

"The time is not yet ripe for revolution," said Proximus, "a long period of secret preparation and fortuitous circumstances would be required."

"Perhaps," murmured Piso—"though many friends of our order, whom I could name, and will if need be, are of one mind with us. Mean-

while," he added, "as the occasion has led to the sudden disclosure of our mutual thoughts, and as we one and all aspire to regenerate Rome from its present infamy;—as we desire to wipe away this blot from the history of the world, let us swear to preserve secret our conversation and purpose."

"Willingly," cried all.

"And to remain constant to our noble design, come of it what may."

All present, Arion among the rest, accorded; and Piso, advancing to a statue of Friendship,† which stood in a neighbouring alcove, proposed in a few words the form of oburgation, which each repeated, laying his hand on the head of the statue. So intent were they in solemnizing this rite that they perceived not a slave had entered the chamber, a white-robed female, who, after strewing fresh roses around the banquetting couches, glided away. Piso's guests remained a short time longer, conversing in low voices; then rose and bade adieu to their host, who accompanying them to the portal saw them depart. It was already night; the streets had become silent, and the only sounds from within the mansion which reached Piso, as he leaned against the porch, were the voices of his children singing their evening hymn to the Infernal Deities, before retiring to rest.

Piso still lingered wrapped in a reverie, "Rome, Rome," he murmured, "art thou disposed to resume thy historic glories, or hurry to ruin a prey to the adverse destinies? Here I and my friends at least stand in the path of thy rapid descent, even though it be our ruin. A beginning has been made. Favour us, oh, Fortune.

\* Statius Proximus and Subrius Flavius were tribunes, Fennius Rufus captain of the Prætorian guard.

† A statue of Friendship was a necessary and ordinary ornament of the atrium. She was represented young, clad in plain attire. On her tunic was engraved "*Mors et vita*," on her forehead, "*Ætas et Higenis*;" on her heart, to which her finger pointed, "*Longe et prope*."

## ALL IN THE DARK.

## A WINTER'S TALE—IN FOUR PARTS.

BY J. S. LEFANU.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## VANE TREVOR AT THE WINDOW.

WILLIAM MAUBRAY liked the appointment which his kind friend, Doctor Sprague, had virtually secured for him. Not a great deal in salary, but opening abundant opportunities for that kind of employment which he most coveted, and for which, in fact, a very little training would now suffice to accomplish him. Literary work, the ambition of so many, not a wise one perhaps for those who have any other path before them, but to which men will devote themselves, as to a perverse marriage, contrary to other men's warnings, and even to their own legible experiences of life—in a dream.

For three years he would sojourn in Paris. He preferred that distant exile to one at the gates of the early paradise from which he had been excluded. From thence he would send to his good friend, Doctor Sprague, those little intimations of his doings and his prosperings, which he, according to his wisdom, might transmit for inspection to the old lady at Gilroyd, who might, if she pleased, re-open a distant correspondence with the outcast.

Doctor Sprague, at William's desire, had written to accept and arrange, and would hear by the return of post, or nearly, and then William might have to leave at a day's notice. Three years! It was a long time, and Aunt Dinah old! He might never see her on Gilroyd more, and a kind of home sickness fell upon him.

At Gilroyd that morning, Aunt Dinah and Vi sat at breakfast *tele-a-tele*. The spirits of the old lady were not altogether so bright, the alacrity was gone, and though she smiled there was a sadness and a subsidence. William was banished. The pang of that sharp decision was over. Some little help he should have circuitously through Doctor Sprague;

but meet again on earth they never should. So that care was over; and now her other tie, pretty Violet Darkwell, she, too, was going; and although she sat beside her at the little breakfast-table, prattling pleasantly, and telling her all the news of her friends, the Mainwarings and their new neighbours, yet her voice sounded already faint in distance, and the old lady's cares were pretty well over. Our business here is work of some sort, and not for ourselves; and when that is ended it is time, as Fuller says, to put out the candle and go to bed.

"I'm going to see old Mrs. Wagget to-day. I promised her the day before I went to the Mainwarings," said Vi, recalling this engagement.

"But, my dear, some one may call here. Your friends and mine will be looking in," said Aunt Dinah, who knew that Trevor would arrive at about twelve o'clock.

"Well, I can return their visits all the same, and see them in their own houses," said Vi, "just as well."

"And what need to go to Mrs. Wagget to-day—to-morrow I fancy would answer," said Miss Perfect.

"But I *promised*, you know, and she wrote to remind me."

"*Promised to leave* your old Granny alone again the day after your return!" she exclaimed, a little huffed.

"Why, darling, it was you who made me promise, don't you recollect?" pleaded Miss Violet, "the day we paid them our last visit."

"H'm—did I? Well, if there really was a promise, and I suppose you remember, we must keep it I suppose." Aunt Dinah had made that kind of scrupulousness an emphatic point in Violet's simple education, and of course it could not now be trifled with. And now she did recollect the appointment, and something about walking to the school-house

together at twelve o'clock—could anything be more unlucky. Aunt Dinah looked up at the sky; but no, it was *not* threatening—clear blue, with a pleasant white cloud or two, and a sea of sunshine.

"I'm so sorry, Granny, we settled, it would have been so much pleasanter to have staid with you to-day, and I'm afraid it's very wicked; but that school, except to *very* good people, it is really insupportable," said Miss Vi, whose inflexible estimate of such appointments rather vexed Aunt Dinah, and not the less that she could not deny that it was her own work.

"It's right in the main," thought she. "But there are distinctions—there's danger, however, in casuistry, and so let it be." There was an odd little sense of relief too in the postponement of the crisis.

At about half-past eleven, Vane Trevor arrived. He came by the path, and from the drawing-room window Miss Perfect, sitting there at her work, saw him, and knocked and beckoned with her slender mittened hand.

"He looks pale, poor young man," he was smiling as he approached, "and haggard too," she pronounced, notwithstanding. "He's anxious, I dare say," and she pushed up the window as he approached. "What a sweet morning," she said, taking off her gold spectacles, and smiling with that soft look of sympathy which in such cases makes even old women's faces so pretty again.

"Charming morning—quite—really—quite charming."

She saw him peeping into the shadow of the room for a second figure. Aunt Dinah's hand was now within reach, and they exchanged a friendly greeting.

"My little Violet has returned," she said, still holding Trevor's hand kindly, "quite well—looking so well—and most unluckily I quite forgot; but I had made an appointment for her this morning with Mrs. Wagget, and—and in fact I have always made the keeping of appointments so much a moral duty with her, that unless I had opened the subject on which you talked with me, and told her plainly that I expected your call, and that she must wait—which would have been a—a—not a favourable way of

proceeding; and in fact I should have been obliged to say very badly what you would say, probably, very well; and indeed it is a thing that makes me nervous—always did. When my dear sister was proposed for, I refused to take the message, in fact—I could not—and—he spoke for himself—poor Charles Maubray—like a man and—and a very happy"—Suddenly she stopped, and Trevor saw that tears were trickling slowly down her cheeks; and her lips were resolutely closed; and she fumbled for a minute or two among her silks and worsteds; and the young man felt that he liked her better than ever he did before; and he sat on the window-stone outside, and they chatted kindly for a long time. Then they took a little walk together among the flowers, and under the chestnuts till it grew to be near two o'clock, and Aunt Dinah began to look for Violet's return; and if the great Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo consulted his watch half so often as Mr. Vane Trevor did his on the green sward of Gilroyd that afternoon, I'm not surprised at its having excited all the observation it did, and being noted in the history of that great day of thunder and suspense.

Not the Iron Duke, however, but his Imperial rival on the field, when lowering his glass, he muttered, "*c'est les Prussien*," is the fitter representative of our friend Vane Trevor, when not Miss Violet Darkwell, but old Mrs. Wagget's page, a thick and stunted "buttons," in rifle green regimentals, moved down upon his flank, with a note in his hand for Miss Perfect, who was entreated by the writer to allow Miss Violet to stay dinner, with a promise that she should arrive safe at Gilroyd in the brougham that evening at nine!

There was nothing for it but submission. It would not do, in presence of that dwarfish page, who was eying Vane with the curiosity of a youthful gossip, to order the young lady home, detain the young gentleman where he stood, and thus by a feat of discipline compel a meeting.

So Miss Perfect despatched her reply, thanking—I hope it was sincerely—Felicia Honoria Wagget, and accepting the arrangement with the best grace she might.

"You must come in and take some luncheon," said Aunt Dinah.

Gilroyd was somehow so charming a spot, its resources had grown so inexhaustible, and old Miss Perfect so sensible and altogether interesting that Trevor was glad to linger a little,

and postpone the evil hour of departure. It came at last, however, and Aunt Dinah called old Winnie Dobbs, and went listlessly to her room to make her toilet for her solitary dinner.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### MISS PERFECT'S TOILET.

"SHORT the evenings growing," said Aunt Dinah, looking out upon the slanting amber sun-light that made the landscape all so golden. "Long shadows already!" and she glanced at her broad old gold watch. "How the years go over us; Winnie, you've been a long time with me now—ha, ha, a long time. When first you came to me, you thought me such a shrew, and I thought you such a fool that we both thought a parting must very soon come off it—an old termagant and an old goose," continued Miss Perfect, nodding her head at her image in the glass. "We were not altogether wrong in that, perhaps, old Dobbs—don't interrupt me—but though we were neither lambs nor Solomons we answered one another. We never parted, and we'll live on so, don't you think, to the end of the chapter, and a pretty long chapter it has been, and pretty near the end, Winnie Dobbs, it must be for both of us. 'Here endeth the first lesson,' and then comes the judgment, Winnie, 'here endeth the second lesson,' our two great lessons—death and judgment, think of that my good old Winnie when you hear Doctor Mainwaring or Doctor Wagget, it is now saying 'here endeth the first lesson,' and 'here endeth the second lesson,' and much good may it do you."

Aunt Dinah's lectures on such themes were generally very odd, and her manner sometimes a little flighty, people who did not know her would have almost said waggish. But her handmaiden received them always with a reverent acquiescence, having as full a faith in her mistress as honest Sancho in his most trusting moods ever reposed in the wisdom of the Knight of La Mancha.

"Death and judgment, sure enough. Death, at any rate, that's certain," maundered old Dobbs.

"And judgment, too, I hope," said Aunt Dinah, sharply.

"And judgment, too," supplemented Winnie.

"What do you mean, old Dobbs, as if one was more certain than the other?"

"Ay, indeed. What is there certain—nothing—nothing," she continued, not exactly apprehending her mistress.

"Tut, tut! Dobbs. Give me a pin—you don't intend—but you sometimes say things that make my flesh creep—yes—you don't know it—but you do."

"Dear me! ma'am," ejaculated old Winnie, who was never very much startled by Aunt Dinah's violent remarks.

"So, I think, old Dobbs, we shall soon have a wedding here," said Miss Perfect, after a silence, changing the subject.

"Well, well, I should not wonder, ma'am," answered she.

"But you're not to say one word about it to Miss Violet until she speaks to you—do you mind—not a word—and that will be, I think, to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Winnie.

"Not the wedding, old goose, but the talk of it. I think it will be all settled to-morrow, and I'm glad, and I'm sorry. Give me my snuff-box—thanks. She has never spoken to you on the subject?" said Aunt Dinah.

"No, no, ma'am; never," answered Winnie.

"Nor to me. But I know all about it from another quarter, and I hope she'll not be a fool. She'll never have so good an offer again. I like him extremely. I have the best opinion of him, and the Sergeant is very much pleased; indeed it's quite unexceptionable, and I do expect, Winnie Dobbs, if she *should*

talk to you, you'll not try to frighten her. You and I are old maids, and I believe we chose wisely; but we are not to frighten nervous girls by drawing terrific pictures of matrimony, and maundering about bad husbands and unprovided children, young girls are so easily frightened away from anything that's prudent; and though we are old maids, there's a good deal to be said on the other side of the question—so, do you mind?"

"Dear me! ma'am, I'd be sorry she wasn't to get a good husband, I would."

"And you remember the last evening, Friday last, when we were, in the study, at the table, you know, where the word 'eminently' came. Do you remember?"

"Well, I ought to, I'm sure; but my old head is not as good at bringing a thing to mind as it used to be," hesitated Winnie.

"No more it is; but the word eminently was all we got that night, and you didn't know what the question was. Well, I'll tell you. I asked simply, will Violet Darkwell's marriage—hook my body, please—will Violet Darkwell's marriage prove

happy? and the answer was *eminently*."

"Ay, so it was, I'll be bound, though I can't bring it to mind; but it's a hard word for the like o'me to come round."

"You are provoking, Winnie Dobbs," exclaimed her mistress, looking at herself defiantly in the glass.

"Well, dear me! I often think I am," acquiesced Winnie.

"Well, Winnie, we are too old to change much now—the leopard his spots and the Ethiopian his skin. There's no good in trying to teach an old dog tricks. They must make the best of us now, Winnie, such as we are; and if this wedding does happen, I'll trick you out in a new dress, silk every inch, for the occasion, and the handsomest cap I can find in Saxton. I'll make you such a dandy, you'll not know yourself in the looking-glass. You'll come to the church as her own maid, you know; but you're not to go away with her. You'll stay with me, Winnie. I don't think you'd like to leave Gilroyd."

Old Winnie hereupon witnessed a good and kindly confession.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE PRODIGAL.

THEN came one of those little silences during which thoughts glide on with the stroke, as it were, of the last sentence or two, and old Winnie Dobbs said at last—

"But I don't think it would be like a wedding if Master Willie wasn't here."

"Stop that," said Miss Perfect, grimly, and placing the end of the comb with which she had been adjusting her gray locks that lay smoothly over her resolute forehead, on a sudden upon old Winnie's wrist. "I never change my mind when once I've made it up. You don't know, and you *can't* know, for your wits are always wool-gathering, all I've done for that boy—young *man*, indeed, I ought to call him—nor the measure of his perversity and ingratitude—I've supported him—I've educated him—I've been everything to him, and at the first opportunity he has turned on me. If I were a total stranger—a

Cambridge doctor—or—or anything else that had never cared or thought about him, he'd have listened to what I had to say, and been influenced by it. He has refused me for his friend—renounced me—chosen other advisers—he'll soon be married."

"Dearie me!" interpolated old Winnie in honest sympathy.

"And although Mr. Trevor wrote to him yesterday to mention my view and conviction, that his marriage ought to be postponed for some little time, I know perfectly it won't have the slightest effect, no more than those birds twittering."

The sparrows in the glittering ivy were gossiping merrily in the beams of the setting sun.

"I simply told his friend, Mr. Trevor, and left it to him to acquaint him, not as having any claim whatever on my particular regard any longer, but as a—a human being—just that; and you know, Winnie

Dobbs, when I make a resolution I can keep it; you remember——”

Miss Perfect had reached this point in her oration when old Winnie, who had been looking out of the window with unusual scrutiny, on a sudden exclaimed—

“I’m blest if here baint Master Willie a comin’!”

Aunt Dinah uttered a little exclamation, with her shut hand pressing her breast, as she looked over her old servant’s shoulder.

I don’t know how it was, but as William Maubray entered the old iron gate he heard the swift tread of a light foot, and Aunt Dinah, hurrying from the red brick porch, ran toward him with a little cry, and “My darling!” and threw her thin arms round his neck, and they both stood still.

“Oh! Willie, you’ve come back.”

William did not answer, he was looking down in her face, pale, with his hands very gently on her shoulders.

“Come in, darling,” she said at last.

“Am I to come in?” said William, wistfully and softly.

And she looked at him pleadingly with tears in her eyes, and said—

“Poor old Aunt Dinah.”

And he leaned down and kissed her.

“Come in, my boy—my Willie man—my only precious boy that I was so proud of.”

And William kissed her again, and cried over her thin shoulder, and she, close laid to his breast, sobbed also; each felt the tremble in the other’s kindly arms. Thank God, it was made up now—the two loving hearts so near again—sweet and bitter the angelic love and mortal sadness—the sense of uncertainty and parting mingling with the great affection that welled up from the eternal fountain of love—improve the hours of light. The time is near when the poor heart will tremble no more, and all the world of loving thoughts lie in dust and silence.

“I am going to give you the silver tobacco-box that was on Maraton Moor—it is the most valuable thing I have—it has the inscription on the inside of the cover. It was in my foolish old head to send it to Doctor Sprague for you. It was your ancestor’s. The ‘Warwickshire Knight,’ we called him—Sir Edwin. He joined the Parliament, you know, and took

the name of Perfect. I always intended the tobacco-box for you, Willie—even when I was offended—come in—come, my darling.”

And she drew in the prodigal with her arm in his, and her hand on his fingers, liking to feel as well as to see and to hear him—to be quite sure of him!

“Dinner, Tom, this minute,” said she to old Tom, who grinning spoke his hearty word of welcome in the hall, “Master William is very hungry—he has come ever so far—tell Mrs. Podgers—come Willie—are you cold?”

So before the bright fire, which was pleasant that clear red, frosty evening, they sat—and looking fondly on him—her hand on his, she said—

“A little thin—certainly, a little thin—have you been quite well—Willie—quite well?”

“Yes, quite well—all right—and how have you been?” he answered and asked.

“Very well—that is, pretty well—indeed I can’t say I *have*—I’ve not been well—but time enough about that. And tell me—and tell me about this news—about Miss Kinton Knox—is it true—is there really an engagement?”

“I’ve left them—I came from Cambridge. Engagement! by Jove! I—I don’t know exactly what you mean.”

So said William, who was struck by something more in Aunt Dinah’s look and tone than could possibly arise from the contemplation merely of that engagement he had been fulfilling at Kinton.

“I—I heard—I thought—was not there— isn’t there?”—Aunt Dinah paused, gazing dubiously on William—“I mean—something of—of—she’s very handsome—I’m told.”

“Going to be married to Miss Kinton Knox!—I assure you, if you knew her, such an idea would strike you as the most absurdly incredible thing the people who invented it could possibly have told you”—and William actually laughed.

“Ha!” exclaimed she, rather dimly—“that’s very odd—that is really very odd—it must have been a mistake—people do make such mistakes—it must—and you have heard of Vi—it seems so odd—little Vi! There’s no mistake *there*, for Mr. Trevor has had a long conversation

with me, and has written to her father, and we both approve highly. But—but about Miss Kinton Knox—it was an odd mistake, though I can't say I'm sorry, because—but it does not signify now; you would never have waited, and so sure as you sit there, if you had not, you'd have regretted your precipitation all the days of your life."

And thrice she nodded darkly on William, in such a way as to assure him that Henbane had been looking after his interests.

After dinner she ordered Tom to call Winnie Dobbs, who had already had her chat with William.

"Winnie," said she, producing a large key from her bag, "you must go to the store-room and fetch one of the three bottles on the shelf."

"We dust them every week—old Winnie and I," said she, so soon as Dobbs had gone. "They have been there fifteen years—Frontignac—the doctor ordered it—sillabubs in the morning, when I was recovering, and I don't think they did me a bit of

good; and we must open one of them now."

William protested in vain.

"Yes, it's the kind of wine young people like—they like it—sweet wine—you *must*. I hear her coming. What are you dawdling there for, Winnie? Come in—bring it in—why *don't* you?"

So, sitting side by side, her hand on his, and looking often in his face as they talked, they sipped their wine; and old Winnie, standing by, had her glass, and drank their healths, and declared it was "a beautiful sight to see them." And Aunt Dinah sent Tom to Saxton for some muffins for tea. Mr. William liked muffins—"be quiet—you know you do."

"I'm so sorry Violet should have been out, drinking tea at the Rectory; but you're to stay to-night; you say you'll be in time at Mr. Cleaver's chambers at five to-morrow evening; and you have a London up train at half-past eleven at our station; and you must sleep at Gilroyd; it would not be like the old times if you didn't."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

"AFTER DEATH MY GHOST SHALL HAUNT YOU."

It was a clear, frosty, moonlight night, and the stars blinking and staring fiercely in the dark sky, as William Maubray peeped between the drawing-room shutters, and listened in vain for the ring of the wheels of the promised Brougham; and Aunt Dinah returned just as he let the curtains fall together, having in her hand a little card-board box tied round with a little blue ribbon.

"Blue—you see—for loyalty—not to princes, but to right—I tied it with blue ribbon," said Aunt Dinah, sitting down beside him, and untying the knot, and taking out the silver box with embossed windmills, trees, dogs, and Dutchmen upon it. "Here it is—the tobacco-box; it is yours, mind, and your eldest boy's to have it—an heirloom," said she with a gentle smile, looking into that dim but sunny vista, and among the golden-haired and blue-eyed group, painted in fancy, where she would have no place; "and it's never to go out of the family, and who knows what it may inspire. It was a brave man's

tobacco-box—*my* hero. The courtiers, I believe, did not smoke, and he did not like tobacco, indeed I can't abide the smell, except in snuff—the kind you know you bring me sometimes; but he would not be different from the officers about him, and so he did smoke; though, my dear father told me, always sparingly; and so, dear William, here it is, and I have had your name placed underneath, and you can take it with you."

Hereupon the tea and muffins entered, and after a time the conversation took another turn.

"And I'm not sorry, William, about that Kinton Knox business; indeed I'm very glad; I never knew her; I never knew intimations—and you know I implicitly believe in them—so peremptory upon any point as on that; and you're not to marry—mind, you shall promise me you will not—till after the expiration of five years."

"I think I might promise you safely enough, I'll never marry," said William, with a little laugh.

"Don't be rash—no—don't promise more than I ask ; but *that* you *must*," replied the old lady.

"You'll not ask me to make promises, I'm sure?" said William ; "I hate them so."

"For five years," said Miss Perfect, holding up her head a little stercorally.

"For five years, dear aunt," replied William, with a smile, and shaking his head.

"It is not much," said Aunt Dinah, looking sadly down on her muffin, and chopping it lightly with the edge of her knife, as if she cut off the head of a miniature argument at every stroke. "I don't think it's *very* much for a person, that is, who says he'll *never* marry."

"I'll never marry—I'm sure I shall never marry—and yet I can't promise *anything*. I hate vows ; they are sure to make you do the very thing you promise not to do," said William, half provoked, half laughing, "and if I *were* to promise, I really can't tell *what* the consequence might be."

"Ha!" said Miss Perfect. "Well! It is odd!" and up she got and stood very erect and grim on the hearth-rug.

"Now don't, dear aunt, don't be vexed with me ; but I assure you I *could* not. I *can't* make vows about the future ; but I really and honestly think I shall *never* be a married man ; it's all—*all*—*odious*."

"Well," said she with an effort, "I *won't* quarrel. It was not much—five years." A little pause here she allowed for William to reflect upon its reasonableness, but he made no sign. "Not a great deal ; but I won't quarrel—*there*—I won't," and she extended her hand to him in amity, and he clasped it very affectionately.

"But I'll speak to you seriously. I'm not fanciful, I think. I don't believe things without *evidence*, and I don't much care what very young, or very prejudiced people may think about me, that which I know I declare, and I don't shrink an atom—no, not at the stake."

William looked at her with respectful amazement.

"No—truth first—truth *always*—in the face of ridicule and bigotry, never abandon the truth. I say I know perfectly well we are surrounded by spirits—disprove it if you can—and unequivocally have they declared

themselves to me, and from that one among them, who is always near me, who is present at this moment, a friendly spirit—Henbane! Why should I hesitate to name him?—I have learned the *condition*, I may say, of your *fate* and I won't hide it, nor suffer you, if I can help it, to disregard it. Marry for five years you shan't. If I be alive I'll leave no stone unturned to prevent it, and if I'm dead, there's nothing that spirit can do, if you so much as harbour the thought, I'll not do to prevent it. I'll be about you, be I good or evil, or mocking, I'll trouble you, I'll torment you, I'll pick her eyes out, but I won't suffer you to ruin yourself."

Preposterous as was this harragane, Aunt Dinah delivered it like a Pythoness, with a vehemence that half awed her nephew.

"I'll speak of this no more," she said, more like herself, after two or three minutes silence. "I'll not mention it—I'll let it rest in your mind—it's nothing to me, but for your sake, my mind's made up though, and if I've power in this world or the next, you'll hear of me, remember that, William Maubray."

William was bound to listen to this flighty rigmorale, with respect as coming from his aunt, but her spiritual thunders rather entertained than alarmed him, and of Henbane he entertained, I must confess, the meanest possible opinion. Connected with all this diablerie, indeed there was but one phenomenon which had unpleasantly fastened upon his imagination, and that was the mysterious adventure which had befallen him in this old house of Gilroyd when in his bed, his wrist was seized and held fast in the grasp of an unseen hand, and the intensely disagreeable sensations of that night recurred to his memory oftener than he would have cared to admit.

"I wonder you have so little curiosity, sometimes," said Aunt Dinah, speaking now, though gravely, much more in her usual way, "you young people think, you are so far away from the world of spirits, material and sceptical. You've never once cared to ask me for Elihu Bung. I'll lend it to you with pleasure, while you are here. But that portion of the Almighty's empire has no interest—is dead—for you."



There was abundant truth in this reproach, for William indeed could not without great offence, have told his aunt what rubbish he thought it all. But said he—

"I dare say it is very curious."

"Not a bit curious; that's not the word; it is serious and it's certain; bread and butter is not very curious, your foot's not very curious, nor your hat; but there they are—facts! that's all. I'm glad you say you have no present intention of marrying, in fact, dear William, the idea has caused me the most extreme anxiety, having the warning I *have*; as for me, however, my course is taken. I expect to be what we call a mocking spirit—yes a mocking spirit—and I'll play you such tricks as will make you think twice, if such an idea should be in your head. Mind I told you, though I be dead you shan't escape me," and she smiled oddly, and nodded her head, and then frowned a little bit.

"But I dare say it won't happen. Now that this Kinton Knox business has turned out a mistake—thank

God—a *canard*. There's no hurry; you are too young. Remember it was on the 28th of September the warning came—five years—and you count from that; but goodness knows you have time enough. I think I hear the Brougham."

William was already at the window and the gate-bell ringing.

"And William, remember, not a word to Violet about Mr. Trevor—not a hint."

"Oh! certainly," cried he, and he was at the hall door in time to open the carriage door, and take little Violet's hand.

"Oh! *you* come?" said she smiling, and descending lightly with a bouquet of old Miss Wagget's best flowers in her fingers. "I had not an idea—only just come I suppose!"

"Yes—this evening: and you quite well, Violet?"

"Quite well—flourishing—Grannie in the drawing-room?" And I'm glad you've come to Gilroyd—poor old Grannie—I think she has been in very low spirits; let us go to her."

## CHAPTER L

### VIOLET AND WILLIAM IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

VIOLET seemed merry and good-natured, William thought, but somehow cold. No one else would have perceived it; but this little chill, hardly measurable by the moral thermometer, was for him an Icelandic frost, in which his very heart ached.

This pretty girl kissed Aunt Dinah, and put off her bonnet—and out gushed her beautiful dark brown hair—but kept her other mufflers on, and said smilingly towards William,

"I was so surprised to see him at the door, I could scarcely believe my eyes."

"And looking very well—a little thin perhaps, but very well," added Aunt Dinah.

"And how is Mr. Wagget?" asked William, who did not care to come formally under critical discussion.

"Oh, very well, and Miss Wagget too; but I don't know that you've made her acquaintance. She's quite charming, and I doubt very much whether so susceptible a person as you, would do wisely in putting himself in her way."

She has been hearing that nonsense about Miss Kinton Knox, thought William, and he said rather drily, "I'm not a bit susceptible. How did I ever show it? I'd like to know who I ever was in love with in my life. Susceptible—by Jove! but I see you're laughing."

Miss Vi looked curiously at him for a moment, and then she said—

"We heard quite another account of him, didn't we, Grannie?"

"It was all a mistake though, it seems," said Aunt Dinah.

"I should like to know who the kind person is who cares enough about me to invent all these lies."

"The ladies there liked you extremely—we have the best authority for believing that," said Miss Perfect.

"I don't know; I'm sure they detest me now, and I really don't know any reason they ever had for doing either."

"Detest you, my dear!" exclaimed Aunt Dinah.

"Mrs. Kinton Knox is awfully offended with me—I don't know for what. I've nothing on earth to charge

myself with, and I really don't care two pence, and I hate to think about them," said William, testily; "and I'd rather talk about anything else."

Miss Vi looked at William, and glanced at Aunt Dinah, and then laughed, with a pleasant little silvery cadence.

"Dear me! Grannie, what a disappointment. We simple people in this part of the world have been lost for weeks in wonder and respect—we heard such stories of your prowess, and here comes the lady-killer home, harmless William Maubray, as he went."

"Just so," said he. "Not William the Conqueror—nothing of the kind; and I don't think it likely I shall ever try to kill a lady, nor a lady ever kill me. Weapons of iron won't do now-a-days, and a knight-errant of that sort must arm himself with the precious metals, and know how to talk the modern euphuism, and be a much finer man than ever I can hope to be; and even so, when all's done, it's a poor profession enough. By Jove! I don't envy them their adventures, and their exploits, and their drubbings and their Dulcineas—the best among them is often laid on his back; and I'm not ashamed to say I have more of Sancho Panza than of the Don in my nature."

"He rails like a wounded knight—doesn't he, Grannie?" laughed Violet.

"I'd like to know who wounded me," said he.

"We'll take your own account, William," said Aunt Dinah, who saw that he was vexed and sore, "and whoever is to blame, I'm very glad—Oh! prayers," and the little household of Gilroyd trooped solemnly into the room, and the family devotions were performed, William officiating in his old capacity.

"William leaves us early to-morrow," said Aunt Dinah, glancing regretfully at him.

"Oh?" said Miss Violet.

"Yes, to London; and from London perhaps to Paris, there to remain for some time," said William, spiritedly.

"Charming excursion," exclaimed the young lady.

"Why London is not particularly lively at this moment, and I hope to be pretty hard worked in Paris. There's nothing very charming about it, but I'm glad to go," and thinking this a

little strong, he added, "because it is time I should begin, if ever I am to do any good for myself or any one else."

"He's like the good boy in a story-book, he makes such wise reflections; and I'm certain he'll grow rich and prosper," said Miss Vi to Aunt Dinah. "My only wise saw is 'Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.' I learned it from good old Winnie, and I'm going to act on it, now. Good night, dear old Grannie," and she kissed her in a fond little embrace. "All this wise talk makes one sleepy, I think; and I've been walking about with Miss Wagget all day. Good night." This was to William, with a smile.

"Good night," he answered quietly, and a little bitterly, as without smiling he took her hand. Then he lighted her candle for her, and gave it to her with a little nod, and a smile, and stood at the door while she ran up the broad stair, humming an air.

He came back, looking sulky, and sat down with his hands in his pocket, looking at the fire-irons that rested on the fender.

"How do you think she's looking?" asked Aunt Dinah.

"Very well; much as usual," said William, with a dreary carelessness.

"I think she's looking particularly beautiful," said Miss Perfect.

"Perhaps so—very likely; but I've plenty of work before me, thank God, the sort of work I like; and I'm in no admiring mood, like Trevor and other fellows who have nothing better to do. I like work. 'Man delights not me, nor woman neither.' And, dear Aunt, I'm a little bit sleepy, too; but I'll see you early, shan't I?"

And William yawned dismally.

"Good night, dear, it is better," said Aunt Dinah; "but I don't know, it strikes me that you and Vi are not as friendly together as you used to be, and I think it is a pity."

"Not so friendly," exclaimed William. "Ha, ha! That did not strike me; but I assure you there's no change, at least that I know of—none on my part, I'm sure. I suppose it's just that our heads are full of other things; we have each got our business to think of—don't you see?—and here, you know, is very serious," and William Maubray laughed again a little bitterly.

"Well, she is a dear little creature, an affectionate little soul. I've always found her quite the same," said Aunt Dinah.

"I'm *sure* she is—I dare say—I don't see why she shouldn't, that is, as affectionate as other young ladies. You know it isn't I who say she's changed."

"I did not say *she's* changed more than *you*. I think you don't seem so kindly as you used, and more disposed to be disagreeable; and I think, considering you have been so long together, and are so soon to part, and life is so uncertain, I think it a pity; and *you* can't see even how pretty she is looking."

"I must have been thinking of

something else, for she is in particularly good looks," and he added, quite like himself, "Yes, indeed, I think she improves every time I see her, but that may be the old partiality, you know. Good night, Aunt Dinah."

Aunt Dinah took both his hands in hers, and kissed him.

"Good night, my dear William—my dear boy. You will never know, dear William, all the pain you have cost me. Pray, my dear child, for a reasonable spirit, and that you may have power to conquer the demon of pride—the besetting sin of youth. God bless you, and don't forget to put out your candle. *There*—another kiss—"Good night."

## CHAPTER II.

### A DREAM.

"AFFECTIONATE, indeed!" said William. "I do believe they have no other idea but to mortify and wound every one that seems to like them—cats and monkeys."

William had closed his door; he poked his fire, and sat before it, eyeing it scornfully.

"I can't think why anyone likes them—why we go on liking them—they are so odious. I suppose they used not to be so. There's Aunt Dinah—kind, true old Aunt Dinah—she never could have been a heartless, insolent creature, like that—never. We are all growing worse; the world will soon be ripe for judgment."

And William pulled off his coat as savagely as if he was going to fight "Old Crump" again, behind the Chapel at Rugby.

"I hate myself for liking her. No, I don't like her—for *admiring* her; but she *is* pretty. She *is*—there's no good in denying it—she's *awfully* pretty—*lovely*! and till that great goose, Trevor, came and turned her head with his boots, and his gloves, and his house, and his trumpery, she was the nicest little creature in the world. Yes, there was no one like her; not one on earth, I'll maintain."

And he knocked his hand so hard on the back of the chair beside him, that he thought his knuckles were bleeding.

"I wish they *were*, by Jove!" he

said. "I don't care what happens. I don't care if I was knocked to smash, to think of that great, gawky, goose. What on earth *can* she *see* in him? Such rot!"

"Yes, she *is*—there's no use in *disputing* it—she's the prettiest girl I ever *saw*, in all my *life*," he went on, putting himself down and overbearing his affected indifference with honest vehemence. "Aunt Dinah has promised me her *carte de visite*. I'll have it copied in large the first money I have, in Paris, at that great fellow's there—and tinted; and I'll make old Winnie get me a lock of her hair; I have the one safe when she was nine years old—so bright—who would have thought it would ever have grown so dark? Old Winnie will get it for me. If I asked *her* she'd only refuse, or put me off some way. I'll hang up her picture and the little drawing of Gilroyd in my garret in Paris, and I'll be a jolly old bachelor. Marry in five years, indeed? My poor aunt might easily find something more likely to fret about. Yes, I'll be the most tremendous, dry old quizz of a bachelor; and when she and her precious husband come to Paris, as they will some day, I'll get a peep at her, perhaps, in the theatres and places, from some dark corner, and I wonder what she will be like then—always handsome, those eyes, and her lips so scarlet, and her beau-

tiful hair ; and I'll compare her with little Vi of Gilroyd. She may be handsomer and more showy, but the little Vi of Gilroyd will always be the brightest and best."

In this mood William rambled over many old recollections of the place and people he was leaving, and he laid his waistcoat on the chair much more gently than his coat ; and he thought how Aunt Dinah had taught him to say his prayers long ago, under that friendly roof, and so down he kneeled and said them with a sadder heart, and rose up with a great sigh, and a sense of leave-taking that made his heart ache.

And now his candle was out, and he soon fast asleep ; and again he had a dream so strange that I must relate it.

The scenery of his dream, as before, presented simply the room in which he lay, with the flickering fire-light in which he had gone to sleep. He lay, in his vision, in his bed, just as he really did, with his back to the fire, and looking toward the curtains, which were closed on the side between him and the door, when he heard a sound of naked feet running up to his chamber door, which was thrust open with a precipitation which made the windows rattle, and his bed-curtain was drawn aside, and Miss Perfect, with only a sheet, as it seemed, wrapt over her night-dress, and with a face white, and fixed with horror, said, "Oh, my God ! William I'm dead—don't let me go !" and under the clothes she clasped his wrist with a hand that felt like cold metal. The figure crouched, with its features advanced towards his, and William Maubray could neither speak nor move, and lay so for some time, till with a cry he suddenly recovered the power of motion, and sprang out of bed at the side farthest from the visionary Aunt Dinah ; and as he did so, he distinctly felt the grasp of a cold hand upon his wrist, which, just as before, vanished as he recovered the full possession of his waking faculties, leaving, however, its impress there.

William lighted his candle at the fire, and listened for a long time before he could find courage to look

to the other side of the bed. When he did, however, no sign of Aunt Dinah, sane or mad, was there. The door was shut, and the old-fashioned furniture stood there prim and faded as usual, and everything maintained its old serenity. On his wrist, however, were the marks of a recent violent pressure, and William was seized with an uncontrollable anxiety about Aunt Dinah which quite overcame his panic ; and getting on his clothes, and making a preliminary survey of the gallery, which was still and empty, he hurried to Aunt Dinah's door and knocked.

"It's I—William. How are you, aunt ? are you quite well ?" asked he, in reply to her.

"Who's there ? what's all that ?"

"I, William."

"Come in, child ; you may. I'm in my bed ; what takes you out of yours ?"

"I had a dream, and fancied you were in my room, and—and ill."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear William, get back to your room. It is all a fancy. I've been here in bed for an hour or more, reading my dear father's sermon on the Woman of Endor."

There she was, sitting up in a flannel dressing-gown, with the sometime dean's large and legible manuscript before her, and no doubt investigating, with the lights thrown by Elihu Bung, the phenomena in which the witch of those remote times dealt.

"I heard you talk a little time ago," said Aunt Dinah, after a short and curious stare at William's pallid countenance.

"No," said William, "I didn't ; I heard it too. It was that in fact that partly alarmed me. It is very odd."

"Were there knockings ?" inquired she.

"No ; no knocking," said William ; "it opened with a push."

"What, my dear ?" demanded Aunt Dinah, sitting very erect as she gazed with a dark curiosity in William's face, and abandoned the dean's manuscript on the coverlet.

"The door," he answered. "It is very odd. It's the most horrid thing I ever heard of. I'm sorry I slept in that room."

## CHAPTER LII.

## NEXT MORNING.

AUNT DINAH leaned on her thin hand, looking with something like fear at William fixedly and silently.

"What o'clock is it, aunt?" asked he.

"Three minutes to four," she replied, consulting her broad old gold watch, and then holding it to her ear. "Yes; three minutes to four. I thought it was later. You *saw* something, William Maubray—you *did*. You *have* seen something; haven't you?"

So William, bit by bit, scared and very uncomfortable, recounted his adventure; to which Miss Perfect listened attentively, and she said—

"Yes—it is remarkable—*very* wonderful—if anything can be said to be particularly so, where all is marvellous. I understand it, quite."

"And what is it?" asked he.

"The spirit key again—my name and image—don't you see; and 'don't let me go,' and the other intimation—take it all together, it's quite plain."

"Do tell me, dear aunt, what ~~you~~ mean?"

"It all connects, dear William, with what I told you; the grasp of that hand links you with the spirit world; the image was mine—my *double*, I do suppose. Hand me that snuff-box. It spoke as if after my death; it urged upon you to maintain your correspondence with me—'don't let me go'—and it plainly intimates that I shall have the power of doing as I promised and certainly shall, in case you should meditate disregarding my solemn warning about your marriage, and think of uniting yourself, William dear, to any one, before the expiration of five years—there's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"May I sit here for a little?" asked William, who from childish years had been accustomed to visit his aunt's room often, and when she was ill used to sit there and read for her.

"Certainly, my dear; but don't go to sleep and fall into the fire."

Aunt Dinah resumed her sermon, with now and then a furtive reference to Elihu Bung, concealed under her pil-

low, and William Maubray sat near the bed with his feet on the fender; and thus for nearly five minutes—he looking on the bars, and she on her sermon and her volume of reference—at the end of that time she laid it again on the coverlet, and looked for some time thoughtfully on the back of William's head; and she said so suddenly as to make him start—

"Five years is nothing; it's quite ridiculous making a fuss about it. I've known girls engaged that time, and longer too; for ten and even *twelve* years."

"Pretty girls they must have been by that time," thought William, who was recovering from the panic of his vision.

"And I think they made fonder couples than people that are married three weeks after their engagement," added Aunt Dinah. "Therefore *do* have a little patience."

"But I'm in no hurry about anything," said William; "least of all about marriage. I have not an idea; and if I had, I *couldn't*; and my honest belief is I shall die an old bachelor."

"H'm! I never mind what people say on that subject," said Miss Perfect; "but I hope what you've experienced to-night will be a warning. Yes, dear William, I'm very glad it has happened; it is always well to know the *truth*—it may fright, but when it comes in the shape of warning it is always welcome—that is it ought to be. I needed nothing more to convince me, but you did, and you've got it. Depend upon it, if you disobey you are a ruined man all your days; and if I die before the time, I'll watch you as an old gray cat watches a mouse—ha, ha, ha! and if you so much as think of it, I'll plague you—I will. Yes, William, I'll save you in spite of yourself, and mortal was never haunted and tormented as you'll be, till you give it up."

William could not have forbore a joke, though a kindly one, upon such a speech at another time; but somehow now he could not. The spectre

of Aunt Dinah cowering at his bedside was present with him; and when she bid him good night, although he was ashamed to confess his trepidation, he hated a return to that old-fashioned room where he had twice experienced the same kind of visitation.

When he returned he made up his fire, drew his window curtains wide open to admit the earliest streak of sun-rise, pulled his bed-curtains back to the posts, and placed his candle on the table in the centre of the room, resolved that Aunt Dinah's double should not at all events steal on him unawares.

At last the pleasant October morning came. The wind that had blown wildly in the night was quiet now, having left its spoil of yellow leaves strewn upon the lawn or rustling in the fresh air, over the gravel walks.

The cheerful yellow light cleared the room of all unearthly shadows, and the song of birds refreshed his ears, as he made his early toilet.

The joyous bark of little Psyche scampering before the windows, the call of the driver to his team, the whistling of birds, the voices of the inmates of the house, and at last the laugh of Violet Darkwell from the porch.

Beautiful music! Like merry spirits in the air departing, soon to be heard no more. He stood with his hand on his half open door—smiling—scarcely breathing—listening, as never did *Nanuccio per la musica*, to the favourite roulade of Prima Donna. It ceased—he listened still, and then sighed in the silence, and seemed to himself to waken.

In his ear that music sounded sadly, and his heart was full as he ran down the stairs smiling. And pretty Violet's slender figure was leaning at the side of the porch; and she looked up, knowing his step, with a smile. The old kindly smile, for a moment, and then its character a little changed, something of the inscrutable but beautiful reserves of girlhood, which baffled, and interested, and pained William so. He would have liked to have called her Vi.

The name was at his lips; but there was something of pride, which even thus, while his boat is on the shore and his bark is on the sea, restrained him.

"Miss—mind I'm calling you rightly—Miss Violet Darkwell, I'm so glad I've found you so early," he said, smiling, "my hours—I ought to say *minutes*—are so precious. I go at half-past ten, and I hardly saw or heard you last night, you were so anxious to be off."

"You forget how wise we all were, and wisdom, though it's a very good thing, is not lively; and its chief use, I suppose, is *that*—a sort of lullaby, for I'm sure nobody ever minds it. You don't, nor I, nor darling Grannie; and I think if you wanted to be put to sleep there would be nothing like having a tranquil old sage, like Winnie Dobbs, at your bedside to repeat a string of her sayings, like 'early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise;' and besides being very wise, I think you were just, if it is not very disrespectful to say so, ever so little cross, so that altogether I thought it best to go to bed and to sleep, as fast as I could."

"I quite forget. Was I cross? I dare say I was. I think ill-temper is one expression of suffering, and I have not been very happy lately," said William.

"You have been strangely misrepresented then," said the young lady, slyly.

"So I have; and I do so wish you'd stop about that nonsense. You can't conceive unless you knew the people——"

"I thought she was very pretty," interrupted Miss Darkwell, innocently.

"So she *is*—perhaps—I dare say; but pretty or plain, as I said before, I'm not in love with her. I'm not in love, thank heaven, with any one, and I——"

"Come in to prayers William, dear," Aunt Dinah called aloud from the parlour door, "I've had breakfast early, expressly for you, and you must not delay it."

## CHAPTER LIII.

## THE FLOWER.

At breakfast the little party had a great deal to talk about, topics of hope, and topics of regret, glanced at in all sorts of spirits, sad and cheerful, black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray; but on the whole one would have said, looking on and a stranger to all that was possibly passing within, that it was a cheerful meal.

"Five miles and a half to the Station, and the up train at 'eleven forty-five.' The cab or whatever it is will be here at half-past ten, and then good-by. Farewell, perhaps, for three years to Gilroyd," so said William, as he and Violet Darkwell stood side by side, looking out from the window, upon the glowing autumnal landscape.

"Three years! you don't mean to say you'd stay away all that time, without ever coming to see Grannie?"

"Of course if she wants me I'll come; but should she *not*, and should she at the same time continue, as I hope she will, quite well, and should I be kept close to my work, as I expect, it's sure to turn out as I say. Three years—yes it is a long time—room for plenty of changes, and changes enough, great ones, there will be, no doubt."

The uplands of Revington formed the back-ground of the pretty prospect before him, and it needed the remembrance of the promise he had made to Aunt Dinah to prevent his speaking with less disguise, for he always felt of late an impetuous longing almost fierce to break through conventional hypocricies, and lay bare his wounded heart, and upbraid, and implore, in the wildest passion before Violet Darkwell. To be alone with her, and yet say nothing of all that was swelling and rolling at his heart—was pain. And yet to be alone with her, even in this longing and vain anguish, and near her was a strange despairing delight.

"Oh, yes, every one changes every day almost, except dear Grannie and old Winnie Dobbs. I'm sure I change and so do you, and what won't three years do? You've chang-

ed very much and not for the better," and saying this Miss Violet laughed.

"My changes, be they what they may, don't seem to trouble you much," replied William.

"Trouble? not at all. I dare say they are improvements though I don't like then," laughed she.

"I don't think I'm a *bit* changed. I *know* I'm not in fact. Tell me any one thing in which I am changed?"

"Well, it is *generally*; you have grown so disagreeable, that's all—it is not much to me, but I dare say it will be to other people," said she.

"I'm disagreeable—yes of course—because I have my opinion about men and things, and fools and nonsense. I don't know anything I've said to you, at least since I came yesterday, that could annoy you. I have not mentioned a single subject that could possibly even interest you. I dare say it is tiresome my talking so much as Aunt Dinah makes me, about myself. But I couldn't help it.

"It won't do William; you know very well how cross you always are now, at least with me, not that I mind it much, but there's no denying."

"You accused me of that before, and I said I was sorry. I—perhaps I am. I'm going away, and everything breaking up, you know, and you must make allowances. I used not to be cross long ago, and I'm *not* changed. No—I'm the same—I never said an unkind word to you, Vi, all the time when you were a little thing, and if I ever speak differently now, it is not from unkindness, only that things have gone wrong with me, and I've seen something of the world; and things happen to sour one, and—I don't know—but I'm *not* changed. You mustn't think it now that I'm going away. I'm such a fool, I'm such a beast, I can't help talking bitterly sometimes, and sometimes I think I am a—*a fiend* almost, but I hope I'm not as bad as I seem."

So spoke this Penruddock, who fancied himself soured for life, and soliloquized at times in the vein of Elshender of Muckle-stane Muir, but still cherished at the age of three-

and-twenty some sparks of his original humanity.

"There goes Tom with my things to the gate. Yes, it ought to be here now," said William looking at his watch. "I'll send you something pretty from Paris if you let me; nothing very splendid you know, only a little reminder such as a poor beggar like me, can offer," and he laughed, not very merrily. "And I shall hear all the news from Aunt Dinah, and send her all mine; and I like flowers. I always remember the Gilroyd flowers along with you. You were always among them, you know, and will you give me that little violet—a namesake. No one ever refuses a flower, it is the keepsake every one gets for the asking."

"Here it is," said Violet, with a little laugh, but looking not mockingly, but a little downward and oddly, and William placed it very carefully in a recess of his complicated purse, that was a cardcase also, and I know not what else beside. He was on the point of saying something very romantic and foolish, but suddenly recollected himself, and pulled up at the verge just before he went over.

"This is a souvenir of very old days, you know," said William, remembering Trevor, and how humiliating because vain any love-making of his own must prove, "of a very early friend—one of your earliest. Wasn't I?"

"Yes, so you were, a very good-natured friend, and very useful. Sometimes a little bit prosy, you know, always giving me excellent advice; and I think I always, *often* at least, listened to your lectures with respect. But why is it, will *you* tell me who know everything, that gentlemen always ask for a rose or a violet, or a flower of some sort, as a keepsake? Nothing so perishable. Would not a thimble or even a slipper be better? I suppose you have us all in what you used to call a *hortus siccus*, brown roses, and yellow violets, and venerable polyanthuses, thoroughly dried up and stiff as chips, and now and then with a sort of triumph review your prisoners, and please yourselves with these awful images of old maidhood. How can we tell what witchcrafts go on over our withering types and emblems. Give me back my

violet and you shall have a hair-pin instead."

"Many thanks; I'll keep my violet, however. It may grow dry and brown to other eyes, to mine it will never change. Just because it is an enchanted violet, and there is a spell upon my eyes as often as I look on it, and the glow and fragrance will never pass away."

"Very good song, and very well sung! only I suspect that's the usual speech, and you asked for the violet for an opportunity of making it."

At this moment Aunt Dinah entered the room accompanied by old Winnie Dobbs, supporting a small hamper tray fashion. William recognised the old commissariat of Gilroyd in this nutritious incumbrance, against which he had often and vainly protested, as he now did more faintly by a smile and lifting his hands.

"Now there's really very little in this; just a fowl cut up, half a ham, one of the Saxton plumcakes, and a pint bottle with a little sherry. You'll find bread by itself, and some salt in white paper, and a few Ripston pippins, and it is really no weight at all; is it, Winnie?"

"No, nothing to them porter fellows. What else be they paid for, if it baint to carry loads; what's a hamper like this here to one of them? and he'll want something on the way. You'll be hungry, you will, Master William."

"And whatever's left will be of use to you when you reach your destination," said Aunt Dinah, repeating her ancient formula on similar occasions. "Now, William, you promise me you'll not leave this behind. Surely you can't be such a fool as to be ashamed to take a little refreshment before the passengers. Well-bred people won't stare at you, and I know you won't vex me by refusing the little provision."

So William laughed and promised, and Miss Vi looked as if she could have quizzed him, but at this moment the Saxton vehicle from the Golden Posts pulled up at the iron gate of Gilroyd, and William glanced at his watch, and though he smiled, it was with the pale smile of a man going to execution, and trying to cheer his friends rather than being of good comfort himself.



## CHAPTER LIV.

## DOCTOR DRAKE GOES TO GILROYD.

"AND now I must say farewell, and if I *can*, or if you want me, I'll come soon and see you again; and God bless you, Violet; and good-bye, my darling Aunt. I'll write from London this evening, and let you know what my Paris address will be."

"God Almighty bless you, my precious man, Willie; and I'm very glad—" and here Aunt Dinah's sentence broke short, and tears were in her eyes, and she bit her lip. "I *am*, my darling, Willie, that we met; and you'll really come soon, if I write for you; and you won't forget your Bible and your prayers; and, oh! goodness gracious! have you forgot the tobacco-box?"

It was safe in his dressing-case. So another hurried farewell, and a smiling and kissing of hands. "Good-bye, good-bye!" from the cab window; and away it rattled, and William was gone; and the two ladies, and old Winnie in the rear, stood silently looking for a minute or so where the carriage had been, and then they turned, with the faded smile of farewell still on their faces, and slowly re-entered old Gilroyd Hall, which all in a moment had grown so lonely.

In the drawing-room they were silent. Violet was looking through the window, but not, I think, taking much note of the view, pretty as it is.

"I'm going away, and everything breaking up, and you must make allowances"—William's words were in her lonely ears now. A break-up had partly come, and a greater was coming. William's words sounded like a prophecy. "Breaking-up." Poor Gilroyd! Many a pleasant summer day and winter evening had she known in that serene old place.

Pleasant times, no doubt, were before her—a more splendid home, perhaps. Still memory would always look back regretfully on those early times, and the familiar view of Gilroyd; its mellow pink-tinted brick, and window-panes, flashing in the setting sun, half seen through the stooping branches of the old chestnuts, would rise kindly and quaint before her, better beloved than the new and colder glories that might await her.

Had the break-up indeed come? There was a foreboding of change, a presage as of death at her heart. When she looked at Miss Perfect she saw that she had been crying, and it made her heart heavier.

"Remember, he said he'd come to you whenever you write. You can bring him back whenever you please; and really Paris is no distance at all."

"I don't know, little Violet, I'm very low. It's all very true, what you say, but I've a misgiving. I've looked my last on my fine fellow—my boy. If I did as I am prompted, I think I should follow him to London, just to have one look more."

"You're tired, Grannie, darling, and you look pale; you must have a little wine."

"Pooh, child—no—nothing," said Aunt Dinah, with a flicker of her usual manner; but there was a fatigue and feebleness in her look which Violet did not like.

"Give me my desk, like a darling," said Miss Perfect; and she wrote a note, pondering a good while over it; and she leaned back, tired, when she had completed it. "I did my duty by him, I hope. I think he does me credit—a handsome fellow! I don't see anywhere——"

There was a pause here, and a kind of groan, and, coming near, Violet Darkwell saw that she had fainted.

Great commotion was there in Gilroyd Hall. Miss Perfect's seizure did not pass away like a common swoon. Away went Tom for Doctor Drake, and Vi and the servants got poor Aunt Dinah, cold, and breathing heavily, and still insensible, to her bed.

Doctor Drake arrived quickly, and came up to her room, with his great-coat buttoned up to his chin, looking rather stern, in a reserved but friendly sort of fuss.

"Hey—yes, yes—*there it is*. How long ago did this happen, my dear?"

"Not quite half an hour—in the drawing-room. Oh, Doctor Drake, is it anything very bad?" answered Violet.

"Well, my dear, it's—it's serious—but I hope it will be all right; it's a

smart, little attack of apoplexy—upon my word it is. There was no convulsion—that's right. It was very well he came when he did—just caught me at the door. Open the window and door. Mrs. Dobbs, give me cold water. Have *you* a scissors? We'll cut the strings of her dress and stay-lace. One of you run down and bring up a kettlefull of hot water. Her feet are a little cold. Get her head up a little more. We'll get her sitting up, if you please, in this arm-chair here. We'll bathe her feet, and you'll see she'll do very well, presently. It's not a case for bleeding; and bring up mustard. I think you'll see she'll come round in a little time."

And so on the doctor talked, and directed, and actively treated his patient; and in a little time consciousness returned, and there was time at last, to think of William Maubray.

"Shall we telegraph a message to London?" asked Violet.

"Not a bit; she's going on as nicely as possible. He'd only be in the way here, and it would frighten *her*. She's doing capitally; and she may never have a return, if she just takes care. She *must* take care, you know, and I'll give you full directions how to treat her."

And so he did; Miss Vi being accurate and intelligent, and rising with the occasion, so that Doctor Drake that evening celebrated Miss Darkwell to his friend Dignum, of the Golden Posts, as a trump and a brick, and the nicest little creature he ever saw, almost.

Mr. Vane Trevor, who had called at Gilroyd that morning, but found all things in confusion and panic, called again in the evening, and had the pleasure of an interview with Winnie Dobbs; but he could not see Miss Darkwell. The young lady had given peremptory directions

respecting all visitors, and would not leave Miss Perfect's room.

Doctor Drake was honoured that evening by a call from the proprietor of Revington, and gave him a history of the case; and Trevor accompanied him back again to Gilroyd, where he was about to make his evening visit, and awaited his report in the little gravel court-yard, stealing, now and then, a wistful glance up to the old-fashioned stone-faced windows. But Violet did not appear. It might have been different—I can't say—had she known all that had passed between Miss Perfect and Vane Trevor respecting her. As it was, the young gentleman's long wait was rewarded only by the return of Doctor Drake, and a saunter with him back again to Saxton.

Pretty nearly the same was the routine of several subsequent days. Fruits and vegetables, too, with messages came down from Revington; and in his interviews with old Winnie Dobbs he betrayed a great solicitation that the young lady should not wear herself out with watching and attendance.

On Sunday he was in the church-yard almost as early as the doors opened, and loitered there till the bell ceased ringing; and sat in his pew so as to command an easy view of the church door, and not a late arrival escaped his observation. But Violet Darkwell did not appear; and Vane Trevor walked home with little comfort from the Rev. Dr. Wagget's learned sermon; and made his usual calls at Gilroyd and at Doctor Drake's, and began to think seriously of writing to Violet, and begging an interview, or even penning the promptings of his ardent passion in the most intelligible terms. And I have little doubt that if he had had a friend by him, to counsel him ever so little in that direction, he would have done so.

## CHAPTER LV.

### SUSPENSE.

ONE day Trevor actually made up his mind to bring about the crisis; and, pale as a man about to be hanged, and with the phantom of a smile upon his lips, after his accustomed inquiries, he told Mrs. Podgers,

the cook, who, in the absence of Winnie Dobbs, officiated as hall-porter, to ask Miss Violet Darkwell if she would be so good as to give him just a moment. And on getting through his message his heart made

two or three such odd jumps and rolls, that he was almost relieved when she told him that old Doctor Wagget had come by appointment, and that Miss Violet and Winnie were receiving the sacrament with the mistress, who, thank God, was getting on better every day.

"It's wiser for me to wait," thought Trevor, as he walked away, determined to take a long ride through the Warren, and over Calston Moor, and to tire himself effectually. "They never think what they're doing, girls are so hand-over-head—by Jove, if she had not Miss Perfect to talk to she might refuse me, and be awfully sorry for it in a day or two. I must only have patience, and wait till the old woman is better. I forget how the woman said she is to-day. No matter—old Drake will tell me. It's hanged unlucky, I know. I suppose she eat too much dinner with that great fellow, Maubray; or some nonsense—however, I'll think it over in my ride; or, by Jove, I'll take my gun and have a shot at the rabbits."

Miss Perfect was, indeed, better, and Doctor Drake, though a little reserved, spoke, on the whole, cheerily about her. And she saw a good deal of her kind old friend, Parson Wagget; and also, was pronounced well enough to see her lawyer, Mr. Jones, not that Doctor Drake quite approved of business yet, but he thought that so eager a patient as Miss Perfect might suffer more from delay and disappointment. So there were a few quiet interviews on temporal matters.

William was a little disquieted at receiving no letter from Gilroyd for some days after his arrival. But there came at last a short one from Doctor Drake, which mentioned that he had seen the ladies at Gilroyd that morning—both as well as he could desire; and that Miss Perfect had got into a troublesome dispute with some tenants, which might delay her letter a little longer, and then it passed to shooting anecdotes and village news. Such as it was, he welcomed it fondly—enclosing as it did the air of Gilroyd—passing, as it must have done, in its Town-ward flight from Saxton, the tall gate of Gilroyd, penned by the hand which had touched Violet Darkwell's that very day, and conned over by eyes on whose retinas her graceful image lin-

gered still. Even tipsy Dr. Drake's letter was inexpressibly interesting, and kept all the poetry of his soul in play for the entire of that evening.

Miss Violet consulted with Miss Wagget, and agreed that in a day or two they might write a full account of Miss Perfect's attack and recovery to William, whom it had been judged best, while there was still any anxiety to spare the suspense of a distant and doubtful illness.

But this is an uncertain world. The message, when it did go, went not by post but by telegraph, and was not of the cheery kind they contemplated.

When William returned to his lodgings that evening, oddly enough projecting a letter to Aunt Dinah, in the vein of the agreeable Baron de Grimm, whose correspondence he had been studying, he found upon his table a telegram, only half an hour arrived.

It was sent "from the Rev. J. Wagget, Saxton Rectory, to M. William Maubray," &c., &c., and said simply—

"Miss Perfect is dangerously ill. Come to Gilroyd immediately."

A few hours later William was speeding northward in the dark, for a long time the only occupant of his carriage, looking out from time to time from the window, and wondering whether train had ever dragged so tediously before—thinking every moment of Gilroyd and dear old Aunt Dinah—reading the telegram over and over, and making for it sometimes a cheery, and sometimes the most portentous interpretation; then leaning back with closed eyes, and picturing a funeral group receiving him with tears, on the door-steps at home. Then again looking out on the gliding landscape, and in his despairing impatience pressing his foot upon the opposite seat as if to impel the lagging train.

When William reached London he found at his old lodgings two letters, one from Doctor Sprague, the other from Miss Perfect, which had been lying there for some days. Having a wait of two hours for his train he was glad to find even this obsolete intelligence. That which, of course, interested him most was written with a very aged tremble in the hand, and was very short, but bore the signature

of "poor old Auntie." It was as follows:—

"MY DEAR WILLIE,—I suppose they given you some account of my indisposition—not much, and need not not you be disquieted. My old head is a little confused—some medicine I dare say—but shall well again in a day or two two. This note is under the rose. The doctor says I must not write, so you need not it. I have eaten a morsel for three days—so the pen a little. Do remember, dear boy, all told you, dear, about the five years. I dreamed much since. If you think of such a thing, I must do it. Willie, sorry I should be you shoul fear or dislike me. I should haunt torment Willie. But you will do right. When you go go to France, I will send £4 to amuse yourself with sights, &c. And Heaven bless and guard my precious Willie by every and influence, says his fond

"poor old AUNTIE.

"Better."

William Maubray's trouble increased on reading this letter. There was something very bad the matter, he was sure. The letter was eight days' old—the telegram scarce four-and-twenty hours. But however ill she might be, it was certain she was living when the message was despatched. So he went on assuring himself, although there lay on his mind a dreadful misgiving that he was summoned not to a sick-bed, nor even to a death-bed, but to a funeral.

Early that evening William drove from the station toward Gilroyd. The people at Dolworth had heard nothing of Miss Perfect's illness. How should they, living so far away, and hardly ever seeing a Saxton face,

and not caring enough about her to be very likely to inquire.

At last, at the sudden turn in the road, as it crosses the brow of Drindle Hill, the pretty little place, the ruddy brick and tall chestnuts, touched with the golden smile of sunset, and throwing long gray shadows over the undulating grass, revealed themselves. The small birds were singing their pleasant vespers, and the crows sailing home to the woods of Wyndleford, mottled the faint green sky, and filled the upper air with their mellowed cawings. The very spirit of peace seemed dreaming there—Pretty Gilroyd!

Now he was looking on the lawn, and could see the hall-door. Were the blinds down? He was gazing at Aunt Dinah's windows, but a cross-shadow prevented his seeing distinctly. There was no one on the steps—no one at the drawing-room window—not a living thing on the lawn. And now that view of Gilroyd was hidden from his eyes, and they were driving round the slope of the pretty road to the old iron gate, where, under the long shadow of the giant ash tree opposite, they pulled up. The driver had already rung at the gateway.

Pushing his way through the wicket, William Maubray had reached the porch before any sign of life encountered him. There he was met by honest Tom. He looked awfully dismal and changed, as if he had not eaten, or slept, or spoken for ever so long. Aunt Dinah was dead. Yes, she was dead—and three or four dark shadows, deeper and deeper, seemed to fall on all around him, and William Maubray went into the parlour, and leaning on the chimney-piece, wept bitterly, with his face to the wall.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### SOME PARTICULARS.

THE air is forlorn—the house is vocal no more—love is gone.

"When was it, Tom—at what hour?" asked he.

"Late cock-crow—just the gray of the morning. She was always early, poor little thing—somewhere betwixt five and six—it must 'a' bin. Will you please have something a'ter your ride?"

"Nothing, Tom—nothing, thanks, but I'd like very much to see Winnie. Call her, Tom, and I'll wait here—or, no—I'll be in the drawing-room, tell her."

And to that room he went, standing for a while at the threshold, and making his desolate survey; and then to the window, and then from place to place.

The small table at which she used to sit in the evenings stood in its old place by the sofa. Her little basket of coloured worsted balls—the unfinished work with the ivory crotchet-needles stuck through it, were there, awaiting the return that was not to be. There lay the old piano open. How well he knew that little oval landscape over the notes mellowed by time, the lake and ruined tower, and solitary fisherman—poor enough, I dare say, as a work of art; but to William's mind always the sweetest and saddest little painting the world contained. Under that roofless tower the lonely fisherman there had heard all Violet's pretty music, and before it poor Aunt Dinah's grand and plaintive minnets, until, years ago, she had abdicated the music-stool in favour of the lighter fingers and the rich young voice.

He remembered dear Aunt Dinah's face as she, sitting by that little table there, would lower her book or letter and listen to the pretty girl's song, sadly, in some untold poetry of memory. Oh, Aunt Dinah!—He did not know till now how much you were to him—how much of Gilroyd itself was in your kindly old face. The walls of Gilroyd speak and smile no more.

He heard old Winnie Dobbs talking to Tom in the passage, and her slow foot approaching. Poor Aunt Dinah's light step and pleasant tones would come no more on stair or lobby.

Such a welcome at Gilroyd, or anywhere, as the old one, for him would be no more—no, nowhere—never. In came old Winnie. Could old Winnie be quite old Winnie, and Aunt Dinah gone? The yearnings of love were strong within him, and he hugged good old Dobbs on the threshold, and her fat arms were round him, and her fat fingers were grotesquely patting his back, and the sounds of sobbing were heard by the servants in the kitchen through the silent house. At last old Winnie, drying her eyes, related all she had to tell.

"It happened, early this morning, a little before sunrise, she went very quit—like a child. She talked a deal about Master William, when she was well enough, an' more loving-like than ever. She did not wish to live; but thought she would though—ay, she

thought she'd do well, poor thing. Miss Vi was with her all the time—she was breaking her heart like about it; and Miss Wagget came down in the carriage, and took her away wi' her—and better, sure it was. This was no place for her—poor Miss Vi. Doctor Drake was very kind, and sat up all the night wi' her. And sure was Winnie, if doctors could a' saved her she would a' bin on her feet still; but everyone has their time. It's right, of course, to have the doctors in; but, dear me, we all know 'tis no more use than nothink—there's a time you know and all is one, first or last. I have mine, and you yours, and she had hers—the dear mistress; and time and tide waits for no man; and as the tree falleth so it lieth; and man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward—and, indeed, *that's* true, dear knows. Would you like to see her, Master William?"

"Does she look happy—does she look like herself?" inquired William.

"Ah! that she does—asleep like, you'd say. You never saw quieter—just her own face. She is a very pretty corpse—poor little thing, she is."

"Perhaps, by-and-by—not yet. I could not now. You'll come with me to her room, perhaps, in a little while, *perhaps*. But oh! Winnie, I don't think I could bear it."

"It is not in her room," said Winnie Dobbs. "She was very particular, you know, poor little thing, and would have her way; and she left a note in the looking-glass drawer for the rector—Mr. Wagget, you know, that now is; and she made him promise it should be done as ordered, and so he did—only a scrap of a note, no bigger than a playing card; and I don't think you knew, unless she told you, but she had her coffin in the house this seven years—nigh eight a'most—upright in the little press be the left a' the bed, in her room—the cupboard-like in the wall. Dearie me! 'twas an odd fancy, poor little thing, and she'd dust it, and take it out, she would, wi' the door locked, her and me, once a month. She had a deal o' them queer fancies, she had; but she was very good, she was—very good to everyone, and a great many will miss her."

And old Winnie cried again.

"I knew it must a' happened some time for certain—her or me must go—but who'd a' thought 'twas to be so soon!—who'd a' thought it ever? There's a great plate, silvered over, wi' her name on't, as Doctor Wagget took away to get her years and date put on—'twill be back again to-morrow—poor thing—and she's not in her room—out in the gardener's house."

This was a disused out-building; for it was many a year since Gilroyd had boasted a gardener among its officers.

"Do you mean to say she has been carried out *there*?" inquired William, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Them was her directions—the little note, as I told you—and Doctor Wagget went by her orders strict, as he said he would; and sure 'twas

right he should, for she would not be denied."

So this odd conversation proceeded, and, indeed, with this strange direction of poor Aunt Dinah's, whose coffin lay on tressels in the little tiled room in the small two-storied cubical brick domicile which stood even with the garden wall, old Winnie's revelations ended.

William walked down to Saxton, and had a long talk with Doctor Drake, who was always sober up to nine o'clock, about poor Aunt Dinah's case; and he wrote to Doctor Wagget, not caring to present himself at the Rectory so late, to report his arrival. And in the morning Doctor Wagget came down and saw him at Gilroyd, when a conversation ensued, which I am about to relate.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### DOCTOR WAGGET: FURTHER PARTICULARS.

DOCTOR WAGGET found William in the study at Gilroyd; he met him without the conventional long face, but with a kindly look, and a little sad, and shaking his hand warmly, he said,

"Ah, sir, your good aunt, my old friend, Miss Perfect, we've lost her; my loss is small compared with yours, but I can grieve with you."

The Doctor laid his hat, and gloves, and came upon the table, and fixing his earnest eyes on William, he went on—

"We had a great deal of conversation in her last illness which will interest you. On religious subjects I found her views—poor lady—all very sound; indeed, if it had not been for that foolish spirit-rapping, which a little led her away—that is, confused her—I don't think there was anything in her opinions to which exception could have been taken. She had the sacrament twice, and I visited and prayed with her constantly, and very devout and earnest she was, and indeed her mind was in a very happy state—very serene and hopeful."

"Thank you, sir, it is a great comfort."

"And about that spiritualism, mind you, I don't say there's *nothing* in it," continued the Rector; "there *may* be a great deal—in fact, a great deal

too much—but take it what way we may, to my mind, it is too like what Scripture deals with as witchcraft to be tampered with. If there be no familiar spirit it's *nothing*, and if there be, *what* is it? I talked very fully with the poor lady the last day but one I saw her on this subject—to which indeed she led me. I hope you don't practise it—no—that's right; nothing would induce *me* to sit at a seance, I should as soon think of praying to the devil. I don't say, of course, that every one who does is as bad as I should be—it depends in some measure on the view you take. The spirit world is veiled from us, no doubt, in mercy—in mercy, sir, and we have no right to lift that veil—few do with impunity; but of that another time. She made a will, you know?"

"No, I did not hear."

"Oh, yes—Jones drew it—it's in my custody; it leaves you everything. It is not a very great deal, you know; two annuities die with her; but it's somewhere about four hundred a year, Jones says, and this house. So it makes you quite easy, you see."

To William, who had never paid taxes, and knew nothing of servants' wages, four hundred a year and a house was Aladdin's lamp. The pale image of poor Aunt Dinah came with

a plaintive smile, making him this splendid gift, and he burst into tears.

"I wish, sir, I had been better to her. She was always so good to me. Oh, sir, I'd give anything, I would, for a few minutes to tell her how much I really loved her; I'm afraid she did not know."

"Pooh! she knew very well. You need not trouble yourself on that point. You were better to her than a son to a mother. You are not to trouble yourself about that little—a—difference of opinion about taking orders; for I tell you plainly, she was wrong and you were right—one of her fancies, poor little thing. But that's not a matter to be trifled with. It's a very awful step; I doubt whether we make quite solemnity enough about it; there are so few things in life irrevocable; but however that may be, you are better as you are, and there's nothing to reproach yourself with on that head. When I said, by-the-bye, that she had left you everything, I ought to have excepted her little jewellery, which she has left to Miss Darkwell, and a few books to me—that mad fellow, Bung, you know, among them—and an old silver salver to Saxton church, which there was a tradition was stolen by a Puritan tenant of Sir—what's-his-name—that had the tobacco-box, you know, from some church—she did not know what—in this county, when his troop was quartered at Hentley Towers. And—and she had a fancy it was that spirit, Henbane, you know, that told her to restore it to the church—*any* church—and there are a few trifling legacies, you know, and that's all."

Then their conference diverged into the repulsive details of the undertaker, where we need not follow, and this over, the Rector said—

"You must come down and see us at the Rectory—Miss Darkwell, you know, is with us at present—something likely to be in that quarter very soon, you are aware," he added significantly; "very advantageous—everything—but all this, you know, delays it for a time—you'll come over and see us, as often as you like; a very pretty walk across the fields—nothing to a young athlete like you, sir—and we shall always be delighted to see you."

Well, this dreadful week passed

over, and another, and William Maubray resigned his appointment at Paris, and resolved on the bar; and with Mr. Sergeant Darkwell's advice ordered about twenty pounds' worth of law-books, to begin with, and made arrangements to enter his name at Lincoln's Inn—which was the learned Sergeant's—and to follow in the steps of that, the most interesting of all the sages of the law, past or present.

Vane Trevor looked in upon William very often. Gilroyd, William Maubray, even the servants interested him; for there it was and thus surrounded, he had seen Miss Violet Darkwell. There, too, he might talk of her; and William, too, with a bitter sort of interest, would listen, an angry contempt of Vane rising at his heart; yet he did not quite hate him, though he would often have been glad to break his head.

Trevor, too, had his grounds for vexation.

"I thought she'd have gone to church last Sunday," he observed to Maubray—and I must allow that he had made the same statement in various forms of language no less than five times in the course of their conversation—"I think she might; don't you? I can't see why she should not; can you? The relationship between her and poor Miss Perfect was a very round-about affair—wasn't it?"

"Yes—so it was; but it isn't that—I told you before it couldn't be that—it's just that she was so fond of her—and really, here, I don't see any great temptation to come out; do you?"

"No—perhaps—no, of course, there may not; but I don't see any great temptation to shut one's self up either. I called at the Rectory yesterday, and did not see her. I have not seen her since poor Miss Perfect's death, in fact."

"So did I; I've called very often," answered William; "as often as you, I dare say, and I have not seen her; and that's odder, don't you think? and I gather from it, I suppose, pretty much what you do."

"Very likely; what is it?" said Vane.

"I mean that she doesn't expect much comfort or pleasure from our society."

William had a fierce and ill-natured pleasure in placing his friend Trevor in the same boat with himself, and then scuttling it.

Vane remarked that the rain was awfully tiresome, and then looking from the window, whistled an air from "I Puritani" abstractedly, and he said suddenly—

"There's a lot of affectation, I think, about grief—particularly among women—they like making a fuss about it."

"To be sure they do," replied William; "when any one dies they make such a row—and lock themselves up—and all but take the veil; but, by Jove, they don't waste much compassion on the living. There are you, for instance, talking and thinking all

day, and night-mared all night about her, and for anything you know she never troubles her head about you. It's awfully ridiculous, the whole thing."

"I thought you said she was very fond of your poor aunt?" said Vane, a little nettled.

"So I did—so she was—I was speaking of *us—you* and *me—you* know. I'm an old friend—the earliest she has almost—and you a lover—no one's listening—you need not be afraid—and you see how much she distinguishes us—by Jove, she likes old Wagget better!" and William laughed with dismal disgust, and proposed a walk—to which Vane, with a rueful impression that he was a particularly disagreeable fellow, acceded.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### REVINGTON FLOWERS.

THAT very afternoon William did see Violet Darkwell; and he fancied he never saw her look so pretty as in her black silk dress. There was no crying—no scene—she met him gravely and sadly in the old-fashioned drawing-room of the Rectory, and was frankly glad to see him, and her wayward spirit seemed quite laid. His heart smote him for having acquiesced in Trevor's fancy that there could be affectation in her grief.

Good Miss Wagget being in a fuss with the schoolmistress of the Saxton Ragged School (why will benevolent people go on leavening the bread of knowledge which they offer with the bitterness of that insulting epithet?)—counting out copy-books, and primers, and slate-pencils, and rustling to and fro from the press to the hall-table, where they were getting those treasures into order—was little in the way of their conversation, except for an interjectional word now and then, or a smile or a nod, as she bustled in and out of the room, talking still to the matron in the hall.

Violet had a great deal to ask about old Winnie Dobbs, and the servants, and even little Psyche, and the bird, which latter inmate William did not somehow love, and regarded him in the light of an intruder who had established himself under false pretences, and was there with a design.

"I think papa means to take me with him to London," said Violet, in reply to William's question, "Mr. and Mrs. Wagget—they are so kind—I think they would make me stay here a long time, if he would let me; but he says he will have a day in about three weeks, and will run down and see us, and I think he intends taking me away."

"What can the meaning of that be?" thought William. "More likely he comes to see Trevor, and bring matters to a decisive issue of some sort," and his heart sank at the thought; but why should William suffer these foolish agitations—had he not bid her farewell in his silent soul long ago? What of this business of Trevor of Revington! Was it not the same to him in a day, or three weeks, or a year, since he, it must! And thus stoically armed, he looked up and saw Violet Darkwell's large eyes and oval face, and felt the pang again.

"In three weeks? Oh! I'm sorry, if he's to take you away—but I was thinking of going up to town to see him—about the bar—he has been so kind—and there are two or three things I want advice about—I'm going to the bar, you know."

"Papa seems always doubtful whether it is a good profession," said Miss Violet, wisely, "though he has



succeeded very well ; but it's sad, don't you think, being so shut away from one's friends as he is ?"

"Well, for him I'm sure it is—in his case, I mean. I miss him I know, and so do you, I'm sure. But *my* case would be very different. I've hardly a friend on earth to be cut off from. There's *he*, and Doctor Sprague, and Doctor Wagget here, and there's poor Winnie, and Tom—I can count them up you see, on the fingers of one hand—and I really don't think I've another friend on earth ; and some of these I could see still, and none I think would miss me, very much ; and the best friends I believe, as Doctor Wagget says, are books, they never die, or what's worse, change ; they are always the same, and won't go away, and they speak to you as they used to do, and always show you the same faces as long as you have sight to look at them."

"How sensible and amiable of Doctor Wagget to like his Johnson's Dictionary so much better than his sister," exclaimed Miss Vi, with a momentary flash of her old mood. "There's certainly one thing about books, as you say, they NEVER grow disagreeable ; and if there"—she was going to be sarcastic, but she reined in her fancy, and said sadly, instead, "About books I know very little—nothing ; and about friends—you and I have lost the best friend we'll ever know."

And as she spoke tears glimmered under her lashes, and she looked out of the window over the wooded slope toward Gilroyd, and after a little pause said in a gentle cheerful voice, with perhaps a little effort—

"How pretty it all looks to-day, the slanting sun—poor Grannie used to like it so—and it is the sweetest light in the world, look !"

And William did look out on the familiar landscape, faintly gilded in that aerial light, and looking still he said—

"You ought to come over some day with Miss Wagget, to see old Winnie."

"I should like very much in a little time, but not now ; it would be very

sad. I was looking at it from a distance, yesterday, from where you see the ash tree there ; you know that view ; Gilroyd looks so pretty from it ; but I could not go in yet. I feel as if I never could go into the house again."

"And about friends," she resumed, I suspect one has more than one suspects. Of course you like them differently in degree—and differently even in the—the kind of liking. I reckon little Psyche among *my* friends."

"And the bird ?" said William.

"Yes, the bullfinch," said Miss Vi, firmly ; and at this moment Miss Wagget entered the room with a great bouquet in her hand, and exclaimed—

"Isn't this perfectly beautiful ; it's positively *wonderful* for this time of year ; look at it, my dear, all from the conservatory. It's a very nice taste. I wonder how he keeps it so beautifully, and very kind, I'm sure, to think of us ; these are Revington flowers, Mr. Maubray. It was very kind of Mr. Trevor ; you'll arrange them, won't you dear ?"

This was addressed to the young lady, and at the same time she held the bouquet toward William, to gaze on, and he stooped over and smelt at the flowers which were really odourless, in some confusion, and then turned his eyes on Violet, who blushed first a little, and then in a brilliant glow all over her face, and William looked down and smelled at the flowers again, and then he recollected it was time for him to go ; so he bid Miss Wagget good-bye, and took his leave of Violet, whose large eyes he thought, looked vexed, and on whose cheeks the fading scarlet still hovered ; had he ever beheld her so handsome before, or with a sadder gaze ; and he took her hand extended to him rather coldly, he fancied, and with a pale smile left the room, feeling as if he had just heard his sentence read. So he stood on the steps for a moment, bewildered, and answered good Doctor Wagget's cheery salutation and pleasantry that issued from the study window, rather confusedly.

## CHAPTER LIX.

VANE TREVOR SEES MISS VIOLET.

NEXT morning William was surprised by a visit from Vane Trevor.

"Just dropped in to see how you are, old fellow, this morning."

"Very good of you," rejoined William, with ironical gravity.

"Well, but *are* you well—is there anything wrong?" inquired Vane, who was struck by his friend's savage and distracted looks.

"Nothing—I'm quite well; what could go wrong with a fellow so magnificently provided for. The Lord of Gilroyd, with such lots of small talk, and fine friends, and lavender gloves, and clothes cut so exquisitely in the fashion," and William laughed rather horribly.

"Well, I admit you might get better traps, and if you like decent clothes why the devil don't you?"

Trevor could perceive that the whole of William's ironical sally was inspired by envy of him, and was gratified accordingly; and thought within himself, "Your shy, gawky, ill-dressed men always hate a jolly fellow with a good coat to his back just because the women know the difference, and I wonder where poor Maubray has been trying his arts and fascinations, he has been awfully shut up that's clear," so thought Vane Trevor, as he added aloud,

"If you're going to London, as you say, I'll give you a note, with pleasure, to my man, if you like the sort of things he makes," said Trevor; "but I give you notice he won't do his best unless you seem to—to take an interest, you know."

"Thanks—no," laughed William, a little fiercely, "the tailor might do his office, but I should still want too many essentials. Where would be the good in that sort of thing without the rest, and I never *could* go the whole animal—the whole *brute*, and if I could I *would* not. You may smile——"

"I'm not smiling."

"But I swear to you I wouldn't."

"Oh, you're very well," said Trevor, encouragingly. "Quiet man. What good could that sort of thing do you at the bar, for instance? And when you're Lord Chancellor with your

peerage and your fortune up in London, I shall be still plain Trevor of Revington down here, vegetating by Jove!"

"I'll never be *that*, but I may do *some* good—a little, perhaps. Enough to interest me in life, and that's all I want," said William, who was fiercely resolved on celibacy.

"I'm going over to see the people at the Rectory—jolly old fellow old Wagget is; and I thought I'd just look in on you. You're not for a walk, are you?"

"No, thanks," said William very shortly, and added, "I'm sorry I can't, but I've letters this morning, and must be ready for the post."

"Well, good-bye then," said Trevor, and shook hands like a man going a longer journey; and William glanced in his eyes, and saw what he was about, and thought, "He'll be sure to see her this morning."

So William took leave of him, and stood for a while in a troubled brown study on the steps, with a great weight at his heart, and after a while recollecting himself he said, "Pish! Pshaw!" and lifting his head defiantly, he strode into the parlour, and sat himself down grimly to write, but could not get on; and took a walk instead in the direction of the London railway, with his back to the Rectory and to Revington.

Our friend Vane Trevor had made up his mind to see Miss Darkwell this day, and speak, and in fact arrange everything; and as usual the crisis being upon him his confidence in himself and his surroundings began to wane and he experienced the qualms of doubt, and the shiver of suspense. So, as there was usually between the prison and the gallows-tree a point at which the gentleman on the hurdle drew up and partook of a glass of something comfortable, Mr. Vane Trevor halted on his way at Gilroyd and had his word or two, and shake of the hand with William Maubray, and went on.

On he went looking much as usual, except for a little pallor, but feeling strange sensations at his heart, and now and then rehearsing his speech.

and more and more agitated inwardly as he drew near the door of the Rectory.

It was early, but Miss Wagget and Miss Darkwell were at home, and Vane Trevor, wondering whether an opportunity would occur, crossed the hall and was announced.

Miss Darkwell was sitting near a window copying music, and he went over and shook hands, and felt very oddly; and after a word or two, she looked down again and resumed her work. Old Miss Wagget led the conversation, and began with a speech on his flowers, and was eloquent in admiration and acknowledgments. Now, poor Miss Perfect had told Miss Wagget the whole story of the Revington courtship, and the Rector's sister had quite taken Aunt Dinah's view of the case, and agreed that it was better the subject should be opened by the suitor himself; and, willing to make the opportunity desired at once, and dreaded, she recollected, on a sudden, that she had a word to say to her brother before he went out, and, with apologies, left the room and shut the door.

Miss Violet raised her eyes and looked after her a little anxiously, as if she would have liked to stop her. I think the young lady guessed pretty well what was in Vane Trevor's mind; but there was no averting the scene now, and she went on writing in a bar of crochets in the treble, but placed the minim wrong in the bass.

There was a silence, during which the little French clock over the chimneypiece ticked very loud, and Miss Wagget's lap-dog yawned and chose a new place on the hearth-rug,

and the young lady was looking more closely at her music, and, though with a little blush, very gravely industrious. Trevor looked through the window, and down at the dog, and round the room, and up at the clock, but for the life of him he could not think of anything to say. The silence was growing insupportable, and at last he stood up, smiling the best he could, and drew near the window where Miss Violet was sitting, and tapped his chin with his cane, and said:—

"Music—a ha!—copying music! —I—I—a—I used to copy music pretty well; they said I did it uncommonly well; but I used to make those pops round like the copper-plate, you know; *you* make them oval. They have a bookful of my copying at Kington. They said—Clara did—they could read it just like print—and—and I wish you could give me some employment that way—I really wish you would. I'm afraid you find it awfully slow—don't you?"

"No—thanks; no, indeed—I'm very much obliged though, but I rather *like* it; I don't think it tiresome work at all."

"I—I should so like—and I was so glad to hear from Miss Wagget that you thought the flowers pretty—yesterday, I mean. These are beginning to look a little seedy—are'n't they? I'll send over more to-day—I only wish, Miss Darkwell, I knew your pet flowers, that I might send a lot of them—I—I assure you I do."

Miss Darkwell here looked closer at her work, and drew two parallel lines connecting the stems of her semi-quavers very nicely.

## CHAPTER LX.

### THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"I—I REALLY would be so *very* much obliged if you would," resumed Trevor. "Do now, *pray*—tell me *any* one you like particularly!"

"I like all flowers so well," said Miss Violet, compelled to speak, "that I could hardly choose a favourite—at least, without thinking a great deal; and I should feel then as if I had slighted the rest."

"And awfully jealous I'm sure

they'd be—I should—I know I should, indeed—I should, indeed. If I—if you—if I were a flower—I mean, the—the ugliest flower in the garden, by Jove, and that you preferred—a—*anything*—I—I think I'd almost wither away—I—I swear to you I do—I'd tear my leaves out—I would, indeed—and—and—I'm in earnest, I assure you—I am indeed, Miss Darkwell—I'm—I'm awfully in love

with you—I'm—I'm—I've been waiting this long time to tell you. I wrote to your father for leave to speak to you—and poor Miss Perfectalso—I—she was very kind; and I've come to—to say—that—that I hope you can like me enough—that if a life of the greatest devotion to your happiness—and—and the greatest devotion to your happiness,"—he was trying here a bit of the speech he had prepared, but it would not come back, and so he shook himself free of it, and went on: "I'll—I'll try always—to make you happy—I will, indeed—and you shall do just as you please—and there's no one—I don't care what her birth or rank, I should be prouder to see in the—the—as—as mistress of Revington than you; and I—I hope—I—I hope very much you can like me enough to give me some encouragement to—to—hope."

And Miss Darkwell answered very low:

"I—I'm so sorry, Mr. Trevor—I'm very sorry; but I couldn't—I can't, indeed, say anything but—but just how sorry I am, and how much obliged for your liking me—and I—it could not be." And Miss Violet Darkwell, with a very beautiful and bright colour, and eyes that looked darker than ever, stood up to go.

"I—pray don't—I—I'm sure you misunderstood me—I think I could—I—do pray—just a minute," said Vane Trevor, awfully confounded.

Miss Darkwell waited where she stood, looking down upon the carpet.

"I—I don't want you to answer me now; I—I'd rather you didn't. I—I—you'll not answer me for a week. I—I'd rather you thought it over just a little—*pray*."

"It would make no difference, I assure you, Mr. Trevor. It would merely prolong what is very painful to me. It is very kind of you to think so well of me, and I'm very much obliged; but I think I'll go." And she extended her hand to take leave, and was on the point of going.

"But really, Miss Darkwell," said Mr. Trevor, who began to feel a little insulted, and to remember the Trevors, the Vanes, and the historic fame of Revington, "I—I don't quite see—I think I—I—I do think I have a right to—to some explanation."

"There's nothing to explain; I've

said everything," said Miss VI very quietly.

"That's very easy, of course, to say; but I—I don't think it's using a fellow quite——"

"Did I ever lead you to think I thought otherwise?" exclaimed Miss Violet with a grave but fearless glance.

There was a pause. Trevor was angry, and looked it. At last he said—

"I did not say that, but—but I know—I know I'm not a mere nobody here. The Trevors of Revington are pretty well known, and they have always married in—in a certain rank; and I think when I've spoken to you as I have done, I might have expected something more than a simple *no*, and—and I think, if you did not appear to like me—at all events there was nothing to make me think you *didn't*, and that's why I say I think I've a right to ask for an explanation?"

"You can have no right to make me say one word more than I please. I've said all I mean to say—more than I need have said—and I won't say more," said Miss Violet Darkwell, with eyes that glowed indignantly, for there was an implied contrast in the lordly marriages of the Trevors with his own tender of his hand to the young lady which fired her pride.

Before he recovered she had reached the door, and with her fingers upon the handle she paused, and returned just a step or two, and said, extending her hand—

"And I think we might part a little more kindly, for you have no cause to blame me, and when you think a little you'll say so yourself. Good-bye."

Trevor did not well know how he shook hands with her. But she was gone. It was all over.

Grief—rage—disappointment—something like insult! He could not say that he had been insulted. But Revington was. The Trevors were. What a resource in such states of mind—denied to us men—are tears. Good furious weeping—the thunder and the rain—and then the air refreshed and the sky serene.

Mr. Vane Trevor felt as if he had been drinking too much brandy and water, and had been beaten heavily about the head; he was confounded and heated, and half blind. He

walked very fast, and did not think where he was going until he stopped close to the gate of Gilroyd.

He went in, and rang the bell at the hall-door, which stood open. William came into the hall.

"Come in, Trevor," said he. He had taken his walk of a couple of miles, and was more serene.

"No. Come out and have a walk with me, will you?" answered Vane.

"Where?" asked William.

"Any where. Wherever you like—here among the trees."

"I don't care if I do," said William, who saw that in Trevor's countenance which excited his curiosity; and out he came with his wide-awake on, and Trevor walked beside him, looking very luridly on the ground, and marching very fast. William walked beside him, quietly waiting till the oracle should speak.

At last, wheeling round by the trunk of a huge old chestnut, he came suddenly to a full stop, and confronted his companion.

"Well, that's off my mind; all over; the best thing I dare say could happen me, and I think she's a bit of a—a—I think she has a temper of her own. I didn't like any more shilly-shally, you know, in that undecided way, and I thought I might as well tell you that it's all off, and that I'm very well pleased it is. She's very pretty, and all that; but, hang it, there are other things, and it never would have done. I have not much of a temper of my own, I believe" (Trevor was really a good humoured

fellow, but chose to charge himself with this little failing for the occasion), "and I could not get on with that kind of thing. It wouldn't have done—it *couldn't*—I thought I'd just come down and tell you; and I think I'll run up to town; they want me to go to Kington, but it's too slow; and—and Revington's such a wilderness. I wish some one would take it. I don't want to marry for ever so long. I don't know what put it in my head."

Mr. Vane Trevor resumed his walk at a slower pace, and he whistled a low and contemplative air, looking down on the grass with his hands in his pockets, and then he said again—

"I thought I'd just come down and tell you; and you're not to mention it, you know—not to that fellow Drake, or any one, mind;—not that I much care, but it would not do to be talked about, and you won't, I know, thanks, and the Waggets are honourable people, *they* won't talk either I suppose; and—and I *depend* on you; and—and you know you and I are friends all the same."

"Certainly no *worse*," said William, very truly, shaking his hand cordially.

"And I'll be off to-day. I'll go to the opera, or something to-night. I've been too long shut up; a fellow grows rusty, you know, in this tiresome corner. I wish some fool of a fellow would take a lease of it. Good-by, old fellow; you must come up to town and see me when I'm settled, mind."

And so they parted.

## CHAPTER LXI.

### A DOUBT TROUBLES MAUBRAY.

I COME now to some incidents, the relation of which partakes, I can't deny, of the marvellous. I can, however, vouch for the literal truth of the narrative; so can William Maubray; so can my excellent friend Doctor Wagget; so also can my friend Doctor Drake, a shrewd and sceptical physician, all thoroughly cognizant of the facts. If, therefore, anything related in the course of the next two or three chapters should appear to you wholly incredible, I beg that you will not ascribe the prodigious character of the narrative to

any moral laxities on the part of the writer.

I believe William Maubray liked Vane Trevor very honestly, and that he was as capable of friendship as any man I have ever met with; but this I will aver, that he had not been so cheerful since poor Aunt Dinah's death as for the remainder of the day on which he had heard the authentic report of his friend's catastrophe.

Down to the town of Saxton, that evening, walked William, for in his comfortable moods he required human society, as he yearned for sympathy

in his afflictions. He visited his hospitable friend Doctor Drake, now in his pardonable elation on the occasion of his friend's downfall, as he had done when writhing under the thunderbolts of poor Aunt Dinah.

In this case, however, he could not disclose what lay nearest to his heart. It would not have done to commit poor Trevor's little secret to Doctor Drake, nor yet to tell him how wildly in love *he* was, and how the events of this day had lighted up his hopes. In fact Doctor Drake had long ceased to be the sort of doctor whom a gay fellow suffering from one of Cupid's bow-shot wounds would have cared to consult, and William visited him on this occasion simply because he was elated, excited, and could not do without company of some sort.

At about half-past nine o'clock Doctor Drake was called away to visit Mr. Thomas, the draper.

"Gouty pain in the duodenum—*there's* a man, now, wansh—a—kill himself. He *is* killing himself. Advice! You might as well advise that ub—bottle. You might, a bilious fellow—lithic acid—gouty—'gouty a fellow, by Jove, sir, as you'd like to see, and all I can do he wone'r ink his—his little—whatever it is, anyway but hot—hot, sir, and with *sugar*—sugar, and you know that's *poison*, simple p—poison. You see *me*, any li'l' thing I take—sometimes a liddle she'y, sometimes a li'l' ole Tom, or branle; I take it *cole*, without—*quite* innocent—rather *useful*—shlight impulse—all the organs—*never* affec' the *head*—never touch the *liver*—that's the way, sir; that's how you come to live *long*—lots o' waw'r, cole waw'r, and just sprinkle over, that's your sort, sir, stick a' that, sir; cole, cole waw'r—lots o' waw'r, sir; never make too stiff, you know, an' you may go on all *nigh*'—don go, you know, I mayn be half'nour, all *nigh*, sir, an' no harm done—no harm, sir, rather *useful*."

By this time the Doctor had got himself into his surtout, and selecting Mr. Thomas's gouty cordials, ether and other bottles from his drawer, he set forth on his sanitary expedition, and the symposium ended.

So William walked musingly homeward. What a tender melancholy over everything! What a heavenly night! What a good, honest, clever

fellow Doctor Drake was! By Jove, he had forgotten to ask for Miss Drake, who was no doubt in the drawing-room—a jolly old creature was Miss Drake! Should he go back and drink some of her tea? He halted and turned, not right about, but right face, and hesitated, in the moonlight. No, it was too late—he forgot how late it was. But he'd go down specially to drink tea with Miss Drake another evening. And so, he resumed that delicious walk homewards.

There was no use in denying it any longer to himself—none—he knew it—he felt it—he *was* in love with Violet Darkwell—awfully in love! And as every lover is an egotist, and is disposed on the whole to think pretty well of himself. The hypothesis did cross his fancy frequently, that the downfall of his friend Trevor was somehow connected with the fortunes of William Maubray. Was there—might there not be—did he not remember signs and tokens, such as none but lover's eyes can read or see, that seemed to indicate a—preference; might there not be a pre-occupation?

What a charm in the enigmatic conditions of a lover's happiness! How beautiful the castles in the air in which his habitation is! How she stands at the open portal, or leans from the casement, in beautiful shadow, or golden light-divine! How he reads his fate in air-drawn characters, in faintest signs, remembered looks, light words, a tone! How latent meanings hover in all she says, or sings, or looks, or does; and how imagination is enthralled by the mystery, and he never tires of exploring, and guessing, and wondering, and sighing. Those deep reserves and natural wiles of girls are given to interest us others, with those sweet doubts and trembling hopes that constitute the suspense and excitement of romance.

William Maubray sat himself down in a delightful melancholy, in his great chair by the drawing-room fire, and ordered tea, and told old Winnie that she must come and have a cup, and keep him company; and so she did very gladly, and William made her talk a great deal about poor Aunt Dinah, and this retrospect went on with a stream of marginal anecdote

about Miss Violet, to every syllable of which, though maundered over in honest Winnie's harum-scarum prose, he listened breathlessly, as to the far-off music of angels. And when all was told out, led her back artfully, and heard the story bit by bit again, and listened to her topsy-turvy praises of Violet in a delightful dream, and would have kept her up all night narrating, but honest Homer nodded at last, and William was fain to let the muse take flight to her crib.

Then, leaning back in his chair, he mused alone, revolving sweet and bitter fancies, thinking how well Sergeant Darkwell thought of him, how near Violet still was, what easy access to the Rectory, how sure he was of the old people's good word, how miserable he should be, what a failure his life without her. How she had refused Vane Trevor—refused Revington. Was that a mere motiveless freak? Was there no special augury in his favour discernible in it? He had the Bar before him now—could not Sergeant Darkwell bring him forward, put him in the

way of business? He was not afraid of work—he liked it. Anything—everything, for sake of her. Besides he was no longer penniless. He could make a settlement now. Thanks to poor dear Aunt Dinah, Gilroyd was his. Aunt Dinah!

And here the thought of her odd threatenings and prohibition crossed his brain. Five years! Nonsense! Madness! *That* would never do. Five years before so young a man, looks like fifty. In a lover's chronicle it is an age. Quite impracticable. He would lay the case before Sergeant Darkwell and Doctor Wagget. He well knew how *they*, conscientious, good, clear-headed men would treat it. But, alas! It troubled him—it vexed him. The menace was in his ear—a shadow stood by him. There were memoranda in his desk, and poor Aunt Dinah's last letter. He would read them over. He had fancied, very likely, that she meant more—and more *seriously*, than a repusal would support. So, eagerly he opened his desk, and got out these momentous papers.

#### COWARDICE AND COURAGE.

SHAKESPEARE, the universal teacher, who knew every phase of the heart, and touched every chord of feeling, has declared aphoristically, speaking as Julius Cæsar:—

“Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant only taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me the most strange that men  
should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.”

Notwithstanding this, fear is one of the strongest impulses of our nature—fear of discovery, shame, or punishment when we have done wrong; fear of pain, danger, or death. Dr. Johnson said in conversation: “Fear is one of the passions of humanity of which it is impossible to divest it. You all remember that the Emperor Charles V., when he read upon the tomb of a Spanish nobleman, ‘here lies one who never knew fear,’ wittily observed, ‘Then he never snuffed a candle with his

fingers.’” In opposition to this we may quote an anecdote told of Lord Howe, when in command of the Channel Fleet. One night he was suddenly awakened by an officer, who, in great trepidation, told him the ship was on fire close to the powder-room; the admiral coolly replied: “If it is so, sir, we shall very soon know it.” Some minutes afterwards the lieutenant returned, and told his lordship he had no occasion to be *afraid*, for the fire was extinguished. “*Afraid!*” replied Lord Howe, hastily; “what do you mean by that, sir? I never was *afraid* in my life.”

No emotions of the human frame are more opposite than cowardice and courage, each taken in its simple sense, yet both spring from the same sources—physical temperament and early training. We do not make our own nervous system, which is often grievously tampered with or perverted by silly, ill-conditioned nurses, servants, and teachers, who frighten

children with tales of bugbears, monsters, and hobgoblins, until they scream, if left in the dark for a moment, and dare not sleep in a room by themselves. Pillory or flogging at the cart's tail would be too mild a punishment for these moral Thugs, who strangle wholesome feelings in the first dawn of their existence, and supply their place with baneful impressions, which, strongly implanted in early youth, grow and strengthen to a period of life when reason ought to subdue them, but frequently fails to do so. Viewed in this light, constitutional timidity is a misfortune rather than a crime, however contemptible it may be considered; while mere animal insensibility to danger, which readily calls for admiration, has no claim to rank as a virtue. We speak not here of the moral courage which may be engrafted on a nature originally pusillanimous, by pride, education, or a sense of duty and station. Henry IV., of France, and Frederic the Great, of Prussia, are illustrious examples of this victory of mind over matter. Both were instinctively afraid of danger, and both are recorded as evincing perfect self-possession, and displaying prodigies of valour in many a hotly-contested field. Henry's flesh quivered the first time he found himself in action, although his heart was firm. "Villanous nature, I will make thee ashamed of thyself!" he exclaimed, as he spurred his horse through a breach before which the bravest veterans paused; and ever afterwards the white plume was recognised as the rallying point of battle. Frederic turned from the field of Molwitz, and left his marshals to win the day without him; but it was his first and only moment of wavering through a life of hard campaigns.

Some natures are so constant that no surprise can shake them. An instance occurs in the career of Crillon, called by distinction, "The Brave," in an army where all were valiant. He was stationed with a small detachment in a lone house. Some young officers, in the dead of night, raised a cry that the enemy were upon them, accompanied by loud shouts and the fring of musketry. Crillon started from his bed, seized his sword, and rushed down

stairs in his shirt, calling on all to follow him and die at their posts like men. A burst of laughter behind, arrested his steps, and he at once penetrated the joke. He reascended, and seizing one of the perpetrators roughly by the arm, exclaimed: "Young man, it is well for you that your trick failed. Had you thrown me off my guard, you would have been the first I should have sacrificed to my lost honour. Take warning, and deal in no such folly, for the future."

Charles XII. was gifted from infancy with iron nerves. "What is that noise?" he asked, as the balls whistled past him when landing in Denmark—a mere stripling, under a heavy fire. "The sound of the shot they fire at your majesty," replied Marshal Renschild. "Good!" said the King; "henceforth that shall be my music." And so he made it, with little intermission, until the last and fatal bullet, whether fired by traitor or foe, which entered his brain, and finished his wild career at Fredericshall, eighteen years later.

Murat and Lannes were the admitted paladins of the Imperial army; yet both once came to a stand still before a battery which vomited forth fire and death. "Rascals!" muttered Napoleon, bitterly; "have I made you too rich!" Stung by the taunt, they rushed on, and the victory was gained. The writer of this article knew an officer who distinguished himself by his coolness in two duels, so that he was almost considered "a fire-eater;" but he fairly ran away in a sharpish battle field, and his laurels were tarnished for ever. Neither was he alone in his glory, for he had more than one companion. Perhaps they thought with Bardolph, "Faith, I ran when I saw others run." These were heroes of the Bobadil type, and evidently had their fighting days. No epidemic is so contagious as a panic. When once caught, it expands with the velocity of an ignited train. A celebrated case occurred in Henry the Eighth's time, at the battle of the Spurs, in 1513, so called because the defeated force fled with such haste that it was impossible for the best mounted cavaliers to overtake them. Thus the killed and wounded made but a poor figure. Then came Falkirk, in



1746, of which Horace Walpole said: "The fighting lay in a small compass, the greater part of both armies running away." Then the memorable "Races of Castlebar," of which the less that is said the better; then the *scuue que peut* of Waterloo; and though last, far from least, the pell mell rout of Bull's Run, which inaugurated the late American war. Livy records, and Sir William Napier quotes the anecdote, that after a drawn battle, a god calling out in the night, declared that the Etruscans had lost one man more than the Romans! whereupon a panic fell on the former, and they abandoned the field to their adversaries, who gathered all the fruits of a real victory.

When Lord Nelson was a boy, he rambled about one night until a very late hour, and when he came in at last, his mother, alarmed and angry, said, "I wonder fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the lad; "who's he? I don't know him." And he never made his acquaintance throughout a life of daring action.

There are some who think they can face danger and death until the moment of trial arrives, and then their nerves give way. In the biographies of John Graham, Viscount of Dundee, we find it related that during the civil wars of that period, a friend of his, a loyal and devoted partisan of the house of Stuart, like himself, committed his favourite son to his charge. "I give him to the King's cause," said the father; "take care that he does not dishonour his name and race. I depend on you to look after him." In the first action, the unlucky youth exhibited undoubted symptoms of cowardice. Dundee took him aside and said, "The service in which we are engaged is desperate, and requires desperate resolution on the part of all concerned in it. You have mistaken your trade. Go home, before worse happens." The youth shed bitter tears, said it was a momentary weakness, implored for another trial, and promised to behave better the next time. Dundee relented. The next trial soon came, with the same result. Dundee rode up to the recreant, pistol in hand, and exclaiming, "Your father's son shall never die by the hands of the hangman," shot him dead upon the spot.

Experienced military authorities have delivered their opinion that of one hundred rank and file, taken indiscriminately — Alexanders at sixpence per diem, as Voltaire sneeringly designates them—one-third are determined dare-devils, who will face any danger, and flinch from nothing; the next division are waverers, equally disposed to stand or run, and likely to be led either way by example; while the residue are rank cowards. Dr. Johnson took a more unfavourable view. At a dinner at General Paoli's, in 1778, when fears of an invasion were circulated, Mr. John Spottiswoode, the solicitor, observed that Mr. Fraser, an engineer, who had recently visited Dunkirk, said the French had the same fears of us. "It is thus," remarked Dr. Johnson, "that mutual cowardice keeps us in peace. Were one half mankind brave, and one half cowards, the brave would be always beating the cowards. Were all brave, they would lead a very uneasy life; all would be continually fighting; but being all cowards, we go on tolerably well."

The distinctive courage of different peoples depends much on the leading features of their national character. The French are brave from innate vivacity, vanity, and a love of glory; the British race, from a sense of duty, and a dogged conviction that they are better men than their opponents; the Turks and Russians, from fatalism, and a belief that if killed in battle they go straight to Paradise, no matter how heavy the balance may be against them on other accounts.

One of the most powerful of Miss Baillie's series of "Plays on the Passions" is "Orra," written to illustrate the passion of fear. These dramas were not intended for the stage, although many of them abound in *sensational* effects; neither are they read as much as their merit deserves. "Orra" would act admirably if an actress of Siddonian calibre could be found to embody the principal character. Sir Walter Scott, writing to the authoress, says, with reference to this play, "I hope you will have an eye to its being actually represented. Perhaps of all passions, fear is the most universally interesting. For although most part of an audience may have been in love once in their lives, and many engaged in the pur-

suits of ambition, and some perhaps have fostered deadly hate,\* yet there will always be many in each case who cannot judge of the operations of these motives from personal experience; whereas, I will bet my life there is not a soul of them but has bowed, more than once, under the influence of fear."

It is difficult to invest with interest a quality so universally held in contempt as cowardice; yet Sir Walter Scott has succeeded in obtaining sympathy for *Conachar*, or *Euchlan M'Jan*, the young highland chieftain, in the "Fair Maid of Perth." He evidently conceived the character *con amore*, and has elaborated it with skill and care. He says in his preface, "Two features of the story of this barrier-battle on the Inch of Perth, the flight of one of the appointed champions, and the reckless heroism of a townsman, who voluntarily offered for a small piece of coin to supply his place in the mortal encounter, suggested the imaginary persons on whom much of the novel is expended. The fugitive Celt might have been easily dealt with, had a ludicrous style of colouring been adopted; but it appeared to the author that there would be more of novelty, as well as of serious interest, if he could succeed in gaining for him something of that sympathy which is incompatible with the total absence of respect. Miss Baillie had drawn a coward by nature capable of acting as a hero under the strong impulse of filial affection. It seemed not impossible to conceive the case of one constitutionally weak of nerve, being supported by feelings of honour and jealousy up to a certain point, and then suddenly giving way, under circumstances to which the bravest heart could hardly refuse compassion."

Montaigne observes of fear, that it is a surprisal of the heart upon the apprehension of approaching evil; and if it reaches the degree of terror, and the evil seems impendent, the hair is raised on end, and the whole body put into horror and trembling. After this, if the passion continues, the spirits are thrown into confusion,

so that they cannot execute their offices; the usual succours of reason fail, judgment is blinded, the powers of voluntary motion become weak, and the heart is insufficient to maintain the circulation of the blood, which, stopping and stagnating in the ventricles, causes fainting and swooning, and sometimes sudden death. The quaint old essayist then illustrates by examples. He tells of a jester who had contrived to give his master, a petty Prince of Italy, a hearty ducking and a fright to boot, to cure him of an ague. The treatment succeeded; but the autocrat, by way of retaliation, had his audacious physician tried for treason, and condemned to lose his head. The criminal was brought forth, the priest received his confession, and the luckless buffoon knelt to prepare for the blow. Instead of wielding his axe, the executioner, as he had been instructed, threw a pitcher of water on the bare neck of the criminal. Here the shock was to have ended; but the shock was too great for poor Gonella, who was found dead on the block.

Montaigne also says, that fear manifests its utmost power and effect when it throws men into a valiant despair, having before deprived them of all sense, both of duty and honour. In the first great battle of the Romans against Hannibal, under the Consul Sempronius, a body of twenty thousand men that had taken flight, seeing no other escape for their cowardice, threw themselves headlong upon the great mass of their pursuing enemies, which, with wonderful force and fury they charged, and cut a passage through, with a prodigious slaughter of the Carthaginians; thus purchasing an ignominious retreat at the same price which might have won for them a glorious victory.

But if fear is a destructive, it also sometimes acts in an opposite sense. Dr. Thomas Bartoline tells us in his history of anatomy, that fear has been known to cure epilepsy, gout, and ague. He relates that a woman of condition, who was affected with the tertian ague, was so terrified by the explosion of a bomb, which was

\* These allusions apply to Miss Baillie's plays of "Count Basil," "Ethwald," and "De Montfort," written respectively to illustrate love, ambition, and revenge.

† See Ephemerides of the Curious, "Universal Magazine," vol. II., p. 247.

fired off during her fit, that she fainted away and was thought to be dead. "Having then sent for me to see her," he adds, "and finding her pulse still pretty strong, I prescribed for her some slight cordials, and she soon recovered from her state of weakness without any appearance of fever, which had afterwards no return."

Bartoline says again that a young lady who had a quartan ague for several months successively, was invited by some of her acquaintance to take an excursion on the water, with a view to dissipate the melancholy ideas occasioned by her illness; but they had scarcely got into the boat when it began to sink, and all were terribly shocked with the dread of perishing. After escaping this danger, the patient found that the terror had cured her ailment, and she had no return of the ague.

A third instance recorded by Bartoline is even more extraordinary than the two we have already named. A man forty-two years of age, of a hot and moist constitution, subject to a choleric, but the fits not violent, was seized one evening, about sunset, with an internal cold, though the weather on that day was unusually warm. Different medicines were administered to him, but without success. He died within eighteen or nineteen hours, without the least agitation or any of the convulsions that frequently accompany the parting agony, so that he seemed to subside into a placid sleep. His friends requested Dr. Bartoline to open his body, and it was found that he had died of a mortification of the punereus. He was a very fat subject, and what was surprising in so huge and corpulent a body, his bones were as small as those of a young girl, and his muscles extremely weak, thin, and membranous rather than fleshy. While the doctor was making these observations on the dissected corpse, a brother of the deceased, who had been absent for sixteen years, and was of the same size, constitution, and habit of body, entered the room suddenly and unexpectedly. He looked on the remains of his relative, heard the detail of the circumstances of his death, the cause of which he saw confirmed with his own eyes, and reasoned for some time calmly and sensibly on the mournful event. All at once he became stupified,

speechless, and fell into a fainting fit, from which neither balsams nor stimulants, nor any of the remedies resorted to in such cases could recover him. The opening of a vein was suggested, but this advice was not followed. All present appeared as if paralyzed with horror. The patient seemed to be without pulse or respiration, his limbs began to stiffen, and he was pronounced to be on the point of expiring. A sudden idea struck Bartoline, for which he says he could not account, but he said aloud, "Let us recompose the dead body and sew it up; in the meantime the other will be quite dead, and I will dissect him also. The words were scarcely uttered when the gentleman supposed to be *in articulo mortis*, started up from the sofa on which he had been laid, roared out with the lungs of a bull, snatched up his cloak, took to his heels, as if nothing had happened to him, and lived for many years after in an excellent state of health.

Fear has been known to turn the hair in a single night from black to gray or white. This happened, amongst others, to Ludovico Sforza. The same is asserted of Queen Marie Antoinette, although not so suddenly, and, as some say, from grief, not fear. The Emperor Louis, of Bavaria, anno 1256, suspected his wife, Mary of Brabant, without just cause, condemned her, unheard, for adultery, and caused her chief lady-in-waiting, who was also innocent, to be cast headlong from a tower, as a confederate in his dishonour. Soon after this horrible cruelty he was visited by a fearful vision one night, and rose in the morning with his dark locks as white as snow.

A young Spaniard of noble family, Don Diego Osorio, being in love with a lady of the court, prevailed on her to grant him an interview by night in the royal gardens. The barking of a little dog betrayed them. The gallant was seized by the guard and conveyed to prison. It was a capital crime to be found in that place without special permission, and therefore he was condemned to die. The reading of the sentence so unmanned him that the next morning he stood in presence of his gaoler with a furrowed visage and gray hair. The fact being reported to King Ferdinand as a prodigy, he was moved to compassion, and par-

doned the culprit, saying, he had been sufficiently punished in exchanging the bloom of youth for the hoary aspect of age. The same happened to the father of Martin Delrio, who, lying sick in bed, heard the physicians say he would certainly die. He recovered, but the fright gave him a gray head in a few hours, and this instance of the terror he had suffered never afterwards left him.

Robert Boyle, in his "*Philosophical Examples*," relates the following incident of the same class:—"Being about four or six years since," he says, "in the county of Cork, there was an Irish captain, a man of middle age and stature, who came with some of his followers to surrender himself to the Lord Broghill, who then commanded the English forces in those parts, upon a public offer of pardon to the Irish that would lay down their arms. He was casually met with in a suspicious place by a party of the English, and intercepted, the Lord Broghill being then absent. He was so apprehensive of being put to death before the return of the commander-in-chief, that his anxiety of mind quickly altered the colour of his hair in a peculiar manner. It was not uniformly changed, but here and there certain peculiar tufts and locks, whose bases might be about an inch in diameter, were suddenly turned white alone; the rest of his hair, whereof the Irish used to wear good store, retained its natural reddish colour."

A sudden shock operates on the memory as well as on the hair. In Pliny's *Natural History* we read of one who being struck violently and unexpectedly by a stone, forgot his letters, and could never write again; another, he says, through a fall from the roof of a very high house, lost the remembrance of his own mother, his nearest kinsfolks, friends, and neighbours; and a third, in a fit of sickness, ceased to recognise his own servants. Messala Corvinus, the great orator, being startled suddenly, forgot his own name, and was unable to remember it for a considerable time. The same thing happened to Sidney Smith, not from fear, but from absence of mind. He called on a friend, who was not at home, and he happened to have no card to leave. "What name, sir?" said the servant. "That's exactly what I can't tell you," was the

reply. Apollonius mentions that Artemidorus, the grammarian, having espied a crocodile lying on the sands as he walked by, and perceiving him to move, was so terrified that he believed his left leg and hand were already devoured by the monster, and utterly lost all memory of his learning.

Augustus Cæsar was not a valiant man, in the popular acceptance of the word. He shrank in his tent from the onset at Philippi, skulked in the hold of the admiral's galley during the sea-fight with Sextus Pompey in the straits of Messina, and was a safe spectator on shore at Actium. Antony, and even his own friend and lieutenant, Agrippa, taunted him with his want of courage. He was so terrified at thunder and lightning that he always carried with him the skin of a sea-calf as an antidote. If he suspected the approach of a tempest, he ran to some underground vault until the symptoms passed over. Yet Suetonius says he once, under necessity, showed a bold front to a danger he could not avoid. He was walking abroad with Diomedes, his steward, when a wild boar, which had broken loose, rushed directly towards them. The steward, in his terror, ran behind the emperor and interposed him as a shield betwixt the assailant and himself. Augustus stood his ground, because flight was barred, and the boar turned tail. But knowing that fear, not malice, had prompted the conduct of his servant, he had the magnanimity to confine his resentment to a perpetual jest. Caligula, who affected to contemn the gods, was equally terrified with Augustus at the least indication of thunder and lightning. He covered his head, and if the explosions chanced to be loud and near, leaped from his couch and hid himself under it. Hobbes, of Malmesbury, a professed unbeliever, trembled in a similar manner from the same cause. Ulric Zuinglius relates that Pope Alexander III., being in France, and performing divine offices upon Good Friday, on a sudden there was a horrible darkness, and while the reader, who was on the passion of our Saviour, was uttering these words, "It is finished," there fell such a stupendous lightning, followed by such a crash of thunder, that the

Pope left the altar, the reader the desk, and all present, priests and people, ran terrified out of the church.

Shakespeare, as we have seen, when embodying the feelings of a great warrior and conqueror, under-ates the fear of death; when representing a voluptuary condemned in the hey-day of youth and hot blood, he enhances it. He makes *Claudius*, in "Measure for Measure," say—

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise

To what we fear of death."

The opinions are extremely opposite, yet they are consistent with nature, and with the characters and positions of the persons who are supposed to utter them. But criminals who have led a life of atrocious guilt, often behave with composure when brought out for public execution. This may arise from pride subduing the terror of the moment, from being conscience-stricken, or truly penitent; but we suspect, in general, it proceeds from callousness and the indifference of hardened unbelief. Such is most likely the real condition of those who utter ribald jests, remain doggedly silent, or persist in denying crimes which all the world lays to their charge on immutable conviction. We often wonder whence Shakespeare's observant mind and creative genius derived the idea of that most anomalous of sentenced felons, *Barnardine*, who refuses to be hanged until it pleases himself, and gives logical reasons for it. He has been nine years under sentence, but constantly reprieved; might often have escaped, but declined the opportunity. At last the order for execution is issued, and his hour has arrived. The hangman calls him, to which he replies—"Away, you rogue; I am sleepy."

"*Abhorson*.—Look you, the war-rant's come.

"*Barnardine*.—I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

"*Abhorson*.—Here comes your ghostly father.

"*Duke* (as *Friar*).—I am here to pray with you.

"*Barnardine*.—Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

"*Duke*.—Oh, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

"*Barnardine*.—I swear I will not be hanged to-day for any man's persuasion.

"*Duke*.—But hear you.

"*Barnardine*.—Not a word. If you have anything to say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I to-day. *Exit*.

"*Duke*.—Unfit to live or die; O gravel heart!"

And the obstinate humorist carries his point, being finally remitted.

History mentions several ambitious sovereigns who loved war but had no taste for personal participation in its perils. Charles the Fifth, and his son, Philip the Second, are amongst the number. The leading characteristic of the latter was cruelty, a disposition generally associated with cowardice. Diocletian, after he became emperor, fought more by his lieutenants than in person. Lactantius said of him that he was timid and spiritless in all situations of danger. *Erat in omni tumultu metuculosus et animi dejectus*.\* But we must receive the sentence with caution. Lactantius was the champion and advocate of the Christians, while Diocletian was their bitter persecutor. Before he reached the imperial dignity, Diocletian, the son of a slave, rose from the ranks, and served through many wars, before at thirty-eight, he rose to the command of the body-guards of Numerian. He must have seen and shared in hard fighting under a succession of warlike sovereigns:—Odenathus, Gallienus, Claudius Gothicus, Aurelian, Tacitus, Probus, and Carus. The reigns of these monarchs were short, but abounding in military enterprise and achievements, in victories and conquests, which vindicated the ancient glory of Rome, and maintained the reputation of the long defunct but still nominal Republic. It is not easy to believe that a soldier of fortune like Diocletian, without interest

\* Lactant. De Mortibus Persecutorum, c. ix.

or powerful connexions, who must fight his way up the ladder surrounded by active competitors, and who can only hope to win superior esteem and station by superior conduct, can be a constitutional coward. The same charge has been brought against Cromwell and Napoleon, but it defeats itself. No rational arguer gives credit to the calumny.

A commander should be self-collected in a battle, calm under a shower of darts or the whistling of artillery; but to prove his courage, he is not called upon to charge wind-mills with the chivalric madness of Don Quixote, or to slay eight hundred enemies with his own hand, as recorded of Aurelian and Richard Cœur de Lion. Charles of Sweden and Attila loved fighting for fighting's sake; for the *certainis gaudia*, as Cassiodorus writes; "the rapture of

the strife," as Lord Byron translates the passage. Yet a brave general is not obliged to be a vulture snuffing blood like the truculent King of the Huns. He can maintain his reputation for personal courage without jumping alone into the midst of an army of foes, as Alexander did from the walls of Oxydrace; or resisting a host of many thousands with three hundred men, as Charles XII. did at Bender; or of placing his foot first on the scaling ladder in emulation of the extreme daring of the Constable Bourbon, under extreme circumstances, at the storming of Rome. Charles the First lacked *moral* courage, but he was no craven physically. His bravery in the field, and calm dignity on the scaffold, went far in atonement of his political weaknesses and shortcomings.

## OAK LEAVES AND MOULD.—NO. II.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

### I.

I HAVE a picture in my room,  
 One of the dead, beloved and lost;  
 It looks at me through morning's gloom,  
 Through the dun, dizzy calm of noon,  
 And when the twilight clouds drift past,  
 The silver shores of the stormy moon.  
 Around the casement where I rest,  
 Old flowers and shrubs she loved have grown;  
 Their shadows in the light of the west  
 Waver and nod, as the wind o'er me,  
 From the low layed evening hill has blown;  
 And the first full star floats up the sea.  
 And here I think in the low twilight,  
 I see thee wandering on the strand  
 Of thy new home this purple night;  
 And beckoning through the shadowy screen  
 Of space, with a pure moonlit hand  
 Toward where I am and thou hast been.

### II.

Spirits of those we call the dead,  
 Spirits who once were garbed in clay,  
 Move with us as the world we tread,  
 Drifts through the waves of night and day:  
 Chained by the laws that spread through space  
 Like shadows of some sun afar,  
 Th' invisible and mortal race  
 Roll sphered for ever round this star:  
 But 'mid yon myriad hosts, for me,  
 One lives; in one alone my soul  
 Love's pure perpetual home shall see,  
 Howe'er the planets change and roll.

Howe'er the spheres of souls are driven  
 When mighty influences stir,  
 I need but pray and look to heaven—  
 She comes whene'er I think of her :  
 And sometimes from the low sea moon  
 I watch her o'er the wave appear ;  
 And oft in the loud cities noon,  
 A silence tells me she is near.

## • III.

Let years roll on, the happy past  
 Shall make my sweetest pleasure here ;  
 Old love, enough for me, shall last  
 And with it, all my heart holds dear :  
 Still thou shalt watch me from the height  
 Of yonder azure death deep skies,  
 Dear soul, a fond and faithful light,  
 Though all unseen of these dim eyes ;  
 While lapped in heart trance, night by night,  
 I'll gather olden days to me ;  
 And soothe my evening with thy light,—  
 Life rounded moon of memory.

## • IV.

Oftimes I leave my lone abode  
 To breathe the air amid my dreams,  
 To wander on some lonely road,  
 And ponder o'er eternal themes ;  
 And pausing by the moonlit tree  
 Above the blue drift of the river,  
 Stand and think that silently  
 She wanders by my side for ever.  
 Oft, by the morning casement chill,  
 I think, as I look through the blind half drawn,  
 That o'er the mild slope of the hill,  
 I see her face amid the dawn :  
 And from the rivulet below,  
 Her gentle voice seems murmuring near,  
 When my heart is in my happy ear,  
 And the early wind is breathing low.  
 Blue April comes with soft moonlight,  
 And leafy wind and humid star ;  
 The saint-like clouds, all pure and white,  
 Look from the midnight heavens afar.  
 Then in the casement's dusky rest,  
 And on the streams of air that roll  
 From yon star o'er the mountain's crest,  
 I hear her whispering to my soul.

## • V.

It is a dim gray sabbath day,  
 The prayer-bell rings, the wind is low,  
 And the dear tomb to which I stray  
 Is dim with mist and ledged with snow:  
 I think of thee, I pray for thee,  
 Dear friend, now lying calm below ;  
 I know not whither thou art gone,  
 And that I love thee, all I know :  
 The sabbath days are all I own  
 To bring thee to my heart of woe,  
 To call thy face up all alone,  
 And dream of dear times long ago :

Oh, well I feel couldst thou come near  
 And heal this heart of thy death blow,  
 Thou'd leave the heaven to dry my tear,  
 Nor wish return and leave me so.

But God, whose will is perfect love,  
 Between us makes the space-seas flow,  
 And hangs the barrier'd stars above  
 To shut the dead from worlds below :

Once feared I—but fear thou not, dear,  
 That grief would weep the memory blind,  
 That love with time would lessen here,  
 And active days leave woe behind.

But ah ! dear angel, never more  
 Comes on this earth pure joy to me,  
 But grows and hoards itself with thee  
 Upon that far eternal shore.

## VI.

When Winter's mighty presence comes  
 With dolorous airs, gray rain and snows,  
 I pace, while storm around me hums,  
 The brown beech forest's skeleton rows  
 Upon the hill above the town ;  
 But dimly trace its smoky form ;  
 The distance lies in misty storm,  
 The gray-green sea and woodlands brown ;  
 The roaring city lies beneath  
 As quiet as a distant cloud ;  
 All still as they within the shroud  
 That lie within the streets of death :

Oft here we sate on the summer grass,  
 And watched through the windows of the wood  
 The distant figures silent pass  
 Along the yellow winding road ;  
 And like the winds that moan and mourn,  
 The heart-blood coldly sways through me,  
 As I stand in the falling leaves forlorn,  
 And carve her name on the wintry tree.

The day fell gray and windy at noon,  
 Then lapsed in a darker calm for an hour,  
 While heavily swept the drifting shower,  
 Across the fields again, again—  
 The dark unravelling cloud of rain.  
 At sunset for a space, the green  
 Of the distant slopes and hills were seen ;  
 Then evening grew to dreary night,  
 But cleared a little in the light  
 Of the vague wintry moon.

## VII.

Upon a lawn that fronted toward the sun,  
 I saw her in my dream—the sweet loved face  
 And gentle form by which I used to run  
 In childish days, and the old simple grace  
 That made all love her, was upon her still ;  
 She smiled on me, and in that smile I knew  
 That death, the heavens, and heavenly friends we meet  
 When passed beyond the autumn arc of blue,  
 Were nought to her ; and that her loving will  
 Would lead her from their glory for my sake.



## VIII.

When spring floats up the seas, and while  
 The fresh air soothe the sense, once more  
 In the blue light of April's smile  
 I pace the promontory's shore ;  
 Where many a day with friendly books  
 We breathed the peace of ocean's noon,  
 Till high in dreamy dusk, the rooks  
 Pushed woodward, and the brightening moon  
 Rounded above the cloudy wave :  
 The distant lighthouse glimmered red ;  
 Beneath the billow swamped the cave,  
 And from the gray of sunset dead,  
 The bell tolled from the inland dark ;  
 At times came voices from the main,  
 At times remote, the watch dog's bark.  
 No change is here but in the brain,  
 And heart, where many a year has flown  
 Without thee, on the summer earth,  
 Where nature now seems bright alone,  
 And by the silent winter hearth :

Here, as with many memoried heart  
 I trace our green walks by the shore.  
 I pause, to pray for thee apart,  
 To call thee to my side once more ;  
 For well I know hadst thou the power  
 Thou'dst leave the brightest heavenly sphere,  
 To see me but for one brief hour ;  
 To comfort me left lonely here.  
 Well, it is something, still to dream  
 In nature's silence by the bay ;  
 Again, recalling love, to seem  
 Living with thee this one brief day,  
 Which now haze-wildered, swift and low  
 Sinks to the sea in mournful gloom,  
 While gusts of wind from the gray glow,  
 And passes moaning toward thy tomb.  
 I turn my back upon the hill ;  
 Fate beckons me to other lands ;  
 Night spreads before me wide and chill—  
 A lonely moon and endless sands.

## IX.

It is a quiet lonely day,  
 A summer Sunday sweet and long ;  
 The sky is scarfed with clouds of gray,  
 The trees are full of simple song :  
 Ah ! many a day like this we've trod  
 The leafy path beside the river,  
 Two silent souls, and prayed to God  
 That our old love might last for ever.  
 How oft on evenings gone by,  
 In stilly hours of joy and rest,  
 We sat within the casement nigh,  
 And gazed into the yellow west :  
 And musing heard a mournful sound  
 Funereal, float along the river,  
 And die above the cypress'd mound  
 That closed thee from my sight for ever.

I watch the stars that westward roll,  
And long to wander where they go,  
On to the grave that shrines my woe—  
On to the country of the soul.

Ofttimes I fear the storm of life  
May drown thy memoried voice divine ;  
That I may lose amid the strife  
The touch of vanished hands in mine.

That year on year widening apace,  
But further yet our souls may sever ;  
But no : in quiet hours thy face  
Comes back in blessed dreams for ever.

#### THE REFORM BILL OF 1866.

WHATEVER shall be the fate of the Reform Bill of Earl Russell's Ministry,—we commence this article whilst the lists are still open and the struggle proceeding,—it may with confidence be said that no measure of high constitutional importance has ever been more fully or more ably discussed. The last Parliament under the old Franchises which have served so well for over thirty years—if it is to be the last—has shown great vigour and conscientiousness. Perhaps never before, in a great political crisis, was there less of the spirit of faction, or more general independence of judgment or earnestness of purpose exhibited by the House of Commons. Although party ties have been as powerful as on other occasions to hold the crowd of the rank and file together under their respective chiefs, among the leading thinkers the higher considerations of public duty have operated powerfully, and the fetters of names and associations have been cast off, and the course manfully taken which strong convictions dictated and the national interests seemed to demand. It is this feature which chiefly gives moment to a prolonged debate that will occupy a prominent place in the history of political warfare, and it will be well to mark how such a development of an unwonted parliamentary independence is accounted for.

It will not be sufficient to refer it to the idiosyncrasy of one or more individuals whose bold example stimulated others. Without denying that the country owes a vast deal to

the men—few but brave and competent—who have resisted Revolution in the name of Reform, and before pointing more particularly to what they actually have done, let us look at the deeper influences which they have obeyed, and trace to its origin that constitutionalism which they have arisen to represent at the instant when their help was needed.

It does not appear that those persons, right though they be in a degree, go to the root of the matter, who attribute the spirit of resistance to ill-considered change manifested by a Liberal section of representatives to the surviving, for a time, of Palmerstonian ideas; for Lord Palmerston's policy was admittedly the creation of a public opinion in favour of constitutional repose, and not the cause of it. The man, great as he was, was less than the influence which he obeyed. Nor is it imputable to what has been called by many in a narrow party sense a conservative reaction. Mainly it is due to the double cause, that the people at large have long been satisfied with the working of the parliamentary machine, and have not scrupled to say so; and that those who, for party or other designs, have desired to remodel it, have proclaimed their purpose lately in a manner more open, more daring, and more alarming, than even the intelligent class of working men can bear. The great body of operatives, enfranchised and unenfranchised alike, have given proof that they are satisfied, and hence the signal failure of agitators among them; but, partly from a

wish never to acknowledge finality in a progressive State, partly because Reform was a familiar idea, they have given that sort of apathetic sanction to the projects of their supposed friends which has puzzled and thwarted the Ministry.

The *rationale* of this apathy was unexplained until the electoral statistics appeared. It was then seen that the working men are fairly represented, and that in some places they have even the command of the constituencies. They had felt this themselves. They saw no anomaly. They were conscious of no disability, and it was impossible to persuade them that they had a grievance. These facts, which are entirely indisputable, are the stable basis of the position which the men of the Middle Party have taken up.

This Middle Party, first so entitled in these very pages, the party which Mr. Bright ridiculed when he favoured the House with his Scotch-terrier illustration, and to the strength and ability of which Earl Russell wished to shut his eyes, when, at the meeting of his supporters, he disputed its existence, we spoke of in our February number, before the Session opened, as constituted by a serious defection from the Ministerial ranks, and added: "This is the party—hardly yet formed, but containing the elements of the only competent Opposition—which the Ministry really fear. They are not apprehensive of mischief from Mr. Disraeli as the leader in an attack. He is not in a position to assail the Government on the Reform question. He himself stands pledged to a measure of Reform which Mr. Gladstone will probably be able to show went quite as far as the Bill the Ministry are about to introduce . . . It would be easy to disarm him alone; but there are those other champions in the field—not many, perhaps, in number, but quite unfettered, very bold, and carrying with them the prestige of Lord Palmerston's name. The pupils of the great departed have a noble work, and if they only take it up energetically, the mass of Mr. Disraeli's followers must troop round them. It is certain that the party of honest and manly resistance to Brightism, in all its branches and projects, will have a large degree of public sympathy, and stand a fair

chance of becoming the ruling influence in British politics for a protracted period." In this passage we have not a word to alter. Everything that has since occurred corroborates the view then taken of the more immediate political future. The Palmerstonian contingent have proved themselves a potent parliamentary force—powerful in their principles, in the support they have received from the press and from the public, and in the ability which they have manifested in debate. In some form or other, whether as a section of a coalition Ministry, or as an independent Opposition, they must henceforward exert an influence upon English legislation which no mere eloquence of the over-wordy order will countervail. That influence, too, must be, on the whole, salutary; for whatever may be the opinions of the politicians to whom we refer on other matters, they are to the core sound on the constitutional principle that the balance of political power among the various classes of society shall be preserved. If the passing of the Franchise Bill should destroy this balance, they will apply themselves to the task of restoring it by further legislation, in connexion with the re-arrangement of seats or otherwise. They can be depended upon throughout as anti-American, to use the phrase which will in the shortest way convey their position and characteristics.

It is one of the most remarkable features of the crisis through which the country is passing, that the ablest and most influential of our journalists are on the side of this party of Moderates. There are persons who will plume themselves on discovering causes for this of a different kind from those that are manifest, and the significance of which it is proper to indicate. We confess ourselves, however, to be of those who consider that an honest desire to uphold and condemn, according as conscience and the country's interests require, animates the leading journals enjoying the public confidence. This desire was never more palpably dominant than now, and never before were the public more ready to acknowledge the fact, and grant to the reasonings of their daily counsellors the attention to which such

a conviction prompts. Should the Reform Bill be defeated in its present shape, the press may fairly claim in large measure the credit of the victory. It is very questionable whether the Liberal members, who have opposed it would have had courage for the course they adopted, or having entered upon would have persevered in it, but for the ready appreciation their principles found in the daily journals, and the able and constant justification of their conduct volunteered by those who disinterestedly approved it, and discerned with quick and practised eye that it was far more in accordance with the convictions of the people than the democracy of Mr. Bright, which is without defined limits, and means universal suffrage if it means anything.

The more clear-sighted of public writers, professing heretofore to be of the Liberal party, have perceived that the change in the character of that party proposed to be effected by Mr. Gladstone would be its ruin, and the desire to avert that consummation has operated to influence their conduct. England might for a short period become enamoured of Radicalism, might fall under the influence of the stupid delusion that Mr. Bright is a great prophet, and the £7 voter a philosophic politician, whose sagacity has hitherto been denied to the councils of the State to its vital injury; but no one can suppose that this affection for Radicalism would last. And when it gave way, where would the Liberal party be if Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone had been permitted to turn the full stream of its influence into the Birmingham channel? The English public would be compelled in that event to reject the Liberal party as debased—to put it from them as a guilty thing; and the result would be the establishment of a purely Conservative Ministry, to last as long as the remembrance lasted of the peril from which the nation had escaped. The Liberals who did not wish to see their party destroyed had no alternative but to denounce Mr. Gladstone, who had proposed to swamp it with the Radicalism of Mr. Bright; and accordingly, nothing could be truer or more effective than the statement of Lord Grosvenor, that

Mr. Gladstone was the real traitor, the deserter from Liberal principles, the leader who had insulted his followers by endeavouring to set up a new flag instead of the old one to which alone they owed allegiance; and nothing could be more audacious than the charge made by the leader of the House of Commons against the true Liberals of having been false to the colours whose honour they have been in reality maintaining. The course of the debate on the Reform Bill tended powerfully to justify the Liberal Opposition as the Liberal party proper, and when the mists have cleared away, and the argument comes to be made by the political historian without heat or prejudice, Mr. Gladstone will be described as the worst friend the Liberal party ever had—as the Minister who, with two roads before him, to make choice between, notwithstanding that he had the experience of so sound a man as Lord Palmerston for his guidance, chose the wrong road, and strove intemperately and vainly to drag an unwilling party after him in his fatal error.

The conviction is growing, and we may claim to have done our part to foster it, that whether the Ministry get over the difficulty of the second reading of the Reform Bill or not, the country can only be rescued from the peril into which they have brought it by a combination of Conservatives of the more liberal, and Whigs of the less radical, order. We of course bear in mind the old saying that "England hates coalitions," but the coalitions which England has reason to hate were coalitions of convenience, in which there were no common sympathies and no real bonds of union. The case before us is different. If the persons come together into a new and strong party of whom we speak they will have been compacted under a powerful necessity, compelling men to act together because their *principles* are the same, and because those principles are gravely imperilled. The Ministry, which should thus be formed, would be at once more Conservative and more Liberal than its precursor, and accordingly more English and more enduring. The only danger would be the doubt whether leading men unaccustomed to act together, and igno-

rant of each other's tempers and views on general subjects, would be able to avoid all personal altercation, and consent to make sufficient reciprocal sacrifices; but this sort of difficulty has to be encountered whenever new blood is brought into a Ministry, and under a politic and conciliatory chief petty disputes ought to be easily restrained. It is pretty well known that, should it become necessary for the Queen to consult Lord Derby, he will decline to take office. He is constitutionally unfitted for the position, and his health not equal to it. The noble lord would advise Her Majesty, no doubt, to apply to some statesman of experience who would command, at least by the respect entertained for his character, the confidence of the country, adding the expression of his belief that a Ministry composed to some extent of men heretofore sitting on different sides of the House, is the necessity of the political situation. This view of the course to be taken acceded to, and the principal selected, all the rest would be practicable enough. The Middle-party men, when in power, would command much more than a sufficient number of Liberal votes to place Mr. Gladstone and the Radicals in a safe minority; and there would be no reason that a Government so constructed and supported should not last out the full term of a parliament.

We may remind the public, further, that in the pages of the *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*, when briefly recording

the death of the late wise and good Premier, we strongly recommended the immediate formation of a Palmerston Club in tribute to his memory, and to sustain and perpetuate his wisely balanced principles, under the application of which to its domestic affairs the nation prospered, the people were content, and such agitations as the present Ministers have endeavoured to create were unknown. Without some such organization the strength of the new party will not be readily ascertainable. It will otherwise have no clear rallying-point. Since we then wrote, short as is the time that has elapsed, many mists have been cleared away. Much that was thought at that time almost romantic in idea is plain fact now. There can no longer be any dispute as to the existence of a powerful Palmerstonian influence in Parliament, and the propriety of establishing a new club, of the character we indicated, is admitted. With respect to the name, we still press that the word "Palmerston" would carry a distinct idea, and be acceptable not only to those who would join a Middle Party, but to the nation. It would be a guarantee that the country would not seek in vain for the services of a body of representatives competently and boldly led, who would never stoop to seek popularity by sacrificing the interests of the whole people to those of a class, even the largest numerically, or endeavour to retain office by the arts of the demagogue.

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LXVII.

### BALZAC IN UNDRRESS.

ALREADY in this Magazine have been treated the subjects of the style, spirit, and tendency of Balzac's stories. The present paper has no connexion with any of these things. It has to do with Balzac the man of mighty plans, of untiring industry, of insatiable greed for gold, the man of sumptuous living when not labouring like a mole in his darkened chamber, and of buoyant hopefulness in the very wreck of his most darling projects. A man of iron will, and determination to live one day at ease and in the enjoyment of luxury, he long endured poverty and ill success in his literary attempts. Having made himself a name in literature and changed places with the Paris publishers—they being now obliged to wait on him instead of he on them—he was still obliged to work like a horse in order to clear off incumbrances, purchase rare objects of vertu, and repair those mistakes in business to which he as well as every mere man of letters, was, and ever will be obnoxious. At last when by a marriage with Countess Hanska, he was rendered independent of mental drudgery, and looked forward to happy years to be spent in the acquisition of rare objects of art, and of domestic happiness with an amiable and devoted wife, the dread summons came in the very first year of marriage—and his laborious and stormy career was past. Of this strange existence the present paper pretends merely to present a few episodes, not of much importance but very characteristic of the character and disposition of the man as distinguished from the writer.

VOL. LXVII.—NO. CCCCII.

### THE JARDIES.

It would be too much to expect that a man rigidly confining himself to literary work for eighteen hours a day for months at a time, and in his enjoyable moments seeing few but mere artists and literary people, should be a good man of business, and possess habits of order and thrift. He supposed that he had discovered the site of the *Jardies*, a notable outlet of Versailles in the days of the "Grand Monarque," though the good folk of Sèvres and Ville d'Avray would never acknowledge that his unprofitable purchase stood on the site of that favourite spot of some of Louis's courtiers.

Balzac had scarcely built the outer walls, and set up the great folding door, when he got engraved in golden characters on a slab of black marble inserted under the bell, "The Jardies."

"The door was put in position, and turned on its hinges before the house, whose entrance it was intended to guard, was built. The construction of this mansion was long a precious godsend to the caustic reunions of the Parisians, always on the watch for the foibles of a superior personage. Great was the weakness of Balzac on the subject of masonry. It was at that epoch his only pleasure, his only manner of resting from the excessive mental labour to which he was devoted. Despotie in his directions, he managed to forget the staircase. So one fine day, masons and architects gathered round him, and cried, 'Mon-sieur Balzac, the house is finished: when are we to commence with the staircase?'"

—*Leon Goslan.*

Our romancist had projected spacious apartments in his limited

building, and the abominable staircase would persist in cutting a third off one room, a half off another, and completely spoiling the poetical plan of the unpractised architect. He endeavoured to reduce it, to twist it, to confine it to a corner, but it would not adapt itself to any of the master's designs. "The masons in despair flung their mortar to the skies, the architect broke the legs of his compasses, and in a fit of utter prostration Balzac cried out, 'Well, since this rebellious article insists on being master inside, I will turn it out of doors.'"

Thus did he succeed in securing the largest possible dimensions for his apartments, and the troublesome staircase being exposed to the inclemency of the weather was obliged to lean against the exterior wall in an ignoble fashion. This and other apparent conquests over impracticable matters form apt illustrations of the general unfitness of mere literary genius to bring to a successful issue such matters as require habits of order and patience, and mere worldly wisdom.

Balzac's surprising industry, and efforts to finish long laborious tasks, were means (not at all agreeable in themselves) to obtain the ever-cherished desire of his life—enjoyment of luxury in furniture and objects of art. Such was his all-absorbing wish for wealth, not in the miser's sense, however, that his imagination was possessed at times by the wildest schemes for acquiring treasure by easy and speedy means. A few examples of his hallucinations will be given in the course of the article. Here we take a glance at his order of time for twenty-four hours, the night furnishing the most propitious moments.

Attired in a Dominican's white gown and hood, and sitting in a room remote from disturbance, and lighted up by wax candles (sunlight—when it appeared—being carefully excluded), he began his day at two o'clock, A.M., and wrote on till six. From this hour till nine his time was taken up by a bath, his morning beverage of strong unsugared coffee, a conference with his publisher, and correction of proofs.

From nine to noon he wrote on, and then refreshed himself with a déjeuner of which fresh eggs were the chief article, his drink being unadulterated water. After another cup of coffee he laboured diligently till six o'clock, when if business was not too urgent he enjoyed a frugal dinner with a chosen friend or two, contenting himself with one glass of good wine. He then gave audience to his publisher and was in bed shortly after eight. Long night watches, short allowance of sleep, and abuse of strong coffee, gradually told on his robust constitution.

He obtained his cherished wishes in part by the acquisition of some most rare pieces of the regal furniture of the sixteenth century, and of some valuable pictures and statues, but they were trifling compared to the extent of his expectations. Leon Gozlan, his friendly but sometimes indiscreet biographer, furnishes us with the following illustration\* of his ambition:—

"His projects for the Jardies were unbounded. On the bare wall of every room he had written with charcoal in good running hand, the upholstery treasures he meant to bestow on them. For many years my eyes rested at intervals on these inscriptions on the passive surface of the stucco:—

"Here, a lining of Parian marble;

Here, the plinth of a pillar in cedar wood;

Here, a ceiling to be painted by Eugène Delacroix;

Here, a large tapestry of Aubusson;

Here, a chimney in Cipolin marble;

Here, doors in the Trianon style;

Here, a mosaic floor formed by all the rare woods of the isles."

"These wonders always remained in the state of charcoal inscriptions. Balzac freely allowed joking on his ideal furnishing. He laughed more than I did myself one day, when I wrote in still larger characters than his own on the wall of his bed-chamber, which was just as bare as his other apartments.

"Here, a picture of Raphael beyond price and such as has never yet been seen."

#### BALZAC AT TEA.

Balzac occasionally forgot to come to dinner, but when his mind was in a state of comparative rest, he enjoyed it heartily with a couple of his

\* "Balzac en Pantoufles; Balzac chez Lui" (Balzac in his Slippers; Balzac at Home). By Leon Gozlan. Paris: Michel Levy, Frères.

friends. Wine he took sparingly, fresh meat seldom, but piles of fruit vanished in his capacious mouth, the bases of pyramids of choice pears and peaches were soon left bare. He talked little at table, but he would burst into Pantagruelic laughs at the jokes of his friends, especially if they took the form of puns; the worse they were the louder were his explosions. Meanwhile, with shirtcollar open, cravat removed, and fruit-knife in hand, he cut, and bit, and sucked, and as the pun escaped his chest swelled, his shoulders shook and the jovial *Tourangeau* resembled Rabelais at the table of the Abbot of Thélème. But his coffee and his tea must be sung in the words of his loyal colleague, Leon Gozlan.

"After dinner, we usually proceeded to the terrace to take coffee. M. Balzac's coffee deserves to rest proverbial. I do not suppose that Voltaire's was fit to dispute the palm with it. What colour! what aroma! He made it himself, or at least presided at its decoction, a decoction scientific, subtle, divine, as peculiar to the man as his very genius.

"This coffee consisted of three kinds of berries—Bourbon, Martinique, and Mocha. He purchased each kind in a different quarter, and the search sometimes took up a half day; but a good cup of coffee is worth that and more. Balzac's coffee exceeded every created thing, Balzac's tea excepted.

"This tea fine as Latakia snuff (*qu. tobacco*), yellow as Venetian gold, doubtless deserved the praises with which Balzac perfumed it before permitting us to taste it; but surely it was worth a certain initiation,—the privilege of sipping it. He never shared it with the profane, and even we, his bosom intimates, did not get it every day. On stated festivals alone he withdrew it from its Kamtskatka chest where it was enshrined as a relic, and leisurely extracted it from its silken paper covered with hieroglyphics.

"Then it was that Balzac commenced, still with a new, fresh pleasure to himself and to us, the history of this famous golden tea. The sun, as he said, ripened it for the Emperor of China only. Mandarins of the first class were privileged to water it and to take care of it while in growth. It was young virgins who plucked it before sunrise, and bore it with songs to the feet of the Emperor. This enchanted tea was produced only in one province of China, and this province furnished no more than a few pounds destined for His Imperial Majesty, and the eldest-born of his august house. By special grace the Emperor, when disposed to be generous, sent some few handfuls by the caravans to the Emperor of Russia."

The prime minister of the autocrat divided the rich spoil with the ambassador, the ambassador with Balzac, and Balzac with Leon Gozlan, Laurent Jan, and a few others. It would be scarcely profitable to investigate too closely how a sufficiency to regale our "Men of Letters" could ever arrive in Paris, taking into account the small quantity produced in the single province of the Flowery Land, and the divisions made on the long journey.

Balzac delighted to relate how one packet handed him by the great Humboldt had run great risk of ever arriving at the Jardies. The caravan was attacked on the route by the Kirgish and Nogais Tartars, and lives lost in defence of the precious freight. It was thus, as may be said, a tea of the Argonauts; but the wonderful portion of the narrative did not end so tamely. Said Balzac at this point of the narrative "Drink three cups of this golden tea, and you lose an eye, with six you become stone blind. Pause ere you venture." So Laurent Jan nobly daring the adventure, worthy of the bluest of the Arabian Nights, cried out with enthusiasm, "I will risk an eye; fill up!"

The master of the Jardies was a temperate man in respect to alcoholic liquors as already mentioned. So his intimates felt as if privileged to share among themselves what he might reasonably have consumed. We cannot omit the quotation of one little debauch committed by them while the master was taking his one short sleep, the genial Leon Gozlan being our informant.

"I shall never forget a celebrated Russian who from midnight till two o'clock, wept hot tears over the sad fate of one of his dear friends, condemned for life to reside at Tobolsk in the bottom (*sic*) of Siberia. He affected us so much by the hard destiny of this excellent man, that we began to weep along with him. He laboured in the mines, and the deeper we descended in our cups, the deeper the poor victim descended in earth's bowels. At two o'clock he had sunk so far among the bitumen, the sulphur, the mercury, and the platina, that we lost all memory of him. Some days later Balzac told us that the rogue of a Russian had neither friend nor acquaintance at Tobolsk, so we had been his dupes, and in some sense, his accomplices."



## THE SEAL RING OF THE PROPHET.

Instances of our hero's industry and dogged perseverance have been given. What follows illustrates his occasional fever-fits to become a millionaire by one easy effort. Gozlan relates the event in sober seriousness, but we suspect an overcharge in some part of the narrative. Quitting the Jardies at midnight he presented himself in due time in Paris at the bedside of his intimate friend, Laurent Jan already mentioned, not without exciting the maledictions of the concierge and a few of the disturbed lodgers. The poor man rubbed his eyes and sat up, and Balzac accosted him eagerly:—

"Get up, we are to set off at once." "Set out where?" "Get up and dress; I shall explain as we go along." "But whither are we going in such a devil of a hurry?" "To the Capital of the Great Mogul; we are about to become as rich as an emperor." "Well, well; before I pack my trunk, tell me what are we going to do in Mongolia at this late hour." "Oh, hasten, man! time is flying, and we have still to knock up Gozlan." "Oh, Gozlan is coming with us to the Emperor of the Moguls, is he?" "Yes to be sure; I am determined he shall share our good luck."

"Laurent resigned himself to be a single or double millionaire, dressed himself shivering all the time, and then humbly requested further information. Balzac took his arm, brought him to the lamp and said, 'Look at this ring.' 'I see it; it is worth four sous.' 'Silence! look again.' 'Well, say six, but that is the outside of its value.' 'Learn, sir, that this ring was given to me the last time I was in Vienna by the celebrated historian M. de Hammer.' 'Well?' 'Well; M. de Hammer smiled when giving me the ring, and said; 'One day you will know the importance of this little present.' I wore it for a long time without thinking of his words. I merely thought I was owner of a green stone with some Arabic characters engraved on it. But yesterday evening being at the soiree of the Neapolitan Ambassador, I had the curiosity to ask the Ottoman Ambassador the meaning of the inscription. Scarce had he cast his eyes upon it when he uttered a cry, which disturbed the whole assembly. 'You have in your possession a ring which once was worn by the Prophet, and there is his name. It was taken from the Great Mogul by the English about a hundred years ago, and sold to a German prince.' I interrupted him at once. 'It was given to me at Vienna by M. de Hammer.' 'Set out at once,' said he, 'to the dominions of the Great Mogul, who

has promised tons of gold and diamonds to whoever brings him the signet ring of the Prophet." Imagine to yourself how I flew from the assembly, and here I am to bring yourself and Gozlan to restore the ring to the Great Mogul, and raise him to the third heaven in ecstasy. Come! tons of treasure await us."

"And is it for this you have disturbed me in the dead of the night?" answered Jan. "Why! do you think the recompense too small?" replied Balzac in his turn, wondering how little the prospect of such mighty riches affected him. "I abide by the first offer I made you," said Jan, putting off his clothes as fast as he could. "Will you have four sous for the article?"

"It would be impossible to declare all the cruel reproaches Balzac inflicted on the scepticism of his friend. With a sanguine and bilious violence which gave him the appearance of a lion when he was in anger, he thundered out against Jan, till exhausted by passion he lay down on the carpet, and slept till morning, dreaming no doubt of the Mogul diamonds. It was thus that Jan and I did not take the journey to the Mogul empire. Balzac never spoke to us afterwards on the subject without the greatest precaution, and we rarely saw on his finger the signet ring of the Prophet."

## MORE GOLDEN DREAMS.

Balzac never allowed a disappointment to throw him into dejection for any length. One dream of treasures being dispersed into thin air he fell into another, his projects being of the most vast and baseless character. His first aim at dramatic success having signally failed in the production of "Vautrin," Gozlan visited him at the Jardies next morning expecting to find him sunk in dejection. Not a word or allusion fell from his lips with reference to his defeat. Thus ran his discourse.

"Look my friend on that strip of land which borders my property. Do you mark it?" "Without doubt." "There I intend in some days to establish a large dairy which will furnish the very best milk to the rich proprietors round, and of which they are at present sadly in need, placed as they are between Paris and Versailles, two mighty sponges which absorb every thing. I will have cows and dairymaids from Rambouillet, and these you know are the best in the world. All expenses paid I am certain of a net profit of three thousand francs per annum. Eh! what do you say?"

"Bringing with me to the Jardies the souvenirs of the evening before, I so little

expected such a demand that I was unable to make an answer. He resumed. 'You see that other strip of land outside the one we are talking of?' 'Where there is nothing sown?' 'Just so, for the moment. But hearken to me. Under Louis XIV., the famous gardener La Quintinie planted in a spot reserved from the park, garden stuff of a rare and superior character. These legumes were destined for the king's table alone, whose wish it was that the culture should be continued for the sake of his descendants. Thus Louis XV. and Louis XVI. enjoyed those privileged vegetables. The Revolution disturbed the royal cabbage garden, and it did not get into favour again till the Restoration. Louis Philippe has continued the tradition, and the legumes of La Quintinie have recovered their vogue but the Court alone has the benefit. I am in a position to extend these advantages to the families of the gentry round us. I possess the various seeds, and I am about to sow them. It will be another three thousand francs per year. Do you comprehend?' 'Oh yes; just six thousand francs per annum;—three from milk, three from cabbages and leeks.' 'But that's not all.' 'I am glad to hear it.' 'Take a glance to the left, on that spot as delightfully situated as Malaga itself. I will have a vineyard there equal to any one in your vaunted South.' 'Just so, where the wine is detestable.' 'That's because they are ignorant of the true mode of cultivation; but I am speaking of Malaga. That spot I have pointed out to you is a bit of the very sun itself, so hot, so ferruginous. I do not wish to exaggerate, but the wine grown there will be worth three thousand francs the piece; my net profit will be twelve thousand francs per annum—twelve thousand francs!' 'And three thousand for milk, and three thousand for cabbage: this if I mistake not, amounts to eighteen thousand francs.' 'Right enough, but let me finish. Cast your eyes this way, consider the height of that walnut tree.' 'That belongs to the commune of Sèvres or Ville d'Array,' said I to Balzac: 'you have told me so a hundred times.' 'But I have purchased it, it is mine, my own property.' 'Oh goodness! what can you make of it?' 'I can make two thousand francs yearly.' 'Two thousand francs from the nuts of one tree!'

#### THE WONDERFUL WALNUT TREE.

But the sequel is not given till the visit of Victor Hugo is described later in date. Balzac was on friendly terms with very few of his gifted brothers in literature. Hugo only once honoured the Jardies with his

presence, and Balzac received the honour with considerable damage to his nervous system. He conducted his guest through his little territory, placed on a slope, and affording little comfort or even security in the promenade along the uneven walks and narrow terraces. Hugo was rather sparing of praise in reference to the flowers and stunted shrubs, till catching a sight of the celebrated walnut tree, he cried out, "Oh, a tree at last!"

"Balzac expanded in delight at the cry of his friend. 'Yes, and a famous tree!' he answered; 'I have lately purchased it from the commune; guess what it produces.' 'As it is a walnut tree,' said Hugo, 'I presume it bears walnuts.' 'You are wide of the mark; it produces 1,500 *livres*\* per annum.' 'Of walnuts?' 'No, not walnuts,—francs I tell you.' 'Wonderful.' 'Fifteen hundred silver francs,' repeated Balzac. 'In that case the walnuts must be enchanted,' said Hugo. 'You may say so, indeed, but I must explain.'"

So the host complacently related how by an old feudal usage the inhabitants of the commune were obliged to deposit all the animal manure accruing in the burgh at the foot of the famous tree.

"'Judge,' he continued, 'what a mound of guano will be at my disposal when I have mixed this with straw and other compost. I will sell it to all the farmers, vineyard owners, marsh gardeners, and proprietors great and small in the neighbourhood. Very bars of gold have fallen into my hands with that tree—guano, in fact, such as myriads of sea-fowl leave behind them in the solitary isles of the Pacific.'"

Gozlan relates these golden fantasies of his hero in good faith, and as if he supposed him certain of their being realized; but with the exception of the "Prophet's signet ring," Balzac might have been merely mystifying Victor Hugo and Gozlan, or indulging in Pantagruelian jokes. However, his peculiar distribution of time and his mode of employment must be taken into account, joined to his embarrassments, his ardent desire of seeing round him costly works of art, and his insatiable thirst for the medium by which only his difficulties could be surmounted and his wishes gratified. So much of his time being

\* An uncomfortable equivocal to a translator, *livre* representing a pound in weight, of the old coin, about an English shilling in value.

passed in silence and solitude, and his mind so constantly occupied with the same set of ideas, it is not at all unlikely that he was subject to monomania when an apparently profitable speculation presented itself.

#### BALZAC'S FAMOUS DEBTS.

We have just spoken of Balzac's embarrassments which were sufficiently annoying, but of the mighty load of his debts of which his friends as well as he were never tired of talking, his friend and confidant, Gozlan, entertains considerable doubt.

"Those famous debts of Balzac with which he entertained every one in France as well as the outside dwellers; of which he spoke to every one, from the grand signior of the Fauborg St. Germain to his own gardener at the Jardies, and always in an amusing, charming, and interesting style,—those debts which threatened at one time to be as celebrated as his works—these debts, we repeat, have they ever existed? Comic and profound mystery! Let us stoop over the brink of this draw-well, and see what it conceals. Is it truth which shall issue forth, or an explosion of laughter?"

Our hero entertained the simple vanity of impressing on the world's belief the large amount received by him for his works year after year. This without a corresponding mass of debt would merely bestow on him the proportions of an ordinary man in the eyes of the world; but Balzac, earner of a quarter of a million of francs in the year, and the spender of twice the amount, was a personage who would be pointed out by the finger of fame to an admiring public.

His income was in all probability about £600 a year, but his inconvenient and unlucky palace of the Jardies swallowed up much money, and he was perpetually dunned for sums trifling in amount. He seems to have been betimes an adherent to Pistol's confession of faith—

"Base is the slave that pays,"

and to have remained faithful to it during his life. Still he was not a bronze-faced repudiator; he could not look in the countenance of a creditor with an impudent or defiant expression on his features. If he sinned, he paid the penalty. Listen, O ye youthful friends and imitators of

Richard Swiveller, Esq., and ponder on the ills that dog the steps of the heedless contractor of debts.

"Balzac, through an innocence of intention, which establishes all absence of high proficiency in the art of getting into debt, had the imprudence, the perilous candour of borrowing money in his neighbourhood. It was, indeed, sowing debts at his feet, which would one day spring up and stifle him. He had thus enclosed himself in a circle out of which he could not escape. His awkward and untoward obligations had so abridged his promenades and paralysed his movements, that he dared not make an excursion during the day without risk of encountering some rural creditor—grocer, or milkman, or butcher, or baker, of Ville d'Avray. We insist on considering this procedure a profound mistake in personal economy. To owe to any one is a misfortune no doubt, but to be indebted to your neighbour is an intolerable fault; it is cutting off your path, stopping, shutting out your views, putting gyves on your ankles, depriving yourself of air."

#### BALZAC AND THE GARDE CHAMPETRE.

Gozlan found his friend one morning walking round and round his pavilion. Exhorting him to quit that confined mode of taking exercise, and join him in an excursion through the wood, he could only get out of him the disjointed expressions—"Too late, the woodranger; too late, the woodranger!" After some trouble he discovered that he owed this guardian of the woods belonging to the commune the trifling sum of thirty francs, and that he had not risen so early on that morning as to be able to enjoy his walk before the usual issuing forth of the dreaded officer. He thus unburthened himself of his heavy grief—

"'Ah, he's a terrible man—not that he persecutes me, or dogs me like others. Ah, no; but his expressive silence, his piercing regards, his attitudes, his words, sudden and short as the crack of a rifle, trouble me, freeze me, turn me to stone. It is a spectre I meet, not a human being.'"

Gozlan, however, persuaded him to join him, and they entered the dreaded wood. They were deeply engaged on the subject of the *Revue Parisienne*, then about to start, when Balzac, stopping in the middle of a sentence, stammered out—

"'There he is!' 'Who then?' 'He! 'What he?' 'The woodranger.' And indeed at the corner of the opening which

we were traversing appeared the outline of the garde champêtre, with his wild-looking three-cocked hat, his gun resting on his left arm, his loose cartouche belt, his rustic gaiters, his gray hair, and his pipe soldered to the corner of his mouth, the living and most harsh embodiment of the transcendental idea—garde champêtre.

"Balzac turned pale, 'I told you,' said he, 'we could not fail to meet him.' 'Silence!' said I, 'firmness, and resignation!'

"Still the terrible spectre approached at a slow pace. He never quitted his calm, military, rigid attitude. You would have styled him the gamekeeper of the statue in Don Giovanni. Balzac ceased to speak; he did not even breathe. His eye never diverged from the baldric of the apparition."

"When he was nearly elbow to elbow with Balzac, who still held my arm, he spoke in a tone of concentrated gravity—

"Monsieur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical," and he stalked on.

"Balzac looked at me, and I looked at Balzac.

"Have you heard him? have you heard him?" said he after the woodranger had vanished in the gray morning vapour which filled the avenues. "Have you heard him? On my word of honour the phrase is sufficiently sublime to make the head giddy, it should be preserved in spirits. "Monsieur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical." It is a thousand times the value of the thirty francs I owe him. I intended to pay him to-day, but the expression is too good to be lost. Let us repeat it to the echoes all day; he shall not get his money till to-morrow. "Monsieur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical."

#### THE JARDIES IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

Several of Balzac's obligations were by no means invested with the thoughtful and sentimental character of this one. In fact the Jardies enjoyed a state of perpetual siege by officials with little bills who came by the Versailles conveyance from Paris. The inhabitants held their ears on the strain for the puffing and thundering of the train, and kept everything as still as night for about six minutes after it had gone by. If no enemy appeared by that time they took for granted that no dun had arrived, and went on in their usual routine; but in the interval the occupants of flower and kitchen gardens, paddock, and yard were not comfortable. The bell being rung, a peep was taken, and if the appearance of the visiter betokened a suitor, any one indulging in a walk took refuge behind a tree or wall, and remained immovable. The dog

about to bark was warned to desist by a pluck at the cord of his collar. He checked the intended demonstration, and lay down on his straw growing, but kept in check by the threatening gestures of the gardener's wife or son. The gardener suspended his labour, and lay down among his vegetables. Behind the green Venetian blinds, Balzac and his guests listened with mingled hope and fear to the blasphemies of the man outside. These invariably terminated with the words "All in this house are surely dead."

The defeated creditor at last withdrew, and dawdled about in the neighbourhood till the next train to Paris went by; the gardener fell to his labour; the promenaders came from behind the trees; the blinds withdrawn let in the genial light of day; the dog expressed his satisfaction to the hens and ducks by joyful barkings, and all was pleasure and freedom till the approach of the next train, when things came to the same disagreeable crisis again.

#### BALZAC'S NIGHT WALKS.

The wonderful finish, and unity of design, and complete concordance of the several parts, so evident in many works of Balzac's, were due to the many revises he bestowed on them, and the stillness of all around, and his complete isolation during his hours of composition. He has related to Gozlan that while taking a stroll in the lone woods of Ville d'Avray, and constructing the framework of some portion of his "Comédie Humaine," he would unconsciously stray during the long night watches, and perhaps find himself in the Champs Elysées at early morn, hatless, but still retaining his monacal gown and slippers. Then really coming to a sense of his situation, he would climb up on one of the Versailles voitures, and get back through Sèvres. His credits with the drivers must occasionally have led to some disagreeable results, as in the memory of his oldest acquaintance his pockets had never been known to harbour a sou or a watch in any of his home excursions.

#### BALZAC AS BOTANIST.

Of Balzac's conscientiousness in allowing fancy to have no share in his

pictures, both of animated and still life, Leon Gozlan has given to the world an interesting instance in the words of Balzac himself, who envied Cooper much for having the virgin forests and the mighty lakes of the New World spread out in stillness and majesty before him, while occupied in painting his sublime pictures of their beauty and grandeur.

"When I formed the design of writing 'Le Lis dans la Vallée' ('The Lily in the Valley'), I determined to allot a noble part to the landscape. Penetrated with this idea, I plunged into natural pantheism like a genuine pagan. I became tree, horizon, spring, star, fountain, light; and as science is a good auxiliary, I wished to learn the names and properties of a crowd of herbs and plants with which I intended to intersperse my descriptions. My first care was then to find out the names of those herbs and grasses which we tread under foot in the country, by the sides of the ways, in the meadows, in fact everywhere. I addressed myself in the first instance to my gardener. 'Oh sir,' said he, 'nothing is more easy. Here is luzerne, here is trefoil, here is sainfoin.' 'Stop, stop! I want to know the names of those myriads of herbs that we tread on, such as this bunch (plucking one up). 'Well, sir, that is herbage, grass.' 'But the names of these thousands of herbs, long, short, straight, curved, mild in taste, pungent, rough, velvety, moist, dry, dark green, light green!' &c., &c. 'Well sir, these are herbs, grass,' and not another name could I get out of him but 'herbs, grass.' Next day a travelling friend a botanist came to see me, and I made the same request to him. 'You who are a botanist and traveller, tell me the names of those small herbs which we find everywhere under our feet.' 'Certainly.' 'We'll commence with these,' pulling up a bunch and putting them into his hand. 'Ah!' said he, after contemplating them for a moment, I am acquainted only with the flora of Malabar. Were we in India I could tell you the name of every herb under foot.' 'And here you are as ignorant as myself!' 'Just so.' 'The second disappointment,' said I enraged, and next day visited the *Jardin des Plantes*. I addressed myself to the most learned professor in the place, and revealed my distress. 'Ah, Monsieur Balzac!' said the celebrated naturalist to me, 'we are here so taken up with the larches and the tamarisks, that a life would not suffice if we descended to those herbs of low estate. It belongs to the grocers rather. Where is the scene of your romance laid?' 'In Touraine.' 'Well, the first peasant you meet there will tell you more than any professor in Paris.'

"I set out for Touraine, and I found

my peasant as ignorant as my gardener, as ignorant as my traveller, but not a whit more ignorant than the learned professors of the *Jardin des Plantes*. Thus I found it impossible to describe with any degree of precision, that verdant carpet which I would have gladly presented leaf by leaf in the luminous and patient style of the Flemish painters."

One of the most gratifying literary triumphs Balzac ever achieved occurred in the café where he held forth in this style to a couple of friends. A young Englishwoman who waited on the guests, had no eyes or ears for anything or anyone but the speaker when she accidentally heard his name. In the words of Gozlan she expanded like a rose in the presence of the morning sun, while he gave due praise to Cooper, one of whose volumes he held in his hand at the moment.

"What am I to pay, Mademoiselle?" said he as he was about to withdraw. 'Nothing, Monsieur Balzac,' said the damsel with much respect. 'What can I do for this obliging girl?' he seemed to say to me with his anxious countenance; but on the moment he lighted on a suitable return for the polite treatment. Presenting the volume of Cooper to the young girl he thus addressed her, 'I shall ever regret, Mademoiselle, that I was not the writer of this work.' Leaving the volume in the hands of his naïve and astonished admirer he went out."

#### BALZAC IN SEARCH OF AN EXPRESSIVE NAME.

We proceed with an instance of the excessive care taken by Balzac to suit the component parts of his works to each other, so that the whole texture of any piece might be homogeneous. Fancy had much to do in some instances. He would see happy adaptations of names to things, and things to each other, where it would puzzle a mind of ordinary calibre to find any resemblance or adaptability.

He projected a character for the tale with which he was to inaugurate the *Revue Parisienne* (one of his unsuccessful speculations), and took wonderful trouble to find a suitable name for this personage. He was to be a man of genius, turned to account by mere creatures of intrigue and ambition, they dwelling in palaces, he dragging out life in a garret, and at last dying there in wretchedness, caused rather by a sense of the deception practised on him, than by

mere want. For this character he diligently sought for a name expressive of the man's endowments and his destiny, but for a long time in vain. At last the happy idea of traversing various streets, and examining the signs, took possession of him. He had been rather chagrined at not having been able to invent one himself, that would express his hero's form, his voice, his antecedents, his past, his future, his genius, his tastes, his passions, and his glory. He was as fantastical and as "compact of imagination" on this point as Tristram Shandy's father.

Calling Leon Gozlan to aid and counsel, they started on their search for a name from the Rue Coq Saint Honoré, with nose in air, and feet where it pleased Providence, and after many an uncomplimentary remark from loungers against whom they stumbled, they stopped in the obscure Rue de la Jussienne. Of the grand discovery there made we must let Gozlan discourse.

"There, raising his eyes above a door dimly defined in the walls, a narrow and emaciated door, opening on a damp and dark passage, he suddenly changed colour, was seized with a shiver, which passed from his arms to mine, and cried, 'There, there, read, read, read!' Emotion checked his utterance, and I read out, MARCAS!"

"Marcas! Well now what do you say? Marcas! Oh, what a name! Marcas! It is the name of names. I'll look no further: Marcas!" 'I am very happy I'm sure.' 'Here let us repose. My hero shall be Marcas. In Marcas is comprised the philosopher, the writer, the great politician, the unappreciated poet; Marcas is everything!' 'In that case the individual here indicated should be distinguished by superiority of some kind. Let us ascertain if such be the fact, for the name over this door is followed by no profession.'

"Marcas, whom I shall designate Z. Marcas, to affix to the name a plume, a flame, a star, is surely a great artist, an engraver, a sculptor, a worker in precious metals, like Benvenuto Cellini.' 'I shall soon find out,' said I, entering the house, but without discovering a porter. At last I found out the fraction of one, and ascertained the profession of Z. Marcas. 'Tailor!' cried I, as far as Balzac could hear me. 'Tailor!' He hung his head, but to raise it again with pride. 'He deserved a better fate, but no matter, I will immortalise him. That's my task.'

That evening, after dining at the Jardies with the appetite of a man

who had read four thousand sign-boards that day, he composed the following introduction to the memorable story of "Z. Marcas."

"There frequently exists a certain harmony between the person and the name. This Z which precedes Marcas, which is seen on the address of his letters, and which he never omitted from his signature,—this letter, last in the alphabet, presents to the mind something vaguely ominous.

"Marcas! Repeat to yourself this name composed of two syllables. Do you not find a sinister significance in it? Do you not feel that the man who bears it is doomed to martyrdom? Strange and savage as it appears, it is entitled to descend to posterity. It is well constructed, is easily pronounced, it possesses that brevity suited to celebrated names; is it not as soft as it is bizarre? Still does it give the effect of a truncated name. I will not take it on me to assert that names do not exert any influence on the destiny of individuals. Between the circumstances of the lives and the names of men there are secret and invisible accords, sometimes visible discords surprising in their nature. Oftentimes distant, but efficacious relations are revealed. Our globe is full; everything is to be found therein; perhaps we shall some day or other return to the occult sciences.

"See you not in the construction of the Z directly contrary tendencies? Does it not figure the winged and fantastic zig-zag of a troubled life? What baleful wind has breathed on this letter, which scarcely rules fifty words in any language to which it is admitted? Marcas's Christian name was Zephyrin; Saint Zephyrin is much venerated in Brittany; Marcas was a Breton.

"Let us consider the name a little more. Z. Marcas! The whole life of the man was typified in these seven letters; seven! the most significative of the cabalistic numbers. The man was dead at thirty-five years of age; thus his life was composed of seven lustres. Marcas! Does it not give you the idea of some precious thing which is broken in a fall with or without noise?"

Balzac, after reading this fanciful introduction to his friend, Gozlan, in the evening said to him, with an appearance of common sense not before evident:—

"I shall always regret that the name was borne by a tailor. Not that I despise a tailor. Oh, no! but the very title recalls to my mind certain debts, certain protested bills. I foresee more than one distraction when reading my story for you. No matter: Z. Marcas shall endure and flourish in spite of everything."

How profoundly thoughtful and philosophic must not the passage just

translated have seemed to the admirers of "le Grand Balzac," who happened not to be aware of the poor tailor's squalid entrance, and passage, and want of a porter! To all whom Leon Gozlan has taken into his confidence, what a piece of solemn buffoonery is furnished in the proem of the fortunes of the ill-starred Z. Marcas!

#### BALZAC AS FEUILLETONIST.

Some of Balzac's works appeared as feuilletons in the newspapers. The arrangements were seldom of a satisfactory nature, as we find much ill feeling cherished by him towards the proprietors of newspapers generally.

Emile de Girardin, proprietor of *La Presse*, availed himself of Balzac's talents like others of his fellow-journalists, and his clever wife, *née* Delphine Gay, showed herself well disposed to stand his friend on all suitable occasions. Balzac's novels were ill adapted for a first airing in a daily or weekly journal, the readers of which expect a surprise, a fearful incident, or a thrilling situation in every instalment of the story. He would quietly proceed with his minute analysis of character, his conscientious pictures of isolated old houses in country burghs, and his dissection of feelings and passions, regardless of the impatience of readers of exciting stories; and the owner of the paper would not be long ignorant of this disappointment in the category of demand and supply.

"The country subscribers began to complain, and when such is the case the proprietor must bow down, go on his knees, roll his head in the dust,—in fine, submit. It was a positive fact that the subscriber of *Saint-Jean-de-Coq-en-Brie-sous-Bois*, and he of *Saint-Paul-en-Jarret*\* had protested against Balzac's romance in course of publication—"Les Paysans." They threatened to discontinue their subscriptions if the proprietor persisted in serving out to them in daily slices, that fastidious romance of M. de Balzac, of which they could not understand a word, and which was much less interesting, said they, than the "Woman with the Green Eyes" then publishing in the rival journal. 'Give us something like the "Femmes aux Yeux verts,"' cried out the subscriber in "Saint-Jean-de-Coq-en-Brie-aux-Bois," and his fellow in Saint "Paul-en-

Jarret," and we'll dispense with the sequel of your frightful, tiresome, and hateful "Paysans."

"These reiterated protests at last had effect. The administration of *La Presse* was disturbed, every day, either by letter or messenger, Balzac was begged to modify, to cut away, and that in a liberal style, to make incisions wide and deep in the *Paysans*, that new and colossal study of manners where he so admirably painted these crafty foxes of the fields. And the unfortunate writer cut and hacked but never enough to satisfy the wishes of the lovers of 'Les Femmes aux Yeux verts.' At last there was some talk of stopping the story if he would not use the scalpel to a much larger extent."

Mme. de Girardin found her mantle scarcely large enough to protect her friend in this juncture. He had spread a table of well-cooked, plain food before guests whose appetites had been vitiated by high-seasoned meats and heady wines, and they were now ready to sacrifice him with his own kitchen knife.

Great as was his esteem and admiration for his patroness of *La Presse* he could not bring himself to relish her palatial taste in the choice of a residence. His friend Gozlan had been waiting for him by appointment in the Champs Elysées on a cold rainy day in June (such things occur even in Paris),—

"When I saw him approach from the Barrière de l'Etoile, walking with that heavy and rapid stride so characteristic of his colossal movements. With a great flow of words he acquainted me that he had just come from Mme. de Girardin's where he had almost perished with the cold. In fact he looked as green as a drowned man and he was shivering in all his members.

"Can any one comprehend," said he, 'that a woman so superior in every respect, that a woman of mind and good sense like Mme. de Girardin, should choose to live in a dwelling so unsuitable to such an abominable climate as ours' (Balzac's opinion on Dublin weather would have been worth knowing), 'when one is not a heathen god, guaranteed by nature against rheumatisms and colds—a temple! with portico, Ionian columns, mosaic pavements, marble wainscoting, walls in polished stucco, alabaster cornices, and other Grecian amenities in forty-eight degrees fifty minutes of north latitude, and no fire in the chimney, on the pretence of it being the month of June. But really the forest of Dodona cut up for the fire would

\* "St. John of the Cock in the Rolling-pin under the Wood," and "St. Paul in the Ham."

hardly suffice to warm such an architectural pile. On my honour she might as well receive her friends on the *Sea of Ice* in Switzerland. So, when Madame de Girardin seeing me rise to take my leave, said to me, 'Are you going away so soon, Balzac?' I could not help saying,—'Yes, Madame: I am going into the street to warm myself a little.'

#### BALZAC TAKES A COLLABORATEUR.

From what has been already said it may be easily deduced that Balzac was no more fitted to produce a dramatic *chef d'œuvre* than to secure the approbation of the admirers of the "Woman with the Green Eyes." He possessed dramatic power but to a limited extent; his darling studies and tastes tended not towards tragedy; he had a great respect but little love for verse, and was not a successful workman when incumbered with the bonds of rhyme or rhythm. However on occasions of some great dramatic success achieved by this or that man of letters, he would rouse his energies, suffer the fumes of dramatic glory to get possession of his brain, and set to work at a piece for Harel or Lireux. In these as in all his other operations, hardly had he grasped the outline of his plan when he began to calculate the monetary results. He would thus hold forth to one of the few that enjoyed his intimacy;—

"Oh the idea is grand! It is brilliant and solid at the same time; genuine rose-coloured granite! We shall cut from massive Egyptian blocks a piece with tableaux for the Porte-Saint-Martin, with Frederick Lemaitre for chief figure. There will be a hundred and fifty representations at five thousand francs, one with another. This makes seven hundred and fifty thousand francs. Now let us calculate. The author's claim of twelve per cent. on this sum is more than eighty thousand francs, the tickets five or six thousand francs in fine gold, the printed work, ten thousand copies at three francs each. Why that will be a trinket of thirty thousand francs. Then the" &c., &c.

Thus he declaimed one day to Henry Monnier, and just as he came to the point where both had got a fabulous sum in perspective, Monnier heartlessly held out his hand, and asked his friend, now a millionaire, to lend him a hundred sous on the strength of the speculation.

In one of these periodical fits he

brought a young man to the Jardies to live with him, and be his collaborateur, terms running thus. Young Lassailly was to be at all hours at M. Balzac's disposal to furnish him ideas if needed, projects, plans, dramatic combinations, &c. In return he was to be conveniently lodged, washed for, lighted, warmed, and supported at the expense of the master of the Jardies. Balzac fulfilled his engagement to the letter, but Lassailly soon grew so fat and lazy that he was only fit to enjoy the amenities of the Capua into which he had entered, and to keep tormenting dramatic associations miles away from his brains, now dulled by his good condition of body.

All went well for a time, but Balzac, who we know was a great night labourer, would require the presence of his ill-fated collaborateur on cold winter nights, when the thermometer would be preparing to sink below zero.

The poor assistant tearing his limbs from repose, half-dressed himself in haste,—one foot shod, the other naked, his night-cap poised over one ear, and a taper in his hand. He thus traversed the passages that led to the retired room of his patron, a different man from the Balzac of the streets and the hero of the cane preserved in the amber of Mme. de Girardin's genius. The Balzac of the study was jaded and pale from want of sleep, and the light of the wax candles flung yellowish splashes on his forehead and cheeks.

The ordinary salute was, "Well, what have you discovered, Lassailly?"

"And Lassailly taking off his cotton nightcap, and striving to open his eyes, still enveloped in vapoury dreams, muttered, 'Oh yes, we must discover, we must invent something.' 'Well, well, have you invented this something? We must make haste; Porte-Saint-Martin is waiting for us; hasten! Harel wrote to me yesterday evening. Hasten, man! I saw Frederick Lemaitre ere-yesterday.' 'Oh, you've seen Lemaitre?' 'Yes, yes. He is our own; he is hungry and thirsty for a drama that will bring all Paris together. Where is this drama that's to collect all Paris? Have you it?' 'Not entirely, but'—'I am listening.' 'I would prefer to hear what you have conceived, and then we could blend our ideas, and I am sure'—'Lassailly, you are dreaming on your feet; your heavy eyelids are closing.' 'Ah! It's the intense cold,



it is'—— 'Go back to bed, Lassailly. In an hour's time we shall see if the muse has visited you.'

"And resuming his pale bougie, and dragging along his slippers, Lassailly, resembling a desolate ghost, regained his chamber and the stretcher bed, on which he was supposed to be discovering the famous drama that would bring all Paris together. Short respite! An hour later new alarms of Balzac's bell tore poor Lassailly's dream from top to bottom, and sent him barefooted and protected merely by a knitted vest, to the study of his august collaborateur. Then was resumed a repetition of the former scene, Balzac as wakeful as a lion, Lassailly as sleepy as a dormouse; and the result still the same; one demanding his drama at any price, the other not being able to find it even at a higher one. Six times in one night was the excellent, but unfruitful collaborateur summoned by his literary chief. The situation was of the most perplexing character, both in its moral and physical aspect.

"Finally, Lassailly, though living better, better warmed, better washed, better lighted, better fed, grew pale and meagre, became seriously ill. His nocturnal summonses and his inability to perform what was expected from him, began to affect his poor brain. Meeting him one day on the Boulevards, and asking, 'Well, how go things at the Jardies?' 'Oh, the Jardies! I have abandoned them for ever,' said he, and his poor clouded eyes filled with tears. 'But you were very well off there?' 'Oh, wonderfully well. What a residence, what views, what a life! Roast meat every day, legumes twice a day, dessert in profusion, and oh, such coffee!' 'Then why have you abandoned these delightful Jardies?' 'Why! Ah, who could remain? To rise six or eight times in the night was not enough, but I must invent the subject of a drama which was to set all Paris a running! That lay beyond my powers. During life I shall never set foot inside the Jardies.'

"And he kept his word. Not only did he never revisit the Jardies, but he never pronounced the name of Balzac without exhibiting signs of terror in his features."

BALZAC AS DRAMATIST.—"VAUTRIN."

Poor Lassailly failing to find a drama in whole or in part, to bring all Paris into the Porte-Saint-Martin, Balzac took his courage in both hands, visited Harel, the director, as enthusiastic a projector as himself, and as badly provided with an account at the banker's. It was a time-honoured custom with our hero to sell tale, novel, or article before a line of it was written, and it must be said to his honour that he was most con-

scientious in executing his own portion of the covenant, the circumstance of money received or promised for the work in embryo adding spurs to his industry and perseverance. Such was the present affair. Not a line of "Vautrin" was written when the arrangement for its production was made, but Harel knew his man, and the terms were agreed on. The author barricaded himself on the fifth floor of Buisson, the tailor, at the corner of Rue Richelieu, and there, assisted by a trusty copyist, he began to compose the famous drama which was to put money into the empty exchequer of the Porte-Saint-Martin, and add the jewel of dramatic fame to his own crown. Harel, the man to be set on his theatrical legs at last, had not hitherto been so unsuccessful for want of spirit or fear of speculation. He had given room on his boards to classic tragedy, romantic drama, comedy, fairy spectacle. The learned monkeys and well-trained elephants had received his hospitality, and once in directorial confidence he had asked King Louis Philippe for a loan of thirty thousand francs. But the citizen king, whose least fault was easiness on the subject of loans, exclaimed in a half-jovial, half-chagrined tone, "Is it not a strange coincidence, Monsieur Harel, that I was about to ask a loan of that identical sum from you?"

During the whole time of the composition of "Vautrin," Balzac never set foot within the Jardies. He had known the ennui and fatigues of waiting on the publishers of the Fauborg Saint Jacques and of the Pantheon, and the money lenders of the heights of Passy, but they were pleasures compared with his new theatrical toils. For two and a half months he was composing, cancelling, and recomposing scenes, listening to the expostulations of actors and actresses not satisfied with their parts, and the more urgent as they found the outline as well as the details not rigidly arranged in the author's mind. The poor manager, in haste to realize, persecuted him from coulisse to foyer, adjuring him by all the gods to whom the drama is dear, to get his framework and his incidents in effective working order. Poor Balzac was scarce to be recognised, so harassed as he was with his many conflicting

anxieties. His acquaintances were in the habit of watching his return from the repetitions, and drawing him into conversation on his griefs. Every one recognised the great blue square-cut coat, the wide nut-brown Cossack trowsers, the white waistcoat, and the big shoes, all too large for the wearer, and all covered with mud, when bad weather intervened.

Beet by his friends who were in a state of amusement or excitement, he had to find answers to such indiscreet questions as, "How were the rehearsals going on? What did Frederick Lemaitre say about his own part? Was Raucourt content with his? Did not honest Moissard refuse to impersonate Joseph Bonnet, associate in every knavery, alleging his sixty years of respectable life? Was it true that the painters, the machinists, and the upholsterers, refused their services on account of arrears long due? &c. To all these Balzac, endowed with rare conversational gifts, gave suitable replies, and repeated some Voltairean jokes of Harel into the bargain. Meanwhile Harel setting his back against a tree on the boulevard Saint-Martin and his fingers in his gold snuffbox, gave some of Balzac's Rabelaisian jests at second hand, and the witty actor Jemma standing on the steps of the café of Porte-Saint-Martin, detailed to his pleased listeners, the bon-mots of Balzac, and of Harel, and of Frederick Lemaitre, and yet bon-mots and rehearsals, and the excessive mental labours of Balzac, and the exertions of the talented company, did not benefit the treasury of the Porte-Saint-Martin by the sum of five sous French money.

The author had taken the precaution of distributing a large number of tickets among friends and well-wishers, but when the anxiously expected night arrived, many of these had passed into the hands of indifferent individuals or declared enemies, high prices having been given for them in most instances. Balzac as has been already mentioned had many enemies among editors of newspapers, and the whole corps of Parisian men of letters. So the curtain rose before the eyes of an unfriendly audience, three-fourths of whom entertained hostile feelings to play and author. Three acts passed with no

applause, but still with no serious disapprobation, but during the last two the audience portion of the theatre shook with cries of displeasure, taunts and occasionally angry words when the friends of the author exerted themselves in favour of the piece.

The play considered in a moral sense deserved its fate. The persons of the drama formed very motley groups, some names diffusing the odour of high birth and nobility of character, others smelling of the galleys. The chief character *Vautrin* (Vidocq being the prototype) is a sort of king among the dangerous classes. He is not cynical to the core, for he idolizes his protégé, Charles Blondet. Through his acuteness and mastery of many compromising secrets there prevails a most provoking tissue of the interests of dukes, duchesses, princesses, galley-slaves, acting as valets-de-chambre, and philosophic coachmen, the greatest ladies proving false to their wedded lords with as little remorse as the forçats to their own left-handed morganatic partners. Blondet admitted to companionship by noblemen and doated on by their ladies, runs his dissolute career, and high and low characters act and speak on Falstaff's supposition of no virtue being extant.

The next morning Balzac was found entertaining Gozlan with new speculations, filled with the most sanguine hopes, and not once alluding to the terrible failure. After the death of his second play, he was found asleep in a quiet box. We suspect considerable restraint laid in both cases on a huge mass of mortification, and an evident desire to be considered careless of fame.

#### "LES RESSOURCES DE QUINOLA."

It would be injudicious to omit the reading of his play the "Resources of Quinola" to the company of the Odeon a couple of years after the terrible failure of his "*Vautrin*." He stood at the end of the long baize-covered table, instead of taking his ease in an armchair as was the invariable custom.

"The voice of Balzac, at first heavy, husky, embarrassed, began to clear as he advanced in the reading. It soon acquired a grave, somnorous, and perfect character, and finally when it acquired liberty, and

passion began to influence the action, it obeyed the most delicate, most fugitive intentions of the dialogue."

He read with great feeling, he gave way to the sentiment of the moment, he made his audience cry, he made them laugh, crying and laughing himself as if thoroughly unaware of the presence of the company. In the laugh he specially carried away his hearers. He harnessed them as it were to his chariot of gaiety, and dragged them along. The actors followed the dialogue and incidents with great interest and hope of success till the end of the fourth act, and then—

"In a moment, joy, pleasure, gaiety, ceased, stopped like a coach one of whose wheels has just been fractured. What was the matter? What had happened? This happened that Balzac at the end of the fourth act, after blowing his nose, applying his handkerchief to his forehead and cheeks, and putting his hand under his white waistcoat to adjust his braces, and pull up his trousers which had got down several inches through his late violent exercise—it happened, we repeat, that Balzac announced to his audience palpitating with anxiety, that the fifth act was not yet written. Oh, such surprise, such consternation, such long faces! 'I will now,' said the undaunted man, 'give you an outline of it.'

"Mme. Dorval though sufficiently eccentric herself was not the less taken aback while Balzac began to prepare for his recital. She leaned towards me, and winking those eyes so beautiful, so blue, and so expressive, and lowering her voice, said, 'Ah, my good friend, who is this strange man?' 'Balzac, the famous Balzac.' 'Parbleu, I know that well enough, but has he come here to make a jest of us?' 'Ah, you must take him as he is.' 'But when he brings a manuscript to his publisher does he offer him only the half?' 'He gives him much less than the half; he often gives him nothing at all, for frequently the first line of the work is not written when the bargain is made.'"

All this time the great man was rolling up his manuscript, searching for the cord in his pockets, then under the table, and finally finding it in his hat. After searching every corner of his brain for the fifth act, he unfolded its plan, and his audience deserted him one by one with all their hopes and enthusiasm quenched and dead.

Despite this unpleasant episode the rehearsal went on, but notwithstanding the need of constant com-

munication between manager and author, Balzac would not give Lireux his town address. After many proposed methods of holding constant intercourse, our hero fixed on the following, which few others would have had the wit to light on.

'Lireux, you have an intelligent stage servant?' 'Very intelligent; he was a collector of debts.' 'Diable! he's perhaps too intelligent.' 'Oh, you may count on him.' 'Count's the word; I suppose he *can* count.' 'Surely.' 'Then let him bring to the Champs Elysées every morning the order of the day. Being arrived at the fountain, let him walk on to the Arc de l'Etoile, and at the twentieth tree on his left, he will see a man looking up into the branches for a blackbird.' 'A blackbird!' 'Yes, a blackbird or some other fowl of the air. He shall say to this man, "I have it," and provided the other answers, "If you have, why do you delay?" let him hand him the paper.'"

The author entertained the most sanguine hopes of the entire success of the "Resources of Quinola." He would have no hired applauders, he would dispose of all the tickets, and when any application was made for any of the boxes or stalls the answer was, they were already disposed of to His Royal Highness of *This*, or the Grand Duke of *That*. His real supporters were under the impression that no places were to be obtained, so they staid away, and the curtain rose on a nearly empty house.

The first act full of colour and action passed off well, but the rest was so chorused by the well imitated crowing of cocks, barking of dogs, mewling of cats, &c., that the idea of a repetition was given up. The author was found fast asleep in a lonely box when all was over. But we suspect a refined piece of acting in this circumstance.

Thus far we have witnessed only defeats in Balzac's attempts at theatrical renown. But these were more the result of determined enmity on the part of his unfriends, than of want of merit in the pieces themselves. Since his death, which disarmed the hands of his many foes, and silenced their tongues, dramas founded on his novels have been eminently successful, witness "Mer-

cadet," and the play founded on the story of Eugenie Grandet, on which poor Robson's *Daddy Hardacre* is founded.

We have in these unconnected sketches afforded mere glimpses of the ordinary life of our author, some of them illustrating his own acute observation that "in every man of genius there is a great deal of the child." A work embodying his early struggles to acquire reputation, his later to keep out of the debtors' prison, and surround himself with luxuries, the workings and progress of his genius, the analysis of his own character and disposition, the faults and merits of his best productions, the attainment at last of his long de-

sired elysium, and his brief enjoyment thereof, is yet to be written. Saint Beuve has well and critically handled his literary genius, Leon Gozlan has given us pleasant glimpses of the phases of his domestic life, Eugene Mirecourt, a good-natured resumé of his literary career and his early difficulties, Werdet, one of his editeurs, the style of his dealings with his publishers, and his sister, Mme. de Surville, has let in light on amiable traits in his family relations. It would require talent, time, and patience to produce a complete tableau of his productions, his character, his genius, and his genuine life.

## ALL IN THE DARK.

### A WINTER'S TALE—IN FOUR PARTS.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

#### CHAPTER LXII.

##### THE FURNITURE BEGINS TO TALK.

HE read Aunt Dinah's letters over again, and marked the passage with his pencil, and read again—

"Do remember, dear boy, all told you, dear, about the five years. I dreamed much since. If you think of such a thing I must do it."

This last sentence he underlined. "*If you think of such a thing, I must do it.* Sorry I shoul" (she means *should*) "fear or dislike me. I should haunt, torment Willie. But you will do right." *Do right.* She meant wait for five years, of course. My poor darling aunt! I wish you had never seen one of those odious books of American bosh—Elihu Bung! I wish Elihu Bung was sunk in a barrel at the bottom of the sea.

Then William looked to his diary, for about that period of his life he kept one for two years and seven months, and he read these entries—

"— Dear Aunt Dinah pressed me very much to give her a distinct promise not to marry for five years—marry indeed! I—poor, penniless William Maubray! I shall never marry—yet I can't make this vow—and she threatened me, saying, 'If I'm dead there's nothing that spirit can do, if you so much as harbour the thought, be I good, or evil, or mock-

ing, I'll not do to prevent it. I'll trouble you, I'll torment you, I'll pick her eyes out, but I won't suffer you to ruin yourself.' And she said very often that she expected to be a *mocking* spirit; and said again, 'Mind I told you, though I be dead, you shan't escape me.' 'That night I had an odious night-mare. An apparition like my aunt came to my bedside, and caught my arm with its hand, and said quite distinctly, 'Oh! my God! William, I am dead; don't let me go.' I fancied I saw the impression of fingers on my arm; and I think I never was so horrified in my life. 'And afterwards in her own bed-room, my aunt having heard my dream, returned to the subject of her warning, and said, 'If I die before the time, I'll watch you as an old grey cat watches a mouse, if you so much as think of it. I'll plague you; I'll save you in spite of yourself, and mortal was never haunted and tormented as you will be, till you give it up.' And saying this she laughed."

"The whole of this new fancy turns out to be one of the Henbane delusions. How I wish all those cursed books of spiritualism were with Don Quixote's library!"

William had now the facts pretty well before him. He had moreover a very distinct remembrance of that which no other person had imagined or seen—the face of the apparition of Aunt Dinah, and the dark and pallid stare she had actually turned upon him, as he recounted the particulars of his vision. It had grown very late, and he was quite alone, communing in these odd notes, and with these strange remembrances with the dead. Perhaps all the strong tea he had drunk with old Winnie that night helped to make him nervous. One of his candles had burnt out by this time, and as he raised his eyes from these curious records, the room looked dark and indistinct, and the slim, black cabinet that stood against the wall at the further end of the room, startled him, it looked so like a big muffled man.

I dare say he began to wish that he had postponed his scrutiny of his papers until the morning. At all events he began to experience those sensations, which in morbid moods of this kind, dispose us to change of scene. What was it that made that confounded cabinet again look so queer, as he raised his eyes and the candle; just like a great fellow in a loose coat extending his arm to strike?

That was the cabinet which once, in a confidential mood, poor Aunt Dinah had described as the spiritual tympanum on which above all other sympathetic pieces of furniture in the house she placed her trust. Such a spirit-gauge was in no other room of Gilroyd. It thrummed so oracularly; it cracked with such a significant emphasis.

"Oh! I see; nothing but the shadow, as I move the candle. Yes, only that and nothing more. I wish it was out of that, it is such an ugly black beast of a box."

Now William put poor Aunt Dinah's letter carefully back in its place, as also his diary, and locked his desk; and just then the cabinet uttered one of those cracks which poor Aunt Dinah so much respected. In the supernatural silence it actually made him bounce. It was the first time in his life he had ever fancied such things could have a meaning.

"The fire's gone out; the room is cooling, and the wood of that ridicu-

lous cabinet is contracting. What can it do but crack? I think I'm growing as mad as—he was on the point of saying as poor Aunt Dinah, but something restrained him, and he respectfully substituted as a March hare.

"Here the cabinet uttered a fainter crack, which seemed to say, I hear you;" and William paused, expecting almost to see something sitting on the top of it, or emerging through its doors, and he exclaimed, such disgusting nonsense!" and he looked round the room, and over his shoulder, as he placed his keys in his pocket. His strong tea, and his solitude, and the channel into which he had turned his thoughts; the utter silence, the recent death, and the lateness of the hour, made the disgusted philosopher rise, to take the candle which had not a great deal of life left in it, and shutting the door on the cabinet, whose loquacity he detested, he got to his bedroom in a suspicious and vigilant state; and he was glad when he got into his room. William was one of those persons who lock their rooms on the inside. He lighted his candles, poked his fire, violently wrested his thoughts from uncomfortable themes; sat himself down by the fire and thought of Violet Darkwell. "Oh that I dare think it was for my sake she refused Vane Trevor!" and so on, building many airy castles, and declaiming eloquently over his work. The old wardrobe in the room made two or three warning starts and cracks, but its ejaculations were disrespectfully received.

"Fire away old fool, much I mind you! A gentlemanlike cabinet may be permitted, but a vulgar cupboard, impudence!"

So William got to his bed, and fell asleep; in no mood I think to submit to a five years' wait, if a chance of acceptance opened; and in the morning he was astonished.

Again, my reader's incredulity compels me to aver in the most solemn manner that the particulars I now relate of William Moubray's history are strictly true. He is living to depose to all. My excellent friend Doctor Drake can certify to others, and as I said, the Rector of the parish, to some of the oddest. Upon this evidence, not doubting, I found my narrative.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

WILLIAM MURRAY IS TORMENTED.

ON the little table at his beside, where his candle stood, to his surprise, on awaking, he saw one of the boots which he had put off in the passage, on the previous night. There it was, no possible mistake about it; and what was more it was placed like one of his ornamental bronze weights; one of those indeed was fashioned like a boot upon some papers. What were these papers? With growing amazement he saw that they were precisely those which he had been reading the night before, and had carefully locked up in his desk—poor Aunt Dinah's warning letter—and his own notes of her threatening words!

It was little past seven now; he had left his shutters open as usual. Had he forgotten to lock his door? No such thing. The key was inside, and the door locked. The keys of his desk, what of them? There they were, precisely where he had left them, on the chimney-piece. This certainly was *very* odd. Who was there in the house to play him such a trick? No one could have opened his door; his key hung in the lock on the inside; and how else could any one have entered? Who was there to conceive such a plot? and by what ingenuity could any merry devil play it off. And who could know what was passing in his mind? Here was a symbol such as he could not fail to interpret. The heel of his boot on the warnings and entreaties of his poor dead aunt! could anything be more expressive?

William began to feel very oddly. He got on his clothes quickly, and went down to the drawing-room. His desk was just as he had placed it; he unlocked it; his papers were not disturbed; nothing apparently had been moved but the letter and his diary.

William sat down utterly puzzled, and looked at the black japanned cabinet, with its straggling bass-reliefs of golden Chinamen, pagodas, and dragons glimmering in the cold morning light, with more real suspicion than he had ever eyed it before.

Old Winnie thought that day that Mr. William was unusually "dull."

The fact is that he was beginning to acquire, not a hatred, but a fear of Gilroyd, and to revolve in his mind thoughts of selling the old house and place, or letting it, and getting out of reach of its ambiguous influences. He was constantly thinking over these things, puzzling his brain over an inscrutable problem, still brooding over the strange words of Aunt Dinah, "A mocking spirit; I'll trouble; I'll torment you. You shan't escape me. Though I be dead, I'll watch you as an old grey cat watches a mouse. If you so much as think of it, I'll plague you!" and so forth.

William walked over to the Rectory. He asked first for Miss Wagget—she was out; then for the Rector—so was he.

"Are you quite sure the ladies are out—*both*?" he inquired, lingering.

"Yes, sir. Miss Darkwell drove down with the mistress to the church, about the new cushions, I think."

"Oh! Then I'll call another time;" and William's countenance brightened as he looked down on the pretty spire, and away he went on the wings of hope.

The church door was open, the sexton and clerk were there, and William, looking round the empty pews and up to the galleries, inquired for Miss Wagget. He was not lucky. The sexton mistook the inquiry for Mr. Wagget, and directed William to the vestry-room, at whose door he knocked with a beating heart, and entering found the Rector examining the register for the year '48.

"Ha! Found me out? Tracked to my lair," said he, saluting William with a wave of his hand, and a kindly smiling. "Not a word, though, till this is done—just a minute or two. Sit down."

"I'll wait in the church, sir," said William, and slipped out to renew his search. But his news was disappointing. The ladies had driven away, neither clerk nor sexton could tell whither, except that it was through High-street; and William mounted the elevated ground about the yew tree, and gazed along High-street, but all in vain, and along the upward road to Treworth, but equally

without result : and the voice of the rector, who thought he was admiring the landscape, recalled him.

Mr. Wagget was not only an honourable and a religious man—he was kindly and gay ; he enjoyed everything—his trees and his flowers, his dinner, his friends, even his business, but above all things his books ; and herein was a powerful sympathy with the younger student, who was won besides to confidence by the genial spirits of the good man.

The loneliness of Gilroyd, too—insupportable, had it not been for the vicinity of Violet—made his company very welcome. So, falling into discourse, it naturally befel that William came to talk of that which lay nearest his heart at that moment—his unaccountable adventure of the night before.

"Very curious, and as it seems to me, quite inexplicable," said Doctor Wagget, very much interested. "The best authenticated thing I've heard—*much* the best—of the kind. You must tell it all over again. It's the best and most satisfactory case I know."

Thus oddly encouraged, William again recounted his strange story, and unfolded something of the horror with which his doubts were fraught.

"You said nothing?" asked the parson.

"Nothing."

"Ha ! It is the very *best* case I ever heard or read. Every one knows, in fact, there *have* been such things. I believe in apparitions. I don't put them in my sermons, though, because so many people *don't*, and it weakens one's influence to run unnecessarily into disputed subjects, and it's time enough to talk of such things when people are visited, as you have been. You must not be frightened, though ; you've no need. If these things *be*, they form part of the great scheme of nature, and any evil that may befall you in consequence is as much a subject for legitimate prayer as sickness or any other affliction ; indeed, more obviously so, because we are furnished with no other imaginable means than prayer alone, and a life conformable to God's will, to resist them. Poor little thing ! She talked very flightily. I had a great deal of conversation, and latterly she listened, and I had hoped with some

effect. Especially I urged her to clear her mind of all ideas of spiritual action, except such as is presented for our comfort and warning in the Holy Scriptures. But here, you *see*, she, poor little thing, is restless, and you troubled. It's the oddest case I ever heard of."

"Pray don't mention what I've told you, sir, to any one."

"Certainly not, for the world—not a human being—not even my sister. By-the-by, couldn't you come over and dine with us, and sleep—you must sleep to-night, by way of experiment."

So William promised, well pleased, and went—but, alas ! this was a day of disappointments. Violet had gone again to make a short stay at the Mainwarings.

"What can the Mainwarings want of her ? She's always going there—what is there about them so charming ?" demanded William of himself ; and an outline of the military son of the family, Captain Mainwaring, possibly on leave and at home, disturbed him.

Now, to the further wonderment and even delight of Doctor Wagget, a very curious result followed from the "experiment" of William's one night's sojourn at the rectory. At his host's request he had locked his bed-room door, in accordance with his habit, and in the morning he found his stick, which he had left in the *hall*, tied fast in the loops in which in the daytime the curtains were gathered. There it hung across the bed over his head, tied fast, an image, as it seemed to him, of suspended castigation.

The Doctor was early at William's door, and found his guest's toilet already half completed. In real panic, Maubray pointed out the evidence of this last freak.

"What an absurd ghost !" thought Mr. Wagget, in a pleasing terror, as he examined and pondered over the arrangement.

"It only shows that change of place won't do," said the Rector. "Consider this, however," he resumed, after an interval consumed in search of consolation, "these manifestations, and very characteristic they are, if we assume they come from my poor friend, are made in furtherance of what she conceives your interests—

in the spirit of that love which she manifested for you all your life—and you may be well assured they will never be pushed to such a point as to hurt you.”

William got on the bed, and untied his stick, which on his way home he broke to pieces, as a thing bewitched, in a nervous paroxysm, and flung into the little brook that runs by Revington.

At breakfast, Miss Wagget asked of her brother,

“Did you hear the noise at the hat-stand in the hall last night? Your hat was knocked down, and rolled all across the hall.” (The Parson and William glanced at one another here.) “It was certainly that

horrid gray cat that comes in at the lobby window.”

At mention of the gray cat the remembrance of poor Aunt Dinah’s simile struck William.

“By Jove! my stick was at the hat-stand,” exclaimed he.

“Your stick?—but this was a hat,” replied Miss Wagget, who did not see why he should be so floored by the recollection of his stick.

“Ha! your stick? so it was—was it?” exclaimed Doctor Wagget, with a sudden awe, equally puzzling.

And staring at her brother, and then again at William, Miss Wagget suffered the water from the tea-urn to overflow her cup and her saucer in succession.

#### CHAPTER LXIV.

##### AN AMBUCADE.

GILROYD was awfully slow, and even the town of Saxton dull. Cricket was quite over. There was no football there. William Maubray used to play at the ancient game of quoits with Arthur Jones Ergon, the Saxton attorney, who was a little huffy when he lost, and very positive on points of play; but on the whole a good fellow. Sometimes in the smoking-room, under the reading-room, he and Doctor Drake played clattering games of backgammon, with six-penny stakes, and called their throws loudly, and crowed ungenerously when they won. But these gaieties and dissipations failed to restore William altogether to his pristine serenity. Although he had been now for four nights quite unmolested he could not trust Gilroyd. It was a haunted house, and he the sport of a spirit. The place was bewitched, but so, unhappily, was the man. His visit to the Rectory proved that change of place could not deliver him. He was watched, and made to feel that his liberty was gone.

Violet Darkwell was not to return to the Rectory for a week or more, and William called on Doctor Wagget, looking ill, and unquestionably in miserable spirits. To the Rector he had confessed something vaguely of his being in love, and cherishing hopes contrary to the terms which

poor Aunt Dinah had sought to impose upon him.

A few nights ago, emboldened by his long respite, he had written some stanzas, addressed to the young lady’s *carte de visite*, expressive of his hopes, and in the morning he had found his desk in his bed-room, though he had left it in the drawing-room, and his bed-room door was as usual locked. His desk was not open nor was there any sign of the papers having been disturbed, but the verses he had that night written had been taken out and torn into small pieces, which were strewn on top of the desk.

Since then he had not had a single quiet night, and the last night was the oddest, and in this respect the most unpleasant, that they had set the servants talking.

“Tom, he’s a very steady old fellow, you know,” related William, “waked me up last night at about two o’clock. I called through the door not knowing but that it might be something.”

“I know,” said the Rector, with a mysterious nod.

“Yes, sir; and he told me he had been awake and heard a loud knocking in the drawing-room, like the hammering of a nail, as indeed it proved to be; and he ran up to the drawing-room, and saw nothing unusual there, and then to the lobby,



and there he saw a tall figure in a white dress run up the stairs, with a tread that sounded like bare feet, and as it reached the top it threw a hammer backward which hopped down the steps to his feet. It was the kitchen hammer, unhung from the nail then which we found had been pulled out of the wall. Without waiting to get my clothes on, down I went with him, but our search showed nothing but one very curious discovery."

"Ha! Go on, sir."

"I must tell you, sir, there was a print, a German coloured thing. I had forgotten it—it was in my poor Aunt's portfolio in a drawer there, of a great tabby cat pretending to doze, and in reality slyly watching a mouse that half emerges from its hole, approaching a bit of biscuit, and this we found nailed to the middle of the door."

"The inside?"

"Yea."

"You did not see anything of the apparition yourself?" asked Doctor Wagget.

"No, I was asleep. I've seen nothing whatever but such things as I've described; and the fact is I'm worried to death, and I don't in the least know what to do."

"I tell you what," said the clergyman, after a pause, "I'll go down and spend the night at Gilroyd, if you allow me, and we'll get Doctor Drake to come also, if you approve, and we'll watch, sir, we—we'll spy it out—we'll get at the heart of the mystery. Drake's afraid of nothing, no more am I—and—and what do you say, may we go?"

So the bargain was concluded, and at nine o'clock that evening the Parson and Doctor Drake in friendly chat together walked up to the door of Gilroyd, and were welcomed by William, who led these learned witch-finders into his study, which commanded easy access to both drawing-room and parlour, and to the back and the great staircase.

The study looked bright and pleasant—a cheery fire flashed on the silver teapot and cream-ewer, and old China tea things, and glimmered

warmly over the faded gilded backs of the books. This and the candles lighted up the room so brightly that it needed an effort—notwithstanding the dark wainscot—to admit a thought of a ghost.

I don't know whether the parson had really any faith in ghosts or not. He thought he had, and cultivated in private a taste for that curious luxury, though he was reserved on the subject among his parishioners. I don't think, however, if his nerves had been as much engaged as they might, he could have turned over the old tomes of the late Dean of Crutched Friars with so much interest as he did, or commented so energetically upon the authors and editions.

Doctor Drake was utterly sceptical, and being threatened with one of his ugly colds preferred brandy and water to tea—a little stimulus seasonably applied, often routing the enemy before he had time to make an impression. So, very snugly they sat round their table. The conversation was chiefly between the Rector and the Doctor, William being plainly out of spirits and a good deal in the clouds. The churchman sipped his tea, and the physician his strong drink, and there was adjusted a plan for the operations of the night.

"Now, Mr. Maubray, you must do as we order, when we bid you, you go to bed—do you see—everything must proceed precisely as usual, and Doctor Drake and I will sit up and watch here—you go, at your accustomed hour, and lock your door—mind, as usual—and we'll be on the alert, and ready to—to—"

"To arrest the Cabinet, egad! and garrotte the Clock, if either so much as cracks while we are on duty," interposed Doctor Drake, poking William's flagging spirits with a joke, in vain.

"I dare say," was William's parting observation; "just because you are both here there will be nothing whatever to-night—I'm quite certain; but I'm awfully obliged to you all the same."

He was quite wrong, however, as all who please may learn from the sequel.

## CHAPTER LXV.

## PURSUIT.

WILLIAM MAUBRAY, in obedience to orders went to his bed, having locked his chamber door. He grew tired of listening for sound or signal from the picket in the parlour, as he lay in his bed reading, his eyes failed him. He had walked fifteen miles that day, and in spite of his determination to remain awake, perhaps partly in consequence of it he fell into a profound slumber, from which he was awakened in a way that surprised him.

The sages in the study had drawn three arm-chairs about the fire. The servants had gone to bed—all was quiet, and it was now past one o'clock. The conversation was hardly so vigorous as at first—there were long pauses, during which the interlocutors yawned furtively into their hands, and I am sorry to add, that while Mr. Wagget was, at the Physician's request, expounding to him the precise points on which two early heresies differed, Doctor Drake actually sank into a deep slumber, and snored so loud as to interrupt the speaker, who smiled, shrugged, shook his head, and, being a charitable man, made excuses for his drowsiness, and almost immediately fell fast asleep himself.

The clergyman was wakened by some noise. He must have been asleep a long time, for the fire had subsided, and he felt cold, and was so stiff from long sitting in the same posture that he could hardly get up—one of the candles had burned out in the socket, and the other was very low.

On turning in the direction of the noise, the clergyman saw a gaunt figure in white gliding from the room. On seeing this form I am bound to confess the clergyman was so transported with horror, that he seized the sleeping doctor by the head, and shook it violently.

Up started the doctor, and also saw in the shadow the spectre which had paused in the hall, looking awfully tall.

The doctor's hand was on the candlestick, and uttering a prayer, he flung it, in a paroxysm of horror; but it was a wild shot, and hit the sofa near the study door, and rebounded under the table. The study

was now dark, but not so the hall. One tall window admitted a wide sheet of moonlight. The clatter of the doctor's projectile seemed to affect the apparition, for it suddenly began to run round and round the hall, in wide circles, regularly crossing the broad strip of moonlight, and displaying its white draperies every time for half a second; the philosophers in the study could not tell whether each new revelation might not bring it into the room, to deal with them in some unknown way. One word they did not utter, but groped and pulled one another fiercely, and groaned, and panted, and snorted, like two men wrestling, and I am afraid that each would have liked to get his friend between himself and the object, which, after whirling some half dozen times round the hall, passed off as it seemed in the direction of the kitchen or the back-stair.

The gentlemen in the study, still holding one another, though with a relaxed grasp, were now leaning with their backs to the chimney-piece.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" panted Doctor Drake nervously, and the Rector sighed two or three times in great exhaustion. The physician was first to speak.

"Well! Hey! Where's your scepticism now?" said he.

"My friend—my good friend," replied the parson, "don't be alarmed. Where's your faith?"

"Was there a noise?" whispered the doctor; and they both listened.

"No," said the parson. "Pray shut the door. We must not be so—sounmann'd, and we'll light the candle, if you can find it."

"Come along then," said the physician, who preferred the cleric's company just then.

"To the door," said the clergyman, gently pushing him before him.

When the candle was found and re-lighted, the gentlemen were much more cheerful. They looked about them. They stole into the hall and listened. They looked like Christian and Hopeful making their escape from Doubting Castle.

They hastened toward the back

stair and the kitchen, and were satisfied without exploring. Then side by side they mounted the great stair, and reached William's door. They had to knock loudly before he waked.

"Hollo !—I say !" shouted William from his bed.

"Let us in ; Doctor Drake and I ; we've a word to say," said the clergyman mildly.

"Will you open the door, sir ?" wildly shouted Doctor Drake, who hated the whole affair.

And they heard the pound of William's feet on the floor as he got out of bed, and in another moment the key turned, and William, candle in hand, stood at the open door.

"Well, any news—anything?" asked William.

"Get some clothes on and come down with us. *Yes*. We have seen something odd," said the clergyman.

"Could it have been Rebecca?" inquired William.

"Hoo ! no, sir—two feet taller," said the Rector.

"Four feet taller," said Doctor Drake.

"Did you see its face?" asked William, using, awfully, the neuter gender.

"No," said the Parson.

"But *I* did," said Drake—"as long as my arm."

The learned gentlemen stood very close together on the lobby, and looked over their shoulders.

"Come into my room, sir—won't you ? You may as well" (the "sir" applying to both gentlemen), said William, doing the honours in his night-shirt.

"I don't see any great good," ob-

served Doctor Drake, turning the key again in the door, as he followed the clergyman in, "we can do by going down again. If there was a chance of *finding* anything, but whatever it was is gone by this time, and—going down would be a mere flourish, don't you think ?"

"I wish we had the bottle of Old Tom that's in the locker," said William, who, behind the curtain, was making an imperfect toilet ; "but I suppose it's too far," and they all looked a little uneasy.

"No, no," said the clergyman, morally, "we've had enough—quite enough."

"Unless we all went down *together* for it," said Doctor Drake.

"No, no, *pray*, no more to-night," said the Rector, peremptorily.

"I've pipes and a lot of latakia here," said William, emerging in trowsers and dressing-gown. "I've been trying it for the last ten days. Suppose we smoke a little ?"

"Very good idea," said the Rector, who had no objection to an occasional pipe under the rose.

So they poked up the fire, and laid a block of coal on, and found that it was half-past four o'clock, and they chatted, thoughtfully, but no more upon the subject of the apparition ; and when daylight appeared they made a hasty toilet, had an early breakfast in the parlour ; and the good Doctor Wagget, with his eyes very red, and looking as rakish as so respectable a clergyman could, appointed William an hour to meet him at the Rectory that day, and the party broke up.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

### THE GHOST REAPPEARS.

So soon as he was alone the real horror of his situation overpowered William Maubray. "They won't say so, but the Rector and Doctor Drake, from totally different points—with minds constituted as dissimilarly as minds can be—have both come to the conclusion that these persecutions are supernatural. No jury on their oaths, having all the facts before them, could find otherwise. I see and know that they are unaccountable, except in

this way ; and go where I will, I am dogged by the same cruel influence. Five years' bondage ! Where shall I be at the end of that time ? What will have become of Violet Darkwell ? I must abandon all my hopes—honestly abandon them—it is the price I must pay for the removal of this curse, which otherwise will extend itself, if there be meaning in the threat, to the unconscious object of my hopes."

So raved William, "pacing up and walking down" in his despair.

That night he had his old nightmare again, and was visited by what poor Miss Perfect used to call "the spirit key." In a horror he awaked, and found his wrist grasped by a cold hand precisely as before. This time the grip was maintained for a longer time than usual, and William traced the hand to its owner. Thus was there a gleam of light; but it served him no further.

In the evening, still agitated by his discovery, he visited Doctor Drake, who listened first with surprise, and then with downcast thoughtful look, and a grim smile.

"I'll think it over," said he. "I must be off now," and he poked his finger toward the window, through which were visible his cob and gig; "they don't leave me much time; but I'll manage to be with you by nine this evening, and—and—I don't care if we try that old Tom," and the Doctor winked comfortably at William. "We'll be more to ourselves, you know; our Rector's all for tea. Good-by, and I'll turn it over carefully in my mind. I have an idea, but—but I'll consider it—and—nine o'clock to-night, mind."

Thus said the Doctor as he climbed into his gig, and nodding over his shoulder to William Maubray, away he drove.

Like a restless soul as he was, William toiled hither and thither through the little town of Saxton with his hands in his pockets, and his looks on the pavement, more like an unfortunate gentleman taking his walk in a prison yard, than the proprietor of Gilroyd pacing the high street of Saxton, where he ranked second only to Trevor, Prince of Revington.

Repose is pleasant, but that of Saxton is sometimes too much for the most contemplative man who is even half awake. There are in the town eleven shops, small and great, and you may often look down the length of the high street, for ten minutes at a time, and see nothing in motion but the motes in the sunshine.

William walked back to Gilroyd, and paid himself as it were a visit there, and was vexed to find he had missed the Rector, who had called only half an hour before. The loss of this

little diversion was serious. The day dragged heavily. Reader, if you repine at the supposed shortness of the allotted measure of your days, reside at Saxton for a year or two, and your discontent will be healed.

Even Doctor Drake was half an hour late for his appointment, and William was very glad to see that pillar of Saxton society at last.

When they had made themselves comfortable by the fire, and the physician had adjusted his grog, and William had got his cup of tea by him, after a little silence the doctor began to ask him all sorts of questions about his health and sensations.

"I don't think," said William, "except perhaps my spirits a little, and my appetite perhaps, this thing has affected my health at all."

"No matter, answer my questions," said the Doctor, who after a while fell into a mysterious silence, and seemed amused, and after a little time further, he expressed a great wish to remain and watch as on the former occasion.

"But," said William, very glad of the offer, "the Rector is not coming, and you would wish some one with you."

"No—no one—I don't mind," said the Doctor, smiling with half-closed eyes into his tumbler. "Or, *yes*, we'll have your man up when you go to bed; that will do."

"I missed Dr. Wagget to-day; he called here," said William.

"Not after nightfall, though," said the physician, with a screw of his lips and eyebrows. "I saw him early to-day; he's awfully frightened, and spoke like a sermon about it."

William looked sorely disquieted at this confirmation of his estimate of Dr. Wagget's opinion of the case. He and Drake exchanged a solemn glance, and the Doctor lowering his eyes sipped some grog, and bursting into a mysterious fit of laughter which rather frightened William, and some of his grog going wrong, he bounced up and stamped about the room in a storm of coughing, while William helplessly stood at the tea-table, and gazed on the spectacle. Everything began to puzzle him now; the Doctor was like an awful grotesque in a dream. How could a good-natured and shrewd man laugh thus, amid suffering and horrors such as he had witnessed?

"I beg your pardon, but I could not help laughing when I thought of the Rector's long face to-day, and his long words, by Jove," and in a minute or two more, the Doctor exploded suddenly again, with the old apology on recovering his gravity, and William's bewilderment increased.

The Doctor insisted on William's adhering strictly to his tea and his hours, precisely as if he were alone.

And Tom come in, and the Doctor who was in nowise ceremonious, made him sit down by the fire, and furnished him with a glass of the grog he so recommended.

He then delivered to Tom a brief popular lecture on the subject he desired him to comprehend, and, having thus charged him, silence reigned; and then the Doctor, after an interval, smoked half a dozen pipes, and by

the time the last was out it was past three o'clock.

The Doctor had left the study door open. The moon was shining through the great hall window.

"Put off your shoes, make no noise, and follow me close, with the candle, wherever I go. Don't stir till I do," whispered the Doctor, repeating the directions he had already given—"Hish!"

At this moment the Doctor saw a tall, white figure in the hall—in the shade beyond the window.

"Hish!" said the Doctor again, seizing Tom by the arm, and pointing, with a mysterious nod or two, toward the figure.

"Lawk!—Oh! oh!—*Low* bless us!" murmured the man; and the Doctor, with another "Hish," pushed him gently backward a little.

#### CHAPTER LXVII.

##### THE PHANTOM IS TRACKED.

As the Doctor made this motion, the figure in white crossed the hall swiftly, and stood at the study door. It looked portentously tall, and was covered with a white drapery, a corner of which hung over its face. It entered the room, unlocked William Maubray's desk, from which it took some papers; then locked the desk, carrying away which, it left the room.

"Follow, with the light," whispered the Doctor, himself pursuing on tip-toe.

Barefoot, the figure walked toward the kitchen, then turning to the left, it mounted the back stair; the Doctor following pretty closely, and Tom, with the candle in the rear.

On a peg in the gallery opposite to the door of William Maubray's bedroom, hung an old dressing-gown of his, into the pocket of which the apparition slipped the papers it had taken from his desk. Then it opened William's door, as easily as if he had not locked it upon the inside. The Doctor and Tom followed, and saw the figure approach the bed and place the desk very neatly under the bolster, then return to the door, and shut and lock it on the inside. Then the figure marched in a stately way to the far side of the bed, drew both curtains, and stood at the bed-side,

like a ghost, for about a minute; after which it walked in the same stately way to the door, unlocked it, and walked forth again upon the gallery; the doctor still following, and Tom behind, bearing the light. Down the stairs it glided, and halted on the lobby, where it seemed to look from the window fixedly.

"Come along," said the Doctor to Tom; and down the stairs he went, followed by the torch-bearer, and, on reaching the lobby, he clapped the apparition on the back, and shook it lustily by the arm.

With the sort of gasp and sob which accompany sudden immersion in cold water, William Maubray, for the ghost was he, awakened, dropped the coverlet, which formed his drapery, on the floor, and stood the picture of bewilderment and horror, in his night-shirt, staring at his friends and repeating—"Lord have mercy on us!"

"It's only Tom and I. Shake yourself up a bit, man. Doctor Drake—here we are—all old friends."

And the Doctor spoke very cheerily, and all sorts of encouraging speeches; but it was long before William got out of his horror, and even then he seemed for a good while on the point of fainting.

"I'll never be myself again," groaned William, in his night-shirt,

seating himself, half dead, upon the lobby table.

Tom stood by, holding the candle aloft, and staring in his face and praying in short sentences, with awful unctious; while the Doctor kept all the time patting William on the shoulder and repeating, "Nonsense! —nonsense! —nonsense!"

When William had got again into his room, and had some clothes on, he broke again into talk:

"Somnambulism!—walk in my sleep. I could not have believed it possible. I—I never perceived the slightest tendency—I—the only thing was that catching my own wrist in my sleep and thinking it was another person who held me; but—but actually walking in my sleep, isn't it frightful?"

"I don't think you'll ever do it again—ha, ha, ha!" said the Doctor.

"And why not?" asked William.

"The fright of being wakened as you were, cures it. That's the reason I shook you out of your doldrum," chuckled the Doctor.

"I'm frightened—frightened out of my wits."

"Glad of it," said the Doctor. "Be the less likely to do it again."

"Do you think I—I'm really cured?" asked William.

"Yes, I do; but you must change your habits a bit. You've let yourself get into a dyspeptic, nervous state, and keep working your brain over things too much. You'll be quite well in a week or two; and I really do think you're cured of this trick. They seldom do it again—hardly ever—after the shock of being wakened. I've met half a dozen cases—always cured."

The Doctor stayed with him the greater part of that night, which they spent so cheerfully that Drake's articulation became indistinct, though his learning and philosophy, as usual, shone resplendent.

It was not till he was alone, and the bright morning sun shone round him, that William Maubray quite apprehended the relief his spirits had experienced. For several days he had lived in an odious dream. It was now all cleared up, and his awful suspicions gone.

As he turned from the parlour window to the breakfast table, the old Bible lying on the little book-shelf caught his eye. He took it down, and laid it beside him on the table. Poor Aunt Dinah had kept it by her during her illness, preferring it to any other.

"I'll read a chapter every day—by Jove, I will," resolved William, in the grateful sense of his deliverance. "It's only decent—it's only the old custom. It may make me good some day, and hit or miss, it never did any man harm."

So he turned over the leaves, and lighted on an open sheet of note paper. It was written over in poor Miss Perfect's hand, with a perceptible tremble; and he read the following lines, bearing date only two days before her death:—

"DEAR WILLIE,

"To-day I am not quite so, but trust to be better; and wish you to know, that having convers much with Doctor, my friend, the Rector, I make for future the Bible my only guide, and you are not to mind what I said about waiting five—only do all things—things—with prayer, and marry whenever you see good, seeking first God's blessing by pra—"

"So, lest anything should happen, to remove from your mind all anxiety, writes

"Your poor old fond

"AUNTIE."

Thus ended the note, which William, with a strange mixture of feelings, kissed again and again.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

### SOME SMALL EVENTS AND PLANS.

WILLIAM MAUBRAY heard from Trevor, who affected boisterous spirits and the intensest enjoyment of his town life, though there was not a great deal doing just then to amuse anybody. He had been thinking of

running over to Paris to the Sourburys, who had asked him to join their party, but thought he must go first to Kinton for a week or two, as the ladies insisted on a sort of promise he had made, and would not let

him off. He hinted, moreover, that there was a perfectly charming Lady Louisa Sourbury, of whom he spoke in a rapture; and possibly all this, and a great deal more in the same vein, was intended to reach the ear of Miss Violet Darkwell, who was to learn that "there are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, who would gladly," &c., &c., and also, that young Lochinvar was treading his measures and drinking his cups of wine with remarkable hilarity, notwithstanding the little scene which had taken place.

But Vane Trevor was not a topic which William would have cared to introduce, and it was in relation to quite other subjects that he was always thinking of Violet Darkwell.

"So," said the old Rector, walking into the hall at Gilroyd, shaking his head, and smiling as he spoke, "We've found you out—the merry devil of Edmonton—hey? I don't know when I was so puzzled. It was really—a-ha!—a most perplexing problem—and—Doctor Drake has been our Matthew Hopkins, our witch-finder, and a capital one he has proved. I dare say, between ourselves," continued the Rector, in a low tone, like a man making a concession, "that several cases of apparently well authenticated apparitions are explicable—eh?—upon that supposition," and, indeed, good Doctor Wagget devoted time and research to this inquiry, and has written already to two publishers on the subject of his volume, called "The Debatable Land;" and when, last summer, I passed a week at the Rectory, my admirable friend read to me his introduction, in which he says, "If apparitions be permitted, they are no more supernatural than water-spouts and other phenomena of rare occurrence, but, *ipso facto*, natural. In any case a Christian man, in presence of a disembodied spirit should be no more disquieted than in that of an embodied one, i.e., a human being under its mortal conditions."

And the only subject on which I ever heard of his showing any real impatience is that of his night-watch in the study at Gilroyd, as allily described by Doctor Drake, who does not deny that he was himself confoundedly frightened by William Maubray's first appearance, and insinuates a good deal about the Rector,

which the Rector, with a dignified emphasis, declares to be "unmeaning travesty."

In the meantime, Mr. Sergeant Darkwell made a flying visit to the Rectory, and Maubray had a long walk and a talk with him. I do not know whether a certain shyness, very hard to get over where ages differ so considerably, permitted the young man to say that which most pressed for utterance; but he certainly did talk very fully about the "bar," and its chances, and William quite made up his mind to make his bow before the world in the picturesque long robe and whalebone wig, which every one of taste admires.

But the Sergeant, who remained in that part of the world but for a day, when he donned his coif, and spread his sable wings for flight towards the great forensic rookery, whither instinct and necessity called him, carried away his beautiful daughter with him, and the sun of Saxton, Gilroyd, and all the world around was darkened.

In a matter like love, affording so illimitable a supply of that beautiful vaporous material of which the finest castles in the air are built, and upon which every match-maker—and what person worthy to live is *not* a match-maker? (if such there be, go mark him or her well! &c., &c.)—speculates in a spirit of the most agreeable suspense and the most harmless gambling, it would be hard if the architects of such chateaux, and the "backers" of such and such events were never in their incessant labours to light upon a prophetic combination. Miss Wagget was a freemason of the order of the "Castle in the Air." Her fairy trowel was always glittering in the sun, and her magical square never done adjusting this or that block of sunset cloud. She had long since laid the foundations in the firmament of such a structure for the use and occupation of William Maubray and Violet Darkwell; and she was now running it up at a rate which might have made sober architects stare. The structure was even solidifying, according to the nebulous theory of astronomers.

And this good lady used, in her charity, to read for William in his almost daily visits to the Rectory, all such passages in Violet's letters as

she fancied would specially interest him.

Her love for the old scenes spoke very clearly in all those letters. But—and young ladies can perhaps say whether this was a good sign or a bad one—she never once mentioned William Maubray; no, no more than if such a person did not exist, although certainly she asked vaguely after the neighbours, and I venture to think that in her replies, Miss Wagget selected those whom she thought most likely to interest her correspondent.

All this time good Miss Wagget wrote constantly to remind the barrister in London of his promise to allow Violet to return to the Rectory for another little visit. It was so long delayed that William grew not only melancholy, but anxious. What might not be going on in London? Were there no richer fellows than he, none more—more—what should he say?—more that style of man who is acceptable in feminine eyes? Was not Violet peerless, go where she might? Could such a treasure re-

main long unsought? and if sought, alas! who could foresee the event? And here he was alone, at Gilroyd, well knowing that distance, silence, absence are sure at last to kill the most vigorous passion; and how could a mere fancy, of the filmiest texture—such as his best hopes could only claim, by way of interest in her heart or in her head—survive these agencies of decay and death?

"Next week I think I shall run up to town. I must arrange about attending an equity draughtsman's. I'm determined, sir, to learn my business thoroughly," said William.

"Right, sir! I applaud you," replied the Rector, to whom this was addressed. "I see you mean work, and are resolved to master your craft. It's a noble profession. I had an uncle at it who, everybody said, would have done wonders, but he died of small-pox in the Temple, before he had held a brief, I believe, though he had been some years called; but it would have come. *Macte virtute*. I may live to see you charge a jury, sir."

## CHAPTER LXIX.

### WILLIAM MAUBRAY IN LONDON.

VIOLET DARKWELL'S stay in London lengthened. Saxton was growing intolerable. William began to despond. He ran up to town, and staid there for a few weeks. He eat his dinner in Lincoln's Inn Hall for two terms, and dined every Sunday, and twice beside, at the Darkwells'. The Sergeant was so busy that, on these occasions, he appeared like a guest—an unexpected presence, and was still evidently haunted by briefs—fatigued and thoughtful; but very kind to William. In their short after-dinner sittings I do not think that William ever opened the subject that was nearest to his heart. He had, I think, and with a great deal better reason than poor Vane Trevor of Revington, whose pale phantom sometimes flitted warningly before his imagination—horrible qualms about his money qualification.

After one of these Sunday dinners William and Sergeant Darkwell *tete-a-tete*, the barrister, in his quiet

cheery way, had been counselling the student on some points, and relating bar stories, always pleasant to hear when told by bright and accurate men like him; and said he, as they rose, "and the first term you make a hundred pounds I give you leave to marry."

William looked hard at his host. But his countenance was thoughtful, he had wandered away already to some other matter. In fact he looked quite innocent, and I believe he was, of thought of Violet.

"I give you leave to marry." Of course it was quite out of the question that he could have meant what the young man fancied he might mean. Still he thought he might lay down this general rule, and leave it to him to make the particular inference.

"I see," said William, in conference with himself, as he trudged home that night, dejectedly. "He wishes me to understand that I shan't have his consent till then. A



hundred pounds in a term! He had been seven years called before he made that? Could William hope to succeed so well? Not quite, he rather thought." And then grasping his stick hard he swore it was like Jacob's service for Rachel—a seven years business; and all for a Rachel, who had no thought of waiting.

On all these occasions he saw Violet. But was there not a change, a sense of distance, and above all, was there not that awful old "she-cousin" (to borrow Sam Pypys's convenient phrase), of Sergeant Darkwell, silent, vigilant, in stiff silk, whose thin face smiled not, and whose cold gray eyes followed him steadily everywhere, and who exercised an authority over Violet more than aunt-like?

William called again and again, but never saw pretty Violet without this prudent and dreadful old lady. Her indeed he twice saw alone. In a *tete-a-tete* she was not more agreeable. She listened to what few things, with a piteous ransacking of his invention and his memory he could bring up, and looked upon him with a silent suspicion and secret aversion under which his spirit gradually despaired and died within him. Glimpses of Violet, under the condition of this presence, were tantalizing, even agonizing sometimes. The liberty of speech so dear to Englishmen was denied him, life was gliding away in this speechless dream, the spell of that lean and silent old lady was upon him. How he yearned for the easy country life with its kindly chaperons and endless opportunities. Love, as we all know, is a madness, and it is the property of madmen to imagine conspiracies, and William began to think that there was an understanding between Sergeant Darkwell and the "she-cousin," and that she was there to prevent his ever having an opportunity of saying one confidential word in Violet's ear. It seemed to him, moreover, and this was unspeakably worse, that Violet was quite happy in this state of things. He began to suspect that he had been a

fool, that his egotism had made him, in a measure, mad, and that it was time for him to awake and look the sad truth in the face.

William left London. He wavered in his allegiance to the Bar. He doubted his fitness for it. Had he not money enough for all his wants? Why should he live a town life, and grieve his soul over contingent remainders, and follow after leading cases in objectless pursuit, and lose himself in Bacon's interminable Abridgment, all for nothing?

He returned to keep his next term, and suffer a like penance. It seemed to him there was a kind of coldness and reserve in Violet that was hardly tangible, and yet it was half breaking his heart. She was further away than ever, and he could not win her back. He sat there under the eye of silent Miss Janet Smedley—the inexorable she-cousin. There was no whispering in her presence. She was so silent you might hear a pin drop. Not a syllable escaped her observant ear. There was no speaking in her presence, and that presence never failed—though Violet's sometimes did. The situation was insupportable. Away went William again—and this time he made a portion of that charming tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, which for any comfort it gave his spirit, he might as well or better have made within the covers of Mr. Doyle's famous quarto.

Back to England with the home-sickness of love came William. He had still a week before his term commenced.

"I can't stand it any longer," said he, as he paced the platform of the "Railway" by which he had taken not an "up" but a "down" ticket. "I know I'm right. I must go down and see Miss Wagget. I'd rather talk to her than to the Doctor. I know very well she sees how it is, and she'll tell me what she thinks, and if she advises, I'll speak to the Sergeant when I go to town, and so I shall soon know one way or other," and he sighed profoundly, and with a yearning look town-wards he took his place, and flew away toward Gilroyd.

## CHAPTER LXX.

VIOLET DARKWELL TELLS MISS WAGGET THAT QUEEN ANNE IS DEAD.

THE sun was near the western horizon, and sky and clouds were already flooded with the sunset glow, as William Maubray drove up to the high and formal piers of Gilroyd, with their tall urns at top—decorations which belong to old-world fancy—a little formal, like the stately dress of by-gone beauties and beaux, but with a sentiment and a prettiness of their own. Sad looked to him the smile of the old building and lordly trees in the fading sunlight; the windows sparkled redly in it, the ivy rustled in the light air, and the sparrows twittered and fluttered up and down among its glittering leaves—the time, the sights, and sounds recalling many an arrival at the same pleasant hour, and many a welcome look and tone—gone now—faint and far away in memory, and ever to grow more and more distant.

The hall door was open—in went William without a summons—and in the hall he heard voices issuing from the drawing-room. Old Miss Wagget's kindly and cheering tones were distinctly audible, and Winnie Dobbs was making answer as he entered. From the two old women, as he stepped in, there was a simultaneous ejaculation; and Winnie's two hands were lifted in amazement, and she beamed on him with a ruddy smile of welcome, crying aloud, "Well, law! 'Tis him, sure enough!" and "There you are; what a charming surprise!" exclaimed Miss Wagget, trotting up to him with her hands extended, and shaking both his with a jolly little laugh.

"We walked over to pay our respects to good Winnie Dobbs here, little expecting to meet the lord of the Castle. Ha, ha, ha! why we thought you were at Hamburg, and lo and behold! here we have you! And I ventured to bring a friend; will you allow me to introduce?"

But Violet Darkwell—for she was the friend—not waiting for Miss Wagget's mock ceremony, came a step or two to meet him, and again, in Gilroyd, he held that prettiest of slender hands in his.

"Oh! pretty Vi, who could forget you? How I wish you liked me ever

so little! Oh! that you were the mistress of Gilroyd!" These were his thoughts as with a smile and a quiet word or two of greeting he took her hand.

"Did you come through London?" asked Miss Wagget. "No; direct here," he answered.

"Surprised to find us, I dare say?" and she glanced at Violet. "Our friend here—like a good little creature, as she is—came down to keep me company for a week, and as much longer as I can make her stay, while my brother is at Westthorpe, and you must come over with us to tea."

William acquiesced.

"And, Winnie Dobbs, you must tell me all you know of that Tummins family at the mill—are they really deserving people?—there was a rumour, you know—young people—do you go out and take a ramble in the lawn, and I'll join you. Winnie and I must talk for a minute or two."

So Violet and William did go out, and stood for a minute in the old familiar porch.

"How pretty it looks—always—in the setting sun—it's the light that suits Gilroyd. There's something a little melancholy in this place, though cheery along with it—I don't know how," said William.

"So do I—I always thought that—like those minuets I used to play that dear old grannie liked so well—something brilliant and old fashioned, and plaintive," replied the sweet voice of Violet Darkwell.

"Come out into the sunlight," said William. "Oh! how pretty! isn't it?"

Violet looked round with a sad smile that was beautiful on her girlish face.

"And the chestnut trees—I wonder how old they are," said William. "I must see you once more, Violet, among the chestnut trees;" and he led her towards them, she going willingly, with a little laugh that sounded low and sadly.

Among their stems, he stopped before that of a solitary beech tree.

"Do you remember that tree?" said William, speaking very low.

"I do indeed," said Violet, with the faintest little laugh in the world.

"It's more than three years ago—it's four years ago—since I carved them." He was pointing to two lines of letters, already beginning to spread and close in as such memorials on the living bark will do—but still legible enough. They were—

Vi Darkwell,  
William Maubray.

"These are going," he said with a sigh, "like the old inscriptions in Saxton churchyard; I believe it is impossible to make any lasting memorial; even memory fails as we grow old; God only remembers always; and this little carving here seems to me like an epitaph, times are so changed, and we—Vi Darkwell—William Maubray"—(he read slowly). "Little Vi is gone—dead and buried—and William Maubray—he did not know a great many things that he has found out since. He is dead and gone too, and I am here. He did not know himself; he thought the old things were to go on always; he did not know, Vi, how much he loved you—how desperately he loved you. *You* don't know it—you *can't* know it—or how much rather I'd die than lose you."

She was looking down, the point of her little foot was smoothing this way and that the moss on the old roots that over-laced the ground.

"If I thought you could like me! Oh! Violet, can you—ever so little?" He took her hand in both his, and his handsome young face was as that of a man in some dreadful hour pleading for his life. These were the glow of hope, the rapture of entreaty, the lines of agony.

"I like you, William. I do like you," she said, so low that no other ears but his, I think, could have heard it, and the little wood anemones nodded their pretty heads, and all the groups of wood-sorrel round trembled, it seemed, with joy; as if William said, in a wild whisper—

"My darling—oh! Vi—my darling. My only love—dearer and dearer every year. Oh! darling, my love is everlasting!" and he kissed her hand again and again, and he kissed her lips, and the leaves and flowers were hushed—nature was listening,

pleased—and, I think, the angels looking down smiled on those fair young mortals, and those blessed moments that come with the glory of paradise—and being gone—are remembered for ever.

"Why! young people, what has become of you?" cried the well known voice of Miss Wagget. "Ho! here you are. I guessed I should find you among the trees—grand old timber, Mr. Maubray." The guilty pair approached Miss Wagget side by side, looking as unconcerned as they could, and she talked on. "I sometimes think, Mr. Maubray, that Gilroyd must be a much older place than most people fancy. That house, now—what style is it in? My brother says there were such houses built in Charles the Second's time, but the timber you know is—particularly the oaks down there—the trees are enormously old, and there are traces of a moat. I don't understand these things, but my brother says, at the side of the house toward the road"—and so on kind Miss Wagget laboured, little assisted by William, upon topics about which none of them were thinking. That evening Miss Wagget was seized with a sort of musical frenzy, and sat down and played through ever so many old books of such pieces as were current in her youth, and very odd and quaint they sound now—more changed the fashion of our music even than of our language. I'm afraid that the young people were not so attentive as they might, and William whispered incessantly, sitting beside Violet on the sofa.

It was rather late when that little musical party broke up.

To Gilroyd William walked in a dream, in the air—all the world at his feet—a demi-god. And that night when Vi, throwing her arms about Miss Wagget's neck, confided in her ear the momentous secret, the old lady exclaimed gaily—

"Thank you for nothing! a pinch for stale news! Why I knew it the moment I saw your faces under the trees there, and I'm very happy. I'm delighted. I've been planning it, and hoping for it this ever so long—and poor fellow! He *was* so miserable."

## CHAPTER LXXI.

## THE CHIMES OF SAXTON.

NEXT morning Miss Wagget was busy, in a great fuss, writing the news to her brother and the Sergeant, and for the benefit of the latter she drew such a picture of William Maubray's virtues and perfections in general as must have made that sagacious man long to possess such a son-in-law. The good lady enclosed a dutiful little note to him from Violet, and wound-up with an eloquent lecture, in which she demonstrated that if the Sergeant were to oppose this palpable adjustment of Providence, he should be found to fight against heaven, the consequences of which enterprise she left him to conjecture.

William also spent the entire forenoon over a letter to the same supreme authority; and the letters despatched, there intervened a few days of suspense and wonderful happiness, notwithstanding.

William was waiting in the little post-office of Saxton when the letters came. Mrs. Beggs having sorted the contents of the mail with an anxious eye, delivered his letters and at his desire, those for the rectory, to William. There was a letter from the Sergeant for him. There was no mistaking the tall and peculiar hand. There were two others addressed severally to the ladies at the rectory. William did not care to read his in Mrs. Beggs's little parlour, so he took his leave cheerfully, even gaily, with an awful load at his heart.

In his pocket lay his fate sealed. Hardly a soul was stirring in the drowsy little street. Here and there a listless pair of eyes peeped through the miniature panes of a shop window. He could not read the letter where any eye could see him. He hurried round the corner of Garden-row, got on the road leading to Gilroyd, crossed the stile that places you upon the path to the rectory, and in the pretty field, with only half a dozen quiet cows for witnesses, opened and read his London letter.

It told him how well Mr. Sergeant Darkwell liked him, that he believed wedded happiness depended a great deal more on affection, honour, and kindness than upon wealth. It said

that he had aptitudes for the bar, and would no doubt do very well with exertion. It then mentioned what the Sergeant could do for his daughter, which William thought quite splendid, and was more, Miss Wagget afterward said, than she had reckoned upon. For some years at least they were to live with the Sergeant, "putting by your income, my dears, and funding at least five or six hundred a year," interposed Miss Wagget, who was in a wonderful fuss. "You'll be rich before you know where you are—you will, indeed! He's an admirable man—your father's an *admirable* man, my dear! I don't know such a man, except my brother, who's a man by himself, you know. But next after him, your papa, my dear, is the very best man I ever heard of. And you'll be married here, at Saxton—you shall, indeed. You must remain with us, and be married from this, and I wonder my brother stays so long away, he'll be as glad as I. The Sergeant shall come down to us for the wedding, and give you away at Saxton, and there's that beautiful spot, Wyndel Abbey, so romantic and charming, the very place for a honeymoon, and only fifteen miles away."

And so on and on ran good Miss Wagget, arranging everything for the young people, and as it were counting the turnpikes, and packing their trunks for the happy excursionists, and making them comfortable in the pretty little inn at Wyndel Abbey, where she had once spent a week.

Well would it be for castle-builders in general if their dreams proved all as true as those of fanciful and kindly Miss Wagget did, on this occasion.

It was agreed it was to be a very quiet wedding. At secluded Saxton, indeed it would not have been easy to make it anything else. Sergeant Darkwell of course gave pretty Violet away.

Honest Doctor Drake was there, in an unprofessional blue coat and buff waistcoat, and with a bouquet in his button-hole, in which not a

single camomile flower figured. Miss Drake, too, in a lavender silk; and wishing the gay couple every good from her heart, notwithstanding her surprise that Sergeant Darkwell should have permitted his *child* to marry at so early an age as eighteen—*nineteen*? Well, one year here or there doesn't signify a great deal, she fancied. Good old Winnie Dobbs, too, in a purple silk and new bonnet, which must have been quite in the fashion, for all Saxton admired it honestly. A little way from the communion rails, behind the gentlefolks, she stood or kneeled, edified, only half credulous, smiling sometimes, and crying a great deal—thinking, I am sure, of kind old Aunt Dinah, who was not to see that hour. Winnie, I mention parenthetically, is still housekeeper at Gilroyd, and very happy, with nothing but a little rheumatism to trouble her.

Here every year William and Violet pass some time, and the happiest month of all the twelve, though the estates and title have come to him, and he is Sir William, and she Lady Maubray. But the change has not spoiled either. The honest affections and friendly nature delight in the old scenes and associates; and in summer sunsets, under the ancient chestnuts, they ramble sometimes, her hand locked in his, while he runs over those delightful remembrances, still low—still in a lover's tone, and she, looking down on the grass and wild-flowers as she walks beside him, listens as she might to a sweet air, always welcome, the more welcome that she knows it so well; and they read the inscription on the beech tree, time has not effaced it yet, they read it smiling, with that something of regret that belongs to the past, and all the tenderness that tones the uncertain mortal future.

Sometimes William says a word of Trevor, and she laughs, perhaps a little flattered at the remembrance of a conquest. Vane Trevor is very well, not married yet, they say, grown a little stout, not often at Revington. He does not put himself much in the way of Sir William, but is very friendly when they correspond on Saxton matters, Warkhouse, and others. He has not renewed his attentions at Kinton. Clara has grown "awfully old," he has been

heard to remark. She has latterly declined gaieties, has got to the very topmost platform of high-churchism, from which a mere step-ladder may carry her still higher. Dean San-croft, who fought the Rev. John Blastus in the great controversy, you must remember, on credence tables, candles, and super-altars is not unfrequently an inmate of Kinton, and people begin to canvass probabilities.

But whither have I drifted? Let us come back to quiet old Saxton Church, and the marriage service. The Miss Mainwarings and a pretty Miss Darkwell, a cousin of the bride's, attended as bridesmaids. And with Sergeant Darkwell had arrived the "silent woman." She could not help her taciturnity any more than her steady gray eyes, which used to terrify William so, while he haunted the drawing-room in town. She attended, in very handsome and appropriate costume, and made Vi a very pretty present of old-fashioned jewellery, and was seen to dry her eyes during the beautiful "solemnization of matrimony," as good Doctor Wagget, in the old church, under the oak-roof which had looked down for so many centuries on so many young kneeling couples, in the soft glow of the old stained window whose saints looked smiling on with arms crossed over their breasts; read the irrevocable words aloud, and the village congregation reverently listening, heard how these two young mortals, like the rest, had "given and pledged their troth, either to other, and declared the same by giving and receiving of a ring, and by joining of hands," and how the good Rector pronounced that "they be man and wife together" in the name of the glorious Trinity.

As we walk to the village church, through the church-yard, among the gray, discoloured headstones that seem to troop slowly by us as we pass, the lesson of change and mortality is hardly told so sublimely as in the simple order of our services. The pages that follow the "Communion" open on the view like the stations in a pilgrimage. The "Baptism of Infants"—"A Catechism"—"The Order of Confirmation"—"The Solemnization of Matrimony"—"The Visitation of the Sick"—"The

Burial of the Dead." So, the spiritual events of life are noted and provided for, and the journey marked from the first question—"Hath this child been already baptized or no?" down to the summing up of life's story—"Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down as a flower, he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

And so Doctor Wagget after the

blessing invoked, and his beautiful office ended, smiling bids William "Kiss your wife," and there is a fluttering of gay ribbons, and many smiling faces, and a murmuring of pleased voices, and greetings and good wishes, as they go to the vestry room to sign Doctor Wagget's ancient ledger of all such doings.

And now while the sun is shining and the bells of Saxton trembling in the air, I end my story.

## NUMBER FIVE BROOKE-STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK THE FIRST.

### CHAPTER XIV.

A LONG DAY.

THE snow had begun to fall. About two hours later Mrs. Lepell came down looking for the party, or for some of them, but could not find them. The servant told her they were not out. She tried the various large rooms, but without success; and, wondering very much, was about going to the garden, when, as she passed the door of one of the small rooms, she thought she heard the sound of voices, or of a voice. It seemed to her—oddly enough—as if some one was reading prayers aloud for the household, like Sir John in the morning. She opened the door and saw a curious scene. A young girl, eager, excited, with blushing cheeks and flashing eyes, was standing up in the centre of the room, with a shawl draped about her very picturesquely. The whole company was sitting round, and as Mrs. Lepell entered somebody motioned to her with a hand, to get to a chair and make no noise. Lord John looked over at her, and patted the seat of one next him, into which she stole.

It was Miss Palmer reciting "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," it had come about in the most natural way. Her mother had insisted—and she, knowing that delightful social truth, that nothing is worth "making a fuss about," had consented, very naturally

and without affectation, just to amuse them until the snow was over. It was really a dramatic performance, full of soul, and earnestness, and feeling, with a deep and mournful pathos in her voice which touched them. Severne's face was turned towards her with delight; Selby's was looking down with suspicion; her mother's was full of pride. As soon as she was done there was loud applause.

"Bravo!" cried Lord John, aloud, "Rachel couldn't touch it." Then to Mrs. Lepell—"My dear woman, this girl is gradually taking the wind out of your—I mean, out of all our sails. She's working up to be first fiddle here."

Mrs. Lepell bit her lips for a moment. Lord John watched her, then said quietly—

"Well, after all, it's very much of the school-room, this sort of thing. Stand up, my dear, and do your spouting-piece for the Rev. Mr. Smith. You know what I mean; and, on my soul, I liked the way you put our friend yonder, in the sack, last night, fifty times better."

Then Miss Palmer was begged to give a little more, which she did in the same good-natured way.

She struck into the "Lament of a Jewess"—a poem about one of that

tribe who had been wooed and won, and deserted, by a Christian. It was called—

“ESTHER.

“Thus far on my road—the place is nigh—  
The wretched Jewess wanders back to die!  
This is the spot, the grove, the little gate,  
Where, of a summer eve, I used to wait,  
Watching the dying sun—the netted trees  
• • • • •

“Where is the winding path—the shady  
wood”——

The way she crawled and crouched, the fierce defiance in her eye, the vengeance, the play of passions, were surprising. There was loud applause.

“Egad, we’ll be nowhere by-and-by,” whispered Lord John—“that is, our side of the house; but how long is this to go on? I have had enough to do me for three weeks—she’s gathered a million of cobwebs in my throat, I can tell you,” and his lordship rose and stretched himself.

“What did I tell you?” said Severne, enthusiastically. “Did I say a word too much?”

Indeed, the performance had produced a profound impression; and Mrs. Lepell was left there, standing without any one having noticed her entrance. This is always an awkward and trying situation. We do not feel awkward, or perhaps, have not a notion of a rivalry, but we know people *think* there is such a feeling in our hearts, and hence our awkwardness.

Indeed, for the rest of that day Miss Palmer seemed to go about attended by a train, drawn after her by a sort of attraction.

Lord John snarled—“That young jack of a Severne seems to be her showman, like the waxwork fellow. I’ll ask him why he don’t get a wand and say, ‘Observe the movement of the eyes. Please take notice of the graceful curve of the arms.’ Ah, my dear girl” (Mrs. Lepell had long since found it useless to protest against this familiarity), “I’d like to describe you with a wand! What a showman I’d make! Ladies and gentlemen observe that fine rosy cheek—those round, brilliant eyes, in—in which”——

“Now, Lord John, you are beginning”——

“In which, I say—don’t interrupt—you can see yourselves cheap, and

save the hire of looking-glasses. Observe too that round, cozy, plump little figure”——

Mrs. Lepell coloured. “I must go away, Lord John. I see you don’t mind a word I say.”

“With all my heart,” he said, following. “I’ll continue the description before these people. I know you’d like that better.”

Mrs. Lepell turned back irresolutely.

Lord John went on—“By the machinery, ladies and gents, we can put her through all sorts of tricks. She can be made to throw down her eyes and even blush, ladies and gents. Observe her hair, which it is an uncommonly luxurious amusement to smoothe and pat, reserved only for a select few; and let me tell you, ladies and gents, that she is as nice and as cozy a little figure—in waxwork, of course, I mean—as was ever turned out. Oh, hang it,” added his lordship, stretching his arms, “what rubbish I talk! This is weary work, my dear.”

Dinner hour arrived. They waited a quarter of an hour; then a second quarter, for Sir John—then sat down. They had a merry banquet. Still Miss Palmer reigned. Mr. Selby had by some providence, as it seemed to him, got next to Mrs. Lepell; but she was “in low spirits,” she said. He was much put out of humour by Lord John, who was more lively than his wont, and gravely called him through dinner, “Sir Gawaine. Ah, you’d like a ‘Round Table,’ my friend.”

The evening wore on, and at last, about ten, the sounds of wheels were heard. Sir John came in joyously and triumphantly, and with pink cheeks.

“Don’t mind me,” he said, “I am all right. I have dined, and dined well; and put in as good a day’s work as ever was done. Put a little sherry in the study Duncan, and you Sev—Severne, my boy, come with me. I have something to say to you, my lad, that will make you jump in your boots.”

Severne went out without saying a word, and without reflecting this joyful mood of his relation. All present wondered.

Lord John whispered to Mrs. Lepell—“I bet you there’s something

coming for our friend. He's as down as anything, did you see?"

By-and-by the company, after waiting with a curiosity that was pardonable enough, began to drop away to bed. Mrs. Palmer and her daughter remained; so did Mrs. Lepell. The latter lady said she never could bear to go to rest until midnight. Near that hour, at last came up Severne, with a troubled face and excited in his manner.

"I thought I should find you here alone," he said to the Palmers. "No matter—in the morning it will do."

A little wounded, Mrs. Lepell rose up without a word, and went to get her candle. He saw her look and was filled with compunction. He ran to her.

"I did not mean that," he said; "indeed, no; but this is something that concerns *them*. You understand."

She laughed good-humouredly.

"Quite right," she said. "I have no right to know your secrets. Good night. Good night, Mrs. Palmer."

"Ah, you are angry," said Severne. "Someway I always have the knack of doing something awkward."

## CHAPTER XV.

### AN EXPLOSION.

NEXT morning were to be more departures. Lord John was to go that evening.

"I have ordered the trap," he said, at breakfast, "for five. You'll be all crying after me, eh? Here's Mrs. Lepell been awake all night, to my certain knowledge."

But there was a little gloom on Severne's face. He was very restless and almost nervous. Sir John was very boisterous, and in good spirits. Mrs. Lepell, no doubt, wondered what was this mystery. After breakfast was over she went up to her husband.

No wonder Sir John said that a more faithful and dutiful and steady little wife he had never met. And with such good sound tastes, that woman was 'well grounded' when she was young. We can guess pretty well the "sound" tastes to which he was alluding. When she came down again, she happened to look into the library, and in a moment Severne came hurrying through with his hat in his hand.

"Sir John not here?" he said, and was going away, but a soft voice called him back.

"Mr. Severne," she said, "I am afraid——"

"Afraid of what?" said he bluntly.

"Nothing," she answered; "but forgive me. I hope there has been no bad news."

"Bad news?" he answered boisterously. "What made you think of that? Wait though," he said, closing the door. "Sir John says you are a monument of sense, and perhaps—and Mrs. Lepell," he said, throwing

himself into one of the great chairs, "I am in a miserable difficulty. I don't know what to do, or where to turn."

She went over to him very kindly, and sat down on the sofa opposite.

"I am not a monument of sense," she said, smiling, "as no one knows better than you. That is some of the old sarcasm. But if I can help by my little advice, indeed I shall try, and if sympathy and good-will can do anything, and perhaps a *little* sense, we might strike out something between us."

"You are good, after all," he said, eagerly, "and I shall stop all my nonsense. In a few words then, do you know what has turned up since last night? That old Lee, who is our Conservative member—a wretched, narrow-minded, bigoted, ignorant old man, who thinks that "the Glorious Constitution" means a slavery and oppression, worthy of the worst days of Spain—this model-man has found out that there is something wrong with his heart, and that the agitation of parliamentary life, or rather the disappointment at seeing concessions made to his fellow-subjects, is too exciting. He is going abroad, and is going to retire. Do you see anything now? It is hardly fair to ask you as yet—so——"

"He wishes you to take his place," Mrs. Lepell went on very readily and calmly, "and assumes that you will take up his principles. You would like his place and scorn his principles. Further, this old Tory has a daugh-



ter or niece, one out of a dozen, and he wishes to fasten you into his principles by a good stout chain—of marriage?"

Severne looked at her wondering.

"You are extraordinary. Why you have got the whole story. I was half an hour telling it to the Palmers. My dear Mrs. Lepell, help me; tell me what *am* I to do. I have seen this coming for a long time. I knew it *must* come at last, and that I would have to face it. Sir John must have an answer to-day. Indeed he wonders at the delay. But the truth is, as you have guessed, this is not my way, my principles are formed; I will never be one of those vile old fashioned Tories. I will starve first. I have been weak enough to keep this from Sir John. You know what *his* views are. And now I see that there is a regular crash coming, and how *am* I to meet it."

His head dropped, and he looked quite worn and dejected.

"May I guess again?" she went on calmly. "There is another difficulty too. These Palmers, whom you met abroad—there is some entanglement with——"

He looked a little confused.

"My dear Mrs. Lepell, I may as well tell you everything out of the face, as the Irish say. You know everything. Well, yes. There is something I *am* more or less—that is—what is the word——?"

"Committed," Mrs. Lepell said, smiling, "that is what the worldly people would call it. There has been no time lost I see. After all it is a pity. Because these long engagements are so many weights and drawbacks, on a clever and brilliant young man, who has laid himself out to succeed with every advantage—it is hard enough, there is such competition; but disadvantages make it harder; still a handsome and clever girl—well, but the thing is now, what is to be done? What did that clever Mrs. Palmer say?"

"Ah! exactly, and I just consulted them to see, you know. Miss Palmer was for the straightforward course, to go at once to Sir John. Tell everything boldly, and say that my mind was made up, that I would never sacrifice my principles, and all that. Well?"

Mrs. Lepell remained silent.

"Well," he repeated, "what do you say?"

"What do you think?" she said, smiling; "are you inclined to adopt that advice? It is the noblest and most chivalrous course."

"Ah exactly; but——"

"But what? But it is one about which there can have been no difficulty from the beginning. You and I, Mr. Severne, know very well, also, what will be the results of that course, which no doubt Miss Palmer with her foreign education did not see—and naturally did not see."

"No," said Severne enthusiastically, "that is her charm. She is the most unworldly, unhackneyed, freshest creature this earth ever saw!"

"I tell you," said Mrs. Lepell, plainly, "if you go straight to Sir John with chivalry and plain speaking, you must make up your mind to lose everything. This fine old place, your future seat in the house, fortune, success, life, everything. After all a fresh and charming girl, as unsophisticated as we may imagine, is a real compensation; first the thing is, you must choose between the two."

"And *what* would you recommend?" said Severne, uneasily.

"Well, at the risk of being called sophisticated, and worldly, and wanting *freshness*, I would say, take a middle course. First, is there not a way of subscribing the Thirty-nine Articles, with a reserve and a half sense? You sign them all nominally, but with a meaning of your own."

"Nothing can be more base," said Severne, starting up—"more dishonourable. You would not have me *surely*——"

"Sign the articles?—certainly not," she said, calmly. "Were you thinking of *that* as a resource? No; what I meant was, that as politics stretch now-a-days, and there are such colours and shadings, and gradations—such Liberal-Conservatives and Conservative-Liberals—I was thinking——"

"All cloaks for dishonesty, every one of them; so they are, as I live!"

"And so long as I live I should never ask you to adopt such a course. We only come back to this, however: if you go chivalrously to Sir John, I think you see, with me, it will be ruin—utter ruin. Now, forgive me for speaking freely. I do not think

you are called on to adopt such a chivalrous and dangerous course. There is no such hurry. We are not called on to abdicate all sense, and rush headlong on destruction. We are allowed time to look about us. We are not in the Middle Ages. You are not required to get up in the morning happy and full of hope, and go to bed that same night miserable and ruined. Would you be advised by me, a mere worldling, as you will call me, but one who has a sincere interest in your hopes, your welfare, and your success—in your natural ardour, and brilliancy, and enthusiasm? Let me advise you now. Let us consult together—gain time—temporising a little, for a few weeks; and then see what is to be done. Suppose I speak to Sir John? I am rather a friend of his. You see there was some little use in 'The Short Way,' after all."

"My dear Mrs. Lepell," he said, warmly, "I think you have a great deal of sense and wisdom, which is not worldliness; and I see your views perfectly. And what is more, too, you have a great deal of forgiveness and good-nature, and are really heaping coals of fire on my head. Come now, let us draw our chairs together and have a regular council."

Before the sound of the castors of the chairs had died away they looked up.

There was the glowing face—the flashing eye—looking down on them. There was a statuesque attitude, as of some indignant goddess; and there, on the lips, was a look of open scorn and indignation. Severne started up as if he had been rebuked.

"I have not heard anything," said Miss Palmer, "beyond a single word; but that tells me what sort of advice this is. I say again, Mr. Severne, the straight course is the best and the noblest, and that I conjure you to take. It will be the best in the end. Have no secret scheming; I conjure you go straight to Sir John. Tell him your story and he will like you the better for it. You must—you must do nothing else, no matter who attempts to persuade you!"

Both looked at her with wonder—Severne, perhaps, with a little confusion.

"I don't know," he said, at last; "but I believe you are right. I be-

lieve the straight course is the best always. Mrs. Lepell and I have been in council, and we were thinking that as Sir John is so hasty and excitable, with as true a heart as ever Englishman had, that perhaps it might be better. But, after all, if I know him at all, he would be more pleased by going straight to him, and telling him all at once."

"Ah, I knew you would do what is right and noble," said the young girl, clasping her hands. "That dear man, Sir John, will like and love you the better. Go, dear Severne; lose not a moment. He is in his study now. I will answer for the result."

Severne started up. "It seems like an inspiration," he said, eagerly. "I shall go at once. Mrs. Lepell, I believe she's right, after all."

Mrs. Lepell merely shrugged her shoulders. "I have no right to interfere; but I have seen a little of the world, and I, too, have my secret convictions. If you ask me, I must tell you, you are going to commit a mistake. Wait even until to-night. Nothing can be compromised by that."

"No, no!" said Severne. "Let us have it over; by lunch, we shall be all talking happily together, and have it off our minds. A thousand thanks, my dear Mrs. L., for your kind advice. I know you meant it ever so kindly; but I think little worldly tactics would fail here. Come, dear," he said.

As they left the room the young girl flashed back at Mrs. Lepell, who was standing with her hands resting on a chair, what seemed a look of triumph. Mrs. Lepell only smiled. When they were gone she said aloud to herself, bitterly, "half an hour, and we shall see."

She waited there very patiently. Suddenly the door was opened and Lord John looked in.

An idea seemed to flash on her suddenly. "Lord John," she said, "will you tell me something—as a great favour? You know you are going away."

"Not yet, my dear," said his lordship, dropping into a chair. "Not just yet, my dear. My hour is not yet come. But now, what's this? What can I tell you, my dear, that you don't know, eh?"

"I want you to tell me very much,"

she said, "something about those new people—the Palmers. You know everything about every one, and I am sure there is a history about them."

"And what on earth are they to you, eh?" asked he. "Come?"

"Well," said she, looking down, "shall I confess, Lord John, I don't like them?"

"I don't like 'em either, the young one's a stuck-up thing; and I should like to see her get a lesson."

"Oh, *you* could give her *that*," she said. "She shrank from you at breakfast. She is ready with her tongue."

"Indeed I know 'em, as well, that is, as I did my old grandmother. There is not a man, woman, or child in the kingdom that I couldn't turn inside out if I chose! Bless you, I've seen the world. Mrs. P. had better keep quiet, and regulate that young cub, who, I think, *we* see is flying at good game. They won't be out of this, mark me, ma'am, for a month yet. I know their game, bless you, and what's more, could put a spoke—ay, half a dozen spokes—in their twopenny-halfpenny wheels, ma'am."

Lord John had, indeed, come fresh from Mrs. Hardcastle, who had the best cherry brandy "on the face of God's earth." "Where is the whole pack now?" said Lord John.

"May I tell you a secret, Lord John?" she said. "*He*, Mr. Severne, is gone to tell Sir John that he is a Whig, or a Radical, and that he can't—"

"*What*!" said Lord John, starting up, "is the murder out at last? Has our friend to unkennel his fox? Oh, I knew it would come to this—I knew it would, and I always said so. Why, there'll be the most infernal Belzebubian row that this house has ever seen, even when old Cromwell and his Quakers came down here—that is, if you believe *that* lie. O Lord, Lord!" and Lord John rubbed his hands with delight. "I won't go till I see it out. It's worth staying for. My dear woman, there'll be fun—fun, don't you see? and I like a piece of fun. I declare I could just put my arms round—ahem!—round that screen, eh, I am so pleased. You are a great little woman, and I like you, I do indeed. There's a pluck and game of your

own about you; and a spice of the what's his name, in your eye."

"Now, really, Lord John," she said gravely, "only that you're going away—"

"Fiddle dee—on my grandmother's face. (Ah, we were all happy innocent children once; and eat our pudding with a sense that ours was to be the kingdom of Heaven—you know, eh!) That won't make so much matter, for I won't lose sight of you, Mrs. L. Where are you?—in London?—My little roundabout, ahem! cushion—this cushion, ma'am—ah, you won't—catch me. Round it is, and no one can deny it." Mrs. Hardcastle's *liqueur* was mounting higher every moment. "Come, out with it, where are you to be? you and poor Shadrach upstairs, or Abednego—what was his name? It's no use hiding it; for, by the living thingamy, I'll unearth you. I have been looking for you the last half hour, to tell you all this—only that woman Hardcastle got me into her den there."

"I don't know whether I ought to," she said gravely; "but as I know it is of no use to hide anything from you, I must tell. Well, Mr. Lepell has taken a house—a small house—number 5, Brooke-street."

"Mr. Lepell and I—ha, ha; that's not so bad—knowing, knowing little—ahem! Well, I'll drop in very—very often, if you behave—that is, mind no forwardness—nothing to shock a mind of tender years, you know, *maxima debetur*, you know. Positively, if I hear a word likely to endanger my faith or morals, that moment I run out of the house."

Mrs. Lepell could not but laugh at this comic notion.

His lordship laughed too.

"Yes, I'll come often—very often. When *he's put to bed* I'll drop in, and won't we have our cup of tea together—No. 5—I won't forget, I declare. I am sorry to go away to-day, but I must. See here—perhaps, one of those evenings, when you are making a cup of tea for me at Brooke-street, I'll tell you about our friends; a story, ma'am, that will make that nice round little figure of yours jump out of its arm-chair, eh? Egad, must go and get all my traps together. Now I'll see you again." He went out, leaving Mrs. Lepell ruminating

deeply. No one came for at least a quarter of an hour. Suddenly the door was opened, and Severne, pale, agitated, and miserable, rushed in.

"It's all over," he said. "You were too right—God knows! Now, what is to be done? He was very wild. I can't stop now," he said, "nor at any other time I believe. It's all at an end now. Now—for ever! There's been a dreadful business. *You were right in what you said*, but I am not ashamed of what I have done. It's all over now, and I shall only see you for a few hours more."

"Tell me, what is all this?" she said in alarm. "What has happened? O I am so grieved."

"It's not your fault—quite the contrary—if I had listened to you. But I thought he was one of the fine old stock, that liked what they called 'manly candour,' and hearty English straightforwardness. Ah," said he ruefully, "my manly candour has done for us I am afraid. Still I am not sorry. There was but the one course for a man of honour."

"But something could be done," said Mrs. Lepell; "surely something. He is generous and good, though hasty, and that charming girl——"

He laughed. "The charming girl, and she is one, would be like a bit of scarlet cloth to him. I am sorry to say, he has just spoken to Mrs. Palmer in a way that I could not expect from him, a true country gentleman. He has forgotten his hospitality and politeness, I am afraid. They are going away at once."

"This is dreadful," said she, clasping her hands. "Who would have thought this?"

"You did," said Severne, with a forced laugh. "You saw further than the wise college man. No matter. I have done for myself. But we must all get rubs at some time of our life. I am now free; to tell you the truth, that state of even partial subservience was odious to me. I can now breathe and stretch my arms."

He did draw a long breath, and affected to stretch his arms, but not with the enjoyment that he professed—that simple operation did not seem fraught with such exquisite pleasure, or worth the price that had been paid for it.

Mrs. Lepell was left in a fit of

abstraction—was she thinking how this convulsion would affect *her*—when the door was hastily opened, and Sir John looked in.

His face was glowing, and almost contorted. When he saw Mrs. Lepell alone there, he turned back and went out of the room banging the door behind him. Then he found perhaps that he would have to walk round a long way, so he returned and came through once more. She saw him muttering, and his eyes fell on her with a fixed stare of unconsciousness.

"Sir John," she said, in a soft voice.

He stopped short before her. "Do you want anything?" he said, almost rudely. "I have no time to talk to you. That fellow has destroyed me. He has driven the blood up to my very head. A low, grovelling, mean-souled oster—that's what he is. He hasn't a thought that's fit for a gentleman. He wants to kill me."

She ran to him, for Sir John had dropped into a chair helplessly.

"Do you know what the scoundrel has done? Do you know what he has been skulking through the house doing? It makes me ill to think. I assure you I feel my forehead as if it was going to crack. There is a strain across here, ma'am. It seems I have been fattening and pampering a low plebeian Radical all this time. A low, illegitimate, sneaking Whig, that would level us all down to the boors in the fields there, and cut up my land. Those are sweet pretty principles to have under my roof. But they shan't stay there an hour longer—not a day longer. He shan't have a cut at my land in any way. He may go among the rabble if he likes, and stir them up to come and mob me and stone me, but out of this he packs. And on the top of all, a marriage, no less, with a creature that he has picked out of a French caffy or a bullyvar. My God Almighty," said he, starting up, "that all this should have come on me in a day! *Why* they'll point at me all over the country. I'm disgraced—disgraced, ma'am—and curse me—I beg your pardon for the swearing before you—if I don't go down to my grave without forgiving it."

"But, sir," said the lady, "I am sure it can be explained; he may have been hasty."

"I don't care," said the baronet; "let him. He has chosen, and he may stay so. It's not that. It's the low ungentelemanly, systematic hoodwinking and deception that has gone on for years. Shamming a good Tory, he and that soft mother of his; and all this time I have been pampering and petting a ruffian that will cut all our throats on some morning and divide our property. It's horrible—base and horrible—and infernal cruel and ungrateful too, though that's the least. For I was always kind and indulgent. But, thank God, I've found him out in time, and before I made my will too. I am glad of that. I'll set about it in the morning, and the lowest charity school shall have every stick in the place before it shall go to him, or near him," and, exhausted by this denunciation, Sir John sank again into a chair, and sat there staring wildly. "Now, not a word for him; I won't listen to it—not a word now," he said, starting up again, and leaving the room.

Mrs. Lepell was aghast, and sat there long wondering at this mysterious change. Afar off she heard the series of doors "banging," as the angry lord of the house went his way to his study. Servants came by and looked in with gloom and doubt on their faces, for in a surprisingly short space of time, it had spread through the

house that there had been "a awful blow up" between Sir John and his nephew. It seemed as though there had been a death in the house.

Never were there such gloomy hours.

Sererne came back later, and found Mrs. Lepell in the same place.

"This is life," he said dismally. "However, I was quite prepared for all this. I knew it was coming, and was ready to go through the consequences. I am very glad it has come. It was a degrading position to be in, and it has been hanging over me like a weight. I am now free; thank heaven, I can carry out my own principles, and carry out my premises, independent and unshackled. I shall work my own way and my own fortunes at the Bar, or in any other opening."

"Would it not be better," said Mrs. Lepell gently, "without of course any sacrifice of principle—to temporize, not to be in quite such a hurry? Nothing is gained by haste—nothing is lost by delay. You might wait until to-morrow, or say you would consider the matter."

"And would not that be temporising and truckling, Mrs. Lepell?" he said. "And yet I don't know, as you say, why hurry. I cannot sacrifice my principles, even a hair's-breadth."

#### SONNET.

UPON a rosetree bending o'er a river  
 A bird from spring to summer gaily sang,  
 For love of its sweet friend, the rose, for ever  
 Its beating heart with happy music rang,  
 In sunshine warm and moonlight by the shore,  
 Whose waves afar its voice melodious bore,  
 Blent with its own. But when alas! the sere  
 Gray autumn came withering those blooms so dear,  
 Still full of love but full of sadness too  
 Changed the sweet song as changed the roses hue,  
 Mourning each day some rich leaf disappear,  
 Until the last had drop'd into the stream,  
 Anguished by wintry breezes blowing keen.  
 Then on the bough forlorn, mute as a dream  
 Awhile the poor bird clung, and soon was seen no more.

## GLASTONBURY ABBEY, PAST AND PRESENT. THE RISE AND INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH MONACHISM.

## THE SAXONS.\*

THE influence of the Saxon element upon the national character has become so habitual that it is only upon investigation it can be fully appreciated. It would be difficult to say whether that or the Norman element has operated more powerfully upon the physical and mental fabric of the English. Vitally the preponderance lies with the Saxon, as we think may be shown from the structure of the language. Discarding from the English tongue the few importations from the Greek and Latin which do not come to us through the French, and a few other words from foreign tongues, we arrive at two distinct dialects, each of which may be translated into the other, spoken by all classes of the community, varied only by time and circumstance, the Saxon and the Norman. The most expressive portion is decidedly that which belongs to the Saxon element, but in the language of conventionality, and to a great extent in the language of literature, the Norman preponderates. The English Bible is a vast treasure-house of Saxon; its most effectual and expressive passages are in pure Saxon; it is that which has sent its truths home into English hearts, interwoven them with English thought, and endeared its phraseology to English ears, and for that reason, if for none other, we should hesitate about disturbing that old Saxon text—the most lasting preserver of our Mother Tongue. The speech of the great mass of the people is Saxon, that of the refined educated minority Norman; but strange to say, the language of deep affection, of strong emotion, of close intimate relationship, finds vent among all classes in the homely natural Saxon. But although the peasant, the mechanic, the vast mass of the community in their every-day conversation, speak almost invariably Saxon, whilst

those of the upper and middle classes speak the more classical Norman, yet in the relationships of father, mother, husband, wife, and child, which make all men brethren, the noble and the peasant speak in one common language, the natural expression of the affections. The terms of endearment are all Saxon. A mother talking to her child, whether she be noble or plebeian, falls back upon the simple expressive Saxon—the lover to his mistress, the brother to the sister, all the home tendernesses and endearments, the close familiar intercourse of the family circle flow most naturally in Saxon. "I love thee," the burden of all the tender correspondence and most animated conversation of the country is purely Saxon; but when we emerge from this unfettered natural intercourse to the drawing-room of society, to the public courts, halls or pulpits, here we find another language spoken, still with a strong Saxon basis—that of our polished ancestors the Normans, ponderous, methodical, and measured. But it is not in our language only that this Saxon element is to be traced, it has interlaced itself with the very tissues of our thought, it characterizes all our deeds, and it lies far down at the foundation of our laws, our institutions, and our manners. It will, therefore, not be inapt now that we have arrived at the period when the Saxon dynasty in England came to a close after an existence of six centuries, to review the work they did during that period, when the foundations of the English constitution were laid; such a review, though necessarily a brief one, may throw some light upon subsequent history, or in any case will be an appropriate summary of the historical results of the period we have just gone over.

Ptolemy the Alexandrian, who wrote about the year 140, A.D., is the

\*Authorities:—Taciti Germania; Eutrop. Hist.; Ptolemy Geog.; Anglia Sacra; Gildas; Nennius; Bede Eccl. Hist.; Asseri Vita Alfredi; Pauli's Life of Alfred; Kemble's Saxons in England; Turner's Hist. of Saxons; Lappenberg; Lingard; Soame's Anglo-Saxon Church; Guillelm. Malmsh. Gesta Pont.; Saxon Chron. (Ingram); Cotton. MSS., Cleopatra, B. xiii., fo. 56; and Caligula, A. xiv.

first who honours the future rulers of the world with any mention, though this is scanty enough. In his geography\* there occurs a passage to the effect that a race called "the Saxons" lived on a tract of land on the neck of the Cimbric Chersonesus, at the north of the river Elbe, and three islands near its mouth. The next mention made of them, and in fact the first historic mention, is by Eutropius,† from whom we learn that Carausius was sent with a fleet by the Roman government to keep in check the depredations committed on the Belgian, Gallic, and British shores by the Franks and Saxons. The incidents of that early political appearance of the Saxon we will just review, because it is the first extant record we have of his presence upon the stage of European life. After the death of Severus, the Roman governor of Britain, the country became the sport of petty tyrants and usurpers, whose authority was in turn recognized and overthrown. This unsettled condition afforded great facilities to depredators and adventurers, the coast was left to their mercy, and we find that although it was scarcely ever free from sudden inroads by foreign pirates, who, after destroying villages and stealing flocks and fruits, put out to sea again; yet at this time, the middle of the third century, those depredations became more numerous, and began to attract the attention of the Roman government. Amongst the boldest and most persistent of these adventurers, were that people who dwelt still on the neck of the Cimbric Chersonesus, as mentioned by Ptolemy, and still bore the name of Saxons. They were an extraordinary race, a troublesome intractable race, in this their earliest infancy, and they managed even then to be a serious annoyance to the dominant Roman powers, and to imperil the Roman government in Britain. A huge brawny race, with a gigantic physical development, fair skin and light flaxen hair, blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, living on small islands exposed to the vicissitudes of the ocean. Accustomed to find their crops swept

away by inundations, and their houses and lives often imperilled, they built themselves a sort of wicker boat, made of planks bound together with ozier twigs covered with skins, and reckless of all danger put to sea in these crazy vessels to try their fortunes elsewhere—a people badly housed in the world, but bent upon finding better quarters somewhere—having nothing of their own but swampy fields and wretched houses, which the sea might sweep away at any time, their first instinct was to find out some one who had something better and to lay violent hands upon it, and if need be upon its possessor. It was a pursuit for which they were in many ways admirably adapted; they knew nothing of danger, or rather we are told they gloried in danger; they were never deterred by defeat, and as they found from the neglected state of neighbouring coasts, a sudden descent made occasionally would supply their wants, this mode of life gradually became habitual, and they left agriculture and labour to their women and slaves, looking upon these matters as beneath the dignity of brave men, who would not submit to the drudgery of working for those things which they could acquire by force. Soon, these systematic descents upon shores under the dominion of Rome attracted the notice of the provincial governors, who appealed to the Imperial Court for help. A fleet was then fitted out and intrusted to a man by the name of Carausius, to cruise off the coasts of Gaul and Britain, seize all pirates, to suppress by violent means, and to exterminate, if possible, these bold Saxons. The commander of this expedition was called the Count of the Saxon Shore, and it is the first mention in the history of England of a Channel fleet. Carausius, however, had a mission of his own, and after wreaking vengeance upon the heads of a few offenders, began to find it more advantageous to allow the pirates to do their work, seize their booty, put out to sea on their return, when he would meet them, take them prisoners, and stipulate for half their booty for their freedom.

\* Claudii Ptolemæi Geog., lib. ii., c. xi. The passage in the Latin version is as follows, under the heading "*Germaniæ Magnæ Situs*":—"Deinde supra dorsum Cimbricæ Chersonesi *Saxones*."

† Eutrop. Hist. Rom., lib. ix., 21.

The Saxons soon understood the man, and it became a tacitly-arranged thing between them—Carausius making a show of exercising his power and quietly sharing the result of every expedition with the pirates. The produce of these nefarious acquisitions he employed in corrupting the fidelity of the men under his command, and in all probability even of the legions in Britain. Suspicion was soon aroused at Rome. Saxon piracy, in spite of being invariably intercepted by the Roman fleet, was on the increase, complaints were incessant, and intimations forwarded to the Imperial Government of the doings of Carausius. Maximian the Emperor took preliminary steps towards the punishment of Carausius, but the Count of the Saxon Shore made an alliance with the barbarians, went to Britain, seduced the army to his side, assumed the government, and took the title of Cæsar. So complete was his success that he managed to hold the country in defiance of the Roman power, and in the end the Emperors were compelled to come to terms with him; an alliance was formed which lasted for some time; when they again tried to depose him from his assumed royalty, but without success. Carausius, however, was soon after assassinated at York by one of his ministers, by name Allectus. The troubles of Rome were accumulating, but the Saxons increased in territory, power, and renown. It was the retirement of one dominant race to make room for another, destined to be greater and more powerful, and although the prediction would have been treated with scorn had any seer declared to the Roman provincial governor that those hungry, ill-clad, restless barbarians would ever rise in the scale of civilization to a position far more brilliant than theirs, and attain to a power far greater than theirs, still even then the Saxon name was beginning to be noised abroad, tales of their prowess were rife, the whole coast line of the north of Europe was at their mercy, and men talked with terror of the prowess of these fair-

haired giants. We find them spoken of frequently by the historians of the fourth and fifth centuries. Sidonius, the Bishop of Clermont, gives us a graphic picture of their character. He speaks of them as the most cruel and dangerous enemy they had—a people who overcame all opposition, invariably overtook and routed a fleeing enemy, and invariably escaping when pursued themselves; that they contemned danger, and were accustomed to shipwreck; that they would seek for booty at the risk of their lives. The tempest, so dreadful to others, is their protection—it covers their retreat and facilitates their attacks—that they delighted in these perils of the sea; and he further adds, “that before they quit their own shores they devote to the altars of their gods the tenth part of their captives, and when they are on the point of returning, lots are cast and the impious vow fulfilled.”

Marcellinus says—“The Saxons are feared beyond all other foes.”\* Zosimus describes them as being superior in courage, strength, and powers of endurance in conflict.† The Emperor Julian also pronounces them to be the most pugnacious of all the nations who were beyond the Rhine, on the shores of the Western Ocean.‡ The testimony of Procopius is that they were the readiest to fight of all the barbarians then known: and Orosius speaks of them as a race terrible from their bravery and agility. So that these Saxons were in the very earliest period of their history, a sore trouble to their neighbours and a terrible scourge to their enemies—a restless, active, pugnacious race, whom nothing would pacify or keep down—they grasped vigorously, and held firmly whatever came in their way, and they were not easily frightened. Strange to say, the Saxon, unlike many other type races, has never been completely extinguished; has survived all the vicissitudes of time, and still lives and flourishes. The Greek and the Roman are extinct. A Roman of to-day is no more to be compared with his heroic ancestors than a modern Greek fig merchant with

\* *Saxones præ ceteris hostibus timentur.*

† *καρτερωτατοι θυμω και ρωμη και καρτερια τη περι τας μαχας.* Zos. iii., p. 147.

‡ *των υπερ την Ρηνον και την εσπειραν θαλασσαν εθων τα μαχιμωτατα.*

Julian Orat. in laud. Const.



**Jupiter.** But the Saxon element lives in the English still, fourteen hundred years have failed to crush that out of our constitutions; we are still the same restless, impatient, indomitable race; still go out to sea in ships, still ready and willing to fight, in spite of taxes, and, like our robber ancestors, we still manifest the same extraordinary readiness to lay hold upon other men's territories, and the same marvellous reluctance to release that hold ever after. These warlike Saxons continued their descents upon the English coasts for nearly two centuries, not dreaming of anything more than the chance of surprise, successful plunder, and ready escape; but events were coming to a crisis in Britain, and circumstances arose which led to the Saxons obtaining a footing in the country, but not in the manner usually supposed. The internal affairs of Britain after the departure of the Romans fell into confusion. It was divided into a number of small states, whose rulers were continually quarrelling and fighting with each other. This kept the country in a continual state of war, and laid it open to foreign invasion. The Picts and Scots made inroads in all directions. Rome could no longer help them, and they were unable to help themselves—they were reduced to the last extremity, and made unanimous by a common peril; they elected one sovereign who was called Gwrtheyrn, and summoned a general council to decide what was to be done.\* Whilst the council was sitting, another descent was made by the Saxons with three vessels, and about three hundred men, who landed at Ebbs Fleet in the Isle of Thanet. Intelligence was brought to the council, when, as if moved by one common impulse, they decided upon employing these depredators as mercenaries to fight against their enemies. The proposition was made and accepted with that readiness with which a Saxon availed himself of the chance of fighting and plunder. They were established temporarily in the Island of Thanet, provided with all necessities, and then sent to fight the Picts and Scots with their two chosen leaders, under whom they had landed, Hengist and Horsa. This version,

which is supported by the most ancient authority, appears to be more reasonable than the commonly accepted one, that the Saxons first landed by virtue of a national invitation. There had never been any thought of such an undertaking as an invasion on the part of the Saxons, nor on the part of the Britains could there have been reasonably any idea of invitation. They were the last people to whom they would appeal. They were barbarians, living by plunder and occasional depredations made by rapid descents, conducted by small numbers of men, under leaders chosen only for the occasion, when their authority ceased. But their opportune landing at the time of the embarrassment of the national council suggested the idea of employing these men, as they were, to resist the enemy. The formal invitation occurred afterwards, and as a natural consequence, the resistance offered by the Saxons was successful; they were a people who loved close fighting. Every Saxon carried upon his left arm a target or shield; his weapons were a short sword called a "seaxe," from which it is said the name Saxon is derived, but more especially a battle-axe, long and heavy. When the ranks of the enemy were broken, they rushed in amongst them, and clove them down on all sides. The Picts and Scots fled before them, and being unable to face them in the field employed strategy. A defeat at one point was the signal for an inroad at another. The British forces were too small to cope with the difficulty, and Hengist suggested that they should be allowed to send to their country for reinforcements to maintain the struggle. The British king, with the advice of his chiefs, consented, and hence arose the formal invitation, which was not given until they had been some time in the country, and had successfully fought against the foe. They were also still invited as mercenaries, nor is there anything to show that they regarded themselves in any other light, or had any idea of seizing the country themselves. That idea was of gradual growth, but arose quite naturally, as might have been predicted. Their being employed in their work taught them that the

\* Nennius, Gildas, and Bede.

Britains could not subdue the Picts; their continual successes proved to them that they could do so, and though they were not versed in logic, the inference arose in their minds none the less readily as regards the Britains themselves. We have already seen that they were a people not comfortably settled in the world; their soil was damp and marshy, they were exposed to the ravages of the sea, upon which at last they almost existed; they found the soil of Britain more suitable; it was a goodly country, a fertile country, admirably adapted for rearing Saxons. They found the British divided amongst themselves, unable to contend against a foe whom they had crushed; and it is not improbable that at this point, when the Picts were driven away, and they came back to their settlements in Thanet, that some idea of establishing themselves in this drier and more convenient dwelling-place entered into their minds, but if so, it was not carried out until much later. There appears to have been a sort of friendly hospitality extended to them by the British king, after the fighting had abated, which continued for some time, enlivened, according to certain historians, by a little love-making and matrimony. When Hengist sent to his country, with the consent of the British king, for reinforcements, there came over seventeen ships, on board one of which was his daughter Rowena. An attachment is said by these historians to have sprung up between the British king and this Saxon maiden, which ended in marriage. But, however this may be, and it is a doubtful point, one thing is clear, that a considerable interval of friendship did ensue after the defeat of the Picts, between the British and their Saxon guests. Time rolled on, the Saxons living on the Isle of Thanet, supported by the British, enjoyed themselves, and made no sign of preparations for a return. The British on their part began to find them a burden, the Picts had disappeared, but these Saxons did not seem inclined to move, and whether an intimation was sent to them that such a desirable step would be grateful to the

Britons, as some assert, or whether dissensions on other points arose between them, as others maintain, matters ultimately came to a crisis, and resolved themselves into the question—Will the Saxons go? They thought not; they liked the country; it was a fine country—far better in every respect than those three very damp pieces of land at the mouth of the Elbe. They declined to return, and demanded a continuance of sustenance, according to agreement; it was withheld, when the Saxons at once made friends with the old enemies of the British, the Picts, began to turn their arms against the British, and to ravage the country. The struggle raged with alternate success, when a vigorous effort was made by the British, under Guortemir, son of their king, who defeated and expelled them from the country. For four or five years they were kept out, until the death of Guortemir, when Hengist returned with a considerable force, and landed in Kent. A decisive battle, which terminated in his favour, was fought at Crayford, according to the Saxon Chronicle, in the year 457. The entry is as follows:—“A.D. 457.—This year Hengist and Æsc, his son, fought against the Britons at the place which is called Crecganford, and there slew four thousand men; and the Britons then forsook Kent, and in great terror fled to London.”\* This was properly the foundation of the kingdom of Kent. Hengist made himself king, and chose Canterbury as his royal seat. In the year 465 the Britons made an attempt to dislodge these intruders, but to no purpose; another in 473, when, according to the Chronicle, they fled from the Saxons like fire. The ultimate success of Hengist attracted other adventurers, and in the year 477, just twenty-eight years after his landing, a chieftain named Ella arrived with only three ships, with his three sons, Cymen, Wlencing, and Cissa, landed on some portion of the southern coast, where being met by the natives, they fought several battles, and at length drove them into a place called Andred-Ceaster. The struggle went on, and another battle

\* “457.—Her Hengest and Æsc his sunu gefuhton with Bryttas on there stowe the is gecweden Crecanford and ther ofslagan seower thusenda wera and tha Bryttas tha forleton Centlond and mith myclum ege plugen to Lunden byrig.”—Sax. Chron.

was fought in 485 at a place called *Mearcræsburn*, in which the Saxons were victorious, but sustained a serious loss. Soon after this event, *Ella* having obtained reinforcements, began to lay siege to *Andred-Ceaster*, which was obstinately defended by the garrison and inhabitants. The Saxons persisted in the siege, and at last it fell to them, when, exasperated with the persistence of the inhabitants, they put them all to the sword, not leaving a single Briton alive.\* This was the foundation of South Saxony, a kingdom which never became great, and has, therefore, received very little notice in history. Nearly eighteen years rolled by, when another descent was made by a band of Angles, who were destined ultimately to absorb all the rest into one dominion. In the year 495 *Cerdic*, with five ships, arrived off the coast, either at *Yarmouth* or *Southampton*, it is impossible to ascertain which, opinions being divided as to the position of the place mentioned in the *Saxon Chronicle* as *Cerdics-Ore*. *Cerdic* met with a more vigorous opposition than all his predecessors, and had to fight his way inch by inch for nearly twenty-four years before he could establish his kingdom. In the "*Saxon Chronicle*," under the year 514, there is an entry of a second arrival of West Saxons in three ships, under the command of *Stuf* and *Whitgar*,† who vanquished their opponents and advanced into the country. Previously to this arrival, *Cerdic* and his son *Cynric* had fought a great battle with the British, in which they slew their king, *Natan-leod*, and upwards of 5,000 men. But the most decisive victory was that of *Mount Badon*, near *Bath*, where the Britons had retired. It is said that at this juncture they appealed to *Arthur*, Prince of the *Silures*, for assistance against the Saxons, who had besieged the place. The siege was raised in the year 520, and under the leadership of *Arthur* the Saxons were for a time routed. This battle of *Badon* is the most clearly authenticated of the recorded achievements of *Arthur*, about whose name are clus-

tered so many legends and mythical glories, and of whom we shall hereafter endeavour to give some reasonable account—a version which may be fairly entertained as correct, as far as the most reliable authorities give it, and such as may be received with tolerable safety. *Cerdic* died in 534, and his son *Cynric* succeeded to the troublesome task of fighting for his throne. For eighty years from the time of their first landing did these West Saxons fight, until they acquired *Hampshire*, *Wiltshire*, *Bucks*, then *Gloucester* and *Somersetshire*. About the year 527, when the West Saxons were consolidating their kingdom in the south, whole tribes of adventurers of that active race, attracted by the success of their brethren, who were becoming kings and princes in this fair island, forsook the precarious life of piracy and plunder, landed on the eastern coast of Britain, and fought their way into the interior. Out of these invasions, but not without much struggling and many battles, arose three new kingdoms—*East Anglia* in 575, founded by *Uffa*; *Mercia*, 585, by *Crida*; and *East Saxony*, or *Essex*, by *Erkenwin*. During the time of *Hengist*, the Saxons had endeavoured to make a settlement in the north, but were so vigorously and obstinately resisted, that for many years they were unable to do more than take the varied fortunes of continual conflict. Nothing approaching a kingdom was established in that region, until about the year 547, when *Ida*, a Saxon leader, came over with an army, subdued the Britons, conquered the tract of land now known by the names of *Northumberland* and *Cumberland*, and it is said some portion of *Scotland*. He then assumed the title of *King of Bernicia*.

After the death of *Ida* a division took place. *Ella*, another Saxon leader, left *Bernicia*, with his followers, to seek their fortunes in a different direction; they overran *Lancashire* and a portion of *Yorkshire*, and *Ella* was made *King of Deira*, about the year 559. Subsequently these two subdivisions were united by the marriage of *Ethelfrid*, *Ida's* grandson,

\* "Ne wearth thær forthon an Bryt to lafe."—*Sax. Chron.*, 491.

† "Her cwomon West Seaxe in Bretene mith 8 scypum in thas stowe the is gecweden *Cerdics hora*. *Stufa* and *Witgar* fuhtun with *Bryttas* and his *geplymdon*."—*Sax. Chron.*, 514.

with Acca, Ella's daughter, and the new kingdom destined to be one of the most powerful of the Saxon settlements, took the name of Northumbria. These kingdoms formed what is known in history as the Saxon Heptarchy, which continued until the opening of the ninth century, a period of about 400 years from the date of their first landing, during which time eighteen kings had ruled over Kent, eighteen over Wessex, twenty-nine in Northumbria, twenty-one in Mercia, seventeen in East Anglia, fourteen in Essex, but of Sussex, the names of two monarchs only have reached us. At the opening of the ninth century, the West Saxons were the most powerful of all the settlements, and Egbert, their king, was considered to be the only lineal descendant of the royal race. The thrones of the rest had fallen to other branches through being left vacant by childless kings who had taken off their crowns and retired into monasteries, or had been slain in battle, or by the assassin. It is not improbable too that an instinctive desire for union was springing up, for the Mercians before the time of Egbert had striven to acquire the sovereignty of the whole kingdom, had already absorbed into their dominion, East Anglia, and exacted tribute from Kent and Essex. Whilst Egbert was engaged fighting the Britons in Cornwall, who appear to have been troublesome, even then, Bernulf, the Mercian king, made an attack upon his dominions, when he returned and met the enemy in Wiltshire at Wilton, according to the Saxon Chronicle. An obstinate battle terminated in the victory of Egbert, who then, according to the same authority, sent a portion of his army under the command of his son Ethelwulf, and the ealdorman Wulfhere, to Kent, where they deposed Baldred, the tributary king, and drove him to the north of the Thames. Having possession of Kent, the kingdoms of Sussex and Essex soon fell to him. East Anglia, which had also been tributary to Mercia, sought his protection. He then directed his arms towards Northumbria, which was in so unsettled a state, that upon his approach, the people sent messen-

gers out to meet him, offering him their submission. This event took place in the year 827, when, as the Saxon Chronicle records, there was an eclipse of the moon on the mass-night of midwinter. Although Egbert had possession of the whole Heptarchy, yet it is doubtful whether he ever assumed the title, or anything equivalent to it, of King of England. Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria, were still ruled by kings who paid him tribute, and that system was continued for some time after his death, in fact the question is still unsettled as to whether any of the Saxon kings who ruled from Egbert to the Conquest were ever crowned as kings of England. But before we proceed further, it is necessary that we should say something about that ancient British king who fought and fell in the struggle with these Saxon invaders in the earliest period of their history. The name of King Arthur is familiar to everyone, but his career has been clothed in such clouds of fabulous story, he has been so buried in the mystic song of ancient bardic poetry, and become so peculiarly the favourite of myth and legend, that it is difficult to divest his real existence of these surroundings, nay, his real existence has even been denied by some who have given up the task of groping amongst the songs of Welsh bards, and the dry dust of monkish chronicles to ascertain if any such a being ever existed, and what was his real history. That there was such a king can scarcely be seriously doubted, but that his fame as a warrior has been vastly exaggerated by poets and chroniclers is certain. The authentic facts of his history are somewhat like these. There was a King Arthur who lived in the early part of the sixth century, not a king of the whole country, but of a province and people called, by some the Silures, situate in the south-western regions. Gildas, our earliest English historian, speaks of the battle of Badon Hill,\* near Bath, a retreat to which the Britons had fled after their defeat by Cerdic, the founder of the West Saxon kingdom, who was then fighting his way into the heart of that part of the country. Gildas was forty-four years of age when this

\* Mentioned by Bede as "Baddeadown" Hill.

battle was fought, and therefore has the additional authority of being contemporary with the event he describes. It appears that the Britons retired to this place, and appealed to Arthur, the King of the Silures, who even then was looked up to as their champion, and had fought many battles against the Saxons elsewhere. He went to their assistance, and succeeded in checking the progress of the Saxons, amongst whom he made great slaughter, but in the fight he fell, whether in this very battle of Badon Hill, which was situated near Bath, or on a subsequent occasion at Camlan in Cornwall, as cited by Usher, it is not quite clear, but there is a strong probability that he was wounded in the battle of Badon Hill, fighting against Cerdic. Nennius, the historian, who follows Gildas in order, confirms the history of Arthur, enumerates the twelve great battles which he fought, and says that the twelfth battle was at Badon Hill.\* It is still more probable from the accounts we have, verified by several historians,† and recorded by an eyewitness of the finding the bones of Arthur six centuries afterwards in Glastonbury Abbey. In the last battle that Arthur fought he was mortally wounded and hurried off the field by his soldiers, who carried him away from the fight and concealed him until they could convey him to Glastonbury Abbey, where he was well known, having had other dealings with the monks years before. His wounds, however, could not be cured, and he died there. The monks then buried him very deep in the earth for fear of the Saxons, as the country around was in a very unsettled state, and the Abbey might be in the devastating hands of these pagan barbarians at any moment. Some time after this occurrence his wife Guinevera died also, and was conveyed to Glastonbury, and laid upon him. There can be no doubt that the fact, or rather the particulars of his burial, were kept secret; for

although it was always the assertion of poetry and tradition, that the great British hero lay at Glastonbury, yet the exact spot where he reposed was unknown, and this obscurity existed until the twelfth century, when circumstances arose which led to a clearing up for ever of the mystery. Henry II., during his visits to Wales, had heard from the bards of that country the traditional belief they had that Arthur was buried at Glastonbury, near some pyramids which then stood there. On his return from one of these visits, he communicated with the Abbot, Henry de Soliac, upon the subject, and suggested that a strict search should be made by digging between these pyramids. He also told him that the Welsh bards had a notion that he was not buried in a stone chest, but in a hollowed oak, and more especially very deep in the earth for fear of the enemy. The Abbot complied with the royal request, a day was appointed, and in his presence the whole convent assembled to witness the investigation. Amongst them was Giraldus Cambrensis, from whom we have the most minute particulars. They turned up the ground in every direction between the two pyramids already mentioned; and after digging for some time, they came to a leaden cross, lying on a stone, which being brought up to the light was found to bear the inscription, "Hic jacet sepultus inclitus Rex Arthurus in insula Avalloniæ cum Guinevera uxore sua secunda." Beneath this stone were the remains of the queen, enclosed in a stone coffin. This was opened, and they saw the profuse golden hair of the queen still lying about the remains as perfect as if she had only just been buried; but when one of the monks touched it, it fell into dust. They then dug lower still, until they had reached to the depth of sixteen feet, when they came across a huge coffin of hollowed oak, as had been described by the Welsh bards, and upon its being opened it was found to contain bones of an

\* "Duodecimum bellum fuit in monte Badonis."—Nennius, cap. 63.

† This account is given by Giraldus Cambrensis, who was present at the search made for Arthur's bones, saw them exhumed, and read the inscription on the cross, which was found also. It agrees with that of a monk of Glastonbury, whose version is transcribed by Leland in his *Assert. Arthur*, p. 50, and by Usher in his "Antiquities." It is also mentioned by William of Malmesbury in his *Hist. Glaston*. See also Giraldus in *Speculo Ecclesiastico*.

enormous size. Giraldus tells us that the shin bone (os tibiæ) was taken out and placed upright against the leg of the tallest man present, and it reached above his knee by three finger-lengths.\* The skull, he says, was of a colossal size, and they counted upon it ten or more wounds, all of which, save one mortal wound, which had caused a great cavity, had cicatrized over. The Abbot and monks then gathered the remains together, and with great solemnity they were taken into the church, where a splendidly carved mausoleum, with two divisions, was erected for them. At the head of this tomb they placed the remains of Arthur, and at the foot those of his queen, and over them were cut these verses:—

"Hic jacet Arthurus flos regum, gloria  
regni  
Quem mores probitas commendant laude  
perenni.

"Arthurus jacit hic conjunx tumulata  
secunda  
Quæ meritis cælos virtutum prole fe-  
cunda."

Here they reposed until the visit of Edward I. and his queen to Glastonbury. The shrine was then opened, as he wished to see the remains of his renowned predecessor, when Edward enclosed the bones of Arthur in a rich shroud, and the queen did the same with those of Guinevera. They were then re-enclosed in the tomb which was removed and placed before the high altar.† So ends the scanty history of this marvellous prince; but we must turn from these dead bones to the vitality which was infused into the constitution of the country by the race which succeeded him. As the Saxon life and government form the very basis of our present system, and many of its laws and customs still linger in some of our most cherished institutions, it is necessary that at this point we should investigate the system of the Saxon government, the fabric of its life, and what it did to lay the foundations of the law, customs, and literature of England.

We have said that the first mention

made of the Saxons in history is made by Ptolemy—that is the first mention by name; but it is quite clear that though not considered of sufficient importance to receive an especial mention, yet they are included in the general description given us of the manners and customs of the ancient people of Germany in the history of Tacitus. He mentions their territory as part of Germania, in the words "Cetera Oceanus ambit, latos sinus et insularum immensa spatia complectens." These islands, as we have already seen by Ptolemy, were inhabited by the people called the Saxons, who lived in the same way, and followed the same customs, with the exception of their seafaring peculiarities, as the other people of Germania. We therefore appeal to this work of Tacitus, as it is here we shall get the very earliest information as to the mode of life of that race from which we are sprung, and in doing so, we shall be able to show how in these very earliest times the marked peculiarities of the Saxons are to be traced. The profound historian of the Romans,‡ tells us that the Germani (of whom the Saxons were an integral part) were a fierce blue-eyed race, with reddish hair and huge bodies, just the description given by the earliest British historians of the Saxons. Their chief weapon was a short spear, with a narrow but sharp head, adapted for fighting in close combat or at a distance. They were of a most persistent bravery; to quit the field as long as they could stand up again was regarded as a mark of caution rather than courage, and in doubtful battles they always returned to the charge. They chose kings for their nobility and leaders for their bravery, but to neither kings nor leaders was there absolute or even free power (a peculiarity we shall find attaching to the Saxons when they acquired a settlement in England), and the leaders exerted an influence more by example than command, by their promptitude, and by their being foremost in the fight. The greatest incitement to

\* "Os tibiæ ipsius appositum tibiæ longissimi viri et juxta pedem terræ illius adfixum large tribus digitis trans genu ipsius se porrexit."—Girald. Camb. in Spec. Eccl.

† The whole of this account may be read also in an ancient book on Glastonbury in the Bodleian Library.

‡ Taciti Germania, secs. 4 to 27.

them in battle was to fight in close propinquity to their women and children, so that they could hear the lamentations of the one and the cries of the other; these were their most sacred witnesses and their most valued applauders; they took their wounds to their mothers and wives, who did not fear to treat them, nor to bear food and refreshment to the warriors on the field—so that in these early times even the very women were warlike, heroic mothers of hero sons. Nay, Tacitus even goes on to say that at times when their ranks were thinned and men could not be found to fill them up, they were filled up by women. In minor matters they consulted their chiefs, but in more important matters there was a general consultation, still with a reference to their chiefs, but they would be heard in their own business. That voice of the people, or public opinion, which in later Saxon institutions has such weight, was the dominant power in important events even then. To these great assemblies they came armed. If any proposition were disapproved of, they rejected it with murmurs and shouts; but if it pleased them, they struck their spears on their shields. The most honoured and decisive approbation was testified by the clash of arms. Traitors and deserters were hanged on trees, and the lazy or cowards were put upon hurdles and plunged into ponds of slime or mire. When a youth was old enough, he was publicly endowed with arms by his father or some near relative; this was their toga, the first acknowledgment of manhood; then he was associated with some chief. Among these followers there was a great emulation to attain the nearest position to the chief, and amongst the chiefs there was an equal emulation to attract to their side large groups of valiant youths, who in times of peace formed their ornament, and in war were their support. There was a strong and sacred devotion exacted towards the chiefs on the part of these followers. It was considered disgraceful to be outdone by the chief in bravery on the field; it was a sacred thing to protect and defend him, and to ascribe all their deeds to his glory; but the most disgraceful thing—a life-long disgrace—was to have retired from

the ranks alive when their leader had fallen. In all this we have the faint foreshadowing of that feudal attachment, the spirit of which is to be traced in subsequent Saxon history, but whose form as a system was perfected in England under the Normans. Domestic matters and the culture of the land were committed by these early peoples to the care of their women, old men, and the infirm of the family. When there was no fighting they hunted sometimes, but the majority gave way to eating, drinking, and sleeping, until they became dull and inert, and these very men, as Tacitus remarks, by a strange perversity of nature, loved idleness though they hated rest. They are accredited with the honour of being the only race of barbarians who were contented with one wife. Sometimes the nobles, more from pride of rank than licentiousness, took more wives, but monogamy prevailed. A man did not look for anything from his wife, but gave her the dower. Though they were a numerous people, few cases of adultery were known among them. When a case happened, the husband had the right of punishment in his own hands; the woman was stripped naked, and with stripes expelled from the house and driven from the neighbourhood. Homicide was punished by a fine of a certain number of cattle, and other crimes in proportion. Money lending and usury were quite unknown among them. In funeral rites they were not ostentatious. They burned the bodies of great men, and preserved their ashes; their arms were burnt with them, and sometimes their horses. They soon laid aside their tears, but not their sorrow; it was thought becoming in women to grieve, but in men to remember. Many of these customs, and especially that faint foreshadowing of feudalism, are to be traced in the habits and laws of the Saxon government in England. An incident recorded in the Chronicle will illustrate this fact. Cynewulf, King of the West Saxons, was once surrounded in a house where he was paying a visit, accompanied by only a small band of retainers, by an etheling named Cynheard, who wanted the kingdom, being the brother of the former king, Sigebert, who was deposed by Cynewulf and the Witan.

The King, when he perceived them surrounding the house, went out and endeavoured to cut his way through them, fighting bravely until he was slain. Cyneard then offered money to the retainers to cease from fighting and submit to him, but they refused to a man, and fought on till they fell. When the King's thanes heard of what had happened, they set out for this city, where they found the gates shut, and Cyneard in possession. A parley was held and bribes were offered them to submit themselves and acknowledge the usurper, but to no purpose; they continued fighting at the gates until they made their way in, when they slew the etheling and all his men, except one who escaped.\* Many other instances might be given of devotion shown by Saxon retainers to their chiefs; it existed naturally as a phase of life amongst the earliest races in the north of Europe, and they carried it with them wherever they settled. There was also a formal contract bound by oath. The inferior placed his hands in those of his chief, and repeated the following:—"By the Lord, I promise to be faithful and true, to love all that thou lovest, to shun all that thou shunnest, conformably to the laws of God and man, and ever, in will or weal, in word or work, to do that which thou lovest, provided thou hold me as I mean to serve and fulfil the conditions to which we agreed when I subjected myself to thee and chose thy will."†

The Saxons were divided into two great sections of social rank, which included other subdivisions to be noticed hereafter, the *eorl* and *ceorl* equivalent to our noble and plebeian; the *eorl* was a son of one who had never been occupied in tilling or cultivating the ground, or had engaged in any of the mechanical arts; they were said to be *ethel-born*, and the title of *etheling* belonged distinctively to the sons of the reigning monarch only. All the rest not *ethel-born*, and therefore not *eorls*, were *ceorls*. The chief man in the state was the *Cyning* or king, head of the *ethel-born*, and first in state rank. Generally the eldest son of the former monarch, if he were old

enough, succeeded, not by absolute right, for the hereditary succession cherished so jealously by states in more advanced stages of civilization as a model and precedent for the descent of property was often interrupted and broken off by the Saxons if the affairs of the country demanded it; were the *etheling* too young, or old enough but too weak, were there anyone else of royal blood more popular and more powerful, the succession was often interrupted, and branch families interpolated into the royal line. But in any case, even if the eldest son of the deceased monarch were old enough to mount the throne, it was an element in the Saxon constitution, cherished from the olden times when they shouted out the name of their chosen leader, and lifted him on their shoulders, that the king, whoever he may be, must be elected by the *Witan*. No degradation could be greater to them than to be compelled to obey one in whose elevation to command they had had no voice. The wife of the king was called the queen, and held equal rank with her husband, sitting beside him on the throne and sharing his honours, up to the time of *Brihtric*, King of *Wessex*, whose wife was the means of bringing degradation upon all her successors. He had married *Eadburga*, the illegitimate daughter of *Offa*, King of the *Mercians*, who appears to have been a licentious abandoned wretch; on many occasions she procured, through her husband's power, the murder of anyone who was distasteful to her or who had offended her. On one occasion she had prepared a cup of poison for a young noble of whose intimacy with her husband she was jealous. By some mischance *Brihtric* partook of this cup and died, when public indignation being aroused against the queen, she was compelled to flee to France, and *Egbert*, who had been exiled there, was recalled by the nobles to assume the kingly office. From that time the queen was not allowed equal rank with her husband, she was no longer queen but "the lady." The *Witan* abolished the title and deprived her of all the appendages of

\* *Sax. Chron.*, 755.

† *Brompton*, 859.



royalty. Ethelwulph, the father of Alfred, when in his old age he married Judith, to whom some say Alfred traced all his taste for learning, endeavoured to revive the old system ventured to place her by his side on the throne, which was not resisted; but no recognition of the queenly title or rank was ever afterwards effected, and though they were crowned with their husbands they bore no other title than that of "the lady." The next in rank to the king and royal family was the *eorl* or ealdorman, under whose rule was placed a shire; on some occasions the ealdorman could represent the king; in time of war he had to lead the men of his shire to the field. The next most clearly defined was the *thane*, of whom there were several classes, with different privileges. It is thought that they held their land in return for or on the condition of military service. A merchant, who had sailed with his own wares three times to a foreign land was by the act elevated to the rank of *thane* with its privileges. The "*were*" or fine for killing a royal *thane* was £200; for an inferior *thane*, 600 shillings. There was a class of officers called *gereefa*, who were appointed by the king and large landed proprietors to collect tolls, receive rents, apprehend malefactors, and on occasions to act as judges in the courts. The lowest class of freedmen, only one step above the slaves, were the *ceorls*; they held land by payment of rent. He had the power of returning the land he rented to his lord whenever he pleased, but as long as he paid his rent his lord could not eject him. He was a freeman and could not be put in bonds nor be whipped. If anyone bound a *ceorl* the fine was twenty shillings, if he took his life it was 200 shillings.

For the administration of justice in civil and criminal causes the Saxons had three inferior courts—the hall-mote, the hundred-mote, and the shire-mote. The hall-mote was the simplest form of administration, such as obtains even in our own times in remote country districts, where Hodge is taken up to the great house to appear before the squire. As its name implies, it was held in the hall of the lord. Above

this simple court was the hundred-mote, generally held every month, whose jurisdiction extended over a division of country called a hundred, and sometimes, as occasion required, over a larger portion. Then came the shire-mote, a still higher court, held twice in the year, composed of the freeholders who, hearing causes both civil and ecclesiastical, were presided over by an ealdorman and a bishop, who were not the absolute judges, being present chiefly to keep order and advise; cases were decided by the majority of voices. From these three inferior courts—the hall-mote, hundred-mote, and shire-mote—there was an appeal to the king's court, which could be held wherever his majesty may be present, no case, however, could be heard in this court which had not previously passed through one or two of the lower courts, a rule often abused by influential people, who had power enough to wrest their cause from the lower tribunals, where the judgment would probably go against them, and bring it forward in a more favourable arena. Civil actions were tried upon testimony. The plaintiff produced the best he could, and if it proved satisfactory the case was decided upon it; in the event of an assertion being made unsupported by testimony on either side, the party making such assertion was put upon his oath, and not only so, but had to bring forward others of a reputable position who would swear as to his character for truthfulness. Here, again, rank claimed its privilege;—the oath of a king's *thane* was equal to those of six *ceorls*; the oath of an ealdorman was equivalent to that of six *thanes*; the word of a king or an archbishop was sufficient, being regarded as sacred; they were therefore exempt from the oath. But a custom prevailed amongst the Saxons in the adjudication of cases which approaches very nearly in form and wholly in spirit to that cherished bulwark of British liberty, trial by jury. In the laws of Alfred, it is stipulated that if any one accuse a king's *thane*, the accused, if he will purge himself, must take twelve other king's *thanes*; and if a *thane* of lesser rank be accused, he must purge himself along with twelve of his equals and one king's *thane*. In Wilkin's

"Anglo-Saxon Laws" we read it was enacted, "If a king's thane deny this [that is the charge], let twelve be appointed for him, and let him take twelve of his kindred and twelve British *strangers*, and if he fail then, let him pay for his breach of law twelve half marcs; if a landowner deny the charge, let as many of his equals and as many *strangers* be taken as for a royal thane, and if he fail let him pay six half marcs; if a ceorl deny it, let as many of his equals and as many *strangers* be taken for him as for the others, and if he fail let him pay twelve ors for his breach of law." It has been objected to this, that these thirty-six people were selected for the mere purpose of compurgation already alluded to, that is of swearing as to the veracity of the accused, but such an inference is hardly tenable when in each case twelve *strangers* are to be chosen, who must have been selected, certainly not for the purpose of swearing for the accused, not knowing him, but rather from being strangers selected for the purpose of impartial and unbiassed investigation. As we have remarked, it was not the form, but it was the spirit of trial by jury. Criminal cases were conducted in much the same manner. The hundred-mote assembled; the reeve, with twelve thanes, made inquiry into all the offences committed within the hundred; they were sworn not to foresay (present) anyone who was innocent, nor to conceal anyone who was guilty. A case was sometimes settled by their decision, but if the accused persisted there were two ways by which he might maintain his innocence—compurgation and the ordeal. But we pause to remark how strikingly similar to the operations of our grand jury were those of the Saxon reeve and the twelve thanes. Compurgation, as has already been intimated, was the production of testimony as to veracity. The accused swore upon oath that he was innocent, in word and work of the crime, and then produced compurgators, who swore that they believed his oath to be true—these compurgators being his neighbours, or reputable people who knew him. The number required was regulated by the nature of the offence, and if their testimony were satisfactory the accused was acquitted.

The ordeal or appeal to the judgment of God, was a solemn ceremony, though open to a great deal of trickery and abuse. It was taken from a custom prevalent amongst Pagans in the most remote ages of history; although adopted by Christians, it is doubtful if it ever received Papal authority, though it did afford opportunities for priestly corruption. The only mention of any approach towards ecclesiastical sanction of the custom occurs in the ninth century, when the Council of Mentz enjoined the ordeal of the ploughshare to suspected servants. Stephen V., the Pope, however, wrote to the Bishop of Mentz, and condemned it, and Alexander II. absolutely forbade it, but it lingered in England even up to the last century in the shape of the ducking-stool ordeal for witchcraft. A Saxon who wished to avail himself of this mode of purgation had to give three days' notice to the priest, during which time he was to attend mass, and live only on bread, herbs, and water. On the day of trial he received the Eucharist, and swore upon the Gospels that he was innocent. If the ordeal were by fire it was carried into the church, the priest and accused being there alone; in the case of carrying hot iron, a space was measured out nine times the length of the party's foot, then when the required heat had been reached two outsiders were admitted, one for the accuser and one for the accused, as witnesses to the fact; then twelve others as spectators of the ceremony. Holy water was sprinkled upon all of them, and a short service read. The iron was then removed from the fire, and placed upon a supporter at the end of the distance measured out. The hand of the accused was then sprinkled with holy water, when he walked to the spot, took up the burning mass, carried it one-third of the distance, threw it down, ran up to the altar, where the priest bound up his scorched limb, and sealed it. On the third day after this ceremony the bandage was removed, and if the hand was healed the accused was acquitted of the charge, if not he was pronounced guilty. There were, however, many forms of ordeal. The accused might be required to remove a heavy substance with his naked arm from boiling water, or to walk

barefooted over red hot ploughshares, but in all cases the ceremony was conducted with the same solemnity.

The great national council of the Saxons was called the Witanagenot, or the Witan. It is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain accurately its constitution; its members are all spoken of as men of rank, and most probably included bishops, abbots, ealdorman, and thanes. Every measure of national importance was debated here, the laws received its sanction, and the succession of the Crown depended upon its approval. The voice of the Church was never absent from its deliberations, so that the right of British prelates to sit and vote in the national assembly was one of the principles of the earliest regular form of government, not derived from Norman laws, but from that time long before when the Saxon archbishop, bishop, and abbot took their seats three times a year\* in the Saxon Witan.

There was something especially religious in all Saxon constitutions—the Church had a voice in the king's election. At his coronation, when the archbishop administered the oath to him, the first thing he was called upon to swear was to uphold the Church—"In the name of Christ, I promise three things to the Christian people, my subjects. First, that the Church of God, and all the Christian people, shall always preserve true peace through our arbitration. Second, that I will forbid rapacity and all iniquities, to every condition. Third, that I will command equity and mercy in all judgments, that to me and to you the gracious and merciful God may extend His mercy."† When the Saxons became Christians they treated their women in a different manner from what they had done when Pagans. Woman was elevated

to a higher position, both in the domestic and social circles under the Saxons, than ever she was in subsequent ages by chivalry. Her elevation was more real—it was a moral elevation, not a superficial flattery. She was admitted into the Church, where she might hold a high position—a position equal to a mitred abbot. She might be a possessor of property, of which she had the right of disposition. When a man of any position married a woman he was bound to make a settlement upon his wife. This was not finally completed, however, until the morning after marriage, and for that reason it was called the "morgen gife," or "morning gift." The origin of the question in our matrimonial service, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" may be traced to Saxon times, for every Saxon lady had a "mundbora," or guardian, without whose consent she could not be married. The Saxons regarded matrimony as a holy estate; death alone could part the married. A man might put away his wife, "fornicationis causa," but he must not marry again during the divorced wife's lifetime.‡ A layman, who was a widower, or a widow might marry again, but the Church, though it did not prevent such marriages, only tolerated them, and at the ceremony the blessing was withheld. The "wakes," so well known in Ireland, were once a religious rite amongst the Saxons in England. A man, when he died, made some provision for what was called his "soul-shot";§ that was money for his funeral services, and prayers for the repose of his soul. The friends of the deceased gathered round his body and spent the night in prayer. But this pious custom became abused, as we may learn from an old Saxon homily,|| where we are told that "some men

\* The Witan assembled at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas.

† A copy of the coronation-oath, as administered by Dunstan to Ethelred, at Kingston, transcribed, as it is said, "acæf be scæfe"—word by word, is bound up with the contemporary life of Dunstan in the Cottonian MSS.—Cleopatra, B. xiii., fo. 56.

‡ Decreed by the Council of Hertford.—Conc. Her. can. 10; Spelman, I., 153; and Wilkin's Concilia, I., 45.

§ It is not improbable that the slang phrase "to pay the shot" may be derived from this word. With the Saxons, payments were called "shot." Church-shot were tithes; soul-shot was the provision for a man's burial and prayers for his soul, &c.

|| Sume menn eac drincath set dead manna lice ofer ealle tha niht swithra unrihtlice; and gremiath God mid heora gegaf spræce; thonne nan geboerscipe ne gebyrath set lice; ac halige gehedu thaer gebyrad swithor.—Hom. in St. Swithin, Cotton. MSS., Julius, E. vii., fo. 99.

drink at a dead man's wake, all through the night, very improperly, and provoke God with their idle talk, when no drinking party is suitable for a wake, but only holy prayers." One more institution we must notice, which existed amongst the Anglo-Saxons almost through the whole course of their history, and obstinately resisted even the influence of Christianity—the institution of slavery. It has been computed that two-thirds of the population were slaves, but that must be regarded as including the tillers of the soil or serfs. There were two classes of slaves—the domestic and the rustic; but the master had not absolute power over them. If he wounded a slave, knocked out an eye or a tooth, the slave by that act recovered his liberty. They were bought and sold openly in the markets, much to the scandal of Christendom. The price of a slave was generally four times that of an ox. Neither had the master power over the life of his slave; if he killed him he had to pay a fine to the king. However, the condition of this servile people was much modified under the rule of Alfred. Still the traffic prevailed almost up to the time of the Conquest. The Bristol merchants appear to have been the most persistent, for in the life of Wulstan,\* who was Bishop of Worcester about the year 1000, we are told that the men of Bristol were then in the habit of exporting slaves to be sold abroad. Their agents went all over the country buying slaves, more especially females, for whom the highest prices were given. They were then shipped from Bristol to Ireland, where they found a ready market. The good Bishop of Worcester resolved on making a holy crusade against this vile traffic, and for years he used to visit Bristol and stay there for months at a time, to preach against those who supported and followed the unholy trade. His endeavours were blessed with success; the merchants at length assembled in their guild and formally bound themselves to abandon the custom. Their determination appears to have been maintained, for we are told that one of them who tried afterwards to violate his promise, was punished with the loss of his eyes. The foundation

of the Anglo-Saxon Church we have already delineated; it is but fair to add as an historical fact that after the amalgamation of the two—the ancient British Church and that of the Roman mission, both parties laboured nobly to bring the whole nation over to the Christian faith. National distinctions were lost sight of in their ardent devotion to rescue the Saxon from paganism; and a marvellous truth in history well worthy of contemplation, is the readiness with which the Saxon heart beat its response to the bold simplicity of the gospel of Christ, and forsook the blind slavery of paganism. There were many things in Christianity which found a ready echo in the Saxon soul, its sublime generosity, in opening its portals to all mankind without distinction—the spirit of emancipation which pervaded it, emancipation from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God—its broad fraternal principle, by which men were equalized into the common relationship of brethren, and without favour or distinction, the king and the ceorl, the ethel-born and the rude, the rich man and the poor, all gathered together under the ample shelter of the Fatherhood of God—the ennobling self-reliance of its teachings and its example—making its way in the world against all obstacles and opposition, by the power of its own truth, and independent of all human aid. Coming amongst them, barbarians and enemies as they were, boldly, yet without arms, and placing the cross in their midst, inviting them to enlist themselves under the leadership of Him who was its great head and founder. All these things met with a response in the Saxon heart, and when the priests of this religion unfolded to their listening ears the glorious tale of Christ's career upon earth, his gentleness, love, simplicity, and yet boldness to the end, they drank in the truth with the eagerness of thirsty souls. This was a religion well fitted for them—it was a religion for freed men, and the rugged untamed spirit of the pagan Saxon soon lay vanquished by the power of the gospel of Christ. Kingdom after kingdom embraced the new

\* Wulstan Vita Ang., Sacra, ii., 258.

and better faith, allured by the influence of Christian wives, or converted by the eloquence of Christian emissaries. The work of Augustine and Paulinus was supported by the gentler influence of Bertha and Ethelburga. Before a century had elapsed from the time of Augustine's mission, every kingdom of the Heptarchy had forsaken the lifeless gods of the Northern mythology, and embraced the only true and living faith. As the number of converts increased, and the churches multiplied, bishoprics were founded all over the country, subject as regards discipline and whatever affected the economy of the church, to the primacy of Canterbury. Originally when a bishop died, the clergy and laity of the diocese assembled together, and by their united suffrages elected his successor according to the custom of the most ancient times, a custom savouring of apostolic simplicity, but destined to be overturned by the hand of power, as in another place we shall have to show. The bishop elect was then introduced to the other bishops of the province, to be examined as to his fitness, and to be consecrated to his duties. He was questioned as to his belief in the doctrines of Christianity, his general ability for the office to which he was chosen, and then a solemn declaration was required from him that he would faithfully discharge his duties, and be subject to his metropolitan. Of obedience to Rome there is not the slightest mention in these early ceremonies of episcopal consecration, that was certainly never an apostolic injunction, nor a post-apostolic practice, but a later human interpolation, for it is only first discovered to be used in the consecration of English bishops in the formulas of subsequent centuries. Of the inferior clergy there were seven orders: the ostiary, who kept the church doors; the reader, who read in the church, and sometimes preached; the exorcist, who adjured evil spirits; the acolyte, who held the candle at the reading of the Gospel, or the hallowing of the Eucharist; the sub-deacon, who carried the vessels to the deacon; the deacon, whose office it was to wait upon the priest,

to place the offerings upon the altar, and to read the Gospel; and lastly, the officiating priest. Both bishops and priests were closely examined as to their piety and scriptural knowledge before consecration, and they entered upon their duties with the solemn assurance, and worked all through life awed by the terrible responsibility, that on the day of judgment, every priest would have to lead his flock in person before the throne of God.\*

Space forbids us to examine into the rise and development of Saxon literature; meagre as it was, it is worthy of investigation, as it fixed the language which has formed the basis of modern English, but that investigation will be found in another part of this work, which will treat upon monastic literature generally. Next to Bede, there lived in Saxon times one who not only gave the greatest impetus to Saxon literature, but stands out upon the page of history as the pioneer of his country's progress, and the greatest man of his times. A sketch of Saxon life in England would be very incomplete without considerable notice of the marvellous career and noble deeds of Alfred.

As the modern traveller is hurried along upon the Great Western iron road of England, he is halted occasionally at a quiet rural spot, surrounded by fair smiling meadows, dotted with clusters of trees—a truly English scene, with flocks grazing in the distance, snug homesteads, and ploughed fields. The little town which lies surrounded with these aspects of agricultural life, is Wantage, not an important place by any means, a quiet, snug, unassuming town, slumbering away its peaceful existence undisturbed by the noisy riot of this busy age, save by the wild rush of life which tears by in its vicinity, and which only halts there occasionally to put down or take up some rash adventurer who has left its rustic silence for the crowd-trodden pavements of London. And out of the thousands of Englishmen who are continually passing and repassing this little Berkshire town, how few are

\* In an old Saxon homily there occurs the following: "Eall this is gecweden be biscopum, and be messe-preostum, the Godes folc on domes-dæg to tham dome ledan seculon: sic thone dæl the him her on life betæht wæs."

there who are aware of the historic importance of the spot, so little is the early history of the country known to a race proud beyond all others of its well earned glories. Far away in the remote distance of the past, when the great Charlemagne had been in his grave but a few years, and his grandchildren were in open war with their father for his possessions; when the dissensions between the Greek and Latin Churches were first becoming serious; before the Normans had obtained a footing in France, before their vessels had appeared on the Seine, or Rouen had been plundered, this little Saxon town was a royal residence, and became the cradle of one of the greatest hero kings of ancient or modern times. There lived at this spot King Ethelwulph, son of the renowned Egbert. A strange monarch, half monk, half warrior, he had been driven into the field to active fighting by his heroic father, supported and even accompanied in that expedition by Ealstan, the militant Bishop of Sherborne; on the other hand, his own inclinations and the influence of Swithin drew him towards the Church. It has been said that he was dragged out of a monastery with a shaven crown, and the monk's cowl on his back to put on the purple of royalty and grasp the unsettled sceptre of England. In old chronicles he is spoken of by various ecclesiastical titles, monk, presbyter, deacon, bishop, and even cardinal, but it still remains doubtful if he ever bore any of these titles. About the year 830, when king, he had married Osburga, the daughter of his cup-bearer, who was, however, of good birth, being descended from the renowned brothers, Stuf and Whitgar, who helped to found the West Saxon kingdom. She is said to have been a woman of extraordinary piety\* and domestic virtue, caring little for the glories of her husband's court, but devoting herself and her energies to her children and her home—a true Saxon mother; in a word, she was the mother of Alfred. The precise day of Alfred's birth is not known, but it is supposed to have been soon after Christmas or New Year's Day, and

about the year 849. He was the youngest child; three sons had preceded him, Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred, and a daughter, Ethelswitha. Alfred appears to have drawn all hearts to him, even as an infant; he was the pet of his mother, the favourite of his father, and old Saxon ballads sing of him as England's darling. It appears that in youth his education was much neglected; according to his own account, he was twelve years old before he began to learn to read, and he had passed the age of manhood before he had learned to write, or to read Latin. This arose not from wanton neglect, but from the custom of the times. The education of a Saxon youth, even if a prince of the reigning house, was for the field unless especially destined for the Church. But there was one influence more powerful than all others under which the boyhood of Alfred was nurtured, and that influence, if it did not develop his intellect, trained his heart, inspired him with an ambition for intellectual pursuits, and filled his mind with a love for the noble and the true. It was the delight of Osburga to teach her favourite child to repeat after her the old Saxon ballads of her race, and to watch the kindling imagination of the youth as the charm of the heroic strain fastened itself upon his mind. What a great uncanceled debt does the world owe to the silent, patient labours of its good mothers! An incident is recorded of this worthy matron, which gives us a glimpse of the childhood of Alfred and his home life. One day she was sitting surrounded by her children, who had been probably listening to some tale of Norse adventure, when she showed them a beautiful book filled with Saxon poetry, and said, "I will give this to the one who shall learn it first."† Alfred attracted by the glittering illuminations of the book, ran up to his mother and said, "Wilt thou really give this book to him who will learn it?" His mother, smiling, told him she would, when he took it from her, ran to his teacher, who by reading its contents to him, impressed them upon his eager mind in a very short time, when

\* "Religiosa nimium fœmina, nobilis ingenio, nobilis et genere."—Asser.

† This anecdote is related by Asser, the friend of Alfred, from whose lips, doubtless, he had it, by Florence of Worcester, and other historians.

he delighted his mother by repeating them to her from memory. There is no clear account of this good mother's death, but she must have died before the year 856, because in that year Ethelwulf, though an old man, married again. In the year 853 Alfred was sent to Rome by his father, probably from some secret wish that this favourite child should be his successor, for we find that Leo IV. received him warmly, and actually anointed him as king. Two years after this he paid another visit to the Holy City, accompanied by his father, and on their return through France, they staid for eleven months on a visit to Charles the Bald, the result of which was a marriage between the old king and Judith, the daughter of Charles, then only thirteen years of age. This marriage took place on the 1st October, 856, and then they returned to England, just in time, however, to find Ethelbald in open rebellion against his father on account of this match; but the joy of the people at the sight of their king turned the tide of feeling. Still a division of the kingdom was the consequence, when Ethelbald had Wessex and his father retained Kent and the other portions. Two years after Ethelwulf died, and was buried at Winchester. It has been asserted by some historians that it was to Judith Alfred owed his intellectual training. It is not impossible that she may have influenced him, but it is scarcely probable, from the fact of her being little more than a child herself when Ethelwulf married her. Also, it is asserted that she left the kingdom and returned home in disgrace about the year 860. After the death of her husband, who was succeeded by Ethelbald, she, to the great scandal of the Church, married him, the son of her husband. He, however, died in 860, when she returned, so that it is hardly probable that the influence of a young lady of seventeen could have been very great during her short stay in England over the opening mind of Alfred. To Ethelbald succeeded Ethelbert, with whom Alfred was then residing, and died in 866, when again Alfred gave way to his brother, Ethelred, who, as the Danes were assuming a threatening aspect, was allowed to fill the vacant throne. Alfred made no objection,

and even went to reside with his brother. In the year 868, when in his twentieth year, he was betrothed to Ethelswitha, a daughter of the Earl of the Gaini; they were married in Mercia, and returned to Ethelred's court, when in a short time messengers came from the bride's friends informing them that the Danes were in the field and must be met at once. The happiness of Alfred's honeymoon was disturbed by the shrill trump of war, and the two brothers prepared for the terrible emergency. The one leaving his kingdom and the other his bride, placed themselves at the head of the army, and marched as far as Nottingham, but could not get a pitched battle; a sort of truce was declared, and they returned. But in a short time the Danes, who were very wary in the field, had reinforcements. Another division landed at Lindsay, in Lincolnshire, from the Humber, pillaged the cloister of Bardney, slew all its inmates, and burnt the building down. The Ealdorman Algar gathered an army together which was reinforced even by a detachment of men sent by the monastery of Croyland under the command of a bold lay-brother. They met the enemy at Kesteven, and a fierce battle ensued. In the first brunt of the fight three of the Danish leaders were killed, but reinforcements appeared during the night, and the Saxons were panic-stricken, many fled, and before daybreak, only one quarter of his forces remained to Algar. Early in the morning, the Christian leaders, after partaking of the Sacrament, led out their men and marshalled them into a solid mass, when by linking their bucklers together, they offered a good resistance to the charges of the enemy. They continued to offer this passive resistance all day, though exposed to a sharp shower of arrows and repeated onsets, until the Danes, tired and exhausted, with their endeavours to break them, feigned a retreat, when the Christians, against the advice of their leaders, broke through their ranks, and followed in pursuit. As soon as they were scattered, the Danes turned upon them, fought them in detail, and slew nearly every man, only a few young men managed to escape into an adjoining wood. Algar, the leaders, the brave men were all dead. These

youths pushed on as fast as they could to give warning to the monks of Croyland Abbey, one of the finest monasteries in that part of the country. They arrived there just as Abbot Theodore and the brethren were at their matin vigils, with tears and sobs they rush into the church; the service is suspended, and the Abbot and convent listen breathlessly to the hurried tale of these men, that all their companions were slaughtered, and the heathens, drunk with Christian blood, were hurrying on to their holy place. The old Abbot, when he had recovered from the horror of the news, selected some of the oldest monks and young children to remain with him, thinking that whatever happened they would not slaughter the defenceless; the rest of the brethren he ordered to make their escape to the adjoining fens. They set out, taking with them many of the most precious relics, all the jewels and valuables; filled a boat with everything that could be gathered in the time and reached the wood of Ancarig, where they remained concealed for four days—ten priests and about thirty monks. After they had set out, Abbot Theodore, and those who remained with him put on their sacred vestments, went into the choir of the church, and performed the regular hours of the divine office; then mass was celebrated, and at the very instant when the Abbot and his assistants had partaken of the Communion, the wild shouts of the heathens were heard; in one moment they were in the church, and in another moment Abbot Theodore fell, smitten down by the ruthless hand of one of their leaders, smitten down in his sacred robes, at the foot of the altar. His assistants were seized and beheaded, and the others, as they endeavoured to rush out of the building, were seized, tortured to reveal where the treasures were, and then put to death. Asker, the Prior, met his death in the vestry, and Lethwyn, the Sub-Prior, in the refectory. When the work of slaughter was over, the Danes, exasperated at finding no treasures, broke open all the shrines of the saints, piled up the bones, set fire to them; then to the church, and then to the monastery and all its buildings. For seven days the conflagration raged until what had been

one of the most renowned abbeys in the kingdom, with its church, its shrines, its valued relics, its books, was all consumed, its busy life stilled, and no trace of it to be found, but a smouldering mass of charred timbers, fallen pillars, and half shattered walls. When this terrible work was done, the heathen marched on to Medeshampsted, another renowned monastery, known afterwards as Peterborough; they met with some resistance at first, but soon overcame it, broke their way in, and one of their leaders was killed in the breach. The other was so enraged against the monks, that he ordered every man to be slain who was found wearing that garb. Another carnage took place, not a monk escaped; all were slain, the altars overthrown, the monuments broken to pieces, the large library consumed, charters torn up, relics scattered about, trodden under foot, and the whole place, after a conflagration which lingered for fifteen days, burned to the ground. They then marched on towards a nunnery at Ely, where they slew all the women and destroyed the place. On they went through the panic-stricken country, their course marked by bloodshed and conflagrations, until they reached the territories of the West Saxons, when a pitched battle was fought, both Alfred and Ethelred being present in the field, and through the bravery and activity of the former the Danes were thoroughly routed. Some time afterwards, when additional reinforcements had arrived, they made another onslaught, and at Merton the Saxons were defeated. Soon after this calamity Ethelred died, and his bones were conveyed to Wimborne Minster, as Sherborne, where the West Saxon monarchs lay, was in the hands of the enemy. Alfred then, in or about the year 871, succeeded to the throne, but there is no account extant of any formalities or ceremonies of his coronation. The country was in a most disturbed state, and the new king had to leave his brother's grave, put on his sword, and fight for his own crown. That crown he lost after a long and bravely maintained struggle; everything was in confusion, monasteries were pillaged and destroyed, churches were rifled, the monks fled from the country, the nobles hid themselves, and Alfred,



with a few followers, found a shelter in the wilds of Somersetshire, where he awaited in patience the hour of his delivery. Most of the romantic anecdotes connected with the Alfred of legend, relate to this period, more especially that well-known adventure with the neatherd's wife ; not an impossible, nor an improbable thing, but unfortunately for its authenticity, not once mentioned by Saxon authorities, fond as they were of everything connected with the memory of "England's darling," as they called him. In the year 878, Alfred, whom the Danes thought dead, re-appeared suddenly from his hiding-place, in Somersetshire, followed by an army, attacked the Danes, and defeated them. They then withdrew to Chippenham, which Alfred besieged for fourteen days, when hunger brought the enemy to submission and they promised to quit the kingdom. Subsequently another outbreak took place, and then came a long peace, during which the excellencies of Alfred's genius and character manifested themselves. He made it his practice to travel about in his kingdom, staying at different places for some time ; he compiled his code of laws, with the advice and assistance of the wise men of the kingdom ; and he re-organized the administration of justice. In the year 880, when the Pagans were in possession of London, he made a vow that if they were defeated he would send an embassy with gifts to the Christian Churches in the remote East. A belief obtained amongst the Saxons that St. Thomas had planted Churches in India,\* which receives some confirmation from the fact that when the Mahometans spread their religion towards the East, they found Christian Churches there. London, however, was recovered, and Alfred fulfilled his vow.† An active intercourse was maintained with foreign countries, and we learn from Asser that he had seen letters and presents sent to Alfred from the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Amongst the wise and learned who surrounded the person of Alfred, whose advice he sought, and who were his active assistants in his benevolent works, were Werfrith,

Bishop of Worcester ; Plegmund, whom he elevated to the throne of Canterbury ; Ethelstan, Werewulf, and last, but not least, his devoted friend Asser, who has left a most interesting biography of him to posterity, from whose pages we glean many of the incidents of our narrative. Asser tells us he was invited to the court of the renowned Saxon king in the year 884. It was then the gathering point of all the learning of the kingdom. He had been a monk of St. David's, but had attracted the notice of Alfred, who pressed him to come to court, made him his most intimate friend, and consulted him on everything. A fitter man could not have been found to enjoy the friendship of such a monarch as Alfred. By their united endeavours schools and monasteries sprung up in all directions, the educational part of which fell under the administration of Asser. Newminster Hyde Abbey, which Alfred's father had commenced, was completed ; a monastery was built in Athelney by Alfred, also a nunnery at Sherborne, where he placed his daughter, Ethelgiva, as Abbess ; and his wife founded another nunnery at Winchester, to which she might retire if she survived her husband. A new life seemed to awaken under the influence of this good king. He had felt the want of early education bitterly himself ; it had caused him many a weary night's vigil, when battling against his own ignorance, and he longed for the diffusion of knowledge amongst his people of all classes. In his own works he has expressed a wish that all the free-born youth of his dominions might be taught at least sufficient to enable them to read the Scriptures in their native tongue—a noble sentiment for a monarch of the ninth century, and a member of a Church which was destined to be overturned before that wish could be accomplished. As an author he has left an imperishable name behind him. This man, who could not read until his twelfth year, and began to learn Latin at twenty, became an indefatigable translator of Latin authors, and not a mere translator, but a commentator, as whole

\* In the Cottonian MSS., Caligula, A. xiv., is a life of St. Thomas in Anglo-Saxon, where he is represented as being sent on a mission to India.

† Saxon Chron., 888.

passages of his own reflections, interspersed in his translations, will show. He had a great love of compiling. It was his practice to get Asser to read favourite works to him, and to enter choice passages in a book, which grew until it contained the gist of his reading and the gems of his own thought. That book was his constant companion; he carried it in his bosom, and has testified to the consolation it was to him in the hour of sadness and misfortune. One of the great Latin works he rendered in Anglo-Saxon was Boethius, "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," which contains also many of his own reflections. This work, which abounds with the most elevated thought, expressed in language whose calm beauty has elicited the admiration of all ages, and finds admirers in the world still, belongs to the period when the Roman tongue was degenerating—to that age when learning was lost in the darkness which closed over the world after the great barbarian migration. Boethius had been a consul and a senator in the court of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, who, growing jealous of him, imprisoned him and put him to a cruel death. From the prison of this unfortunate scholar, written under the terrible apprehension of death, issued the "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," the last ray of light which fell upon the darkness of the middle ages from the sunset of Roman glory. This translation of Alfred is much praised by the chroniclers, and has come down to us in two ancient manuscripts.\*

His next literary work was the translation of Orosius' "*Chronicle of the World*," a book which arose out of the literary friendship of two great men, St. Augustine, the Father, and Orosius. Augustine was engaged upon his great treatise, "*De Civitate Dei*," and he persuaded his friend Orosius to write a companion work to it, in the shape of a history to support the object of his own labours, which was to refute the charge brought against the Church by Pagans, that Christianity had caused the fall of the Roman Empire. Like the Anglo-Saxon Boethius, this version of Orosius abounds with the interpolated

reflections of Alfred himself. Then he did the same with the "*Ecclesiastical History*" of Bede, but wisely refrained from adding to the text of that historian matter of his own. He also translated Gregory's "*Regula Pastoralis*," a book regarded as so great an authority in ecclesiastical matters that every bishop in the kingdom had a copy. To this book Alfred prefixed an original introduction, stating his object for studying and translating it. William of Malmesbury says that he died whilst engaged on a translation of the Psalms, and about the same period it was asserted that he had translated other portions of Scripture, and even the whole Bible; but we must bear in mind that the silence of Saxon authority, though it does not disprove the truth of these assertions, made three centuries after, tends however to throw a doubt upon them. The art of measuring time by means of candles has been attributed to him, as also the invention of horn lanterns to protect these candles from the wind. Ten years of peace were thus occupied, when the Danes once more invaded the country under Hastings, and Alfred was compelled to lay aside his pen and gird on the sword. They were repelled, but returned to the struggle, when the indefatigable monarch resolved upon meeting them upon their own element; ships were built in which he put to sea, fought the enemy, and if he did not wholly defeat them, crushed their strength. Of the last four years of his life there is no record, and history is also silent as to the mode of his death. We are spared the pain of contemplating the sorrowful termination of a career which had been glorious and good. We have the life with all its vicissitudes, its struggles, its triumphs, its bravery on the field and its gentleness in the study. We have Alfred living, but at his death the historic muse laid down her pen. What more remains of Saxon history after the death of Alfred, embraces a final struggle with the Danes, who ultimately ruled the country for some years; when the Saxon line was once more restored, only to be overturned

\* One in the Cottonian MSS., Otho, A. vi., sec. 10, almost destroyed by fire, and the other at Oxford, in the Bodl. MSS., 180, sec. 12. It has been published also—the Saxon text of Alfred, and an English version in Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

by an invading deluge of another adventurous race, who, as it marched through the country, reiterated upon Saxon people, upon Saxon institutions, and, though Christians, upon Saxon churches, the same scenes of violence and spoliation as did the Pagan Saxons upon the first phase of British Christianity. Many other points might have been touched upon, some perhaps more important than what we have selected, but space forbids us to go more deeply into this examination of Saxon history, though it is a subject towards which the attention of Englishmen is being directed. In the shady evening of life the mind returns fondly to the scenes of early youth, and so in the advanced ages of national maturity, it is but the operation of the same natural feeling to revert to the infancy of the State, and trace out the gradual stages of its development. More especially should this be the duty of the historian to guide him in the mazes of investigation. It is the bent given to national action and character in the earliest times which brings about those extraordinary events in after centuries, whose causes so often baffle the historical investigator. And thus it is that by going back through the vast superstructure of the English constitution, through traces of periods of conflict, through works of Puritan zeal, Stuart folly, Tudor power, and the embellishments of Norman influence, we come to this broad Saxon foundation upon which it all rests, its liberty, its power, and its genius. A marvellous influence which has pervaded the whole system in all phases of its existence. For long years was that Saxon spirit trampled under foot by Norman warriors, but even then, ever and anon, it raised its voice and arm against the oppressor—it lay dormant but not dead, for it re-appeared in the world in the person of Wickliffe, the first great Saxon after the Norman spoliation. From that time it may be said to have gained the upper hand over the Norman. In the opening literature of the country the Saxon predominated; in the momentous affairs of the country Saxon vigour and Saxon voices prevailed, shaking the Church by a William Tyndall and a Hugh Latimer—twice imperilling the thrones of the

Tudors—revived again in that fierce struggle for liberty which called into being a long line of Puritan heroes, and terminated in the tragedy of Whitehall. It inspired the humble tinker with that marvellous dream which has interlaced itself with the thought of the country, and stamped its impress upon the literature, and it is now growing stronger and stronger in the minds of Englishmen, as an extended historical investigation is opening up the treasures of Saxon history and Saxon laws, not only exhibiting truths which have long remained hidden, but awakening once more the old Saxon love of liberty and light. And its tongue, after nearly fifteen centuries of vicissitudes, is improving and spreading all over the globe—a strong vital speech. There is something in the Anglo-Saxon idiom which is calculated to outlive the ravages of time; it is nervous, vigorous, and flexible, capable of the highest uses of a language—it has in it a clearness which can reveal the most recondite truths of science, and a music which can express all the melodies of poesy. It has a power of denunciation terrible as the thunder's roar, and strains of pathos melting as a mother's tears. It is not then surprising that such a tongue should force its way in the world, and the prediction is becoming daily less unreasonable that if any one of the spoken languages of the earth should predominate over the others and become the universal tongue, that language will be our Saxon English. Already it has begun its strife with the many varied idioms of the earth; it is heard everywhere—in the wild, snowy wastes of Greenland and in the arid plains of Arabia; amongst the classic ruins of Greece and Rome, and amid the strange splendours of oriental architecture; amongst the dust of Egyptian power, in the almost untrodden regions of Central Africa, in the dense forests of Canada, on many a broad lake, many a noble river, and many a prairie plain in the New World; in fine, it is to be heard wherever the sole of man's foot has trodden, alike where civilization rears its palace and its temple as where the naked savage plants his primitive hut.

## SCENES IN THE TRANSITION AGE FROM CÆSAR TO CHRIST.

## IN THE LAURENTIAN FOREST.

As the life of the slave Eunus was in constant jeopardy in Rome, the Christian society who met at the house of Thanarsaia, who had for some time secretly protected, finally arranged a plan for enabling him to escape from the city, and proceed by sea to Massilia. One of their societies had already been established in an inland town chiefly inhabited by Gauls; and they wisely conceived that the presence there of one who had been in communication with the living witnesses of Christ, would aid the development of the Church in that locality. Accordingly he was enabled through the assistance of his friends to quit Rome in disguise, and live under the guardianship of the Christians in the old town of Corioli, on the borders of the Laurentian Forest, until a vessel was selected to bear him to his destination, a project to which Iusa contributed no small portion of the means. It happened, just at the time this design was to be executed, that Arion, to whom it had been communicated by Iusa, having to proceed to Ostia, where some blocks of precious marble had arrived, which he had procured for his studio, requested his friend to accompany him thither, a request to which she gladly conformed. Arrived at the old seaport, Arion having transacted his personal affairs, actively devoted himself to the project in which Iusa was interested; communicated with Eunus through a Christian emissary, and having arranged his passage in a vessel about to sail, and learned that he was safely and secretly disposed therein, returned to Iusa, with whom next morning he arranged to enjoy a holiday in the beautiful pine woods which extended for many miles along the southern coast. Accordingly, taking a conveyance from Ostia to the antique town of Laurentum, they wandered forth together in the sunshine of the lovely June weather, along the historic shore, amid the scenery which then, as now, evoked many a Virgilian echo.

The day was bright and lovely. To the south spread the blue sea, dotted with many a vessel and barque, approaching or dwindling toward the

horizon; along which lay a tumult of white clouds, whence breathed a soft warm wind stirring gently the masses of myrtle bosage, which grew along the pleasant green sea banks, and mingling with the melodious sound of the fresh azure waters, as they broke in never ending harmonies on the sands and rocks beneath. Sea-gulls out in the bay floated in flocks, joyously screaming and hovering over their sailing comrades. All things wore the light and animation of summer. A torrent of emerald verdure, flowers, grass, and trailers, streamed down the gray cliffs which were continued in reefs—the primeval base of the land,—along the shore, bared by the beating waves, reefs covered with marine mosses and lichen, and amid which in hollows and interstices filled with clear water, the sea anemonies, scarlet and purple, soft lay in pools, amid multitudes of many coloured pebbles, smoothed and rounded by the rolling of the waters. Ever and anon upon some jutting rock the ever recurring billow broke and flung itself in spray. Here appeared an old fane, shaded by dark cypress columns on either side; its half ruined marble walls covered with inscriptions to its god,—now well nigh obliterated by moss and verdure; here some old tower with red brick ruinous battlements, hooded or half hidden in the exuberant vegetation. Beneath, where the luxuriant azure sea broke in a long line of shining foam, an old wreck lay half sunk in the sands—huge bulks and fragments of a great ship, its planks and fittings shattered and tossed about—the ruin of a tempest,—upon which a group of children played, building houses of shells; now a peaceful spectacle, contrasting with the storm which had cast it there, and musical with joyous laughters.

Inland stretched the solemn dark pine forest, bordered by dark green meadows, from which, here and there, a willow-bordered stream flowed tumbling over mossy rocks, scooped with cool grottos draped with ivy, down the declivities of the beach; where now rose some fisher's cot, hooded with foliage; a farm with square turrets filled with hay and corn; quiet kine grazing or ruminating around, or

hogs devouring heaps of pumpkins ;—such buildings at long intervals marking the curving coast line, which terminated eastward in an abrupt promontory, clothed with pale olive, on the other side of which was Antium. Through these and such like scenes, Iusa and Arion wandered, conversing and enjoying the scene and day, until a curve of the shore intercepted the old towers of Lanuvium ; and as a pleasant road thence turned inland, they left the sea behind, and entered the deep shadows and long arcades of the forest world profound, where silence reigned, broken only by the distant low of the buffalo, or the song of some bird cloistered in the dark branches overhead, or hidden in some reclusive leafy covert.

It was already noon, and the shade of the spring woods was pleasant, as the sun now burned down in its heavy midday heat. Having proceeded for some distance along a green umbrageous road, across which the branches frequently intertwined, they at length came to a well which bubbled up within its mossy marble basin. Above it, draped with long grasses and flowers, appeared a broken pedestal, which bore an inscription in old Greek characters.

"Cold from the earth, I, Water, rise, to cool each sunburned comer ;  
But when with grape juice mixed, I turn the winter time to summer."

Reclined under the green twilight of the trees, beside this fount, the sound of whose bubbling waters mingled with the floating whisper of the leafy wind in the lofty boughs, the pair of lovers, having partaken of some refreshment they had carried with them, amused the silent woodland hours with fancies and recollections. Arion, who had recounted some incident of his early life, was beginning to speak of poetry and art, when Iusa asked him to narrate the story of his artistic career, and to unfold the circumstances which had determined his mind in that direction. Upon which he said :

"My earliest sense of inspired pleasure which arose from my first consciousness of the presence of imagination in my soul,—a sense which added a superior spiritual glory to the world. Playing on the shore and in the fields with my little comrades, I delighted in

constructing temples of shells, in the most pleasing forms and colours, and flowers in the most graceful shapes—this is one of my earliest recollections.

"At that time, and for years afterwards, as you are already aware, I dwelt in the rural town of Sicion on the coast of Attica, some thirty miles from Athens, with—for my parents had died while I was yet a child—one old man named Agathus, to whose guardianship I had been bequeathed. As I grew up, finding I had a formative talent, already exhibited in numberless carvings on wood, he sent me to his brother Sarimon, the Athenian sculptor, to learn his art. Several years I thus past in his studio, but up to the tenth year of careless versatile boyhood, my labour under his guidance was one of duty rather than love. It was at this period an event occurred which, eliciting the first ray of genius, finally led me to pursue with ardour the hereditary, the national art of my countrymen.

Sarimon had a little daughter, still a child, to whom I had become attached, from her exquisite nature and wonderful beauty. Never did a purer glory shine on the face of the fairest of imagined nymphs, than from that of Aneumi, which in its earliest brightness and surpassing innocent charm, was more like that of a spirit than a mortal creature. Living under the same roof, we were inseparable, and when sitting beside me in the workshop, as I moulded or carved, earnestly gazing on my labour it, at such times, became unconsciously superior from the influence of her beautiful bright presence. Aneumi was about eight years old and I ten, when we went together in the winter season to pass the feast of Maia with Agathus. Here we had remained a month, constantly companioned as usual, now sailing along the sea alone in a small boat, singing and talking to the waves ; now sequestered in a cavern on the beach near our home, a cavern of which I had made a studio, and where Sarimon had placed several blocks of marble, which I was already shaping into various forms ; when one evening, by a cruel destiny, this child-friend so dear, who at morning had entered a boat wherein to sail along the coast to our resort, was caught in a sudden storm and

drowned. The same evening the pale and beautiful little corpse was recovered and conveyed to our desolate home. At first this pitiable event affected me like madness, and were I not restrained I should have thrown myself into the sea, happy at least in associating my death with hers. While I gazed on her as she lay on her little couch, the idea of losing her for ever without a memorial, save my anguished memory, became insupportable. According to our custom, in two days her funeral was to take place at earliest dawn—the period chosen by the Greeks for the mortuary ceremonies of the very young. Accordingly, I waited until all the inmates of the house were at rest, and then seizing the dead child in my arms, carried her to my cavern studio; lit my lamp, and with a passionate earnest energy, commenced to sculpture her face from a small block of marble already outlined for a statue. All night I laboured with a rapidity and exactness of touch of which I was then unconscious; all night and all the next day, and it was already evening when Sarimon and several of his slaves rushed into the cavern. As they entered for the first time I looked up from the work of love, which I had then well nigh perfected, and saw them gazing on it with emotions of wonder not unmixed with awe; and when I cried passionately to tell me, whether the face I had sculptured resembled that of my lost child-friend, sorrow and excitement for a while gave place to a mournful delight, for the marble had become the perfect image of her beauty. The face, neck, and hands, were already finished; for an hour they permitted me to give decision to the outline of the form; then bore the corpse back to the house, whither I followed, nor raised my eyes therefrom until morning.

“For many days after the funeral ceremony, I lived wholly in my cavern, realizing the impression love had eternized in my mind; and at length completed the statue, whose likeness solaced my sorrow, and which, henceforth, ever present in my working chamber remained my silent, my dearest companion. Thus love formed the inspiration of my first creation of merit, and when this early grief had died away like dew before the sun,

that image, more perfect than any of the same nature I have since wrought, became an endearing emulative, inspiring me to rival myself, and animating me to produce equal excellence in other subjects. More perfect indeed as regards execution, I have since made, but none superior in feeling to that in which I fixed the simple divine dawn of the heart.”

A sigh, like the first air of morning heaved Arion's breast, as he ceased speaking, and a silence ensued, during which Iusa regarded him with a look of bright and tender interest.

“And where is now this statue?” she asked.

“In Athens, in the temple of *Eos*. I had it placed there for security before I crossed to Cyrene. Meanwhile, before that event occurred, years had passed, during which I divided my days between my art and other studies. Attaching myself to the Platonic school, I mastered the treatises of the Universalist Philosopher, the Poet of Thought;—and attended the lectures of his most eminent successors who sought to develop his brightest ideas. Thus between the gardens, the theatre, and my studio, passed a delighted life; for my studies were those of perpetual beauty, and my faith as a Platonist, which centred solely in bright, joyous, supernal and heavenly ideas and fancies, possessed me of the most inspired existence to which a heathen spirit can ascend. Long time was it pleasant to me to recall those student years at Athens, when surrounded by the highest achievements of the genius of art, associating with those learned in the brightest phases of Greek culture, and exalted by an ambition to equal the one and attain to the other, sun after sun descended on some work completed, some beauty of thought or imagination remembered. Pleasant were then my evening reveries, when, companioned or alone, by the *Ilyseus*, or seated on the ascent of the *Acropolis*, under the aged olive, I listened to the innumerable nightingales in the dense laurelled valley below, while the moon rounding up the eastern sky, carried my fancy away to the remote climes whence our greatest philosophers had acquired their mysterious lore. To such scenes and hours

I have ever reverted with a delight the highest known to me, until of late," added Arion, taking Iusa's hand, "when you, friend of my heart, have inspired me with a higher love, and through its golden gate led me, hitherto ignorant, to a knowledge of the truly divine, of the God whose being is one universal love. Thus," he added, after a pause, "do we ever look back with the greatest delight to those periods of life in which some faculty of the soul or feeling of the heart has been developed to the utmost;—to some phase of affection in childhood, some lonely imagination of student hours, some love of youth, some achievement of manhood, some realized beauty of action or thought. But trust me, such as I have experienced and briefly recounted now appear but as a few scattered stars in the uncertain sky to one who looks on the dawn and bathes in the golden glory of a diviner and everlasting because true revelation."

Presently rising, they continued their walk into the heart of the pine wood, conversing on many subjects—on the horrible scenes of the great Capital, and on the tyranny of the Government, when Arion in allusion to the latter said—

"It cannot last much longer. The nobles and citizens are alive for revolt; add to this, a league is already forming among a powerful party to—"

He paused a moment.

"What?" said Iusa. "Is a conspiracy in being?"

Arion hesitated.

"Ask to know no more," he said; "perhaps sooner than we deem a better order of things will be established."

Iusa looked at him earnestly, but Arion turned the conversation from a topic to which his judgment warned him he should not have alluded.

"Would we could live for ever thus, dear friend," he said, "far from the dark deformities of life; would we could live together in some shady solitude like this, or on some lonely island, where in love, in thought, in prayer, the days would pass until our last sun looked on us, or, as you believe, the Redeemer would appear in His second glory, and bear us, His worshippers, into an everlasting region,

when our hearts and spirits would be perfected by His divine presence."

"I sometimes wish I could flee away to some far-off island beautiful like one of the golden clouds we see in the level sea of dawn," said Iusa; "but again my faith dictates a nobler course. To make known the glory of Christ's ideas and promises, and the divine revelation of His life, to those still living in ignorance and the shadow of the past, is the grander duty of a spirit destined, at furthest, to remain but a brief period here."

To the Christians of this epoch the second coming of Christ was an event of immediate expectation; and though Arion's love for Iusa absorbed his being, the belief he had adopted, that those who lived in accordance with the divine ideas of the Saviour should be saved; that by propagating them they became the heirs of His mission; that to them the destruction of the world would be but a glorious translation to a new heaven; that with such prospects before the immortal soul, death no longer a terror, became the highest end hoped for—a thousand like ideas conforming with the love he bore her, led him to applaud her intention.

"When that last day comes, dear one," he said, "wherever we may be, our spirits will rise unscathed above ruin, and united ascend to the Spirit of Love. Meanwhile let us spread the good tidings, even though death arrests that divine duty."

Iusa took and pressed his hand, and gazing with a fixed and beautiful look in his face,—“Before I saw you, a vision told me I should meet with such a friend,” she said, “a vision—say rather the Angel that attends me.”

“An angel, Iusa,” said Arion, gently resting his arm on her neck as she stood beneath the great tree fronting the evening star. “I fancied myself your only friend.”

“And are you not?”

“And ever shall be; but of this angel you have not told me. That it is a good spirit, I know,—if it be not a fancy.”

“’Tis a spirit good and gentle.”

“And when comes it to you?”

“Sometimes in a dream, sometimes in solitary happy reverie.”

“And you see it?”

“As I do you; since we met I speak to it of you, confide all my secrets to

it; and we pray together," she added, with a sweet mysterious look in her radiant upturned eyes.

"Its form?" inquired the Greek, smiling.

"Ah, I cannot describe its form, 'tis one of grace and light, its eyes are holy and pure, and beautiful its aspect; and then its voice—ah, how lowly musical!"

"May not this be imagination?"

"Not so—hush, it may be near us unseen,—but it matters not, for I know it loves you as I do."

"Doubtless the world is full of spirits," said Arion, after a sweet reflective pause. "An infinite beauty lies around us, could we but see it with our eyes, or through the pure rapt reverie of the heart. The inner spirit of the universe is Beauty. Look," he said, plucking a flower growing at the root of the tree, "smell the brown soil, and this blue violet; how divine is the power that from a thing so dull as earth can make a thing so sweet. It is wonderful! But, ah! how much more miraculous is love, which rising in this rude life creates within us a heaven of spiritual beauty. Would—would, dear Iusa, that thy gentle angel, in which I believe as thou hast told me of it, could at our call pass love's messages from each to other when separate, preserving in our souls the sweet communion which to me is beyond all imagined happiness."

"Perchance it may be so wrought by my entreaty—nay, I'm sure it will," answered Iusa in a low voice, and with a soft and secret smile, the while her face in its serenity and pure brightness resembled the palesky over the vanished sunset with its one effulgent star. "For its will is often mine, and to be with thee, friend, lover, spirit, with thee ever, is all my joy."

Arion pressed her to his heart, and bending to her sweet face which was raised to his, calm and happy, kissed her pure lips, and she circling his head with her white arm, they looked in each other's eyes, in which their souls beamed with a beauty and delight which human and divine love alone can bestow, which unites all that is best in humanity with the spiritual trust and faith which extends its vision into eternity.

Thus entranced—ah, when comes

again so happy an eve—a few moments passed, the while their hearts throbbed in unison, like the two great stars which shone over the sea; when Iusa, still holding Arion's hand, murmured in a trembling whisper, scarce audible:—

"Oh, let us pray, lover and friend, pray that on this earth we may never be separated, as in heaven, if my vision is true, we never shall be."

By a simultaneous movement, they knelt on the violet covered earth, in the stillness, broken only by the saturnian breathings of the dark solemn forest; and as they looked to the celestial orbs, prayed, "O Father of Spirits! O Love of Love! Heart of Hearts! to whom all who love draw nigh, grant that while this life is ours, our souls, like yonder stars, may ever shine in the mutual light which makes their heaven."

Still kneeling, the lovers remained for a time murmuring inaudible blessings on each other. When they rose, Iusa's eyes were dim with happy tears, and a fervent and calm lustre shone on the brow of Arion, as hand in hand they directed their steps to the farm. The moon, already full over the sea, shed its splendid flame from masses of pure white cloud over the dim arcades of the gloomy pine wood, and over the meadows of the shore, dotted with white kine. Above, below, in the deep hush of nature, sky and earth glimmered strangely pale in their floating hallow. All the birds were at rest save one, which hidden in its coverture of night leaves, still poured forth its song in clear, ringing undulations, like the striking of a silver tongue upon a crystal shell.

#### BRITAIN.

The remnant of Buoadicea's army, after the death of their queen, retreated into the northern districts of the island, where amid the fastnesses of the forests, marches, and lakes, they for a time bade the Romans defiance. In the country of the Brigantes, Selgovia and Demetæ, a formidable army, composed of some of the most warlike tribes, preserved a minatory attitude; and as it was well known that their leaders merely awaited the arrival of auxiliary forces from the wild north of the country, and the neighbouring



islands, to descend as heretofore upon the cities of the south, the General, Suetonius Paulinus, advanced a large portion of his army from the province, to whose leaders he gave orders to form a series of garrisons along the frontier of the Britons, and institute active measures to extinguish the rebellious remnant of the enemy. Considerable bodies of auxiliaries, infantry and cavalry, had been sent by Nero from Germany to Britain; by such additions the ninth legion, which had suffered so severely in the late campaign, was restored to its full equipment, and the army placed on a footing, which enabled its General, while occupying in sufficient force the southern cities, to pursue the campaign in the northern regions of the island. In the former district, indeed peace had already produced its accustomed results; commerce revived; the colonies, Camelodunum and Verulamium were rebuilt, and Lindun, risen rapidly from its ashes, already began to assume its pristine importance as a centre of trade. The constructive activity of the Romans was everywhere manifested in making roads, building and rebuilding, and fortifying cities; the prisoners taken in battle being, as usual, instrumentalized in such works. Desperate fighting was still maintained along the frontier of the Brigantes, where Suetonius frequently directed in person, and where his cruelty in this war of extermination aggravated the hatred and horror with which his previous career had inspired the British nations. In its new aspect, the campaign presented many difficulties and dangers to the Roman soldiers who were selected to penetrate and assail the strongholds of the enemy — those palisaded villages, situated in the centre of deep woods surrounded by deep waters, or in the marshes and islands of the savage land, across which the shadow of the Roman eagle had been hitherto unseen. On the other hand, the knowledge of the country and the positions so selected, frequently gave the Britons an advantage over their assailants, as it enabled them to pursue with effect their customary manner of fighting. Soon, however, the Romans found an ally more formidable than any number of auxiliaries. Famine already desolated the country of the enemy,

who had left their lands uncultivated from the previous spring, when by the summons of Buadicea they mustered their nations, fully persuaded that they would be enabled to destroy the Romans, and seize the stores and riches of the southern cities. Thus as winter approached, the hideous spectre of want added a new horror to that of war.

Suetonius Paulinus had marched with the ninth legion, the new cavalry contingents, and the several cohorts of the second, under the command of Susarion and other tribunes, across the country to a great camp near the river Deva, on the north-west coast, which had been formed by Ostorius Scapula, and which in his time was the remotest station occupied by a Roman force. During the late war it had been abandoned, but was now selected as a central point of operations against the Brigantes, whose district it neighboured, and the tribes of the more distant north. Here a town rapidly sprung up, with its forum, theatre, public offices, under the protection of the camp, the work of the prisoners devoted to the labour, and of the soldiers who remained with the General, who advanced the larger part of his force to different stations along the coast, and the interior, where fortified camps were also constructed, whence tribunes and centurions carried on a perpetual inter-cine contest with the Britons, between whom and their enemies attacks, surprisals, &c., were of daily occurrence. The position relatively occupied by the conquerors and the native tribes in Britain at this period, may be compared to that which centuries later existed in the neighbouring island between the English of the pale and the Irishry. The Romans concentrated in the camps; the British sheltered in the palisaded villages, constructed in favourable positions in the woods, marshes, or lakes. While, however, the Roman strongholds were well supplied with provisions from the coast and the open occupied country southward, famine, as we have said, early in the autumn began to waste the British population, intensifying its ravages as the winter advanced, and as the pitiless spectre of death moved among the once happy and plenteous villages of the deep woods, striking down young and old,

women and children; desperation rendered still more formidable the courage of the bands of warriors collected in those wild regions adjoining the military posts of the Romans.

Although it was now winter, Paulinus Suetonius pushed forward the war with a ruthless energy, it being his ambition, after the great campaign against Buadicea, to attain the glory of the entire subjugation of Britain, and so rival, if he could not surpass, the achievements of his great compeer, Corbulo, in the east of the Roman world. He had issued orders that no quarter should be given until the rebellion was crushed, and as even the prisoners taken were by his commands sacrificed, his name, already hateful, had not only become a terror among the rude nations to whom he was opposed, but in many quarters had created an antipathy among the provincials, and even in the army itself. While the General was thus occupied, a new procurator, Julius Classicanus, had arrived in the province, where he superseded Catus Decianus, who had been dismissed from his office in consequence of his having permitted the colonies of Camelodunum and Verulamium to be surprised, and of his shameful flight into Gaul during the heat of the rebellion. An antipathy had long existed between those personages, and on his arrival in Britain but a short time elapsed before Classicanus, who ruled in the province, soon displayed an open hostility to the proceedings of the General, whose cruelties to the natives he denounced as impolitic, and against whom he easily created a large party among confederates, natives, and soldiers. He despatched letters to Rome demanding his dismissal.\*

The military talents and energy which Sutarion had displayed in the campaign had from the first attracted the notice of Suetonius, ever eager to select the most efficient instruments for his projects, while the tact of the African Greek had consolidated the

favourable impression created by his merit. Alike cautious and daring, ready in originating plans and means for the object in which they were engaged, this versatile soldier, whose nature and experience in the field rendered him insensible alike to blood and honour, was devoured by an ambition which had become the fixed idea of his character, and which was fanned alike by the consciousness of his capacity, by his imagination, and the superstitious confidence which he placed in the announcement made by the African sibyl respecting his future career on his first arrival in Rome, as previously described. His success in several expeditions in which he had engaged—expeditions in which he displayed a ruthless vigour, surpassing even that of his General, raised him so high in the estimation of the latter, whose ambition he had hitherto stimulated, that on the arrival of the legions at the camp on the Deva, Suetonius had raised him from the rank of a tribune to that of a legatus,† a high post, in which he was occasionally enabled to exercise unquestioned power in the remote province; and in the current crisis of affairs, just at the period when the new Procurator arrived, and his hostile purposes toward Suetonius became known to the latter, the General, who remained at the advanced headquarters of the army, despatched Sutarion with two thousand men and a body of cavalry into the country of the Brigantes, giving him entire control of the expedition, by which it was determined to strike a final blow under circumstances which were favoured by the universal famine prevailing. The newly appointed legatus was indeed well fitted for the command; he had already mastered the most efficient methods of carrying on a campaign against an enemy so positioned, so harassed, of a bravery so stubborn and undaunted, but one so impulsive and so ignorant of the science of war. The men of the force he controlled

\* The Procurator was the civil governor of the province in whose hands rested the judicial power, the control of the finances, collection and distribution of revenue, payment of the army and official staff; while the general, whose function was exclusively military, possessed all the power of a consul. The Procurators were either knights or imperial freed-men.

† The military Legatus appears to have resembled an aide-de-camp in his rank and relation to the General, but possessed a personal and official power. Sometimes the Legatus took the place of the general in command by whom he was appointed.

had the fullest confidence in his direction; he was already well acquainted with the native character, and had acquired a rapid sufficiency in the two languages of the peoples inhabiting the north and eastern districts of the island to render himself intelligible to either and become his own interpreter—an important acquisition in times of war when native guides were trusted with difficulty; add to this his familiarity with the African language of his cavalry.\*

The Roman camp, which was then the headquarters of the war, was situated on a mountain side on the north bank of the river Deva, which divided the territories of the Cornavi, in which it stood, from those of the Ordovices. Formed by Ostorius Scapula, it had been much enlarged since the arrival of Suetonius, and now with its various permanent structures and military works—its forum, prætorium, streets, stately storehouses, workshops, hospitals, covered an area of more than a square mile. To the right, on the land side, appeared a British village and a new Roman town, with theatre, shops, &c., which latter had been extemporized since the arrival of the army. In front spread the Setean estuary, its long stretching sandbanks and sand islands shadowed by the woods and cliffs of the austere coast hills. To the right of the promontory on which the camp stood, the land was serrated by another inlet of cold blue sea, and landward in all directions, expanses of marsh and green wildernesses, across which in several directions ran the raised Roman ways, and forests spreading darkly beyond to the gray horizon. Bleak and savage was this wintry scene viewed from the camp—on one side the shivering wastes of rush, and grass, bramble, the rain-fed rivers, and wild leaf-dropping forests; on the other, the dun foam-billowed ocean, rolling shadowy, the hazy friths and barren shores, and sullen stormy headlands, reaching westward to the roaring bar, beneath the stern gray wintry sky.

In the camp all was bustle and activity, for the men were preparing for an expedition into the wild country northward, the land of the Demetæ and Brigantes, the most considerable people then in Britain. This old Celtic race, who occupied the middle country from sea to sea, were regarded, both from their numbers and valour, as the most formidable of the nations the Romans had encountered. A race speaking much the same language, dwelt far off beyond the coast lakes and Caledon forest, unpenetrated as yet by the conquerors, while to the north-east and west, along the sea coast territory, were established other peoples, some of whom had crossed the sea from the north of the neighbouring island, Erie, and others from the Cymbric Chersonesus. As yet the extent of Britain to the north, and the character of its inhabitants, remained unknown to the Romans.

In the camp the infantry and cavalry were occupied burnishing and sharpening their armour and weapons, and preparing accoutrements and horses for the march. The streets, of wooden and stone houses, rung with preparation, and the loud voices in several languages of the soldiers singing or carousing with their comrades. There were seen the stalworth figures of the red-haired Batavians, lightly clad, despite the cold; the gay, swaggering talkative Gaul, cloaked in red, and helmed; the tall German legionaries, whose faces indicated stubbornness, heartiness, simplicity, and ferocity; the black supple Numidian horseman, turbaned, in thick white robes, standing round the camp fires; the Roman infantry, of middle size, stern, active; the grave centurion, the richly attired tribune or legate, passing hither and thither, inspecting or issuing orders. The quarters of those higher officers extended on either side of the prætorium, behind which was ranged in succession the tents of the tribunes and chiefs of the allies, the altars and standards; on either side were the forum and quæstorium; in the open space, before

\* There appear to have been as Cæsar intimates, and the geographical affinities lead us to suppose, several dialects spoken in Britain: along the south and south-east shores colonized by the Belgians, a German dialect; in the centre-west, the Celtic of Gaul and Spain; along the north-east, a German tongue, perhaps identical with the old language of the Danish peninsula; in the extreme north, Celtic, with a mixture along the coast of old Swedish.

the portico of the former, the statue of the Emperor. Slaves of different classes, from the fire attendant to the armour-bearer, hurried to and fro in the street. Slaves of many races, from Cappadocian and Negro to Briton, whose attire, rude or rich, bespoke their belonging either to soldiers or officers.

## JASSARA.

Susarion had brought with him to Britain the old Numidian slave, Jassara, who at his request had been given him by his early patron, Caius Rapax, but of whose close and terrible relationship to him he still remained profoundly unconscious. Apart from the dutiful regard, the watchful obedience, and humble but earnest interest which this servitor manifested for his master and his concerns, the latter, attracted by a sort of mysterious feeling for which he could hardly, had he tried, account, had already made this black-browed attendant on his person something of a confidant, made him an occasional present, and treated him with as much good-nature, mingled with indolent disdain, as was compatible with their apparent relations. Speaking the same language, which was in itself a bond of intimacy in remote Britain, Jassara by degrees became the minister of his pleasures and secret affairs of trifling moment; but of his character and purposes Susarion was as little conscious, as that this obedient and apparently affectionate old slave, who hung about him like a shadow, whose keen eyes and ears were present with him waking or sleeping, had mastered his most hidden thoughts, designs, and ambitions. Thus, while the slave thoroughly comprehended his master's character, the latter knew as little of that of Jassara as the slave of himself.

Under his outward aspect of humility, and the mask of his mechanical external life, this strange creature concealed an inner nature and mental existence of a cast dark, awful, and abnormal, and which, the result primarily of an evil type of race, had become matured by the circumstantial vicissitudes of his career, by mysterious disease, and by the gloomy superstitions of his tribe and country. To observers a commonplace, faithful

nonentity, to himself he was at certain periods an inspired being, unconscious of the madness with which he was seized, and which corresponded with the full of the moon—one of the gods of his tribe, whom he worshipped, but worshipped still more a more awful deity, a power who was his presiding spirit—the demon of the desert, whose dark influence, when invoked, animated him with an inspired possession, during which—for the superstitious ideas which a tribe of the Numidians connected with this fearful fiend were all of an evil, ruthless, and horrible order—he was its impassive minister. When such epochs approached, Jassara was observed to disappear for a couple of days, after which he returned and performed his duties as before. Susarion, who was acquainted with the superstitions of the desert, which he despised, was well aware of those which Jassara followed, and had become cognizant of a strange affection to which he was subject during the voyage from Italy to Britain, when several times, during the time of the full moon, he had fallen ill after a sort of paroxysm which seized him, passing thence into a strange sleep, during which for a time he remained motionless and rigid as a corpse. On one such occasion the sailors, believing him dead, were about to cast the body into the deep, when, to their surprise and awe he arose, jested with them on their purpose, and actively resumed his vocations. Since his arrival in Britain, however, his disappearances at certain times were noticed by Susarion, who severely reprimanded him for his absence, unconscious of its object, and would have ordered him to be sold but that he had become indispensable to him. Shortly after the great battle, the cohorts, under the command of the tribune, lay encamped in one of the towns of the province, whose inhabitants were chiefly Romans and confederates, a clamour in the street one day attracted Susarion's attention. Among the crowd was a woman who cried aloud that her infant had been carried away out of his cradle, by whom and whither she knew not, and who appealed to the townspeople to issue forth in search of the child. Some suggested a wolf from the neighbouring woods was the delin-

quent; the crowd passed. Susarion, some time after, having called Jassara, was told by one of his slaves that the African had not been seen since the previous evening. The same night two sentinels guarding an outpost some miles from the town observed a fire on a mountain top at some distance, and a figure dancing round the flame. One of their comrades, who had been posted at the foot of the eminence, being relieved from duty and arriving shortly afterwards, broke out into horrible invectives against the savages while recounting his impression that one of them had sacrificed a child, whose dying cries he heard, and whom he had heard shouting an incantation, as he supposed, while the body was being consumed. The next morning Jassara was found sleeping as usual in his chamber, which adjoined that of Susarion, who accounted for his absence by the supposition that he had been drinking with some of the slaves of the place.

The tent-slaves and those in attendance on Susarion, though regarding Jassara with feelings common to their class, mingled by a sort of respect based on the favour displayed to him by his master, nevertheless felt toward him a sort of dread at times, when in their meetings after labour they spoke of their gods, of magic, and such like topics of discourse, for Jassara, they found, worshipped a spirit under the form of a terrible serpent, whose abode was in the centre of the fiery desert, who appeared rising from the world in a tempest, breathing flame—an awful form, extending from sky to sky, and reaching the clouds. Some of this ignorant and superstitious crew trembled as with flaming eyes their old comrade alluded to the incantations by which this appalling god was appeased, and of the powers they conferred on his suppliants; but the next moment their fears fled in laughter, as Jassara, again resuming his ordinary aspect of good-fellowship and humility, jested with them about their amours, or recounted tales of a similar cast, full of coarse, broad humour, or again regarded him in an amiable light as he drank to them, and with his horrible black face now masked with a caressant African expression and supple with smiles, he spoke of the kindness of his dear

master. When in the field, the opinions of the soldiers of Susarion toward his slave were of an equally dubious and mixed character; for once, after a battle in the country of the Brigantes, when they had slain a number of the enemy, a sentinel reported he had seen Jassara at night wandering among the corpses and wounded that covered the scene of combat, knife in hand, chuckling to himself as he prowled among their heaps, ever and anon stooping and stabbing some half-dead Briton, like a hungry man devouring the relics of a feast. When, indeed, the demon whom he worshipped possessed this monstrous-natured creature, revelling in the madness which then fired his brain, destruction became his secret joy, his passionate delight. Nevertheless, in his inchoate and shadowy mind, actuated by insanity and atrocious superstition, one fixed idea dominated, an idea rooted in the hatred of vanished years, cherished hopelessly until of late, and now, though wholly concealed from all but himself, grown stronger than ever in the conscious power of its fulfilment. Man, madman, demon, living two lives—an external and internal—this monstrous being, shaped for the sport of a fiend, who seemed cast on earth to work the will of its creator, whose possession could in an instant make of him its instrument, could he have appeared to others as he was, would have been recognised as a grotesque but terrible embodiment of the primeval destiny, whose obscure, irresistible power, rising from chaos itself, shadowed the imagination of savage antiquity.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF SUSARION.

Winter had descended on the wild woods and marshy plains of Britain, the hills were covered with forests domed with snow, and from the icy star of the north the keen wind blew bitterly, over the frozen land, occasionally intensifying to a storm, which raged on the solitary shipless sea and desolate coasts and inland, covering the low grounds with deluge. Military operations were suspended, and the Romans, secure in the line of fortified camps they had formed along the southern frontier of the Brigantes, seldom issued forth save on a hunt-

ing expedition in the boar and deer abounding woods, or when the scouts informed them that some tribe meditated an attack on some of the well-supplied strongholds. Several such had already been made on different points by the Britons; but although pressed by famine they fought desperately, they were generally repulsed with considerable loss on their side, and no little on that of the Romans. Nay, they constantly courted death, which in various forms seemed to have encompassed the remnant of those courageous warriors who had hurried to the standard of Buoadicea. In their woods and their river or lake fastnesses famine doomed them to a slow death; in the front, the Roman swords. Ever and anon some band of the fierce gaunt warriors, like living skeletons, issued at night from the dark recesses of the great woodlands, now stealthy, hidden in the cold gloom, and now in some snowy trenches and turn of the outworks of the camps, fought furiously and retired, either having seized on some magazine of corn, or less fortunate, having left the ditches filled with their dead. During this harassing form of warfare the Romans generally acted on the defensive, according to the orders of the Legate Susarion, who had the command of the advanced lines, and who, well acquainted with the state of the country, regarded the famine then raging as his best auxiliary, calculating on its destructive effects during the winter, and awaited the approach of spring as the decisive period for carrying the Roman arms northward, and finishing the war before the Britons, thus decimated, had prepared for its continuance, by saving and securing the harvest of the coming year. Terrible were the accounts which the scouts from time to time carried to the camps. They spoke of the highways that their swords had strewn with corpses and skeletons, half devoured by the herds of boars and wolves; of the scenes they had beheld in the villages, where acorns and wild herbs were the only food of the Britons, nay, of scenes of cannibalism too horrible to recount, in which the hunger-maddened savages were seen roasting and devouring human bodies by the fires in the houses and caverns. Such of the Romans as fell in conflict with the

enemy at a distance from the camps, were, it was whispered, invariably consumed in such horrible fashions, the women contending with the wild beasts, who tore them from the graves, and then roasting the limbs for the fearful banquets of the famishing warriors.

Thus passed the winter. Suetonius Paulinus remained with the main body of the legionaries at the camp on the Deva, when in this season he was less occupied by military than the political administration of the province, and by the intrigues of the new Procurator, Cerialius, who was energetically labouring to have him remanded from conducting the war in Britain. Meanwhile the general, Vespasian, had him despatched to the government of further Spain, whither he was accompanied by the young Agricola. In the southern province peace was restored, the colonies Camelodunum and Verulamium were already rising from their ashes, and Linden again in process of being rebuilt, was becoming, as heretofore, the principal emporium of trade. Suetonius, who was then the most experienced general in the western empire, and whose character, stern and noble, was a complete representation of the highest type of Roman virtue, was inspired with a passion for glory, and with the ambition of completing the subjugation of Britain, a project he purposed achieving during the ensuing summer. Before its arrival, however, events occurred which obstructed and finally neutralized the plans of a general who, though possessed of the highest military talents, was in but little favour at the court of Nero, an advantage which his enemy the Procurator Cerialius possessed, and who besides had rendered himself hateful to the natives of Britain by his late conquests, by the destruction of the Druidical order in Mona, his victory over the army of Buoadicea, and the ruthless and excessive cruelty he had manifested towards the vanquished.

At length, when the spring returned, and the sun shone forth again from the cloudless sky over the wild land, the green plains and budding woods, the army in four divisions advanced into the country of the Brigantes; that under the command of Susarion, numbering a couple of thousand men,

taking a central course through a country bounded on the left by a range of high mountains. Here hardly a day passed without a conflict with the natives—the surprise of some stockaded village in the woods by the river side, on a mountain or marshy island—a system of guerilla warfare, in which the Britons, acquainted with the country, and who exhibited no little strategy, fought with their accustomed resistance, and with occasional advantage, derived from the positions difficult to an enemy, in which they were in possession.

It happened that one day, when the summer was approaching, Susarion having gained intelligence that a considerable body of the enemy had mustered in a village by a river surrounded by woods, and bounded on one side by a plain, despatched a cohort to the attack, the while he ordered a body of cavalry to make a circuit through the forest, so that on a signal they might advance from a certain point into the plain, into which, relying on their impetuous valour, he purposed to draw the British force. The plan succeeded. The Romans having made an attack affected to fly; the Britons pursued them into the open ground, the trumpets blew the signal, the cavalry rushed from the woods, and surrounding the enemy, began to cut them to pieces. Susarion, who led the attack, mounted on a powerful charger, and who was rendered conspicuous by the scarlet tunic and robe, and rich armour, while in the thick of the melee received an arrow in the arm, which he presently tore away, galloping hither and thither, animating his soldiers, to whom the word, no quarter, was given. Ill armed, the British warriors, though they fought with accustomed fury, rage, and delight in the contest, were rapidly lessened in numbers; and after a short time the last fearless few transfixed with javelin, spear, and arrow, and pierced by the short sharp swords of the legionaries strewn the ground. The Romans raised a shout of victory, and were already beginning to plunder the dead and wounded of their gold arm and neck rings, when several centurions who stood on a rising ground near Susarion, suddenly rushed forward, crying, “the legate is wounded;” but as they

reached him, weakened by the blood which had been flowing from the arrow gush, he had fallen from his horse on the ground. A group of soldiers hurried to the spot, and raising the insensible figure on a litter rudely prepared with their spears and shields, bore him toward a clump of oaks under a rocky eminence at a little distance. Arrived, they found a deep cavern in the rock, within which a spring flowed, at the entrance of which they laid down the commander, while one of the centurions having disrobed and relieved him of his armour, began to examine the wound.

While thus occupied, the soldiers were surprised to behold a female figure advance from the deep gloom of the cavern. Her small but stately figure was shrouded in a blue robe or cloak, whose hood thrown from her head, displayed a pale but beautiful youthful face, singular for the strange lustre of the eyes, and for its noble and inflexible expression. An apparition so unexpected struck the battle-heated and bloody soldiers for a moment with a superstitious awe, as approaching she gazed fixedly on the prostrate figure, who first then opening his eyes beheld her. The centurion, who, after washing the wound in Susarion’s arm, was about to bind it with a piece of linen, when he addressed her in the Latin tongue, which, however, it appeared she did not comprehend, as she shook her head; at the same time kneeling on the ground she scrutinized the ragged arrow gush, the while smiling coldly, she murmured a few words in the British language. As she did so, Susarion started, and raising himself and regarding her earnestly, cried in broken Celtic: “How knowest thou the wound is poisoned, pretty maiden? speak, and quickly.”

“Easily,” she returned with the same calm smile, “the arrow has been dropped in aert; an hour hence, except you can procure a sweeter charm, you will be numbered with the dead yonder.”

“Knowest thou of such, fair maiden? if so, lose not a moment.”

“You fear death then, oh Roman.”

“I love life rather, especially if it could be restored by a maiden so beautiful as you.”

“But if I possessed the power, why

should I use it with one such as you, who are against my country, who have just now destroyed in battle the remnant of one of our tribe?"

Susarion communicated the terrible fact he had just heard to the soldiers and the substance of the brief dialogue, upon which the soldiers, seizing the girl, threatened her with their swords, pointing to the wound; but Susarion, commanding them to desist again, addressed the girl, who, despite the rude looks and savage purposes of the soldiers, had not displayed any symptoms of fear.

For some moments Esylth, who had risen and stood apart in the twilight of the cavern, appeared to be lost in thought, and her lips moved as if uttering an incantation or prayer. She then advanced, and again kneeling beside the wounded Susarion, and bending over him, whispered:

"Roman, on one condition I will save your life."

"Utter it, and command me."

"Swear to me by the God you adore, that if I restore thee to life by to-morrow, thou wilt withdraw thy soldiers from this district."

"I swear by Heseus," murmured Susarion, who was becoming faint, and whose brain the throbbing blood was beginning to render confused and strange; "and by thyself, to whom ever grateful I will henceforth obey and protect."

"Enough," Esylth murmured, half to herself; "thy answer to my invocations is indeed doubtful, yet will I venture to give thee life, and trust to the consequence." Then in a louder tone she added, turning to the soldier with a commanding gesture, "on thy peril let not this wounded man sleep; if drowsiness approaches, rouse him, keep him awake and in movement till I return;" and hurrying from the mouth of the cavern she disappeared.

The men followed her orders, the centurion raising Susarion, whose head drooped and whose eyes began to glaze, conversed with him, and with the assistance of a soldier who supported him on the other side, dragged rather than walked with him up and down the cavern for a short time, until Esylth returned. She carried in one hand a sort of salve, formed apparently of herbs and dark juices, and in the other a horn vessel of liquid, the

latter of which she ordered Susarion to drink; and then directing that he should be placed on a bed of heath, which was spread near the cavern spring, anointed his wound, and motioning the men to dispose themselves apart, sat down and watchfully awaited the result.

At first a sort of shiver passed through Susarion's frame, and he moaned as in pain; presently a deep sigh escaped him, and opening his eyes he gazed around, first wildly, then with evident consciousness; and as the sunset streamed into the cavern, Esylth observing the leaden shadows disappear from his face through whose complexion the blood began to show, arose, calmly announcing that the danger had passed, and ordering the soldiers to wrap him in a mantle, and keep him undisturbed for some hours. While they were thus engaged, the disappearance of Esylth, who had retreated into the darkness of the cavern, caused some anxiety; some being doubtful as to the effect of the medicaments thus presented by a stranger, others more trustful of the dangers which might ensue from her absence. Accordingly they lit torches, and penetrated a considerable way into the cavern, which they found was of great extent, and whose walls were in several places covered with arms. At length they came to the brink of a dark chasm, in whose unseen depth the noise of waters were heard, and finding their progress and search thus arrested, returned to their sleeping comrades, not unvisited by superstitious fears. Meanwhile the soldiers formed their encampment round the cavern, kindled fires and feasted, and after the centurions had conducted the burial of the dead, repose reigned around in the wild region, broken only by the melancholy sighing of the forests, or the roar of waters upon which the camp fires threw a slowly sinking light.

The first streak of dawn had just purpled the east, and the soldiers guarding Susarion had sunk into a heavy sleep, when Esylth appeared and aroused the wounded Legate. On seeing her he started to his feet, and carrying her hand to his lips, poured forth his gratitude to his preserver. He was perfectly restored, for a slight stiffness in his arm, full of strength and



tofore. A rude feast, flesh and milk, was presently prepared, of which they partook together, the soldiers having been sent to their posts, and a conversation ensued between these beings who had been thrown thus strangely together, which elicited a strange affinity between them. Already Susarion had become enamoured of the beauty of this wild British girl, in whom he recognised a singularity of character which perhaps attracted him still more, nor was Eysyth without a project in the intimacy so suddenly found, with an enemy whose life she had saved. Several hours had passed, and the sun was already high in the heavens, when Susarion, after assuring her that he would perform the conditions agreed on the previous night—that of withdrawing his cohorts from the district, said—

"You are free; but if you come southward with me, Eysyth, never shall I cease to love and protect you."

"To be your slave!" said the girl, smiling.

"To be the queen of one whose gratitude shall ever render him yours," exclaimed the enamoured Legate.

While Susarion, mounting his horse, reviewed and made an address to his soldiers, Eysyth, who had proceeded to the neighbouring woods, with whose people she held a secret commune, presently returned, and having entered one of the large hooded chariots common to the country, which had been prepared for her reception, accompanied the army on its march southward, a movement for which an order had been issued. For several days the route lay through the intricate woodland ways of the district; now across marshes, now along the sea-beach. It was fine weather, at the close of autumn, whilst they made this journey; the enemy were nowhere visible; and at length, after a march of a week, they arrived at a camp some twenty miles to the east of that on the *Deva*, whence Susarion proceeded to communicate the result of the campaign to the General *Paulinus*.

#### CONFLAGRATION OF ROME.

Arion and Iusa, after their day passed in the *Laurentian* forest, had returned to *Ostia*, where they stopped in the house of one of the Christian

brethren; and it was already late in the afternoon of that succeeding when, taking places in one of the *rhæda*, or large public travelling carriages, they proceeded on their way to *Rome*. Many stoppages had occurred on the journey, and the July night had for some time closed over the landscape, as they came within sight of the *Capitol*. The July day had been one of perfect calm, but as the darkness set in, a wind from the south rose suddenly, and began to sweep in unfrequent but strong gusts across their path. Already they had arrived within a couple of miles of the walls, from which that well-known object, the *Aventine Mount*, with its vast piles of building, rose, and whose innumerable lights, defined against the dark azure, looked to the traveller like some huge swarm of fire-flies, when the attention of the wayfarers was arrested by a red glare, like that of a stormy sunset, which shot up from the southern district of the city, and which seemed every moment increasing in breadth and brilliancy, throwing into dark relief the piles of intermediate building, and rendering the great structures on the surrounding hills as clearly visible as at noon, every moment ascended higher and higher toward the zenith, while vast volumes of illuminated smoke were soon visible rolling past, and at times obscuring the high-built palaces and temples.

"It is a fire," exclaimed many voices. "What part of the city is it in?" others inquired. Some said it was on the *Palatine Mount*, others in the *Forum*; but those most familiar with civic localities were of opinion that it had broken out in the neighbourhood of the great *Circus*. The exertions and anxiety to reach the city became intense, and the driver lashed his horses into a gallop over the roads, along which a considerable multitude were already hurrying to obtain a nearer view of the gorgeous but fearful spectacle.

Presently the carriage trundled under the arch of the *Ostian gate*, and proceeded for a space along the main road, which ran along the west of the *Aventine Mount*, when the crowd became so dense that further progress became impossible, and such passengers as had travelled without

luggage, among whom were Arion and Iusa, having paid for their journey, proceeded amid a great multitude, who were rushing from all directions to gain a view of the conflagration. Mounting an eminence from which this was attainable, the scene which spread beneath them was one of strange magnificence and awe. The fire, it appeared, had broken out in the first instance among the numerous shops and booths formed of wood which occupied the space between the Cælian Hill and the southern end of the great Circus—bread, wine, and general refreshment shops, which had accumulated in a neighbourhood constantly crowded by the frequenters of the games which took place both by day and night. At this period indeed there were multitudes belonging to the floating population of Rome who may be said to have passed their lives in the Circus, where, after receiving the sportula, or distribution of food, from some patron or from the state, proceeded to the sports, which were free, and after enjoying the chariot races and other amusements of the place, slept by night in the triple porticoes of this vast building, which extended nearly a quarter of a mile. The flames rapidly enveloped those structures and stores, and spread thence to the narrow and intricate congeries of alleys which lay between the western side of the Circus and the Aventine Hill, to which it was rapidly extending before the pressure of the wind, whose strength seemed to increase with the fury and extent of the conflagration it fed. Sheets of flame appeared wafted on the wind from point to point; every moment the cry arose, such and such a building was on fire, and already one vast sea of red billowy flame filled the long walls of the Circus, whose portico roofs blazed along their extent, and carried irresistibly up on the strong level currents of air, were beating and mounting against the masses of lofty buildings on the Aventine like storm waves breaking against some sea wall. Every building in the city around shone in its terrible light, the long pillared ranges of the palaces of Tiberius, Caligula, and on the west and north of the Palatine, that of Augustus, on the superb temple of Apollo, and the

gardens of Adonis in the central space, the numerous and splendid mansions of the nobles which rose to the south, and the immense palace called the *Domus Transitorium*, lately erected by Nero, which, adjoining that of Caligula at the north-eastern corner of the hill, extended along its eastern side, overlooking the Forum, and thence crossing the elevated ground called Velia, extended, supported by gigantic arches a hundred feet high, to the villa of Mæcenas, on the Esquiline. By this time the vast population of the city were abroad, crowding in the narrow ways toward the locality of the terrible scene, or grouped in thousands on the house-tops and temple roofs on the surrounding hills, and while the vast sea of flame roared, surging, and swaying, and leaping, in vast masses hither and thither, while the fiercely illumined air was filled with burning fragments, and each instant was heard the crash of some house or lofty building, and the screams of its inmates, the incessant clamour of this mighty multitude, which seemed contending with the noise of the conflagration, ascended above it, wild and shrill, in cries of despair and lamentation. To and fro in the narrow lanes of lofty houses, and in the forums, swayed and surged the innumerable crowd in the vast shifting shadows which this great fire threw from the mighty structures on the hills, or stood fronting its furious light with faces of excitement and terror.

Every moment groups arrived at the place where Arion and Iusa stood, who had come from the western district of the city, to which the conflagration had now extended, and as hundreds of voices proclaimed the spread of the devastating element, and the destruction of such and such a temple or pile of building. The Forum Boarium was already in flames, together with several of the low lying streets in the *Vialalium*, in some points of which it had already reached the city walls. The Aventine Hill presented a superb and awful appearance, along its eastern sides the immense piles of houses and *insulae*, some of which were eighty and ninety feet high, were enveloped in wreaths of the fiery tempest which raged through and above them in fierce and splendid

sheets, save when the fall of some lofty structure for a moment sent a firmament of sparks into the air and toppled into the valley beneath in bickering cataracts of fire. Hundreds had already perished, and the inhabitants of that poor but populous district, who had fled in terror and distraction from the catastrophe with which their homes had been so suddenly visited, were gathered in the neighbouring districts, as near as the intense heat permitted them to approach—an immense multitude, gazing in despair upon the ruining habitations and the loss of their substance; and as their cries testified, in numerous cases on the destruction of friends and relatives. As the wind, which, while the hours of the fearful night rolled on, had increased in violence, still blew from the south-east, all who witnessed the scene were of opinion that the fire would exhaust its fury in the direction whither it was blown, and that it would eventually be stopped at the river; indeed the whole eastern side and summits of the Aventine, and the streets leading to the Æmilian bridge, with some granaries on the banks, were already in a blaze; and that the northern and eastern districts of the great city, the superb palaces and temples, the venerable shrines and monuments of the Forum, the Palatine, Capitolin, and other hills, would be saved. For the most part the population had hitherto gazed in a sort of stupor on the spread of the conflagration; but as time passed on a murmur of surprise and indignation slowly pervaded the mass, observing that as yet no effort had been made to check its advance. Then ever and anon sinister wishes passed through the groups of people, some of whom announced that numbers of men had been observed flinging firebrands into houses as yet unreached by the burning sea, and aiding the ruin—an announcement which awakened emotions of still greater terror and fury. It was said several so suspected or detected had been cut down; but the idea that the city had been consigned to the

designs of incendiaries gained ground, and the rumour spreading, watches were placed in many directions. Still the fire, so far from subsiding with the destruction of what it fed on, seemed to rage with still increasing fury; and to such observers as still retained their senses in a scene so overwhelming, it was difficult to say which was the more terrible—the ravages of the fire-spirit, winged by the tempest, or the aspect of the immense multitudes gathered on every height and point of vision, filled with consternation, and as the hours rolled, with a stupor of despair.

It was already past midnight when Arion conducted Iusa through the thronged streets from this scene of devastation, and after several hours arrived at her cottage on the Pincian. As they passed along several sinister murmurs had reached their ears. "It is the Christians," some voices cried, "those Gallileans, who have fired the city." "They hate and avoid us," others cried, "and would destroy us doubtless if they could." "Let us search them out and put them to the sword," others roared. "I have myself heard some of them say," shrieked a shrill voice from one group, "that Rome should one day be destroyed by fire." Arion hurried Iusa from a neighbourhood so fraught with dangers. As they mounted the crest of the Pincian Hill, and looked back upon the ocean of fire, in which the western district of the city was enveloped, great clouds of smoke began to roll across from the area of the conflagration, rendering every object around indistinct and dark.

"Alas!" cried Arion, "the wind has changed, mark, it now blows from the west, and I fear will carry the flames across the city."

Whatever ideas possessed the mind of Iusa she remained silent, and on their arrival at her cottage, Arion, fearful of leaving her on an occasion so awful, threw himself under the porch to watch while she slept. That night, however, sleep had fled from Rome.

## "NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

SPRING is one of the best things this world has to show us. No doubt of that, I think. We do not need all the poets that have written from Homer, the morning star of song, downwards generally, nor Thomson, in particular, to tell us that. It is a good gift, even when one possesses it only in a dull London square, walled in with tall smoke-blackened houses, with only a few dingy trees in the middle, which the dust turns brown as soon as ever they have attempted to put on their green mantle, and perhaps one or two crippled-looking laburnums that refresh the passer's eye with their

"Dropping wells of fire."

Spring is desirable, joy-bringing, even in the suburban villa; not even stucco and cockneyism can rob her of all her charms. How much more delicious is she though when seen in her true home where she is born, the blessed country, where one can look up straight to the blue sky, and see God's azure vault undimmed by any of the foul smoky clouds of man's own manufacture; can gaze up

"Where through a sapphire sea, the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon."

My soul sickens with longing when I think of a roomy country house, with the dignity of a century or two about its stout old walls, clambered round by roses, with fresh lawns, with well-tended myriad-coloured garden squares, with rooks cawing clamorously about it giving one a loud good morrow; with broad fields full of lambs cantering clumsily about on their big unwieldy legs; with clucking hens and little round yellow balls of velvet chickens. Amongst all these delights was Miss Chester now, and revelling in them. She had got a colour like a dairy-maid, and was growing *embonpoint*. If ever it is pardonable, possible to forget the existence of Death, it is in a gay country house, filled with lively youngish people in the spring time. There is nothing to remind one of destruction or decay. None of the servants or acolytes of the Great King are near to give one a hint of his presence.

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For a time he is shrouded from mortal sight. Not a desirable condition. Better to think of him a little every day, better to look him in the eyes very often, and then when he does come in all his pomp of terrors he will wear the aspect, not of a complete stranger, but of an intimate acquaintance, almost a friend. Some good man (who was it? I forget) advises all men, when they compose themselves to sleep every night, to fancy themselves lying stiff and stark in their coffins. Not unwholesome, I think, nor very revolting, when one accustoms oneself to it. But to return. In spring everything is full of life, and sap, and vigour; everything is on the increase, nothing on the decrease. Last year's leaves have vanished, lost shape and substance, utterly, and only serve now to deepen the tint of the rich soil to fertilize the fat meadows. For a few weeks we imagine we can feel the sensations which, in a far higher, more perfect degree, our first parents revelled in, in their garden between the four eastern rivers. There was a large company assembled in this month of May in that pleasant Kentish manor house. People, old and young, clever and dull, ugly and pretty, talkative and silent, as in all such mixed gatherings, only, somehow, it seemed that the preponderance of the young, the pretty, and the witty, over the old, the ugly, and the stupid, was greater than is ordinarily the case. Perhaps it was only that the spring had got into their blood, and warmed them up into beauty and animation. What a contrast it was to that life in the little narrow house in Queenstown, with only one face beside the still hearth; Kate's firm white features, that seemed to have lost the power of smiling, marked with so settled a gravity, so unalterable a dejection. What a contrast to the tainted air, the heartrending tales of families decimated; the few people seen about, and those few so often black-clothed, in sign of some recent bereavement; the church bell tolling incessantly, and the unavoidable sight of mourners, and hearse plumes, and mutes,

whenever you moved outside your own gates. Maggie shuddered, looking back upon it, and thanked her stars devoutly that she was out of all those horrors. Her host and hostess were not young people, at least their bodies were not, but they possessed quite as strong faculties of enjoyment, quite as keen a zest for amusement, as when they had run wildly after hoops, and found delight in the gyrations of a humming top, at the age of six years. It was a very easy *laissez-aller* untroubled life that they led in their old stone hall, and that they expected their guests to lead, too. A late breakfast, flower and fruit garnished, lengthening out deep into the morning. People straggling down one after another as seemed good to them, not oppressed by any sense of punctuality expected of them, not hurried down from a half-finished hasty toilette, by a clamorous bell summoning them. The squire was a calm-tempered old gentleman, in whom fussiness was not; who liked to get his own breakfast comfortably, at the time he had been in the habit of eating it for the last sixty years, and did not much mind when his visitors got theirs, or whether they did not get it at all. A short forenoon, easily got through by the help of dawdling in conservatories, reading newspapers, writing letters, &c. Then luncheon, chiefly a female one, for such as could muster appetite for it, which, it must be allowed, required some *finesse* and management. Along all-golden afternoon, not a bit too long, though, thanks to horses and carriages, to balls submitting to be knocked about *ad lib.*, and to mallets, well wielded, knocking them. But, most of all, thanks to rowings on the big pool, where the large-belled elms dipped their broad leaves continually into their cold bath, where weak-armed young girls, tyros in the art, sawed the air with disobedient oars, and caught countless crabs, being ridiculed therefor by strong-armed, expert young men. Everybody assembling from the four quarters of that small world to a sociable dinner, at an hour late enough for the chandelier to be lit, for the women to escape the ordeal of having their necks and arms submitted to the hard test of day's piercing eye. But cheeriest of all, the part of those days on

which, in after time, those young people looked back with most regret, were the evenings. Sometimes they danced in the old hall, and the scutcheons and family pictures looked down upon them benignantly, while the plainest and most good-natured of the girls (those two attributes very often go together) played waltzes and quadrilles by the hour, and was as often forgotten, and done out of her meed of gratitude as not. Sometimes they sang glees and catches, and all manner of part songs, some in time, some out, but all with hearty good will, and with all the power of their lungs. Lastly, sometimes they played games, suited to the capacity of an infant; games in which bodily agility was more required than any ingenuity of mind; when the furniture was apt to get upset a good deal, and in which the grand object appeared to be to effect a collision between two bodies coming violently together on one chair, or some other end equally recondite and desirable. But most young people have a taste, developed or undeveloped, for romping, and there is not much harm in it. To amuse themselves was people's first waking idea in that house and many like houses, and their grand object through the day, and whether they had amused themselves or not, their last question to themselves at night. Nowhere was Time made to die a sweeter, more painless death. But yet among the flowers, even of that Eden, a serpent lurked for one person, perhaps for many; but it is only with the serpent appointed to sting one particular individual that we have to do. George Chester had not, as had been expected of him, accompanied his sisters and his cousin into the country. He had seen them safely to their journey's end, and had then appeared to think that he had done his duty by them; had left them, and gone off to amuse himself after his own fashion, in town. His defection was a great disappointment to one of those young ladies, and mortified vanity did not help to sweeten the sourness of it. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," says the proverb; and there were plenty better fish, better looking fish, more valuable fish, altogether, than George Chester at this very house; but still silvery salmon, speckled trout, cod, and had-

dock, might all swim finfully by; they could not compare, in her blinded eyes, with the dull twopenny-half-penny carp she was hankering after. When she had been away from home about three weeks, George made his appearance one day; came walking over the grass, in all his pristine beauty and plumpness, as they were playing croquet. It was rather a fortunate moment for Margaret, she was looking so undeniably pretty, flushed, excited, with eyes which, now that they were not seen beside Kate's, might pass for very bright ones. The flush deepened for a second when her glance fell upon the newcomer, then died away utterly. It surprised and almost shocked the girl herself, to discover how pale she was getting, how the few words of ordinary greeting seemed to stick in her throat. Absence in her case had certainly, and unfortunately made "the heart grow fonder." And then, what made it worse, he was so provokingly cool and unembarrassed, shook hands with her so cordially, said quite loud, with no pretence at whispering or undertones, "Well, Maggie, how are you? Why, you are as white as a sheet!" and then passed on to shake hands with his sisters, in apparently exactly the same way, and stayed talking to them, asking questions about home matters, and answering their inquiries about himself, without another glance towards the place where she stood.

Poor thing! she could have killed herself in her shame for blushing or paling about such a block. As well blush about Cheops or Rhamses, for all the return he made for it. It was too true that Maggie felt, and could not help feeling, an amount of interest, very disproportionate to his deserts, in that uninteresting young man. She had let her heart go out to him. The two feeble strings of prudence and caution, with which she had held it back, snapped off suddenly one fine day; and she could not call it back again now, much as she wished; it had passed beyond her control. Women, nice women especially, do not proportion their love to the worth of the recipient; often the love and the worth are in an inverse ratio. Love is an inmate who creates a great deal of confusion and disorder in the house he tarries in; he does not let

his entertainer have much peace or quietness. Love does not make people enjoy their food, or take deep draughts of sleep. Margaret did not in these days draw half the enjoyment she ought to have done out of the rides, and the dancing, and the love-making; for love-making there was, of course.

I wonder everybody did not make love to everybody else; opportunity and importunity being everything. My marvel was, and always is, in such cases, how all the young men and all the young women avoided falling into hopeless entanglements. The season spoke of nothing but love; and it was the sole thing to do in that lazy time and place. It is not a very pleasant thing to get into the habit of studying a fellow creature's countenance, and putting constructions which torture yourself, ingeniously, upon each change of expression. Maggie made herself very miserable sometimes, if George happened to look grave for two minutes, imagining that he was thinking of Kate; and then again, if he smiled, without any apparent cause, of course he was thinking about Kate. Then only the subject had presented itself to him in a different and a brighter light. Often she lay awake at night, pondering over this young man's foolish, commonplace speeches; weighing them, one after another, to see what they were worth, and whether they had the ring of true metal about them. It is occupation equally unpleasant and profitless (as many a jealous wife could testify), watching another's actions. All the watching in the world will not avail to keep a person from the most obnoxious courses, if they have a bent for such courses. Such vigilance is either totally inoperative, or else aggravates the evil. But still, it is very hard to abstain from it. For two or three days at a time now, the whole treasure of George's fickle affections seemed diverted to some other of the girls staying in the house. His roving fancy was caught by a fair cheek, a sparkling smile, or a rosebud mouth. It did not take much to snare him, certainly; but then he always got out of the toils again very, very soon. More than once Margaret caught glimpses of him between the orange boughs in the conservatory,

making such "yeux doux" that she felt morally certain he must be accompanying them with words more than sentimental. Now and again she had overheard him (unintentionally, of course) deep in the gibberish of the language of flowers. And on such occasions, she would close her lips very tightly, and thinly, on one another; would twist her hands together under the table, and make random answers to whoever addressed her. And then again, Mr. George, more inexcusably perverse than ever, would sometimes get hold of some man friend, and, falling deep into talk upon rifles, or pointers, or salmon flies, or some such manly themes, not come near her all the evening. Every day, and every hour of the day, her reason told her that there was nothing to worship, nothing of the demi-god, about this commonplace young officer; not an inch of hero stuff in all his composition. But passion, inveterate in her infatuation, would not hear a word in dispraise of her idol. Sitting brushing her hair at night, after one of these unsatisfactory evenings, she would resolve and vow henceforth to hate and despise him; firstly, for what he was; secondly, for what he did. For being such a nincompoop as regarded the other half of creation; and for his obtuseness, in neither perceiving nor heeding the good things Providence put in his way; but the hatred was spurious, and the opposing love was genuine, and it always won the day. Truly, the bed of roses on which she was lying had a good many thorns in the blossoms. Men are so conceited, that I think he saw that she loved him. And what did he think about her? A question of some moment to the unlucky young lady. Oh, he thought her the jolliest girl he had ever seen except one. That unlucky except. After all his vagaries he invariably returned to her; but then his vagaries were so very, very frequent, and the intervals between them so brief. For some time he endeavoured to please himself, trying to trace a likeness between Margaret and her absent sister; tried to find out some lurking resemblance in a smile or the tone of a voice; in eyes or other features it would have been evidently absurd to seek for such. But he failed utterly. There was not

one grain of similitude between the two. As I have before remarked, hardly any two young women in Europe could have been more unlike. There was not a vestige of that general family likeness which is to be found among most sisters. Afterwards, George got gradually to care for and enjoy those smiles and tones for themselves. He was not a Stoic, nor of a particularly faithful turn of mind, to be utterly indifferent to a rather sweet woman, blushing and trembling at his approach. It made his opinion of himself go up a peg or two higher. I think it was because he felt so secure of her, that he was in no hurry to make assurance doubly sure. And yet, if Kate had been dead now, and he had had a month or so to get accustomed to the idea of her being defunct, he, not being the sort of man to mourn long for a recollection, to widow himself for life for an idea, would have found it in his heart to gift Margaret with royal happiness by condescending to offer her his hand. But Kate was not dead, nor dying, nor, as far as appeared, engaged to any one else. Consequently, why should not she be engaged to him? After all, she had never refused him. Perhaps that dismissal of him from the office of escort was a little ruse to bring him to the point. And her incivility and extreme coldness since, was perhaps to be put down to mortified vanity, and an idea that he had not treated her well. Really it all sounded very plausible to foolish, self-deluded George, when he put it before himself. He reasoned it out in a very matter-of-fact, business-like way, on the hypothesis that she would regard it in the same light. True that Kate was a girl very much admired, and that men had got into the way of making a great fuss about her. But after all, what were admirers? What good did they do to any woman? often a great deal of harm, fluttering around her. Men of straw almost all of them. In these days a sensible girl would think twice before she said "No" to a good solid offer of marriage. He was his father's eldest son, had no debts to speak of, and was not a particularly bad-looking fellow. Kate could not be so mad as to refuse him. And she had not any one else that she cared about to

stand in his light, at least that he had ever heard of. As for that ridiculous story of his sister's about the photograph, that was evidently spun out of their own brains. Very likely it was a picture of Blount, or of her dead father; and she was ashamed of being caught indulging in such a manifestation of affection. Nothing likelier. People can get themselves to believe anything almost that they wish, by such arguments, I think.

Such was the posture of affairs, and the posture of Lieutenant Chester's mind, when he came to visit his uncle and aunt at Daneham Court, and for several days afterwards. One afternoon every one all over England, I should think—every one, at all events, that was not either dying or in an office, was out of doors. Everybody at Daneham was certainly walking and driving and sauntering about, basking in the hot May sun; revelling in the sight of myriad leaves and flowers, bursting through their silken sheaths, the woods spread with their carpets of dim harebells.

"The heavens up-breaking through the earth," as Wordsworth (I think it is) says, with a liberty, a freedom of fancy, which a lesser poet would not have ventured to indulge in. The house stood blinking among its drowsy leaves, with all its doors and windows open, so that man or beast might enter if they chose; with Venetian blinds lowered, through which (even though lowered), the smell of the flowers, and the hum of bees came faintly into the cool empty rooms. Not quite empty, either. In one of them, a young lady was cultivating a taste for solitude—Margaret Chester. She had excused herself from going out, in a young lady's invariable plea, headache. And a headache she had, induced by fretting and disquiet of mind. She was not in spirits for the amount of rapartee and merriment expected of her, and did not want anybody to notice her depression, and she stayed in-doors, and was now lying on a sofa in a rather dark recess, between two windows, smelling vigorously at a vinaigrette, and bemoaning her fate; wishing she had never been born, and occasionally varying the wish, by transferring it to Kate. Yes, now, how happy and prosperous she might have been if

there had never been such a person as Kate in existence, or if she had been strangled when first her baby cries made themselves heard in this cold world. How different her lot might have been, if it had not been shadowed by the unconscious influence of that odd little sorceress, her sister, who seemed to steal away both hearts that she wished to get possession of, and hearts whose possession rather annoyed her than otherwise, by some species of witchcraft. But such reflections were utterly useless. There was Kate alive, and not to be put out of life except by killing, or causing her to be killed, for neither of which courses Margaret had the slightest inclination. As she lay there, idle, discontented, in a frame of mind as unlike as possible to that of the day and season, the door opened, and the object of her aspirations—an object about as worthy sighing and striving after as those on which we usually waste the blood and sweat of our hard struggles—George Chester, walked in. He looked very hot, had his hat on, and a perfect swarm of trout flies twining round it, and would evidently be rather obliged to any one who would give him a job to do, suited to his capacity, for he was very short of such. First he rambled objectlessly to the table, took up a book lying thereon, opened it at haphazard, read half a dozen words, and tossed it down again. Then he sighed heavily, flung himself into an arm chair, stayed there two seconds, uttered a brief soliloquy composed of these three words, "Confound the heat," and then got up again. All this time he had not perceived the presence of Margaret; he thought he had the room to himself. Sadly he walked to a looking-glass, gazed at himself steadfastly for some time, considered the sit of his tie, and re-adjusted the position of his pin, which was of the cheerful pattern of a death's head and cross bones in ivory. Margaret began to feel rather uncomfortable; he might not be pleased when he should discover that she had been there all along, spying upon his conceited little manœuvres, watching him make a fool of himself. So she made a slight movement to attract his attention; but he did not hear her, he was so busy, dwelling, with a Narcissus-like fondness, at his own



image in the mirror. First he looked at himself over his right shoulder, then over his left, with a lurking suspicion that there was something rather baggy about the cut of his coat at the back. He looked so exceedingly droll in this attitude, craning his neck to get a glimpse of his coat-tails, that Margaret burst into a roar of laughter, unrestrained, unrestrainable. At that unexpected sound, George's head came quickly back into its natural position; he started half out of his skin, and reddened with as guilty a flush as any school-boy caught robbing an orchard.

"Hollo, what's the matter," he exclaimed, turning sharp round, and then his eyes fell upon Margaret, half hidden in her dark nook. "Oh, it's you, is it?" said he, very much out of countenance. "I did not know you were there. I thought there was nobody in the room. I thought everybody was gone out. Why on earth did not you call out before?"

"I'm sure I wish to goodness I had been able to help calling out then," answered Margaret, between paroxysms of unfeeling merriment, forgetting her headache and her heartache too, completely, "perhaps I might have had some more fun. Oh, George! you did seem so pleased with yourself. Now, on cool reflection, which point of view is best, do you think, tell me?"

These remarks were not calculated to lower George's colour.

"Don't badger a fellow," he said; "of course I was not admiring myself. I was only thinking that this coat had the same fault that Capel's always have, that it bags at the back."

"You really are a very amusing young man; unintentionally I mean. I wonder now, if I had not laughed, how long you would have stayed there figuring."

"Not two seconds. I should not have come in here at all, if I had had anything better to do. I'm not such a carpet knight as you want to make me out."

"Why I thought you were going to be away all day fishing. You told us at breakfast you were going to have such fine sport."

"So I thought I should, for it was nice and cloudy then; just the day for the May fly, but no sooner had I got down to the mill pond, and put

my rod together, than the sun came blazing out, just as it is now, hang it! Of course it was all up with it then. They would not bite a bit, the beggars! Any fool could have told one that, with not a breath of wind to ruffle the water, and the pool as smooth as a looking-glass."

"If it was like a looking-glass, you might have performed those evolutions there; did you? Ha, ha, ha."

"Don't tease, Maggie; you have run that joke off its legs. And what are you doing in here in this dark room, where one can hardly see one's hand before one, for these blinds. Why are not you out with all the other girls?"

"I've got a bad headache; but, I say, George, it is a pity that you did not come in ten minutes earlier, for that friend of yours, Mr. Erle (is not his name?) was in here looking for you, wanting you to ride over with him to Canterbury."

"I met him as I came in; he asked me himself, but I got out of it."

"Why?"

"I don't think I'll tell you. You do not deserve to hear. You have not been good enough."

"Oh, do tell me? I'm very sorry I laughed! It was very rude of me. Dear George, I beg your pardon, I'll never do it again. Do tell me?"

"Well then, I thought I'd get you to come out on the lake with me, for a bit. I wanted to have a talk with you; but, of course, as you have got a headache I would not think of asking you."

"Bother the headache! It's gone. I should like nothing better. I'm sorrier than ever that I laughed. I'll go and get my hat this minute."

There certainly did not seem much trace of headache in the alacrity with which she jumped off the sofa; and leaving it and the neglected vinaigrette (now no longer needed) sprang up-stairs to prepare herself; and in five minutes more they were walking over the green sward toward the boat-house.

"Will you take an oar?" George asked, as he handed his pretty companion in. "You made rather a better attempt last time, and try as you may, you cannot upset this old tub."

"No—it's too hot. I will sit still and enjoy myself, and leave all the

trouble to you. Take the boat under those trees over there—it looks so cool and quiet."

So they floated off, cleaving the shining waters. If those two people were not lovers they ought to have been—all the circumstances of time and place were conducive to such a condition. It was a very pleasant scene, as eye need light on. The big mere holding the sun far down in its deep, still breast—the garden, with all its fresh-blossoming flowers sloping down, with its scarlets, and azures, and goldens, to the water's edge; and the old, branchy elms and beeches fringing it shadily, and—best gift of all—far up above the earth and its sorrows, heaven's chorister, the lark, pouring out, in the great cathedral of the sky, some of the unutterable joy that filled him, like a bodiless melody sent from some better country to whisper of peace and gladness to tired human hearts. Out of the sun into the shade—right under the boughs of a wide-spreading horse-chestnut, covered with its pinky white spikes, and gnarled roots straggling down barely into the pool at its feet; a gentle gust agitating the tall, scented grasses, stirring a bunch of harebells that were bending over the bank to get a peep at their own newborn beauty in the water beneath. George rested on his oars, and perceived a good deal.

"Will that do?" he asked.

"Excellent!—could not be better. It was impossible to talk out there in that glare."

"Quite—it frizzled up one's ideas, did not it? Not that I ever had many."

"Don't run down yourself; it is a bad plan. You'll find plenty of people to do it for you. But what was it you wanted to say to me?"

"Was there anything?"

"Yes—you told me you wanted to have a talk with me."

"Oh, ay; so I did—so I do; but it was not because I had anything particular to say. It was only that I thought we had not had a good talk for a long time."

"No more we have. We have been so busy chattering to other people. I suppose it is because we know we have such loads of opportunities of seeing and speaking to one another when we are at home."

"Yes—have not we? and we made pretty good use of them, too, last winter, over those afternoon tea-parties—did not we? How pleasant they were, to be sure!"

"Tea is always pleasant in an afternoon."

"What a low notion?—as if I was thinking of the Bohea itself. According to my ideas, it was the talk and the jokes that we used to have that flavoured the tea."

"Oh, they were all very well, but I got rather tired of them."

"I did not, then. I hope we shall have them all over again when I come back, next winter."

"That, I'm sure, you won't. One cannot bring things back like that when once they are over. All the spirit is gone out of them. They are like dishes warmed up the second day for dinner."

"I do not see it at all. We shall all be in the same relative position, I hope, as we were last winter; and the circumstances and conditions being the same, I do not see why the results should not be the same."

"Well, you'll see; but what is the good of arguing about such a trifle?"

"Ah, you say that because you are getting the worst of the argument."

"Very likely."

"You're angry now. I rather like getting you into a rage. It makes you look very pretty—not that I'd presume to say you were not always pretty. Girls always are, of course; still it's an improvement."

"Don't be a fool—I hate compliments. Just pull the boat in, two lengths farther in amongst those water-lilies. I want to get some, and I cannot reach them from here."

George obeyed, and then asked, "Are you satisfied now?"

"Perfectly," and she leaned over the side, and dipping a bare hand in, pulled a number of the great heavy white flowers, and their dark broad leaves. Dripping, they lay on the seat beside her, and she took up a green calyxed bud, closed still, and looked at it affectionately.

"Pretty things!" said George, condescendingly. "How fond Kate used to be of them!"

"Used she?"

"Yes; do you not recollect last year, when my people gave that picnic sort of entertainment, that you

and she were at, how she had a lot of them in her hair in the evening?"

"Had she?"

"Yes—I wonder you do not remember. You are rather stupid to-day; you forget everything."

"Now I come to think of it, I have some faint recollection of something about it."

"How well they looked in among the thick plaits of her hair—such a quantity of hair as she has got, too—uncommon well!"

"Did you think so?"

"Yes—did not you?"

"No—I cannot say that I admired them much."

"Poor little Kate!—I wish she was here now!"

Margaret was fond of her sister, but she could not echo that wish.

"Come Maggie, don't be cross; tell me something about Kate? I have not heard a word about her since I do not know when."

"I have not got anything to tell. She has not time to write to me or any one else, since she turned hospital nurse."

"Has she done that? I never heard of it before."

"Oh yes—three weeks ago nearly. The fever patients increased upon them so quick that they could not take them all in at the regular hospital, so they turned a private house into a temporary one, and Kate is a sort of matron, or head nurse in it; of course there are lots of under nurses, but most of the onus falls upon Kate's and James's shoulders, I fancy."

"James!—what, she sticks to the wizened little parson still!"

"I should rather think so; why, they have been all in all to each other for the last month or two. I do believe they are the two best people in the world. I wish to goodness I was like them!"

"I say, Maggie, do you—do you think she'll marry him, after the fever is over?"

"I wish she could hear you—how indignant she would be!"

"It is not such a very unnatural supposition after all. One does not exactly see what other possible motive, but affection to him, she can have for the life she is leading now—nothing but schools, and sick-visiting, and district meetings all day."

"I can understand her motive very

well, because I happen to know it. I do not wonder that it is rather an enigma to you."

"She does not confide her secrets to me, certainly, I do not want her to; but I must say, to the uninitiated, it does seem rather a throwing away of herself, wasting the best years of her life."

"She would tell you that she is not wasting them, that she is on the contrary making the most of them; that it is you and I, and such as us, that are wasting them."

"She is morbid; it is unnatural to hear a young girl preach like that; I wish you would get her out of this fancy."

"It would not be the smallest use if I were to try. I should not succeed; and most assuredly I shall not try. I begin to believe her's is the right view after all."

"For goodness sake don't you turn Methodist, too, Maggie. What on earth would become of me? You'd both be trying to convert me, and I could not stand two female parsons at me at once. I should have to emigrate."

Maggie smiled. "No fear of that," she said. "To admire goodness in other people, and not to like to hear it laughed or sneered at, is the highest pitch of excellence I shall ever attain to, and I am at that pitch now."

"Never mind, you're quite good enough for me; but about Kate now—don't you think that she'll get tired of this mode of going on—of this new religious dodge; don't you think that when the novelty is worn off, she'll grow very weary of it, and come back to her old way? In fact, tell me, candidly, your own opinion; do you think it will last?"

Maggie was getting impatient of the subject. "How can I tell whether it will last or not; I know no more about it than you do yourself. Dear me! what a nuisance these midges are."

"They do not bite me a bit, I suppose my skin is too thick for them to get through. Here, I know what will be the best plan, I'll cut you a little bough to drive them away with."

"Thank you."

He stood up in the boat and stretched an arm out to one of the leafy trees, bending over them. Then,

whilst cutting off a little twig, with his face averted, he began again at the old subject. "But you must have an opinion one way or another; just say whether you think she'll always live the life she is doing now: if so, she might just as well be a nun."

"Just as well; and so she will be in time, I dare say. I think she is quite capable of it."

"What?"

"I say that I think it is not at all improbable that she will turn nun some of these days. How you do tease about the girl."

"Do I? Well, I won't make any more inquiries, only let me ask one thing. Don't you think that she will marry any one?"

"Never; I'd stake all I have in the world (that is not much to be sure) upon it."

"What a pity! she is so much too pretty and pleasant to be allowed to go to her grave an old maid."

"People cannot marry her against her will, I suppose, at least not in England."

"Who on earth said anything about against her will. I meant *with* her will, of course."

"You did not make it very clear."

"But, Maggie, has she really never seen anybody to care about? I should not have given her credit for being such a stone. Has not she?"

"What's that to you; cannot you be satisfied with knowing that she has not cared, does not care, and never will care two straws about you."

George reddened, not with the heat this time. "There's your bough," he said, giving it into her hands, "and I must say for you, you are very rude and disagreeable; and I'm extremely sorry I asked you to come out; I never said that I wanted her to care for me."

Margaret relented. "I am disagreeable," she said, dispersing the midges with vigorous blows of her flail, "but I think that was hardly a fair question you asked."

"Oh, very well, if you think so, don't answer it on any account. I withdraw it."

"Stay, I don't know what to say; you're not like a stranger, you are a relation of Kate's; I don't know why I should not tell you, only you must

not breath a word of it to your sisters."

"Trust me; do you take me for a born fool; why, if I did, it would be half over England in less than an hour."

Maggie hesitated still; would it be a dishonourable betrayal of confidence? "I'm not sure that Kate would like it. I don't know that I'm doing right."

"Well make up your mind one way or another. I won't urge you, though of course, now you have admitted that there is something, I can't help indulging in conjectures."

"You'd never get near the truth; come, I'll risk it; swear you'll never reveal it to anybody."

"I swear."

"Well then, she was desperately in love with some one once; is so still, I'm afraid."

"Is so still? Lucky dog! Well, who is it? Anybody I know? Go on quick."

I do not know whether Miss Chester were justified in what she did; I hardly think so, but I only state a fact. There, in among the water lilies, with the blue sky laughing overhead, and the blue water beneath, she narrated the whole story of her sister's love and woes, and wrongs, to an attent, eager listener. At the end George ground his teeth.

"Snob! blackguard!" he remarked, boiling over with rage. "Oh, if I could but meet him in the street some day, I'd give him such an infernal licking, as he never had before in all his days. I'd pommel the life out of him. I'd ornament his figure-head, so that his own mother should not recognise him, the scoundrel. I say, Maggie, describe him to me, exactly, that I may be sure to recognise him."

Margaret was rather exasperated at this excessive indignation; what business was it of his?

"I shall do no such thing; you are not her brother; it's no concern whatever of yours; it would only make a disgraceful scene; and moreover, as to licking him, as you call it, I can tell you what, he is an immensely strong, big man, and that you'd most likely get the worst of it."

"Well, no matter, I should not care if I did: it would be in a good cause; besides, I'm not quite such a chicken

as you think ; at all events I know pretty well what to do with my fists."

"Don't be so absurdly bellicose ; it is like *Bombastes Furioso*. You'll make me repent of having told you, and I only did it out of good-nature, to show you how utterly useless and hopeless, your dangling after Kate still is."

George sighed heavily.

"I see it myself ; I'm very much obliged to you ; it was very considerate and kind of you ; kinder than you think, perhaps, Maggie. I'll acknowledge to you now, that you have saved me the mortification of a refusal, for like an ass, I had fully made up my mind to propose to Kate, when I went home."

Margaret bent down her head over her flowers, to hide its emotion ; after a minute she looked up, and said rather anxiously, "And you will not now ?"

"Of course not."

Then those two floated back over the

bright mere, which did not look quite so bright to one of them as before ; rather silent, each wrapped in their own thoughts, giving their tongues a holiday. As she left him at the house door, she turned and said, softly, "You're not vexed with me, are you, George ?"

"I should think not," he said, warmly. "That would be unjust ; you're the best girl I know."

He looked half inclined to stoop down and kiss the best girl he knew, but thought better of it, and only squeezed her hand. That evening, Margaret came down to dinner with water-lilies in her hair, and George, the philosophical, began, for the first time, gravely to speculate, whether after all grey eyes were not every bit as good as green, and rosy cheeks as pale ones.

"I've made a step to day," thought Maggie, triumphantly, when she went to bed that night ; and she slept well upon it.

### CHAPTER XXX.

A MAY morning, warm and serene, and brilliant as painter's eye could desire to see it. No barges floating down stream, or being tugged up, no shopmen taking down shutters from their windows, no overworked milliners stitching at the ceaseless seam, no toil of any kind going on, for it is Sunday, and the church bells are striving emulously which can send forth their sounds clearest, most ringing on the pure air. The fever is abating in Queenstown, it has almost fulfilled its mission, filling many a grave, causing awful gaps and hiatuses by many a hearth ; making vacant spaces that can never be filled up any more. It is nine o'clock, A.M., and Kate is standing at the door of the hospital, loitering a minute before she goes in. The fever patients do not come in with such frightful overwhelming rapidity now, but still it is full, and there is plenty of work to do. Kate has been home to get a few hours' sleep, having been completely knocked up the night before, and compelled to succumb at last. She has arranged her hair fresh, with a neatness befitting the day, and has put on a clean cotton gown and white apron (her hospital dress). As she goes through

the garden, she stops for a moment, like Evangeline, to gather a handful of flowers, lilies of the valley, honeysuckles, and blood-red carnations, that the dying may enjoy earth's sweetest smells and sights for the last time. As she enters the room, she sees that one or two have died in the night. There they lie, with the rigid outline of their forms solemnly defined against the shrouding sheet, with their dead faces covered up whitely. There they lie,

"Like drifts of snow by the wayside."

She makes her way to the further end of the long chamber, to a bed on which lies the form of a stalwart, fair-haired young man, cut off in the pride of his manhood, and with a figure kneeling beside it. The kneeling figure is James, who, with his head in his hands, is absorbed in silent prayer. As she comes up with her pure pale face, hardly less pale, hardly less fair than the lilies she carries, he raises his head and looks up with a silent greeting. She glances towards the fair-haired young man, and says "Dead ?" interrogatively but very calmly, for she and Death knew each other very well by this time.

There is no shyness between them now.

"Quite; but I could not say exactly when. He went away so quietly; somewhere between the night and the morning, without any of the struggle I feared; passed away without a sigh or a groan."

"Thank God. Poor fellow! I'm glad of that."

"Kate, that's the way, I hope, I shall pass away before long."

"Don't be cruel Jemmy; it frightens me the way you have got to talk of late; but how ill and tired you look; no wonder indeed; now do go home, there's a dear fellow, and go to bed for an hour or two. You do not know how much good those few hours' sleep have done me. I'm quite a different woman. I feel as fresh as a lark."

"No, thank you, Kate; I'd rather not. I could not sleep if I did; and besides there'll be plenty of time to sleep by-and-by."

"You shall not stay here any longer, that I'm determined of. What was the good of my coming, if not to relieve you? As you say to me, don't squander your youth and health; you see I turn your own precepts against you."

"Well, I own I should like to go to church. It is Communion Sunday too, and I own I should like to kneel at that altar, and taste that feast once again."

"Once again?"

"Yes, Kate; who knows but that next time I may be drinking the new wine in my Father's kingdom."

"Hush, hush! I won't have you talk like that. I'm sure you're quite faint with this long watching; here, smell these flowers; they'll refresh you, I'm sure; the scent of these lilies would almost bring one back from the dead."

She held them towards him, and he inhaled their fragrance enjoyingly."

"Delicious!" he said, drawing a deep breath. "I wonder will there be flowers in Heaven; it is a childish idea, but I cannot help thinking that those that we have here are but imperfect, fading copies of immortal types above."

"I dare say. I'm sure I hope so; but go away now," she said, almost pushing him out with a sister's gentle violence. "Go and take a walk be-

fore service; go down by the river; you have no conception how heavenly the breeze is there; it put new life into me and will into you."

"Well, indeed, I almost think I may as well. I'm afraid I could not do much good if I stayed here. My head aches so splittingly that I can hardly see anything."

At those words a sensation of cold came over Kate; the shadow of a great dread falling upon her. Was there more grief yet coming up? had not she had enough already? So James went, and Kate stayed; stayed all day in those hospital wards, going through the routine of her usual duties; a routine which had become very familiar to her, and not irksome by this time. Sometimes she fancied she was becoming unfit for the society of *well* people, she had grown so accustomed to spend all the hours of the day and night tending the sick. And the merry church bells unwittingly rang one or two more to their homes; and the shadows lengthened, and the sun sloped westward, and the evening tide came. At that blessed season, Kate was sitting by an open window, watching the sunset spreading redly over the fields of the sky. She had a hymn-book on her lap, and was saying softly over to herself, these words,

"Nearer home, nearer home,  
And nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home."

"Ah, that's what he does," she mused; "and he's getting very near home too, I'm afraid; afraid indeed! Yes, afraid for myself; but oh, so very glad for him. Poor fellow! what a sad life he has had, to be sure; almost as sad as mine; well matched in that I think; but when shall I get home too? Oh, if I could know that. Will it be before twenty years, before ten, before five? O Lord, make no long tarrying." She turned her great soft eyes, brimming with tears, to the serene sky, and that hearty prayer went up like incense. Some one touched her, thus rapt, on the arm, to attract her attention. She turned and found that it was one of the assistant nurses, with a message to the effect that a person of the name of Mrs. Lewis wished to speak to her. Then she knew that what she dreaded had come upon her. For a second she stood with clasped hands, gather-

ing her strength together, and then she walked calmly down stairs. Mrs. Lewis received her with a reverence both respectful and elaborate, and began deliberately—

"If you please, ma'am, I came to tell you about Mr. Stanley."

Though Kate knew it was come, she fought against it still.

"What about him? he has not got the fever? he's not ill? don't say he is."

"Yes, indeed, but he is though, poor gentleman, I'm sorry to say, and more than ill too; he was taken very sudden when he came in from church, and I sent directly for the doctor, and he came, and stayed the best part of an hour with him, giving him brandy and all manner of stimulants to keep him up; but when he came out he told me it was no use, that he could do him no good, and he hardly thought he'd overlive the night; so I thought I'd just come right off and tell you, as I knew you were such a friend of the poor gentleman's."

Kate's face assumed that dead white, rigid look, which with her always indicated intensest pain kept under, and held in subjection.

"There, that'll do. I'll go to him;" and without giving Mrs. Lewis time to say another word (she had intended to say a good many more), she turned away, snatched up her bonnet, and ran hastily out, down the street, not heeding the inquiring surprised glances of the good folks standing, enjoying the quiet Sunday evening, at their doors. What was it to her whether people would laugh or sneer at what she was doing? No such notion ever crossed her mind; the one thought that filled her whole soul, and left no room for any other, was that the man who had saved her from hell, who had been the best friend she had ever had in the world, was dying, and she must see him again to say good-by. At the door of Mrs. Lewis's lodgings, a little knot of idle boys and men were gathered, and the sound of merry chat and loud laughter fell on the still summer air; but as Kate drew near, the voices fell, silently, civilly the men moved aside and made way for her to pass through. There was that in her face that awed even them. Through James's deserted sitting-room, with its bare, scant furniture; the papers littering over

the table as usual; the signs of recent occupation everywhere about; everything the same and yet so different. She caught her breath quick, as her eye fell on the old worn elbow-chair, that he would never sit in again. The door of the bed-room was ajar. Kate stood there a moment listening; all was silent, and she pushed it gently and went in. A hired nurse was sitting behind the curtains, nodding, but at the slight noise caused by Kate's entrance, she woke up and came towards her.

"You may go," spoke Kate, sternly (this stranger should not see her anguish—hear her voice tremble). I'm come to nurse him; do you hear? Go."

After beginning an ineffectual remonstrance, the woman (only about three-quarters awake yet), obeyed; and then Kate flew forward and threw herself on her knees by the side of the bed, in tearless agony. She would not weep; let her cry her eyes out after he was gone, but she would not harass his last moments with her selfish tears. Truly, to one looking down on that scene, there would not have appeared much cause for weeping—rather for triumphant, awful mirth, that another brave soul, having fought the good fight, having kept the faith, was about to be crowned with his victor's wreath. Weep, indeed, for him who lay there—so quiet, so restful, with head thrown back on the pillow, and eyes closed; patiently, with calm expectancy, waiting for the end. There was no cruel struggle between life and death going on here; no battle between those rival powers. The outworks had been carried long ago—hardship and toil, and sorrow, had done that already. There was only the citadel to storm, and that gave in at the first summons.

Never again would he need the poor threadbare old clothes that he had shivered in through so many a winter day. Ere another morning should dawn he would be clothed in the wedding garment of the Lamb. The King's messenger, the long expected, had come at last, and had given His message lovingly. His Father's servant was here, to take him home from the hard schooling of earth to the eternal holiday of Heaven. He was willing and ready trustfully to put his hand in His, and launch with Him

on the deep, broad river that rolled between him and home. Not insensible, or wandering in delirium—as if in a sort of happy, waking trance—his probation over, his work done; already tasting beforehand the rest he was so near entering upon. Perhaps he was thinking softly about the dear, gray-haired old father, and the little blue-eyed sister he was going to meet again so soon—was picturing to himself how they would greet him, and rejoice at his coming. Perhaps he heard already the first notes of the great burst of music that would clash out harmoniously to welcome him; perhaps all minor joys were swallowed up in the thought of the unspeakable bliss of beholding the dear Lord he had loved so, smiling upon him lovingly, and saying—

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

As Kate knelt there by the bedside, the heavy eyes unclosed, a smile stole over the wasted, dying face—so evidently dying, but yet a death better than any life, and one thin, pale hand travelled laboriously to Kate's, and clasped it.

"I'm going," he said, slowly. "You've come to see the last of me! Poor, little Kitty!—you've been a very good little Kitty to me! God bless you for it!"

All very well to resolve not to cry. At these tender words her tears burst forth like rain.

"Oh Jemmy," she wailed, "you are not going to leave me? You could not be so cruel. Oh, what shall I do? I shall be so desolate. Oh, do take me with you! Oh do, do!"

Her excessive grief seemed to disturb him—him who was past all grief. Feebly he stroked the bowed chestnut head.

"There, there," he said, with difficulty. "Don't cry; there's nothing to cry about. It makes me sorry to see you cry, and I am so glad. Poor child!—poor child!"

She shook back her hair from her wet eyes; bravely she forced back her tears.

"Oh, tell me, are you happy? Why do I ask when I see your face! Jemmy, to-day you'll be with Him in Paradise!"

The holy light came out clearer, stronger, on that dying man's fea-

tures; vanquished the death damps, the clayey pallor reigned there supreme.

"Yes, Kate; I hope so."

"Oh Jemmy, speak to me; say something to me that I may remember after you are gone—that I may keep hold of when I'm left all alone."

James raised himself with difficulty in the bed, and with hands growing disobedient, grasped about darkly (for that dimness that comes but once was obscuring his eyes), in search of something. Then he found what he sought—a little worn old Bible, and lifting it, as if it were a great weight to him, put it into her hands.

"Kate—take it! I'm going to the place it tells about! I don't need it any longer. It is but a shabby, little old book, but you won't mind that. Will you have it?"

"Have it? Oh Jemmy!"

If no thanks were conveyed in those broken, choking words, James was never thanked for that present till she met him again.

"I'm a very poor man. I have not much to give you worth your taking, but I should like you to take that bit of poor little Mary's hair that is in the drawer over there. I should not like strangers to be handling it. Will you take it, Kate?"

"Yes, James."

At that he seemed content. He lay back, and his eyes sought her face, and dwelt there satisfiedly. Then they wandered away to the open window, through which the sun was to be seen going down, red as blood, behind the trees.

"Kate, I'm like him; I'm going down too; my sun is setting. I shall be gone before he is."

She covered his hand with kisses, and her tears fell hot upon it. She knew that he spake truth. The golden cord was loosed and the pitcher broken at the fountain, and only He who fashioned it could make it whole again. She saw the lamp of his life dying out for lack of oil, and she had no power to re-illuminate it. In such moments is it that we feel our awful impotency, that we recognise ourselves as worms. Then the gentle voice, interrupted by slight pantings for the slow-coming breath, came to her ear again.

"It is a beautiful world, whatever they say, and life is a grand mystery;"



but I'm glad it is over, Kate. I'm very tired."

"Poor fellow! you have had a hard battle; have not you?"

"Yes—rather, Kitty; but it's over now, and the rest is the sweeter."

He closed his eyes, exhausted with the slight exertion, and stillness reigned in that room, broken only by Kate's stifled sobs. James was sinking very fast; he seemed to be floating away into a kind of painless slumber. After a time Kate rose softly from her knees and leaned over him in an agony of fear, lest he should be gone; lest she should never hear him speaking to her any more again. His lips stirred, and moved slightly; with her handkerchief she wiped the death-dew tenderly off the wide brow that grief and care had drawn so many lines on—lines now to be effaced for ever, and bent lower to listen. These words, murmured indistinctly, with pauses between each, she caught—

"For—ever—with—the Lord.  
Amen.—So let—it—be."

On her thus hanging tearfully over

him, the dim eyes unclosed once more; unselfish to the last, in the very jaws of death, he tried to smile upon her. With a last effort, he put his arms about her neck, and whispered, in a voice nearly extinguished by the strength of the Great Victor, but loving and tender in its utter weakness still—

"Kate, it will not be quite heaven till you're there too. I shall stand and watch the door for you. You'll come, won't you?"

"Yes dear; yes if I can. Oh, God help me!"

"Kate, it's getting very dark; are you here still? You have been more than a sister to me. Good-by, darling. Kiss me this once."

"Good-by Jemmy! oh dear, dear old fellow," and as she spoke, she laid her pale lips on his, for the first and last time.

Then the weary arms loosened their clasp languidly; a slight shiver passed over the toil-worn, patient body, and James fell back gently on his pillow—dead. Never hungry, nor lonely, nor sick, nor sorry again—at rest, for ever, in the bosom of God.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

NOT a day, not an hour, not a minute can anyone pass over of their real lives without living through, tasting its good and its evil; but of the fictitious life of a book one may overleap centuries if one chooses; that is to say, if one is not shackled by a Frenchman's slavish subjection to the unities. I will avail myself but moderately of this privilege; a privilege I might use so largely, and will content myself with skipping a month. It is June then, the trees have put on a fuller deeper green, the birds are growing less vocal than they were a few weeks ago, and the fever is over and gone—one of the things of the past, but still people know that it has been by the long rows of new graves in the cemetery outside the town, by the preponderance of black over all other hues in the dress of people in the streets. There was a new face to be seen in the pulpit of Queenstown church every Sunday now, a new voice exhorting to repentance, and faith, and charity, a fresh lodger in

Mrs. Lewis's apartments, the new curate, in fact, who, having bought James's furniture at a valuation, was sitting in the old leathern elbow-chair, and thinking seriously that he must get the shabby old thing new covered. It is somewhere about five o'clock, P.M., and Kate Chester is sitting alone in the drawing-room at No. 1, Cadogan-place, in a plain black dress, with a bunch of white roses in the front. A white rose herself, and a very fair one. The look of hardness and austerity is gone out of her face, it could not find a permanent home in those soft features, it had never come back since the day when it had been washed away with scalding tears by the bedside of dying James Stanley. Very grave and serious she looked indeed, the causeless gaiety and light-heartedness of youth and animal spirits were banished, never to return, but there was no hopeless sadness as there used to be. At last she had learned experimentally that the time is short, that before long it will be that

"those that weep shall be as though they wept not." After toiling, like a galley slave, for so long, she thinks she is entitled to a little rest, so she sits there luxuriously, on a low chair by the open window, smelling her roses and reading Shakespeare. She does not get on very fast with her play, for every minute her eyes are lifted up from her book to glance down the road; she is expecting her sister home this afternoon, and is looking out anxiously for the first sign of her approach. At last her listening is rewarded. Off in the distance is heard the rumble of a carriage, five minutes more and it turns in at the white gate. A peal on the knocker, voices in the hall, not only women's trebles but a man's sonorous bass (not the cabbie's either). Steps on the stairs, two steps a woman's light one and also a man's heavy one. Kate is quite alone, but at these sounds she smiles to herself. Then the door bursts open and Maggie rushes in, blooming as any damask rose, all blushes, and smiles, and pink ribbons. A fire of kisses ensues.

"Well, Kitty, how are you? it seems quite funny seeing you again."

Kate returns the kisses with interest. She has so few to love now that she clings the more to those that are left.

"I thought you were never coming," she said, and her green eyes shone with a quiet gladness. "I am so glad to have you back again."

"Kate, here's George; he has taken the trouble to escort me all this long way up; is not it good of him?"

At this introductory remark, the said young man, who had been hitherto standing by as a spectator, grinning pleasedly, came forward and greeted his cousin.

"Oh," cried Kate, with amusement in her tone. "I begin to see. How are you George?"

"I suppose you guess, don't you?" Maggie asked, with a rather embarrassed laugh.

"Of course she does," said George, putting a hand on each of Maggie's shoulders, as if to proclaim himself owner thereof. Kate smiled softly upon them both.

"Perhaps I do a little."

"I suppose you found it all out

from my letter this morning, did not you?"

"No, I cannot say that I positively found anything out; I had my suspicions. I'm not surprised, but I'm very, very pleased."

"That's all right; I was sure you would be, was not I George?"

"I congratulate you both most heartily. People always say that, as a matter of course, I know; but I do mean it really. You believe me, don't you?" and she put out a hand frankly to each; both to the sister who had been jealous of her, and to the man who would fain have married her.

"Yes," they both said, as unanimously as if it had been a response written down for them.

"I shall have two brothers instead of one now; but come, are not you very tired, and hot, and dusty after all that railway? You'll have some tea, won't you? I told them to bring some in."

Then George spoke up. With great discernment and amiability of feeling he perceived that at this conjuncture his room would be better than his company. Those two sisters had a great deal to say to one another, which, though it was all about him, and because it was all about him, could not be said before him. So he said—

"Not for me, thank you, Kate. I must be going down to our place to look up the old people. Good-by."

As soon as he was fairly gone, Kate kissed her sister again, and looked her full in the face.

"Well, who was right—you or I?" she asked.

"Oh, you; but I did not think you would have been."

"You see it has all come right as I said it would."

"Yes, so it has; but I thought it then too good luck to be true."

"Well, I won't ask how it all came right, for I suppose that would not be a fair question; but I may ask how long it has been settled?"

"Only the day before yesterday."

"The same day that you wrote to me?"

"Yes, the morning of that day."

"Well, I suppose you are in a state of the most complete beatitude now—a sort of seventh heaven."

"Oh, yes, now I am, but I can tell

you I was anything but that three days ago. I began to think it was never coming—began to be afraid that he was hankering after you still."

"After me? Absurd. You should not get such notions into your stupid old head."

"Ah, but I did though; I could not help; it was no great wonder, considering what he had told me. But then that morning he asked me to come out walking with him, and it was all plain sailing after that; but I can tell you I was pretty miserable before."

"I suppose he is going to tell his father and mother now?"

"Yes. Oh, there'll be no difficulty there. Louisa told me they had all been longing for him to marry one of us ever since we came. He has been very unsettled of late, and they think that getting a wife will be the best thing that can happen to him."

"I think so too. Dear me, how odd it all seems!"

"Yes, does not it? But come let's have a look at you. Well, really, you do look uncommonly well, considering."

"I never was better in my life."

"I am so glad to see you again alive, after all this dreadful fever. At one time I hardly thought I should."

"It did seem doubtful."

"I wonder how you ever managed to live through it."

"I wonder so myself sometimes. I don't think I could go through it again if it were to come back directly, without giving me a little breathing time."

"Heaven forbid! I should take to my heels pretty quick again if it did."

"Oh, no fear of that; it has done its work."

She shuddered a little, and sighed

as she thought of what had been a part of that work.

"And so *he's* gone, Kate, too?"

"Yes, he's gone."

"Poor fellow. I *am* so sorry. I don't know when I've been so shocked as when I opened your letter that morning. It was so very sudden, too."

"Yes."

"And you were with him at the last?"

"Yes. Maggie, please, we won't talk about that any more; I cannot manage it quite yet."

"Poor thing! I'm sorry; it was stupid of me. I see that we must try and cheer you up a bit."

"I don't think I need cheering, Maggie; I feel very cheerful."

"You must come and live with us when we are married."

How pleasant that "we" and "us" are to young people before their novelty is worn off!

"Must I? There'll be plenty of time to talk of that by-and-by."

"Which means that you intend to shirk us. Ah, I know you so well."

"It means that I think young married people are much better left to themselves, without the incumbrance of a permanently spinster sister attached to their establishment."

"I don't see it at all. It would be the pleasantest arrangement possible; and I'm sure George would say the same if he were here."

"George is very good-natured, and would say anything to please you just at present; but have you settled where you are to live?"

"Oh, no—it is early days to talk about that; but wherever it is, there'll be always room for you. I wish you would make up your mind to that."

"Thank you, Maggie; I have made up my mind; but I'll tell you all about that by-and-by."

## CAROLS FROM THE CACIONEROS.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

## I.

"Vista ciega, luz oscura."—*Cancionero General*. Valencia, 1511.

LIGHTSOME darkness, seeing blindness,  
 Life in death, and grief in gladness,  
 Cruelty in guise of kindness,  
 Doubtful laughter, joyful sadness,  
 Honeyed gall, embittered sweetness,  
 Peace whose warfare never endeth,  
 Love, the type of incompleteness,  
 Proffers joy, but sorrow sendeth.

## II.

"Turbias van las aguas, madre"—*Romancero General*. Madrid, 1604.

Turbid the waters flow, mother,  
 Turbid they flow, oh ! mother, dear,  
 But they will clear.

When from mine eyes the waters glide  
 That so disturb my joy's bright stream,  
 And when my heart in boding dream  
 Is tossed upon its troubled tide,  
 The jealous phantom I deride,  
 With love and time 'twill disappear—

Turbid the waters flow, mother,  
 Turbid they flow, oh ! mother, dear,  
 But they will clear.

When tyrant thought usurps the brain,  
 And memory reigns with ruthless sway,  
 And when the pleasure past away  
 Is mingled with the present pain ;  
 When sighs are breathed and tears seem vain,  
 Hope whispers softly in mine ear—  
 Turbid the waters flow, mother,  
 Turbid they flow, oh ! mother, dear,  
 But they will clear.

## III.

"Alguna vez."—*Christoval de Castillejo*.—*Obras*. Anvers, 1596.

One day, one day,  
 Oh ! troubled breast,  
 Thou'lt be at rest.

If love's disdain  
 Of thee makes mirth,  
 Six feet of earth  
 Will end his reign ;  
 Escaped his chain,  
 Oh ! troubled breast,  
 Thou'lt be at rest.

The life uncrowned,  
 The true love crossed,  
 The peace here lost  
 Will there be found :—  
 Beneath the ground,  
 Oh ! troubled breast,  
 Thou'lt be at rest.

## IV.

"Del rosal vengo, mi madre."—*Gil Vicente*—*Obras*. Lisboa, 1562.

I come from the rose tree, mother,  
I come from the red rose tree.

By the side of the streamlet flowing  
I saw the rose bud blowing—  
I come from the red rose tree.

By the side of the stream swift flowing  
I saw the ripe rose growing—  
I come from the red rose tree.

With a sigh, where the stream was flowing,  
I plucked the red rose glowing—  
I come from the rose tree, mother,  
I come from the red rose tree.

## • V.

"En la huerta nace la rosa."—*Gil Vicente*.

In the grove the roses throng,  
I would wander thither,  
To hear the nightingale sing his song  
Before the roses wither.

The maiden plucks the lemons pale  
Beside the stream that skirts the vale—  
I would wander thither,  
To hear the nightingale sing his song  
Before the roses wither.

Down to her hand the lemons bend,  
She plucks the fairest for a friend—  
I would wander thither,  
To hear the nightingale sing his song  
Before the roses wither.

Within her hat of silk and pearls,  
For *him* they're placed instead of curls—  
I would wander thither,  
To hear the nightingale sing his song  
Before the roses wither.

## VI.

"De dentro tengo mi mal."—*Luis de Camoës*.

My inner pain is all mine own,  
And by no outward sign is known.

My inner pain no outward mark.  
To stranger eyes revealeth—  
The soul alone the anguish feelth ;  
It scorns the body, loves the dark,  
Just as the bright and living spark  
Is hid within the dark flint stone,  
So is my love unseen, unknown.

## SOME EPISODES OF THE IRISH JACOBITE WARS.

THE chief object of the following paper is to invest with interest an important portion of our chronicles, avoided by many readers as disagreeable in its events and in its consequences. Whatever the writer's religious or political bias, he is determined to treat the events and the personages concerned as if the campaigns took place in the neighbourhood of the "Great Wall," and the warriors were polished Chinese and horse-taming Tartars. His business is with picturesque episodes and circumstances of the war, and mental and corporeal portraits of the warriors and chiefs, and his wish to discover considerate and merciful qualities in the leading men of either party—those qualities by which the rigours of war are softened and its miseries diminished. It is in some degree unnatural not to feel prejudiced for or against our contemporary great men, whether of the cabinet or the field. But each of the brave characters of whom we are about to treat, has been resting in his narrow home for upwards of a century, after stoutly doing his duty to his sovereign and his country according to his lights, and to treat his memory in a prejudiced or spiteful spirit would be similar to taking his skeleton from his time-honoured tomb, and flinging it into the highway. We are not unprovided with worthy models of the treatment we propose to adopt. In the only two historic romances on the subject, worth quoting, it would be difficult to find a single unfair or illiberal observation on the men or the cause with whom the writer's sympathy is not engaged. The darling hero of the Roman Catholic romancist is contending for the cause of William; a steadfast young Jacobite, of old Irish blood, is selected by the Protestant as the central point of interest for his tale. This is as it should be. The heathen Greeks set up wooden monuments to celebrate victories won by one Hellenic state over another, and when these decayed through the influence of time and weather they were not renewed. We beg at the outset, however, to set the misgivings of some timid readers at rest. Not one word of praise or apology shall be spoken for the Irish Lord Galmoy or the English Colonel Kirke.

Without at all expressing an opinion as to the poetic justice of the result, there was evident through the whole struggle an apparent interference of Providence to shape results from antecedents not at all corresponding. The Irish forces at the Boyne had brave and skilful commanders; James's warlike skill and personal bravery were undeniable; the disposition of battle was what it should be—yet William, weak of body, and wielding his sword with pain to his wounded arm, gained a decided, if, at some points, a hard-won victory. Again at Aughrim. No more suitable battle-ground could have been selected, or its advantages turned to better account. St. Ruth was a brave and talented general, and the forces he commanded loyal and courageous. Everything was proceeding according to his wishes, and he was preparing to head a charge which might have decided the fortune of the day, when three apparent accidents gave the victory to General Ginckel. The musketeers defending the pass at the old castle found themselves provided with cannon-balls instead of bullets, the flank movement of a regiment was mistaken for a retreat, and St. Ruth lost his life by a cannon shot.

The mutual jealousies of the French and Irish officers, the confidence reposed in Tyrconnel by James, and his non-appreciation of the zeal and services of his Irish subjects, powerfully contributed to the failure of his cause. In this very middle of the nineteenth century a talented Irish Roman Catholic going to England to push his fortune as journalist or barrister will sooner conquer the prejudices of English Protestants than those of English Roman Catholics. The case was worse in the end of the seventeenth century. James was as prejudiced an Englishman as could be found in Britain, and would even grudge a personal advantage gained over his darling English when the instruments were the mere Irish. It must be acknowledged that there was no unnecessary expenditure of love or respect on the other side. They fought for him from a principle of religious loyalty, not personal liking, and to this day the peasants tell this characteristic anecdote of him.

He was standing by a cannon when Burke the gunner was bringing its range to bear on the person of the Prince of Orange. "Now, my liege," said he, "I am about making you master of three crowns; I have William covered." He was on the point of applying the match to the touch-hole, when James, in affright, struck the cannon with his cane, crying out, "Oh, you wretch!—would you make my daughter a widow." Burke being naturally incensed, said to himself, "D—— a shot more after this battle will I ever fire for you, Shemus a——."

Neither sovereign showed much willingness to tarry in Ireland. William, when the excitement of the single battle in which he was present had abated, and when he found that Limerick was not so easily taken as he could wish, was as well disposed to depart as his father-in-law. However, the officers and soldiers he left behind to do his business, acted in unison. There were no divided councils among his men in authority, and what was still more to the purpose, it was the will of Providence that the Stuart dynasty should cease and determine within the seas of Britain. But we must not anticipate more than is necessary.

It was the most natural thing in the world that the Roman Catholic noblemen and gentlemen whose paternal estates had been wrested from their possession, and given in fee to Cromwell's soldiers, should feel a lively interest in the restoration of Charles II., looking on it as the prelude to the restoration of their own lands. The hopes of some were realized, but many were doomed to bitter disappointment. We quote from a determinedly anti-Jacobite book published 1689, a passage illustrative of what even those who had been pronounced "Innocent Papists" had to endure in the reign of the second Charles, our authority being an "Account of the Secret Consults, Intrigues, &c., of the Romish Party in Ireland from 1660 to 1689."

#### HOW THE '49 MEN WERE PROVIDED FOR.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century parliaments possessed ingenious secrets for smoothing down the difficulties of a position. This is how they worked their way through a difficult problem.

"The first *Souldiers* that fought against the *Irish*, called now Forty-nine Men (*viz.*, Men of 1649), being King's-Men, were not provided for in the Parliament and Usurper's Time, and how to make Provision for them now was the Matter in Dispute. Some lands there were indeed that had not been set out to *Souldiers* and *Adventurers*, which were allotted these Men, but this Provision was not considerable, and therefore the forfeited corporations and Houses that were in them were hereunto annexed, and to render 'em the more valuable, a clause was inserted in the Act that no *Irish Papist* in whatever manner he justified his Innocency, should enjoy any *house* within a *corporation* except the Natives of *Corke* and *Featherd*. This the *Irish* vehemently exclaimed against as barbarous and inhumane, that to serve the conveniency of a particular set of Men, a man must appear innocent in the *Country* and enjoy his Estate, but be adjudged a Rebel in the *City*, and upon that account be dispossessed of his houses."

Had St. Francis of Sales been acquainted with the circumstances of innocent and non-innocent Irish folk, we should say that he had them in his mind when maintaining that the wolf makes little difference in his treatment of black-horned and white-horned sheep.

#### THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

Lord Berkeley commenced his Irish reign as Lord Deputy in 1670, but living about a century and a half before his time, he did not call the Roman Catholic Archbishop Talbot to account for celebrating High Mass in Dublin, and thereby lost the confidence of Charles II.'s privy council. He was replaced by the Earl of Essex in 1672, and in 1677 this nobleman resigned his uneasy throne in Dublin Castle to the Earl of Ormond. In 1684 the date of James's accession, Colonel Charles Talbot was made Commander of the Forces in Ireland, and rendered thoroughly independent of the control of the then Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Clarendon, to whose high office he succeeded in 1687, enjoying at the time the title of Earl of Tyrconnel.

Tyrconnel's imperious and hasty disposition would not allow of his taking things quietly, and gradually bringing Protestants and Roman Catholics to the same social level. We find ourselves at perfect liberty to heap censure on his predecessors and their agents, who persecuted

Roman Catholics for merely abiding by their religious principles, and on him and his agents who inflicted equal wrong on Protestants for the same cause. The many kind offices performed by individuals of the opposite parties toward each other were soon forgotten, but the punishments mutually inflicted were kept in memory, and carefully committed to writing, and served to exasperate the descendants of the wrongers and the wronged against each other. We in these latter days of toleration and religious equality must not let our wonder rise beyond a reasonable point at the hatred and contempt entertained for each other by the two great Irish parties from the day of Charles I. to those of George II. The vendetta as deadly as that of Corsica had been transmitted from generation to generation, and they could no more refrain when opportunity offered from flying at each other, than a pair of game cocks set down in the ring by their disreputable holders. On this miserable feature of the time we shall descant as little as possible. The impartial writer of the "Consults and Intrigues" enlarging on the prosecutions for debts rigidly enforced by the Roman Catholics on the Protestants, and their own modes of setting the law at defiance when they were its objects, and the debt was to be paid to an English *churle*, thus pleasantly explains the relations of the two parties.

"These things so encouraged the *Irish* that had executions over them, that they would come and hector those of the *English* (to whom they owed the money) in the open street, and with their swords by their sides, and fire-arms and skeens in their pockets (the last, a bloody large knife with which they are wont to stab the *English* and not seldom one another), and with half a dozen lusty Rogues at their backs, would come to their doors, and bid them defiance."

Some of the new Lord Deputy's annoyances arose from a very unexpected quarter, viz., the restlessness of a zealous convert from Protestantism, Thomas Sheridan, brother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's great grandfather. Dr. Sheridan, friend of Swift, was Thomas's nephew, and his descendants down to the fourth generation now living have done honour to themselves and their country by their

genius. So we cannot omit mention of this Thomas and his unfriendly relations with the Earl of Tyrconnel.

MR. SECRETARY SHERIDAN.

Dr. Wm. Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore, not only a most amiable man and much esteemed by his Roman Catholic neighbours, but a model Christian Bishop, had taken a certain Denis Sheridan into his favour and got him ordained Minister of the Church of England. Denis had four sons, Thomas, Patrick, William, and James. The two last named became Bishops but William was deprived of his see by King James. Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift, was son to James.

Thomas was educated in Trinity Collegeneur Dublin, and was ordained Deacon in due course. Not finding in himself any genuine vocation he became a collector of customs in the city of Cork. After discharging the duties of that office for four years he attached himself to the party of the Duke of York, and if the author of the "Secret Consults and Intrigues of the Romish Party, &c.," was a leal writer, he used all his endeavours to have the management of the public revenues intrusted to Roman Catholics. The man of the "Intrigues" hated Mr. Sheridan (*sic*) as cordially as he did Popery in the abstract. He says of him while receiver of customs in Cork,

"To avoid all suspicion he still put on the *Disguise* of the *Protestant Religion* which he counterfeited with so ingenious an air that most believed him *extrem* in that *Profession*, and were apt to think him inclined to *Presbytery* as deriving it from his *Masters* the *Formers* who were called the *Fanatick Farmers*, being a sett of *Brewers* in *London*.

"Thus we see how this bigoted *Votary* of the *Romish Church* transformed himself into a different *shape*, and covered his black design with the *Mask* of *Presbytery*, as the *Stalking Horse* to other *Fowle* upon which his aim was set."

Our impartial man relates how his hero being implicated with Coleman of Popish Plot memory, was brought to his knees before the House of Commons, and made to do penance, but his courage (his biographer calls it impudence), did not desert him.

"There he had the impudence beyond shape to set forth in a flourishing speech the greatness of his family (*viz.*), that he



was in the direct line of the kings of *Ulster* anciently called *O'Sheridan*; that to his father belonged a vast estate which by the late war he was wrongfully put out of, with abundance of such impudent falsehoods and notorious untruths. Whereas indeed his father (too honest a man for so base and so degenerate a son) was before the late rebellion in the County of *Cavan* taken in, a poor boy, into a Bishop's (Dr. Wm. Bedell) House, and the Bishop observing the boy to be of a docible temper, and capable of instruction, and finding him educated a *Papist*, charitably put him to school, where he became so proficient in School-learning as encouraged the good Bishop to ordain him Deacon. When the rebellion broke out after the Bishop's death and few *English* were left in the country, yet this poor man remained with such as stayed, and read prayers among them, till all were either murdered or had deserted the place. The *Irish* suffered him to remain among them, but by all their importunities (notwithstanding their great eagerness to make converts, compassing both sea and land to proselyte any to their church) could never prevail upon him to go to mass.

"He educated his three sons (should be four) Protestants, and upon *Oliver's* Reduction of *Ireland* he was so taken with his character, that he ordered his three sons to be maintained in the *Collage* near *Dublin*, where they all improved themselves to an eminent Degree of Learning and Parts. This is an impartial account of *Thomas Sheridan's* Pedigree, whose sisters and other Relations were in *Brogues* and *Kerchiefs*, the *Irish* garb for women. The author saw them not many years since in this condition, and being inquisitive on the subject about him in the county, where his father was born, he found that he was of the *Scologues*, a name which the *Irish* call *Cotchiers* (*Cottiers*), and some of his kindred were ever better."

Our impartial historian allowed himself to be carried away like ordinary mortals by the tide of prejudice. If we find no king of the name recorded, the *Sheridans* were certainly of chief's rank. Their names will be found on the old family map of *Ireland* occupying a large district in *Oriel*, of which the county *Cavan* formed a portion.

One of the earliest subjects that attracted *Tyrconnel's* attention after entering on office, was the reported sale of all places,—ecclesiastical, civil, and military, by *Sheridan*. Our impartial historian, as he pleases to call himself, alleges that when he put a person into a snug berth in the customs he represented to the other commissioners that it was at the be-

hest of the Lord Deputy. One of his brother officials having his patience strained to a very painful point, wrote at last to the Lords of the Treasury that they were so burthened with the number of the Lord Deputy's proteges that he was afraid the revenue would be lost by ill management. The consequent investigation created much ill blood between the Lord Deputy and the Chief Secretary, and it was not diminished by a little anecdote circulated by the last named.

*Tyrconnel* being at play in the camp at the *Curragh* at a time when he should be preparing to attend at *Mass*, the officiating priest took the liberty of asking him if he purposed to be present. "No," said he, "I cannot leave this game unfinished but will send some one in my stead."

*Tyrconnel*, so goes the narrative, much nettled against the Chief Secretary, introduced one of his own creatures into his confidence, and by questionable means of this sort was apprized that by a certain mail, *Sheridan* intended to despatch to *London* a letter full of accusations against him. This letter being extracted from the packet, was reserved for the purpose about to be explained.

"'Twas now time for the Lord Deputy to break publicly with *Sheridan*, and in order to it sends for him into his closet, there being present with him the Earl of *Lymerick*, the Lord Chief Justice *Nugent*, the Lord Chief Baron *Rice*, Judge *Daly*, and some others. The Lord Deputy demanded of *Sheridan* whether or no he had written anything against him to *London*. *Sheridan*, who wanted not confidence, or rather impudence (with which his countrymen do universally abound to an immense proportion and degree) answered, That he had not, but that he had heard that his Excellency had writ against him, which so enraged the Lord Deputy (who is a great *Furioso* and can prescribe no limits to his passion), that he could not contain from calling him *Traytour*, *Cheat*, *Rogue*, &c., and pulling out *Sheridan's* letter, asked him if that was not his hand, which for the present put him into great disorder and confusion; but after some recollection he assumed to justify it, and to enter into a capitulation with the Lord Deputy, at which *Tyrconnel* rose in excess of fury to kick him; so he was turned out."

Shortly after, *Sheridan* who had been prevented by *Tyrconnel* from passing over to *London*, managed to get an order from the king to that

effect, but Sunderland and other influential people so damaged his cause with the king, that although married to a niece of Father Petre's he was obliged to return and endeavour to conciliate the great man whom he had offended.

His trial came on in due course for selling of places, and receiving extravagant fees in his office. The principal evidence against him was a priest of discreditable character. He was defended by four Protestant barristers, for whom the impartial biographer felt considerable contempt, but was nevertheless found guilty. He afterwards passed over to France, and as we find a gentleman of the name accompanying Charles Edward to Scotland in the year '45, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he was his grandson.

#### HOW THEY LIVED BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

The author of "Ireland's Lamentation by an English Protestant that lately narrowly escaped with his life from thence," London, 1689, furnished as brisk, picturesque and prejudiced a narrative as the "Impartial Narrator." He devoted considerable space of his short pamphlet to the resources of the country, prices of articles, character of the people, &c. Before the war began in earnest the people could not have been very badly off, taking the prices marked below as authentic.

"In some parts, especially of the west and north, a salmon above two foot long may be bought for a penny or two pence; forty-five eggs for one penny; a fat goose for three pence; a fat turkey for six pence; a fat hen for three half pence; a fat lamb or kid for a groat; but in *Dublin* which is the dearest part they sold in time of peace twelve or fourteen eggs for a penny. A large, fair, fresh cod, two foot long for three pence (why was salmon as little valued as cod?) plaice a foot long and seven or eight inches broad, two for a penny; large trouts as long, two or three for a penny, oysters five or six inches broad (!), a penny a score (Dando was born too late by a full century); a fat lamb for twelve or fourteen pence, a large fat calf, a month or six weeks old, for five or six shillings, a large quarter of beef for three or four shillings, as good as the *London* markets afford, and other things proportionably, and yet all sorts of tradesmen had greater wages and generally better rates for their goods than in England."

Irish folk of town and country who were only too ready at that era to do

everything ill-natured, and unjust, and cruel, to their differing brethren, enjoyed this abundance, and now a farmer or citizen who makes no distinction in his good offices between his own co-religionists and those of any other shade of belief, must pay a shilling a pound for beef and half a crown for a pound of salmon.

But we have not done with the pleasant picture.

"Money was in *Ireland* as plentiful, and with much more ease obtained than in *England*. So that an ordinary farmer or tradesman keeps a better house, and lives more plentiful there than those of four or five hundred a year can do in England."

But our author, while giving the mere Irish credit for some good qualities, was not blind (perhaps a little too sharp-sighted) to their defects.

"The meer *Irish* are not near so wild and barbarous as generally represented; but are as lusty, full, well-set, comely, handsome, fair, and clear-skinned as the *English*; mighty hospitable and kind-hearted to strangers, so that if any comes where they are eating they will take it very unkindly if he do not eat with them; and travellers shall have the best entertainment they can afford them gratis, and better than they will afford themselves. For though the country be thus extream plentiful, yet the commonalty among the *Irish* fare very hard, and live mostly upon potatoes, parsnips, cabbidge, beans, pease, barley, and oat-bread, sour thick milk or buttermilk, and unless upon some certain festival days, as *Christmas*, *Shrove-tide*, *Easter*, *Whituntide*, or *Michaelmas*, rarely eat a bit of flesh, butter, eggs, or cheese. They are very nasty and sluttish, prefer strong butter, tainted flesh" (we denounce this item), "and sour milk before sweet; scarce ever wear shifts or shirts, or lodge otherwise than on straw or rushes on the ground, with their cows, calves, swine or sheep, made fast at the bed's feet (oh!), or at the best, only a little partition of wattles between. Use no sheets, tumble all together, only the husband between other men and their (his?) wives (wife?), and the wife between other women and their (her?) husband."

Taking exception to the thorough correctness of some of these facts, we deny in toto the assertion of the "Englishman who narrowly escaped with his life," for he reported that the Irish women of his day, though most faithful wives, were the reverse of chaste before marriage. He is thoroughly correct in stating a current prophecy among the Irish Roman Catholics, that a day would come

when they would weep over the graves of the Protestants, for the expression is, or was not long since, often heard among our peasantry. A variety was to be heard in some localities. "A day will come when we'll be scratching the Protestants out of their graves" (out of veneration to wit).

#### THE RAPPAREES.

Few but have heard of the Rapparees\*—gentlemen delighting in guerilla warfare, helping King James on occasions, not willingly subjecting themselves to military discipline, preferring social bivouacs in inaccessible positions, driving the cattle of those who wished well to King William, but making free with the beasts of loyal Jacobites when the others were not attainable. The author of the "True Narrative" was very severe on these irregular infantry. We quote a few amusing passages from his account, begging the reader to make allowance for some rather strong colouring. Strict adherence to true statements was the least remarkable virtue of the party writers of the unhappy period.

"These rogues could dispense with their inviolable *Lent* fast, so that they did eat nothing but, as they call it, Protestant beef and mutton. They pleased and sported themselves with the ruine of these poor men they had plundered. They would not kill a beef or a mutton before they had called a formal jury on him, and tried him for heresie. If a party brought in any small *Irish* cattel that had no brand, and that they guessed belonged to an *Irish* man the beasts were dismissed, but the delinquents that brought them in were fined, and obliged to satisfy the society in stolen cattel. But if the beasts were found to be branded, and were in good case, as those that belonged to the English way of husbandry commonly were, they were condemned for hereticks, and immediately slaughtered. . . . A poor Englishman that I very well knew, who had but one beef, found her tied up with a rope in one of his neighbour's houses, the jury about her, and the judge pronouncing sentence."

We would not object to see the undermentioned Major Haggarti, or his biographer, if guilty of calumny, sitting at the gallows-foot, the rope around his neck, and the sheriff uncertain whether a reprieve were coming in time or not.

"There is one true story so barbarous that it ought not to be passed by, and that was acted in the parish church of *Headford* in the county of Galway and diocese of *Tuam*, in Connaught. One Major *Haggarti* made a garrison in this church, and his men brought in as many choice sheep of one *Gibbs*, a Protestant, as they thought they would have occasion for at that time. But they would not put them to death as they said till they had given them a fair trial for their lives. And first a judge and jury are appointed, and one of the muttons put into the pulpit; where one of the villains pulls and hurts it till it bleats. Then they cry, 'Down with the rogue! he preaches heretical doctrine,' and so one by one till they were all condemned."

Bitter partisan as our authority is, he candidly acknowledges that the Lord Deputy exerted himself to suppress the doings of the Rapparees, and even provided Protestant families with arms and armed soldiers for their defence. In this way some well-merited execution was done on these cattle-lifters of the seventeenth century, who acknowledged for supreme chiefs, M'Gillea Gea, Galloping Hogan, and Ned of the Hills (*Émuin ac Knuic*).

The more just-minded and good-natured Mr. Story has left us a picture of the Rapparees' economy of life, from which we furnish a short extract:—

"After a defeat they escape to the bogs, and all disappear, which may seem strange to those who have not seen it; but something of this kind I have seen myself. For instance one *Dunn*, a sergeant among them, who was found lying like an otter all under water in a running brook, except the top of his nose and his mouth. . . . When the Rapparees have no mind to show themselves upon the bogs, they commonly sink down between two or three little hills grown over with long grass, so that you, may as soon find a hare as one of them. They conceal their arms thus. They take off the lock, and put it in their pocket or in some dry place; they stop the musle close with a cork, and the touch-hole with a small quill, and then throw the piece itself into a running water or a pond. You may see a hundred of them without arms, who look like the poorest, humblest slaves in the world, and you may search till you are weary before you find one gun; but yet when they have a mind to domineer, they can all be ready in an hour's warning, for every one knows where to go and fetch his own arms, though you do not."

\* *Rapairé*, a noisy fellow, a sloven, a thief, a robber, a half pike.

THE MASSACRES WHICH WERE TO HAVE BEEN  
ENACTED.

Things were comparatively quiet from the accession of James till the news came of the landing of William at Torbay, November 5, 1688. Unhappily the remembrance of many former ill offices of Protestants to Roman Catholics was strong, and the ill-minded and revengeful among these last, repaid old wrongs with interest; innocent families and individuals receiving punishment for deeds with which they had had no concern. But when the news of the abdication reached Ireland, the well-wishers of King William took heart of grace, and repaid with usury some of the knocks lately and still continuing to be received. Mutual distrust and enmity spread on every side, and some of the evil disposed of both parties industriously spread reports of general massacres to take place on certain days, hoping to profit by the inevitable confusion. One of the most notable of these Bartholomew festivals was celebrated in this style.

The 9th of December, 1688, being the quasi appointed day for the massacre of all the Protestants, the perpetrators went about their work in as bungling a style as a country constable adopted, when urged by a man to capture his own (not the constable's) brother. He had shirked the ugly job a long time, till at last the plaintiff secured him as he was cutting fagots. "There now, Bligh," said he, "my brother is in the next field, make him your *presner*, or by this and that I'll report you." "To be sure I will," said the other; "only show him to me, and see what I won't do!" They entered the field, and Bligh immediately brandished the billhook, and shouted, "Stand there you thief till I rest you, for if I come up to you I'll have your life, so I will!" This threat only added wings to the feet of the outlaw, and he was soon out of the reach of the bloody-minded officer. Earl Mount Alexander received a letter announcing the general slaughter projected on 9th December, and he immediately got copies printed and sent to Dublin and all parts of Ireland. These were not received in Dublin till Friday, Sunday being the day sacrilegiously appointed for the deed of blood. Three thousand made their way to

the ships in the harbour on Saturday, the Irish, as our authority testifies, being very glad to see them going as they were apprehensive of a simultaneous onslaught on themselves. The Lord Deputy hearing of the exodus sent the Earls of Roscommon and Longford in all haste to Ringsend to undeceive the fugitives, and ordered the *yacht* (*sic*) to sail after the departed vessels and induce their return (this was on the Sunday morning).

But the letters did not arrive in some parts till church hour, a point of time when the murdering should be in full blow or even brought to an end. We quote the original text for the fearful effect.

"They (the congregations) were struck with such sudden apprehension of immediate destruction that the doors not allowing quick passage enough by reason of the crowd, abundance of persons made their escapes out of the windows, and in the greatest fright and disorder that can be represented, the men leaving their hats and periwigs behind them, some of them had their cloaths torn to pieces, others were trampled under foot, and the women in worse condition than the men."

Alarms of this kind were not wanting on the other side, all being concocted by unprincipled miscreants for their own selfish purposes, or for the mere pleasure of causing confusion.

We might, if such was our taste, recite enormities committed at this time, and afterwards under Lord Galmoy's encouragement, and deeds said to be done by French soldiers in open day at the Coombe, which would make our readers fling down the book with disgust and horror. We might also dwell on the slaughter of peasants under protection by ruthless Enniskilleners, who chose to consider their victims as pernicious rapparees. But it is neither pleasant nor profitable to dwell on these subjects, and perhaps after exciting our own indignation and that of our readers to a very unhealthy point, it might be discovered that the particular act of devilry on which we were dwelling had never been perpetrated, but was the pure invention of an unprincipled scribe. Both parties were at high despite with each other, and those of gentle rank excepted, exhibited but little forbearance. It is

not the part of writers or readers of our day to enter into the wretched hatreds of either party.

#### KING JAMES'S VISIT TO DUBLIN.

The 12th of March, 1689, has arrived, and great joy is felt and exhibited by some, and deep regret and apprehension by others, for the news passes through the length and breadth of the isle that King James has landed.

The author of "Ireland's Lamentation" insinuates that the people of Kinsale were unprovided with bells to welcome His Majesty. They made up for the deficiency by lusty shouting and lighting bonfires. Next day he repaired to Cork, and abode with Major-General McCarthy till the Earl of Tyrconnel arrived. His first stage to Dublin ended at the house of the Earl of Cork at Lismore, his second at Clonmel, his third at Kilkenny Castle. "At *Carloe*" (we quote the man of the "Lamentations"), "he was slabber'd with the kisses of the rude country Irish gentlewomen, so that he was forced to beg to have them kept from him." He preferred to approach his new capital on horseback, but it seems that the animal last caught and appointed to bear the royal weight into Dublin, proved restive, and before he allowed His Majesty to get into the saddle he pranced and incommoded the assistants by lashing out and other vulgar manoeuvres, which caused the annoyed monarch to exclaim, in undignified tones, "I think you are all bordered."—(See the "Lamentation.")

On the 24th of the same month the last of the Stuart kings rode up James's-street, and Thomas-street, and High-street, to take possession of his unsightly Castle of Dublin. He could not reasonably complain of the reception, which was both cordial and gorgeous. If any Protestant citizen did not share in the enthusiasm he was at liberty to stay at home, a privilege taken advantage of by many. At that time, New-Gate connected Thomas-street with High-street, and through it came the procession which passed between files of soldiers from James's-gate. MacAdam not having begun to improve his ways so early in time, the Corporation strewed the uneven

streets with sand for the whole extent of the procession, and Terence Dermot, the Lord Mayor of the day, in his state coach, and attended by his civic colleagues, was ready to receive His Majesty at the city bounds.

There on a platform were stationed musicians in the costume of old Irish harpers, who entertained all within hearing by old spirit-stirring marches and battle tunes. At intervals, an assemblage of friars gathered round a lofty cross in the neighbourhood of this platform, would raise their voices in pieces of church music; and while the foremost in the gallant procession continued to advance between the throngs on each side, the windows of the old-fashioned houses were filled with holiday-dressed gazers, and Sarsfield, and other popular characters were cheered by myriads of voices from both sides of the street.

At last the patient and impatient waiters were rejoiced by shouts of "the King, the King!" and in time had the satisfaction of catching sight of the stately and imperious Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, who preceded his royal master on horseback, bare-headed and bearing the sword of state. A little behind him at each side rode the Duke of Berwick, one of the King's illegitimate children, with Lords Granard, Powis, and Melfort, and then, in the words of one of the historic romances alluded to,—

"There appeared in a slouched hat and sooty-black peruke, in a plain suit of cinnamon-coloured cloth, with a George hung over his shoulder by a blue ribbon, the form of a man of rather strong and massive build, somewhat stricken in years, with a large face and heavy features, whose rigid and strongly marked lines were impressed with a character of dignity, qualified however by something like the melancholy of discontent which an occasional smile of gracious suavity relieved only for a moment. Dark-complexioned and haughty, the countenance was striking at once from its coarseness and inflexibility, and its stately and formal character was improved and confirmed by the sombre accompaniment of his huge coal-black peruke. Such in aspect and equipment did James advance, sitting his steed with more of formal adjustment and precision than of elegance or grace; and as this figure so strikingly contrasted in its extreme plainness of attire with the splendid forms

which preceded and attended him, came slowly onward, returning with stately and gracious courtesy from time to time the enthusiastic greetings of his people, a burst of wild and tumultuous acclamation ran and rose around him and before him, so stupendous that air and earth rang with its vibrations. \* \* \* Personal claims,

individual intrigues, private schemes of advancement, all lesser feelings were for the moment lost in the grand and paramount consciousness that in the unpretending figure before them were centred interests so great, so stupendous, and so dear to them all; their ancient grandeur, their old religion, their long hoped-for ascendancy, the movements and the power of mighty armies, the fortunes of kingdoms and peoples, the heart-stirring and awful consciousness of all these things filled that rapturous welcome with such an inspiring sublimity of enthusiasm as Dublin will in all probability never see more. \* \* \*

And as if one master chord of the Irish heart would yet have remained untouched without some such provision, troops of pretty graceful girls, dressed fancifully in white, and carrying baskets of flowers, strewed them in the way before the King. That ill-natured fellow (we are borrowing from the Protestant pen) the Puritan author of "Ireland's Lamentation," insinuates indeed some scandal touching these loyal nymphs of Flora, but we renounce him and his stories, and so pass on."—*The Fortunes of Colonel Torlock O'Brien*.

Of the haughty nobleman who bare-headed bore the sword of state before the King, and virtually ruled the country, the Roman Catholic Lords of the Privy Council, Arundel, Powis, and Bellasis, were known to have declared, "that fellow in Ireland is fool and madman enough to ruin ten kingdoms."

While James held court in Dublin Castle its inmates and visitors reckoned the brave Duke of Berwick before named, who so nobly distinguished himself afterwards in Spain during the War of the Succession, his brother, the Duke of Powis, the Earls of Melford, Dover, Seaforth, and Abercorn, Lord Howard, the Marquis of Abbeville, the Lords Clare and Galway, Lady Tyrconnel acquitting herself right nobly of the duties of hostess. When the exiled monarch felt himself in spirits, and disposed to be happy and make those around him so, he put on a different attire from that in which he received the

attentions of the white-robed girls in James's street. It brought to the minds of himself and his courtiers his successes at sea for the defence and honour of England in his office of High Admiral.

It consisted of a plain corselet coming down to his hips, and crossed by a broad gold-fringed scarlet sash. The sleeves of his coat were of orange silk, flowered in gold, and ending in white satin at the wrists, which were clouded in point ruffles. His broad-skirted blue coat fell from under the corselet as far as his knees. His point lace cravat and the folds of his black periwig fell to his breast, and white silk stockings clothed his lower extremities;—a dignified and suitable costume in that salon and at that day. We merely suggest to the imagination of "Lady Isabella O'Rafferty," the notion of such an apparition incumbering her agile movements through the mazes of the lancers' quadrilles at the last Patrick's Ball.

#### THE IRISH PARLIAMENT OF 1689.

Our next concern is with the Parliament whose sittings were held during the short reign of King James in his Castle of Dublin.

When we consider the construction of our National Parliament in the good old times, we really can find little to regret in its loss, save the erewhile presence of our native noblemen and gentlemen in our metropolis, and the consequent circulation of money among our merchants and shopkeepers, which in our own days is scattered among the London burghers. Here are the mutual relations in which the English and Irish Parliaments stood to each other, as stated by the anonymous author of "A full and Impartial Account of all the Secret Consults, Stratagems, and Intrigues (*sic*) of the Romish Party in Ireland from 1660 to this Present Year 1689," a work already quoted from :—

"By the Law of Ireland, Intituled *Poyning's Act*, the *Parliament* of Ireland can read no bill in their house which proceeds not by these steps. First the *Chief Governour*\* and Council of Ireland draw up a Bill, and send it over to the King and Council in England, who either approve or correct it

\* In our extracts the same word will be found differently spelled at an interval of a few lines only, but we felt obliged to abide by our authorities, most of whom date 1689.

as they think convenient, and so in the second place return it back to the *Chief Governor and Council*, and these send it to the *House of Commons*, who have only a negative voice, and can neither alter nor amend a word of it."

Among the acts passed by the Parliament held in 1689 in Dublin, was one very characteristic of the practical policy of the day, very inimical in its spirit to the principles of free trade, and only requiring a year or two of existence to be obliged to commit legal suicide. Here are a few clauses :—

"WHEREAS it is evident that no thing could occasion the great scarcity of the money now in this Kingdom, but the extraordinary industry of ill-affected persons to transport considerable sums of money into *England, Holland*, and other remote Parts; And WHEREAS the great quantity of *English, Scotch, and Welsh* Coals formerly imported into this Kingdom, hath not only hindered the Industry of several poor People and Labourers of this land, who might have employed themselves and Horses in supplying the City of *Dublin* and other places within this Kingdom with Fuel, but hath likewise given opportunity to the Persons importing the said Coals to see the said places ruined for want of Fireing, or at least to raise the Price of Coals so high that the poor should never be able to buy, by means whereof the said Colliers raised considerable fortunes to themselves, and carried vast sums of money yearly out of this Kingdom, to the lessening his Majesties Revenue, the Ruin of several poor People, and the general loss of the Inhabitants of this Kingdom. For remedy whereof BE IT ENACTED by the King's most Excellent Majesty, &c., &c, by and with the Advice . . . . . that no person or persons whatever shall, from and after the Last Day of August next, import or cause to be imported, any *English, Scotch, or Welsh* Coals into this Kingdom, or any part thereof, for any cause, reason, or pretence whatsoever."

One small inconvenience of this law, if in force in our days, would have been the obligation of granting licences to and inflicting badges on our "black turf" merchants, and the extra trouble given to our police magistrates in protecting the small citizens of Dublin from the extortions of the said dealers, who instead of making themselves hoarse, crying out as they do now, "Black turf, twenty-four sods for a penny," would scarcely stop to hand out the statutory two sods a halfpenny to their perishing clients.

But the most important act of that Parliament, if it had become permanent law, was that repealing the "Acts of Settlement and Explanation," whereby the possessions of Roman Catholics had been transferred to those valiant men whom Cromwell delighted to honour. Among other gentlemen whose holdings were brought into peril by that enactment was Robert Baron Kingstowne, whose property lay in Cork and Roscommon. Christopher Taaffe of Braganstown, and Theophilus Taaffe (*Tuaffe* in the act) of Cookstowne, were ordered to surrender lands and tenements in Louth made over to them on 22nd October, 1641, to Theobald Earl of Carlingford, to whose family they had erewhile belonged. Compensation from various forfeitures was to be made to Arthur Forbes Lord Granard for the town of Mullingar with all the houses, lands, tenements, castles, and commons thereunto belonging, granted to his father by the late Charles II. of happy memory, as these valuable properties were now to be restored to the ancient owners. Another man in peril was Francis Plowden Esq., who for several years past had been "seized in fee of several houses, backsides, wast-plots, and gardens lying and being in the city of Dublin and town of Gallo-way," and who was now to be dispossessed of said wast-plots, &c., in favour of the ancient proprietor, receiving therefor certain sums of money or forfeited properties.

Martin Supple having been proved an "innocent Papist" (temp. Carol. II.), and restored to his lands of Ichtermurramore, Ichtermurragbeg, Ballintoonduing, Ringlas, Ballinerninaugh, and other lands in the barony of Imokilly in the county of Cork, was proceeded against by Roger Earl of Ossory who claimed the said lands under some warrant issued by Cromwell. Martin Supple not being able to contend with the great Earl in law, yielded up the lands in consideration of receiving the (of course) inferior townlands of Drommodimore, Drommodibeg, Parnahelly, and Boughallane in the same county. By the authority of the Parliament of 1689, Supple received back his original possessions; and the high and mighty Duke of Ormond, for the time being, received back the inferior tracts, and such

other compensations as the existing laws allowed.

It would seem as if some intruders had been laying covetous eyes or hands on our old suburban village of Chapelizod and the adjoining park a little before this sitting, as we find the following clause among the enactments :—

“Provided always and be it enacted . . . . . that the Capital Messuage, Town, and Lands of *Chapelizzard*, alias *ized*, with all other the Appurtenances, &c., &c., and the Capital Messuage of the *Phenix*\* and all the Houses, Messuages, Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments, within the King's Park adjoining thereunto or within this city of Dublin, in as large, free, and ample Manner as the same is now possessed by his Majesty, shall be and are hereby vested in the King's Majesty, his Heirs, &c., &c., and shall be held and enjoyed by his Majesty, his Heirs, &c., &c.”

A proviso is inserted for recompensing the ancient proprietors whoever they were. We do not envy the lot of one of Charles II.'s innocent Papists, who, being deprived of his patrimony in favour of one of Ireton's Ironsides, sought to be reinstated by the ungrateful though merry monarch, but had to nurture long-deferred hope till James's visit, and then after getting the old dirty acres into his possession finally saw them pass from his house under William and Mary. During the disagreeable processes the new men were not on a bed of roses, but then they had the last laugh.

For the sake of readers of a statistic turn of mind we mention the prices at which King James obliged farmers, &c., to furnish his troops with necessaries. Best wheat, 20s. per barrel; ordinary do., 18s.; mealin, 15s. per barrel; bear, 12s.; best malt, 13s.; barley, 14s.; oats, 6s.; good wool, 10s. per stone of 18 lbs.; sole leather, 7d. per lb.; upper leather, 6d.; tallow, 30s. per cwt.; large salted ox hides, 20s. do.

In the minds of many Irish folk the ideas of King James and of brass money are inseparably united. The poor king would not have issued a single coin of the Corinthian mixture if he had been provided with gold

and silver, and we make no doubt he would, if things had taken another turn, have bought in all outstanding base coin at its nominal value. He could point to Henry VIII. and Elizabeth as encouraging the Irish to use base coin, which they would not allow to enter England under any circumstances.

It is only justice to quote a pamphleteer of 1690 on the subject. We look on the matter now as a politico-social curiosity, he as a piece of flagrant dishonesty on a large scale.

“After the late king was obliged by his necessity to make *Brass Money* current in *Ireland*, it was at first pretended to pass only in payment between man and man in their daily commerce and dealings, and in publick payment of duties to the Exchequer. . . . . But a Proclamation was published enjoyning and requiring, That Copper and Brass Money should pass as current Money within the Realm of *Ireland* in the payment of Bills, Bonds, Debts by Record, Mortgages, and all other payments whatsoever, by which knack many a poor *Protestant* was Fob'd out of his right, and compel'd to take an Heap of Trash for his Debt (as he was for his Wheat and other commodities) or be precluded from further satisfaction.” (The Proclamation in question is dated February 4, 1689.)

“And thus I have heard that Colonel *Roger Moore* was serv'd (but I do not aver it on my certain knowledge), who having an incumbrance of 3,000*l.* upon the Lord *Dillon's* Estate who is married to the Daughter of the Lord or Lady *Tyrconnel*. She sent for him, and told him That having some Money at her command, and being very desirous of taking off the burthen from her Daughter's Estate, she was content to pay him off in ready Money, provided he would make some handsome abatement of the sum due. The Gentleman being complaisant to the Lady, and very willing to receive Money in such a time of scarcity, freely consented to abate a Thousand Pounds so the rest might be paid down at once. The Lady seemed very thankful, and appointed him to come next day, and bring the Deeds and Obligations with him, and receive the money. Accordingly he came, and having given a legal Release, the Lady opened a Door and shewed him a long Table covered over with *Copper* and *Brass*, and tendered it for his payment, which, whether he rejected in passion, or hired a cart to carry it away, I cannot tell.”

\* The Park being anciently named *Fion Uisce* (Fair Water) from the spring or springs arising within its bounds, Lord Chesterfield has received some censure for getting a phoenix sculptured on the pillar near the Viceregal Lodge, from the assumed similarity of the names. This quotation from a document of 1689 removes the imputed blemish from the good taste of the polished nobleman.



The Parliament assembled in Dublin to transact the business of the nation under King James, reckoned one duke, Tyrconnel, and nine earls—Olanrickard, Richard Bourk; Barrymore, Richard Barry; Antrim, Alex. M'Donnel; Westmeath, Richard Nugent; Clancarty, Donogh M'Carthy; Tyrone, Richard Power; Longford, Francis Aungier; Granard, Arthur Forbes; and Limerick, William Dungan.

There were thirteen viscounts—Gormanstown, Jenico Preston; Fermoy, David Roche; Mountgarret, Richard Butler; Costello and Gallin, Theobald Dillon; Iveagh, Arthur Maginnis; Kilmallock, Dominick Sarsfield; Clannallier, Max. O'Dempsey; Galmoy, Pierce Butler; Clare, Daniel O'Brien; Ross, Richard Parsons; Galway, Ulick Burke; Mount Cashel, Justin M'Carthy; Kenmare, Valentine Brown.

Five Protestant Bishops (no Roman Catholic one at all) took their seats—viz., Dr. Anthony Dobbing, Bishop of Meath; Dr. Thomas Otway, Bishop of Ossory; Dr. Edward Wettenhall, Bishop of Cork and Ross, whose Greek grammar is popular at the present day; and Dr. Simon Digby, Bishop of Limerick and Ardfer.

The names and titles of the seventeen barons were—Kinsale, Almeric de Courcy; Slane, Chr. Fleming; Howth, Thomas St. Lawrence; Trimbleston, Robert Barnewall; Dun-sany, Chr. Plunket; Dunboyne, Pierce Butler; Upper Ossory, Brian Fitzpatrick; Castle Connell, William Bourk; Cahir, Pierce Butler; Brittas, Theob. Bourk; Ghanmalure, Dermot Malone; Enniskillen, Conor MacGuire; Strabane, Claud Hamilton; Duleek, John Bellew; Riverstown, Thomas Nugent; Bofine, John Bourk; Gawsworth, Alexander Felton. There were 214 members in the House of Commons.

At that period our nobility included 2 dukes, Richard Talbot, *newly* created Duke of Tyrconnel, and James Butler, Duke of Ormond, 29 earls, 50 viscounts, 15 bishops, and 38 barons.

#### GENERAL HAMILTON.

Among Tyrconnel's favourites was the dashing Colonel Hamilton

("Hambleton" in the orthography of the day), who being sent over to England to aid in suppressing the first rising against James, was taken prisoner. He gave William to understand that if liberty was granted to him to return to Ireland, he would use arguments with Tyrconnel strong enough to induce him to give up his vicereignty. In effect, the Duke about the time was so dispirited by James's abdication and the arming in the North, that he seriously thought on resigning his office. Hamilton being allowed to return, used his eloquence to such purpose that his noble patron, instead of resigning office, regarded himself to the contest, and Hamilton was despatched with a strong body under his command to bend the stiff necks of the Ulster folk.

General Hamilton,\* as we may begin to call him, was a lady-killer (in metaphor) as well as a man-slayer. He was as brave as Hector and as captivating as Paris. He had served with distinction in France, and, as fame uttered through her indiscreet trumpet, was obliged to withdraw in consequence of being regarded with some partiality by one of the Grand Monarque's daughters, the Princess Conti. He could scarcely fail to find favour in the eyes of those high ladies, the chief labour of whose lives consists in assisting their milliners and tiring maids in adjusting their head dresses and body dresses. His eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, his features regular, nose Grecian, lips full, dress rich and tasteful. It might be said that he was guilty of an abuse of gold fringe. It hung from the edges of his scarlet vest, from the edges of his pockets, and those of his deep gauntlets. His cravat was of the finest Spanish point lace, his corselet was as bright as a mirror, and even his high jack-boots were so fashioned as to indicate the fine outline of his manly limbs.

On the 14th of March, 1689, two days after the entry described, our young military Adonis engaged the northern volunteers at Dromore, after a backward movement on their part from Newry, and defeated them. We find different accounts of the numerical strength of the forces engaged.

\* This gentleman was son of the Earl of Abercorn and the sister of the first Earl of Ormond. The Antoine Hamilton celebrated in French biographies was his brother.

Story says that Hamilton's army consisted of 2,000 regulars and about the same number of rapparees, and that very few of the northern men fell in the conflict. From another narrative we learn that the forces on both sides were about equal, and that the Irish regulars being all raw recruits, were in point of discipline well matched with the northern levies, and that there was considerable slaughter made on the friends of the Prince of Orange. Many were slain on the retreat to Hillsborough, and many more in the stand nobly made there. Finally, Lord Mount Alexander and Sir Arthur Rawdon drew off with about 4,000 fighting men, some of whom made the best of their way to Derry, and the rest, the major part, to Coleraine.

#### DERRY AND ITS DEFENCE.

The whole affair connected with the city of Derry presented a series of mistakes and bungling on the part of my Lord Tyrconnel and his agents. Before the gates came to the closing point Tyrconnel had sent thither the young Lord Mountjoy, who after some parley was allowed to enter and take up his quarters there with Lundy, his lieutenant-colonel.

The author of a "True Narrative of the Murders, &c., perpetrated on the Protestants by King James's Agents," &c., enters into these particulars concerning Lord Mountjoy's connexion with Londonderry. Having gained the confidence of the Derry men, who admitted two companies of his regiment into the city, and being about to be despatched by the Lord Deputy to France to receive instructions from King James, he advised his well-wishers in the Maiden City to keep quiet, as he was certain that after his interview with the King, Tyrconnel would be superseded, and the best understanding be established between the King and his Irish Protestant subjects. However he advised them to go on quietly, and strengthen their hands for fear of His Majesty proving obstinate. Before leaving Dublin for Paris he delivered to a trusty Quaker messenger, a letter in which his views were explained, to be carefully put into the hands of Governor Lundy. We give the sequel in the words of the text.

"This Holy Brother, who (like the rest of them) pretended to more honesty than other men, imagined by the charge that was given him by my lord concerning the delivery of it, that there must be something extraordinary in it; and because he could not read it (a Friend unable to read!) he carried it to one *Anthony Sharp* who is one of the Quaker Aldermen of Dublin, made by the Lord *Tyrconnel*, and a great preacher and ruler in that Synagogue. This *Sharp* immediately opened the letter, read it, and carried it straight away to the Lord Deputy, who posts it after the Lord *Mountjoy* into *France* to *K. James*, upon which his lordship was committed to the *Bastile*."

It is further added of the Lord Mountjoy, that while abiding in Derry, he had taken care to have old and rusty arms mended, cannon mounted, breaches repaired, ammunition ordered from Scotland, and some wind-bound military stores intended for the zealous Jacobite, Lord Antrim, appropriated to the defence and comfort of the good citizens.

The 9th of December, 1688, having been mutually determined on by the Roman Catholics and Protestants of the North (such were at least the reports that crossed each other from opposite sides) to murder each other while asleep, the latter in order to avoid the undesirable consummation, made good their ground to the walled city of Derry where they could look over the walls and across the river at Lord Antrim's Highlanders, and laugh at their poor perished-looking bare knees in that inclement season.

The Highlanders really came in sight on the eastern side of the Foyle, the city standing on the west side with some land between wall and river. The peaceably disposed bishop, Dr. Hopkins, was for admitting the visitors who came in the name of King James; so were several of the grave burgesses, but not so was the warlike and Rev. George Walker, nor Will Crookshanks, nor his fellow prentices, Jem Spike, Harry Campaia, and Dan Sherrard. While the council was striving to make up its mind, and Lord Antrim's Red-Shanks were half way between the river and the Ferry-gate, our brave apprentices settled the matter in their own way, by resolutely closing the said Ferry Gate, and the other gates in succession as soon as they could reach them. The disappointed Antrim men shut out with their wild-looking

camp followers were obliged to return home, the garrison dreading that they would wreak their spite on all such luckless Protestants as were met on their march. However nothing of the kind occurred.

Readers anxious to learn the particulars of the siege and the heroic defence, may consult "Governor Walker's Account," "An Apology for the Failures in Do," Governor Walker's "Vindication of the True Account," "Reflections on the Apology," "Narrative of the Siege," by John Mackenzie, chaplain to one of the regiments in the garrison, "written to rectify the mistakes, and supply the deficiencies in Mr. Walker's Account," "Mr. John Mackenzie's narrative proved a false libel," by a friend of Dr. George Walker, and "Dr. Walker's Invisible Champion foyl'd," by said John Mackenzie (though a chaplain, he does not put REV. to his name). All these original authorities date 1689, and are sufficiently bitter in tone.

The passes at the fords near where the Finn joins the Foyle to the south, were watched, and when the passes of the Bann were forced by Gordon O'Neill, and the main body of James's forces in the North advanced to cross the Foyle at Lifford, and Cladyford, and Long Causeway, which were defended by the courageous Mr. Walker, Governor Lundy left the city with a considerable force to prevent the passage, and in his absence two well disciplined English regiments arrived in the Lough with provisions and arms for the garrison. All looked well now; the defenders of the fords exceeded the intruders in number, and the North was safe. Alas! late at night, Governor Lundy returned with ranks unthinned, and news that the principal pass was forced, and orders were given to close the gates and admit no one whoever he might be. This was a cruel proceeding, for later came the real defenders of the passes with the poor inhabitants that dwelt near the line of retreat, and the lamentations of these shut-out fugitives were re-echoed by the families of the citizens within. Later in the night came the indefatigable Dr. Walker; but well as his wearied men and himself had earned shelter and repose, they were obliged to endure a standing position

and the discomfort of the cold night air till morning, when they forced their way on the gate being opened to the colonels of the regiments who had arrived the day before. Lundy would not receive the new auxiliaries within the walls. As he calculated on surrendering the city, their presence would be only an embarrassment and a cause of the greater dearth of provisions.

Next day came proposals from King James, who had arrived at Johnstown, within five miles of the city, for an honourable capitulation, accompanied by an invitation to commissioners from the city to visit him at that village for the framing of conditions. Lundy and the greater part of the authorities received the tidings with pleasure, but the future Governor, the inflexible George, neither countenanced their proceedings nor joined in the deputation.

James received the commissioners on a little eminence on the Derry side of Johnstown, his forces at the time and in that place, consisting of 12,000 men, of whom 5,000 were disciplined and well-dressed Gauls. These and the better appointed of the Irish soldiers were quartered in the camp, the lately raised forces, in whose dress and discipline there was still much to be desired, being provided for in the little town and at the rear of the two eminences, on one of which the King's pavilion was pitched. The monarch's costume was a little more gay in appearance than when he rode down Thomas-street. A white and red plume fastened by a brilliant cross, decorated his gray hat, and many orders surrounded the royal star on the breast of his coat. The deputation was graciously received, and the surrender, accompanied by most honourable conditions, arranged.

Next day, a fine one in April, it was a pleasant sight to the chief authorities of the city, when the king was seen approaching the town in military pomp to receive assurances of allegiance from his prodigal children of Derry. But good Dr. Walker had not given countenance to the proceeding, and his party was strong. So when the King was some 200 yards from Bishop's Gate, a saker belched out smoke and flame towards him by way of salute, and stretched

an aide-de-camp and a few others on the sod by his side and before his face. The royal party not prepared to play at short or long shots with the patriots now under shelter, turned at once, and soon achieved a safe distance from such inhospitable entertainers. It is said that the brave and honest minded Sarsfield did not move from the spot for some seconds, stunned by admiration of the determined will of the citizens, or surprise at this piece of treachery. The Derry men excused the warmth of the reception by the approach of the Irish forces nearer the city than was stipulated. Still it was not necessary to aim the saker in the direction of the king's person. "Perhaps it was right to dissemble their love," but why commit *Léze Majesté*?

Governor Lundy withdrew from his disobedient subjects, and to the single-minded and fearless George Walker was the defence of the city intrusted. The gallantry of the defence and the sufferings and privations of the defenders are known to the world, as well as the terrors and sufferings of the poor Protestant people driven under the walls, and obliged to remain there a day or two. We can conceive, for our country has furnished too many examples, the intense mutual hate of individuals of opposing parties, pitted and irritated against each other by a long series of ill offices, but we are heartily ashamed of General Hamilton and those officers, gentlemen by birth and education, who did not more strenuously resist the barbarous proceeding of De Rosen.\* Things were not altogether so bad as stated in the play called the "Siege of Londonderry," where we read, "Terms agreed on:—No exchange of prisoners, but hang and quarter on both sides." Still many instances of murder in cold blood took place during the siege.

It continues still a troublesome enigma that the place could have held out so long. The French could hardly have been well up in the science and art of battering and mining, and what could the mere peasant recruits effect in the needful operations. Give them pikes, and show

them a practicable breach, and no doubt they would have exhibited their mettle; but there was evidently no one outside possessing the needful genius for bringing a siege to a speedy close.

At last, when it seemed that starvation had nearly done its worst, Walker received information through a note brought in a button by a young rapparee that Colonel Kirke was near at hand, and that an immediate attempt would be made to smash the boom drawn across the Foyle, and bring relief to the sufferers.

Ah! it was an exciting spectacle to the thousands of starving creatures sitting on walls and roofs, when four gallant vessels were seen passing the old fort of Culmore down the river, and the *Guardian* frigate exchanging shots with the little garrison. On they came strongly and steadily, little heeding the showers of bullets with which they were assailed from small arms on each side. And now with her ponderous weight the largest vessel dashes against the wooden barrier. In vain! it holds together, and the good vessel is run aground by the force of the recoil. Now, the enemy put off to board her, and another tries the shock. Lo, the stranded vessel has righted herself by a broadside, and taking another charge at the obstruction, a mighty crash is heard, the barrier is shivered, the vessels pass through, shouts rend the air, and all that have not perished through weakness and the excitement of the moment, are soon restored to strength and spirits. On the last day of July, 1689, the siege was raised.

#### SCHONBERG IN THE NORTH.

In the next month we find Duke Schonberg, or Schenberg, or Schomberg investing Carrickfergus, and the good chaplain, George Story, who has left us a gossiping picturesque narrative of what he witnessed, stops the regular account of the advance of the trenches, and the execution done on either side, to tell the fate of an incautious soldier of King William's army, who carried public

\* It must be said in excuse for Hamilton that he had just been superseded in favour of De Rosen, who at the time of the inhuman proceeding was absolute in command of the besieging force.

resentment into the social communications of the individuals of the opposing forces.

"During this parly a poor *Dutchman* was shot from the walls making his returns to reproaches against the Prince of *Orange*, our king, saying that their king was a tinker king; he had nothing but brass money. He was not nimble enough at getting off when the parley was over, and so lost his life for his jest's sake."

After a smart attack and defence, the garrison capitulated, and were allowed to march out with their arms and some baggage, and repair to Newry. MacCarthy Mor was the commander. There is no suspicion attached to his bravery, but how the representative of a long line of Irish chiefs could demean himself as mentioned in Story's narrative is a sad puzzle, especially as the English and Dutch officers entering the town after the conference were liberally treated to wine and other refreshments. Here are the words of the text :—

"The articles were scarce agreed to till *Macarty Moor* was in the Duke's kitchen in the camp, which the Duke smiled at, and did not invite him to dinner, saying if he had stayed like a soldier with his men, he would have sent to him, but if he would go and eat with servants in a kitchen, let him be doing."

The town had been defended by two regiments, badly dressed but stout fellows, and credit is given them by the chaplain for their manly conduct. About 150 men were lost by his account on each side. Colonel Whalley, who with his men lay before the breach, was with difficulty restrained from entering the fortress and treating it as if taken by assault. The humanity of the brave old foreigner and the good feelings of the historian are evidenced in the succeeding extract.

"On Wednesday the 28th of August, about Ten a Clock, the *Irish* marched out, and had *Sir William Russell* a Captain in *Colonel Coy's* Regiment with a party of Horse, appointed for their Guard. But the country people were so inveterate against them (remembering how they had served them some days before), that they stript most part of the Women, and forced a great many Arms from the Men, and took it very ill that the Duke did not order them all to be put to Death notwithstanding the Articles. But he knew better things, and so rude were the *Irish Scots* that the Duke was forced to ride in among them with his

Pistol in his hand to keep the *Irish* from being murdered. The poor *Irish* were obliged to fly to the Soldiers for protection, else the country people would have used them most severely, so angry are they, one at another tho they live all in a country."

The Duke of Schonberg at this time was old but still vigorous for his time of life. His appearance presented a striking contrast to that of the English officers with their laced three-cocked hats, muddy-looking buff-coats and jack boots, for he retained a suit of genuine plate armour for body, arms, and thighs. His head-dress was a serviceable if old-fashioned helmet, and he wore the russet-boots of Charles II.'s day. He was as true to the sovereign under whom he served for the time as Dugald Dalgetty himself, strictly honoured his engagements, and as we have just seen, was blessed with a kindly disposition.

Our reverend historian accompanied Schonberg's army to the South through Belfast, Lisburn, Hillsborough, Dromore, Loughbritland (*sic*), Newry, and so on to Dundalk, taking shrewd note of anything worth observation in the customs or appearance of the country people. He has left it on record that Schonberg would not open a letter received at Belfast from the Duke of Berwick then at Newry, because it was addressed to "Count Schonberg." "My master, the King of England," said he, has honoured me with the title of duke, and therefore the letter is not for me." We must quote his remarks on Lisburn.

"This is one of the prettiest Inland Towns in the North of Ireland, and one of the most English-like places in the kingdom. The *Irish* name is *Lishnagarra* (should be *Lisnaccarra*, fort of the card-players), which they tell me, signifies the *Gamester's Mount*; for a little to the North-East of the Town there is a Mount moated about and another to the South-West. These were formerly surrounded with a great Wood, and thither resorted all the Irish Out-laws to play at Cards and Dice. One of the most considerable among them having lost all, even his cloaths, went in a passion in the middle of the night to the House of a Nobleman in that Country, who before had set a considerable sum on his head, and in this mood he surrendered himself his Prisoner, which the other considering of, pardoned him, and afterwards this Town was built when the knot of these Rogues was broke, which was done

chiefly by the help of this one Man. The Town is so modern however that *Camden* takes no notice of it."

The Duke of Berwick did not wait to receive the visit of the other duke at Newry, either from resentment of his letter being returned unopened, or some equally valid cause. He set fire to the town and decamped, and this burning of the towns where he was expected gave such little pleasure to the Williamite general that he swore, or at least strongly affirmed, that if any further manifestations of the kind were made he would cease giving quarter. It was a sad sight, the corn lying on the ground unreaped, the towns burned, the houses deserted, and a prospect of death by sword or famine to the once comfortable country dwellers. The Reverend George Story entering some houses in the vicinity of the march relates what he found.

"Most of them that I observed had crosses on the inside above the doors upon the Thatch, some made of wood, others of straw or rushes finely wrought. Some Houses had more, some less. I understood afterwards that it is the custom among the Native *Irish* to set up a new Cross every *Corpus Christi* day, and so many years as they have lived in such a House, so many Crosses you may find. I asked a Reason for it but the Custom was all they pretended to."

It is not in our power nor would it be pleasant to dwell on the halt made by the Duke in the neighbourhood of Dundalk unable to make an effective attack on the Irish, while they were equally prevented by the nature of the intervening ground from surprising his camp. Damp quarters, unfavourable weather, and consequent illness, made frightful ravages among the soldiery especially the English yeomen used to better food, better lodging, and comfortable firesides. The first sight the foreigners got of the *Iniskilling* dragoons did not well harmonise with the character they bore as good fighting men, but in the winter quarters at Dundalk, cold and other privations did much less damage among these hardy natives than among the more softly nurtured Britons. Loyal Mr. Story, much as he valued every faithful man who drew sword or pulled trigger for his royal master, was rather disappointed

on first forgathering with the hardy cavaliers.

"There I met with the *Iniskilling* horse and Dragoons whom the Duke had ordered to be an Advance-guard to his Army. I wondred much to see their Horses and Equipage, hearing before what feats had been done by them. They were three Regiments in all, and most of the Troopers and Dragoons had their Waiting-men mounted on *Garrons* (These are small *Irish* Horses but very hardy). Some of them had Holsters and others their Pistols hung at their Sword-Belts."

The foreigners unaware of the strength of conjugal affection prevailing among Irishmen and Irishwomen, did not look with much approval on the number of females in the quarters of their brave but indifferently clad allies. We must quote in illustration a supposed speech of Schonberg's to a few of them, when his phlegmatic temper was slightly ruffled; "The Boyne Water" by John Banim furnishes the text,

"'Mein Heafen, here is much more of the Irishers' hot tempers . . . Basta! I hafe never met such things in any service mit your Frenchmans, your Portugueses, your Brandenbergians, your Englishmans, or your Dutchmans;—Sacra, refer! you one *Iniskillingers* you ride here to join us on your very big lean cats, and all de wild fat womans of Ireland at your backs, to eat up our food or to thief it. You cry in great spirits indeed, 'send us always on de forlorn of de army,' and den you cry again, 'Oh, we can never do any good now no more, indeed, for we are put under orders.'"

The brave old general having thus aired his vexation, was only too well disposed immediately after to give his wayward allies all the honour really due to them.

In their intrenched camp they remained till November, for it was out of the question to force the two available passes to the South, which were watched by Sarsfield, Hamilton, and De Rosen. Windy and rainy weather, working in the trenches, and indifferent tent accommodation, made sad inroads on the health and spirits of the comfortably-reared English yeomen. The Duke did all that lay in his power for the well-being of his people.

"He took all imaginable care that the sick should be well looked after, and that those that were well should have bread, cheese, brandy, beef, pease, and money, as also that an officer of a company should go

out with a party, and fetch in fern for the soldiers to lie upon. For a great many began now to be sick by reason of the extreme bad weather, and most of them were so lazy that they would rather starve than fetch fern or anything else to keep themselves dry and clean withal, which certainly was the greatest occasion of distempers, sickness, and death itself. Many of them when dead were incredibly filthy."

The following extract must suffice for this wretched portion of the narrative. It would be hard to match it as a picture of desolate wretchedness:—

"The chaplain went to see the sick in the huts once a day, but always at his going found some dead. Those that were alive seemed very sorry when the others were to be buried, not that they were dead (for they were the hardest-hearted, one to another, in the world), but whilst they had them in their huts, they either served to lay between them and the cold wind, or at least were serviceable to sit or lie on."

Before the camp was broken up three Dutch soldiers, straying beyond the lines, were taken prisoners, and brought before King James, and he finding they were under a captain who formerly had shown him kindness at Rochester, gave them some money, and dismissed them with compliments to their chief.

While Schonberg lay at Dundalk, Sarsfield took Jamestown and Sligo,—a French officer in the latter garrison making a very pretty defence. Dreading an attack in the night on his little fort, he lighted bogwood and pine splinters, and hanging them over the ramparts he discovered a *sow* (pent house) approaching, and had the good luck to kill the engineer and a few assistants, and fire the machine. Being obliged after a few days to capitulate on honourable terms, his force marched out. The Rev. Mr. Story says that Colonel Sarsfield took his station on the bridge as they marched off, and offered any of them that chose to change sides, a horse, and arms, and five guineas. One only was found seducible, and next night he decamped, having thus weakened the enemy to the amount of five guineas and the worth of the horse and arms.

During this sad war portents and prophecies were rife. Mr. Story did not think it beneath his dignity as historian to relate the following in reference to the unhappy camping at Dundalk:—

"Mr. Hambleton of Tollymore (Tullamore), a Justice of Peace in his Country and a sober rational man related that Himself and two other Gentlemen with their Servants were coming from Dublin into the North a Year at least before our landing, and as they came towards Dundalk about Nine a Clock at night, they espied several little twinkling lights in the Air with two larger than the rest. They stood some time in the Town, and designing for *Nevery* that Night, Mr. Hambleton went a little before his company, and saw the same Lights again as nigh as he could guess about the Ground where we afterwards encamp'd. On the Side of the Hill as he was to go towards the Mountains he turned about and looked at them, and at the same time he heard the most dismal and heavy groans in the world. This startled him something, and presently his company came up who all saw the lights and heard the noise, which continued till they got almost to *Nevery*; but the lights they saw no more after they turned their Backs off the Plains of Dundalk. They have a great many stories of this kind in Ireland, and the *Jacobite-killing Men* tell you of several such things before their Battels; but I have only the Reader's pardon to ask for the trouble of this."

Schonberg's military fame has been somewhat tarnished by the ill success of this sadly interrupted march on the metropolis. However on being prevented from proceeding farther than Dundalk, he could not with safety make a retrograde movement to healthier quarters, as James's forces would be immediately on his track in hot pursuit. He was obliged to stay till the King thought fit to break up his camp, which he did sooner than he needed, and thus acted for the benefit of the enemy. We shall, perhaps, in a future paper, extract the brave old commander, and his softly nurtured Englishmen, and his harder Dutch and Frenchmen, and his still harder Enniskilleners from their unhealthy position, and proceed with the subsequent events of the war.

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